

# THE McLEAN NEWS

Volume XXI.

McLean, Gray County, Texas, Thursday, May 29, 1924.

Number 22.

## COMMERCIAL CLUB MEETS MONDAY NIGHT

The regular monthly business session of the McLean Community Chamber of Commerce will meet at the Legion Theatre Monday night.

A number of important matters are to come up at this meeting, among them being a report of the good roads committee, who have a constructive plan for improving some of our lateral roads before next season.

Every citizen who is interested in the welfare of our community should be present at this meeting.

## BAPTIST HOSPITAL OPENING AND WORKERS MEETING AT WELLINGTON

Wellington, May 28.—The general opening of the Wheeler-Collingsworth Baptist Hospital and workers meeting of the Association will be held at the Wellington Baptist church on June 3, 1924. Following is the program for the day:

9:45 a. m. Devotion—Rev. Arthur Brewer.

10:00 a. m. Layman's Place in the Church—T. A. Lunders.

10:10 a. m. What Should Be the Layman's Attitude to Our Denomination—John Steelman.

10:20 a. m. The Layman a Steward—Dr. E. W. Jones.

10:30 a. m. The Layman's Opportunity—W. C. Garrett.

10:45 a. m. The Pastor's Attitude to the Layman Movement—Rev. J. T. Nabors.

11:00 a. m. The Local Church as Related to Our Denomination—Dr. Harlan J. Mathews of Wayland College.

11:30 a. m. Our Denomination Program, Present and Future—Rev. R. A. Seranton, State Field Secretary.

12:00 m. Noon.

1:30 p. m. Devotion—Rev. Orrick

1:4 p. m. Our Association, Its Needs and Opportunities—Led by Rev. C. W. Squires. It is hoped that many will be prepared to speak on this subject.

2:10 p. m. Board meeting. Every board member is urged to be present.

3:00 p. m. All will be permitted to visit the hospital.

Note—There is to be a shower of linens, flowers, canned fruits, preserves, vegetables, jellies, meats or anything that you have that might be used. Everybody invited, regardless of denomination, to have part in this shower, and every church is urged to have a part in this great work.

That all may know the dimensions of linens: Sheets, 72 inches wide, 2 1/2 yards long; pillow cases, 20 inches wide and 1 yard long; bath towels, any size; crash towels, 27 inches long; tray cloths, 24x24 inches; wash cloths, any size; dresser scarfs, medium size.

## ROGERS SELLS CALVES FOR GOOD PRICE

W. P. Rogers, ranchman of the Head community, sold 450 head of yearlings for \$40 around last week. These calves are of exceptional quality and were sold to a Stratford buyer.

## NEWS ADVERTISEMENT READ IN DISTANT STATE

A few weeks ago Col. V. H. Moore of Wheeler, who cries the sales for our monthly Trades Day, inserted a small display advertisement in The News and among the answers he received one from Chicago. Col. Moore states that this is the farthest answer he has ever received from a local paper.

The News has subscribers in many states and they read the advertisements each week.

G. W. Sullivan handed us \$1.50 for The News Monday with the remark that he had done without the home paper about as long as he could.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Everett and five sons visited relatives in Amarillo Saturday night and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Kirby and five daughters, Lois, visited relatives at Groom Sunday.

Mrs. W. S. Copeland went to Amarillo Saturday to be with her daughter, who is ill.

## Events in the Lives of Little Men



## MORSE OIL WELL MAY RESUME DRILLING SATURDAY

The boiler is being moved back from the Morse oil well and the work of setting 6-inch casing will be started as soon as the boiler is moved.

Drilling will be resumed as soon as the casing is in place, which will be, it is thought, not later than Saturday or Monday.

## McLEAN SUPPLY CO. PLEASED WITH McLEAN COMMUNITY

Glenn King, owner of the McLean Supply Company, states that he is well pleased with our town. The store did a nice business on the opening day last Saturday.

A lot of new goods has been added to the stock this week and Mr. King says that they will try to handle everything that might be expected in an up-to-date grocery.

Read their advertisement in this week's issue of The News.

## DUNKLE-MILLER

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Mr. R. O. Dunkle and Miss Margaret Miller at Clarendon on May 24th. Rev. J. S. Huckabee, pastor of the McLean Methodist church, performing the ceremony.

Mrs. Dunkle has been teaching in the McLean High School for the past several years and numbers her friends by her acquaintances.

Mr. Dunkle is county agent for this county and is prominent in commercial circles.

The young people will make their home in McLean.

## WAYLAND COLLEGE BOY OCCUPIED BAPTIST PULPIT WEDNESDAY

John Cobb, Wayland Baptist College student and pastor of a Baptist church near Plainview, preached at the Baptist church Wednesday evening, using as a subject "The Call of the Hour."

There was one conversion at the close of the service.

## McADOO CHOICE OF TEXAS DEMOCRATS

Waco, May 27.—The state delegation to the National Democratic convention was instructed to vote for Mr. McAdoo for president.

Alvin Owsley was endorsed for vice president, but the delegation was not instructed for him.

A resolution was adopted endorsing Gov. Neff's administration.

Mrs. C. S. Rice and son and daughter, Vernon and Miss Verna, and Miss Fern Upham left Tuesday for Gainesville to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cousins went to Amarillo Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Webster went to Amarillo Saturday.

## "LEST WE FORGET"



ANDREW H. FLOYD

Only McLean boy to make the supreme sacrifice in France.

## SALES DAY JUNE 7TH

The next regular monthly sales day will be held in McLean Saturday, June 7th.

These first Saturday sales have been very successful and it is the desire of the committee that everyone have a chance to list their offerings for this next sale.

R. O. Dunkle, C. E. Hunt and J. E. Kirby compose the committee to list offerings. A phone call, letter or personal visit to any of these gentlemen will insure proper listing.

## HANSEL CHRISTIAN BUYS TAILOR SHOP

Hansel Christian has bought the Alexander tailor shop and will undertake to give prompt and satisfactory service to all work entrusted to him.

Read his announcement in next week's issue of The News.

## JOUDON COBB WINS HONORS AT PLAINVIEW

Joudon Cobb, son of Rev. and Mrs. S. A. Cobb of McLean, won the oratorical contest at Plainview this term.

This makes three consecutive years that the Cobb family has carried off the honors in this yearly contest, John Cobb having won in 1922 and 1923. John was not a contestant this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jones and little son of Ramsdell were McLean visitors Friday night.

H. C. Mowrer, depot agent, of Ramsdell was in the city Saturday.

Mrs. C. E. A. Polhard left Sunday for Groom to spend the summer.

## SCHOOL TAX ELECTION SATURDAY

The election called to determine whether it is the wish of the people for the school board to increase the rendition of property in the McLean school district for the purpose of taxation will be held at the Citizens State Bank next Saturday.

It is hoped that a representative vote will be polled, as the future of our school depends largely upon the outcome of this election.

## MILEAGE REBATES, DISTRICT MEET AT CANYON IN APRIL

On May 18 I received a statement of mileage rebates from the district meet held at Canyon last April, and a check for \$72 to cover these rebates. The McLean school was allowed rebates on only eighteen contestants. I wrote Mr. Lockhart in regard to the matter and asked him to allow us rebates on twenty-two contestants and that we were due \$88 instead of \$72. The following letter is self-explanatory. I have deposited the \$72 in the American National Bank to be disposed of as may be determined later.

T. A. TAGGART.

Canyon, Texas, May 22, 1924. Mr. T. A. Taggart, McLean, Tex.

Dear Sir: Your letter of May 19 addressed to Mr. Lockhart has been referred to me. In keeping with the custom which we have had for the past several years, we have limited the contestants for track and field to ten men. We made up the complete list from the cards filled out by the students. If we allow each school to rebate on more than ten men, the proceeds would be spread over such a large amount that it would not be of benefit to anyone. You will find that the practice of the Interscholastic League at Austin is to allow rebate to only five. This is also the practice of other like bodies.

Yours truly,  
D. A. SHIRLEY.

## POVERTY NO DRAWBACK TO TEXAS GIRL TO GET AN EDUCATION

Austin, May 27.—Ruth Cross of Lamar county is a Texas girl whose novel, "The Golden Cocoon," has recently been published by Harper & Brothers. The story of her life furnishes a splendid example of what can be accomplished under the most adverse circumstances. From infancy, her life has been handicapped by poverty.

While attending the rural schools of Lamar county, she worked in the cotton fields like other girls of the poor families. When she graduated from the Paris High School she had the option of foregoing a University education for which she intensely longed or "working her way through." She taught and attended the University of Texas in alternate years until she was graduated with the highest honors of the school, membership in Phi Beta Kappa. Her eyesight failed, and while teaching and studying, she had to depend on the generosity of friends to correct papers for her and read her lessons aloud to her.

She acquired a typewriter and began to write, but the first fifteen years of her literary efforts, which really began when she was 13 years old, brought her the sum total of \$65. One of the first magazines to recognize the ability of Ruth Cross was Holland's Magazine, which published a series of cotton field stories set in the surroundings familiar to her childhood. While writing she has lived by house-keeping, subletting apartments, serving as traveling companion, doing interior decorating and building and selling houses. Her efforts are just beginning to be rewarded. Several leading magazines have accepted her stories, she has had a moving picture scenario acted, and a one-act play is now running on the Keith circuit. Her book is based on many of her own adventures, having for its setting the Texas cotton fields, the University of Texas and life in the capital city of Texas, as well as New York.

Roy Campbell and Alva Alexander left Tuesday for Electra on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Allen and family of Brinkman, Okla., spent Sunday in the A. W. Haynes home.

Miss Ann Richey left Sunday for home at Hedley.

Mrs. Alva Alexander left Tuesday for Alameda to visit relatives.

## COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES ARE WELL ATTEND'D

The commencement exercises of the McLean school were attended by some of the largest crowds ever assembled in our town. Beginning with the seventh grade exercises at the school auditorium Thursday night, when every available bit of space was occupied, to the graduating class program at the First Baptist church Friday night, when seats were furnished everyone, the audiences were large and appreciative.

Thirty-six members of the seventh grade graduated from grammar school and their exercises showed careful preparation, which won the praise of the rearers.

Hon. W. S. White, who made an address to the grammar school graduates, won the admiration of his audience.

Friday morning the exercises for the lower grades were given. This feature of the commencement season was an enjoyable affair. The little folks performed in a very acceptable manner that promised much for the future.

Friday night the high school commencement program was given. The auditorium of the First Baptist church was prettily decorated with the class colors, and the program was given without a hitch of any kind.

Dr. S. H. Condon of Clarendon College made the graduating address, using as his theme, "Pioneers of the Frontiers." This address was very entertaining and instructive, and was appreciated by the class and audience.

## CROSBYTON BACCALAUREATE SERMON BY REV. GARRETT

Crosbyton, May 23.—The baccalaureate sermon was preached last Sunday to the graduates of the Crosbyton High School by Rev. Garrett of McLean.

The big auditorium was filled and many had to stand during the exercises.

Rev. Mr. Garrett was given the closest attention as he delivered his address to the class. His subject was, "Visions that Are Necessary in the Game of Life."

Mr. Garrett said that visions and dreams were essential in life, that all of our greatest men had visions of the future, that their success was based upon the fact that they had a great vision in life.

Today, he said, as you go out into the world to battle on life's highway, you need a vision in order that you stem the disappointments that come. A vision is needed in order to see the changes ahead. If there is a wrong start there will be tragedies.

We need a vision that will shine along the pathway of practical wisdom, a path of moral purity, of the sunny side of life, of life in the future to help us see along the pathway of life.

The speaker said that there is a market for everyone who is prepared for a market. To be prepared for a market is to get a vision of life in its fullest, to start right and to build on the foundation of character.

The race of life, he said, is like a game of baseball. The first base is to make your election and calling sure, second His righteousness, and third neglect not that gift within you.—Crosbyton Review.

## SON OF LOCAL PASTOR GRADUATES FROM WAYLAND COLLEGE

H. P. Garrett, son of Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Garrett of this city graduated from Wayland Baptist College at Plainview Tuesday of this week. Prof. W. P. Horn, president of the West Texas Technological College, delivered the commencement address. There were 41 students in the graduating class.

## MANY APPLICANTS FOR QUAIL STAR ROUTE

Bidding blanks furnished by the local postoffice for the proposed new Star route to Quail have been used by applicants and a new supply ordered for others who intend to apply.

This route will be an every other day route for the present, but it is hoped to secure a rural every day route as soon as the roads can be put in proper shape.

# ZEN of the Y. D.

A Novel of the Foothills

By ROBERT STEAD

Author of "The Cow Puncher," "The Homebodies," "Neighbors," etc.

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## SYNOPSIS

**CHAPTER I.**—Transley's hay-cutting outfit, after stacking 2,000 tons, is on its way to the big Y. D. ranch headquarters. Transley is a master of men and circumstances. Linder, foreman, is substantial, but not self-assertive. George Drask, one of the men, is an irresponsible chap who proposes to marry Zen. Y. D. instructs Transley to cut the South Y. D. "spite a hole—ad high water" and a fellow named Landson.

**CHAPTER II.**—Drask proposes to Zen and is neatly rebuffed. Transley picks up camp on the South Y. D. and finds Landson's outfit cutting hay. Drask, Linder, Landson's manager, notifies Transley that he is working under a lease from the local owners and warns Transley off. All of which means war.

**CHAPTER III.**—Y. D. and Zen ride to the South Y. D. Zen is a natural vanguard, not yet hater-hater and ripe for mating. Y. D. has taken a liking to Transley. Zen holds Transley off and encourages Linder.

**CHAPTER IV.**—Zen enjoys the prospect of a race between Transley and Linder for her favor, but secretly laughs at both. She has another and more serious encounter with Drask. Y. D. mowing machines are ruined by iron spikes set in the ground. Zen prevents open war with Landson. Transley half-way proposes and is turned off. Drask resolves to burn out the rival outfit.

**CHAPTER V.**—Fire breaks up in the Landson stacks. The Y. D. outfit has to aid the enemy. Zen rides off alone to help. The wind changes and the Y. D. people now have to fight the prairie fire. Zen rides into the river to escape flames. Drask tries to abduct her. She drowns him—or thinks she has. Grant overtakes her. In trying to ride through fire Zen is thrown and knocked senseless.

**CHAPTER VI.**—Zen comes to after several hours of unconsciousness to find herself in the dark with Grant. She has a strained ankle and both horses have run away. So she and Grant sit on a rock and tell their past lives. Grant, it appears, is a rich man's son who comes wealth in order to live his own life.

After supper he had a social drink with Y. D., and then the two sat on the veranda and smoked and discussed business. Transley found Y. D. more liberal in the adjustment than he had expected. He had not yet realized to what an extent he had won the old rancher's confidence, and Y. D. was a man who, when his confidence had been won, never haggled over details. He was willing to compromise the loss on the operations on the South Y. D. on a scale that was not merely just, but generous.

This settled, Transley proceeded to interest Y. D. in the work in which he was now engaged. He drew a picture of activities in the little metropolis such as stirred the rancher's incredulity.

"Well, well," Y. D. would say, "Transley, I've known that little hole for about thirty years, an' never seen it was any good except to get drunk in. . . . I've seen more things there than is down in the books."

"You wouldn't know the change that has come about in a few months," said Transley, with enthusiasm. "Double shifts working by electric light, Y. D. What do you think of that? Men with rolls of money that would choke a cow sleeping out in tents because they can't get a roof over them. Why, man, I didn't have to hunt a job there; the job hunted me. I could have had a dozen jobs at my own price if I could have handled them. It's just as if prosperity was a river which had been trickling through that town for thirty years, and all of a sudden the dam up in the foothills gives away and down she comes with a rush. Lots which sold a year ago for a hundred dollars are selling now for five hundred—sometimes more. Old ranchers living on the bald-headed a few years ago find themselves today the owners of city property worth millions, and are dressing unbecomingly, in keeping with their wealth, or vainly trying to drink up the surplus. So far sense and brains has had nothing to do with it, Y. D., absolutely nothing. It has been fool luck. But the brains are coming in now, and the brains will get the money in the long run."

Transley paused and lit another cigar. Y. D. rolled his lips, reflectively.

"I mind some doin's in that burg," he said, as though the memory of them was of greater importance than all that might be happening now.

Transley switched back to business. "We ought to be in on it, Y. D.," he said. "Not on the fly-by-night stuff; I don't mean that. But I could take twice the contracts if I had twice the outfit."

Y. D. brought his chair down on to all four legs and removed his cigar.

"You mean we should hit her together?" he demanded.

"It would be a great compliment to me, if you had that confidence in me, and I'm sure it would make some good money for you."

"How'd you work it?"

"You have a bunch of horses running here on the ranch, eating their

heads off. Many of them are broke, and the others would soon tame down with a scraper behind them. Let me put them to work. I'd have to have equipment, too. Your name on the back of my note would get it, and you wouldn't actually have to put up a dollar. Then we'd make an inventory of what you put into the firm and what I put into it, and we'd divide the earnings in proportion."

"After payin' you a salary as manager, of course," suggested Y. D.

"That's immaterial. With a bigger outfit and more capital I can make so much more money out of the earnings that I don't care whether I get a salary or not. But I wouldn't figure on going on contracting all the time for other people. We might as well have the cream as the skimmed milk. This is the way it's done. We go to the owner of a block of lots somewhere where there's no building going on. He's anxious to start something, because as soon as building starts in that district the lots will sell for two or three times what they do now. We say to him, 'Give us every second lot in your block and we'll put a house on it.' In this way we get the lots for a trifle; perhaps for nothing. Then we build a lot of houses, more or less to the same plan. We put 'em up quick and cheap. We build 'em to sell, not to live in. Then we mortgage 'em for the last cent we can get. Then we put the price up to twice what the mortgage is and sell them as fast as we can build them, getting our equity out and leaving the purchasers to settle with the mortgage company. It's good for from 30 to 40 per cent profit, not per annum, but per transaction."

"It sounds interesting," said Y. D. "an' I suppose I might as well put my spare horses an' credit to work. I don't mind drivin' down with you tomorrow an' looking her over first hand."

This was all Transley had hoped for, and the talk turned to less material matters. After a while Zen joined them, and a little later Y. D. left to attend to some business at the bunkhouse.

"Your father and I may go into partnership, Zen," Transley said to her, when they were alone together. He explained in a general way the venture that was afoot.

"That will be very interesting," she agreed.

"Will you be interested?"

"Of course, I am interested in everything that Dad undertakes."

"And are you not—will you not be—just a little interested in the things that I undertake?"

She paused a moment before replying. The dusk had settled about them, and he could not see the contour of her face, but he knew that she had realized the significance of his question.

"Why yes," she said at length. "I will be interested in what you undertake. You will be Dad's partner."

Her evasion nettled him. "Zen," he said, "why shouldn't we understand each other?"

"Don't we?" She had turned slightly toward him, and he could feel the laughing mockery in her eyes.

"I rather think we do," he answered, "only we—at least, you—won't admit it."

"Oh?"

"Seriously, Zen, do you imagine I came over here today simply to make a deal with your father?"

"Wasn't that worth while?"

"Of course it was. But it wasn't the whole purpose—it wasn't half the purpose. I wanted to see Y. D., it is true, but more, very much more, I wanted to see you."

She did not answer, and he could only guess what was the trend of her thoughts. After a silence he continued:

"You may think I am precipitate. You intimated as much to me once. I am. I know of no reason why an honest man should go beating about the bush. When I want something I want it, and I make a bee-line for it. If it is a contract—if it is a business matter—I go right after it, with all the energy that's in me. When I'm looking for a contract I don't start by talking about the weather. Well—this is my first experience in love, and perhaps my methods are all wrong, but it seems to me they should apply. At any rate a girl of your intelligence will understand."

"Applying your business principles," she interrupted. "I suppose if you wanted a wife and there was none in sight you would advertise for her?"

He defended his position. "I don't see why not," he declared. "I can't understand the general attitude of levity toward matrimonial advertisements. Apparently they are too open and above-board. Matrimony should not be committed in a round-about, indirect, hit-or-miss manner. A young man sees a girl whom he thinks he would like to marry. Does he go to her house and say, 'Miss So-and-So, I think I would like to marry you. Will you allow me to call on you so that we may get better acquainted, with that object in view?' He does not. Such honesty would be considered almost brutal. He calls on her and pretends he would like to take her to the theater, if it is in town, or for a ride, if it is in the country. She pretends she would like to go. Both of them know what the real purpose is, and both of them pretend they don't. They start the farce by pretending a deceit which deceives nobody. They wait for nature to set up an attraction which shall override their judgment, rather than act by judgment first and leave it to nature to take care of herself. How much better it would be to be perfectly frank—to boldly announce the purpose—to come as I now come to you and say, 'Zen, I want to marry



"I Don't See Why Not," He Declared.

you. My reason, my judgment, tells me that you would be an ideal mate. I shall be proud of you, and I will try to make you proud of me. I will gratify your desires in every way that my means will permit. I pledge you my fidelity in return for yours. I—I—Zen, will you say yes? Can you believe that there is in my simple words more sincerity than there could be in any mad ravings about love? You are young, Zen, younger than I, but you must have observed some things. One of them is that marriage, founded on mutual respect, which increases with the years, is a much safer and wiser business than marriage founded on a passion which quickly burns itself out and leaves the victims cold, unresponsive, with nothing in common. You may not feel that you know me well enough for a decision. I will give you every opportunity to know me better—I will do nothing to deceive you—I will put on no veneer—I will let you know me as I really am. Will you say yes?"

He had left his seat and approached her; he was leaning close over her chair. While his words had suggested marriage on a purely intellectual basis he did not hesitate to bring his physical presence into the scale. He was accustomed to having his way—he had always had it—never did he want it more than he did now. . . . And although he had made his plea from the intellectual angle he was sure, he was very, very sure there was more than that. This girl, whose very presence delighted him—intoxicated him—would have made him mad—

"Will you say yes?" he repeated, and his hands found hers and drew her with his great strength up from her chair. She did not resist, but when she was on her feet she avoided his embrace.

"You must not hurry me," she whispered. "I must have time to think. I did not realize what you were saying until—"

"Say yes now," he urged. Transley was a man very hard to resist. She felt as though she were in the grip of a powerful machine; it was as though she were being swept along by a stream against which her feeble strength was as nothing. Zen was as nearly frightened as she ever had been in her vigorous young life. And yet there was something delightful. It would have been so easy to surrender—it was so hard to resist.

"Say yes now," he repeated, drawing her close at last and breathing the question into her ear. "You shall have time to think—you shall ask your own heart, and if it does not confirm your words you will be released from your promise."

They heard the footsteps of her father approaching, and Transley waited no longer for an answer. He turned her face to his; he pressed his lips against hers.

## CHAPTER VIII

Zen thought over the events of that evening until they became a blur in her memory. Her principal recollection was that she had been quite swept off her feet. Transley had interpreted her submission as assent, and she had not corrected him in the vital moment when they stood before her father that night in the deep shadow of the veranda.

"Y. D.," Transley had said, "your consent and your blessing! Zen and I are to be married as soon as she can be ready."

That was the moment at which she should have spoken, but she did not. She, who had priced herself that she would make a race of it—she, who had always been able to slip out of a predicament in the nick of time—stood mutely by and let Transley and her father interpret her silence as consent. She was not sure that she was sorry; she was not sure but she would have consented anyway; but Transley had taken the matter quite out of her hands. And yet she could not bring herself to feel resentment toward him; that was the strangest part of it. It seemed that she had come under his domination; that she even had to think as he would have her think.

In the darkness she could not see her father's face, for which she was sorry; and he could not see hers, for which she was glad. There was a long moment of tense silence before she heard him say:

"Well, well! I had a hunch it might come to that, but I didn't reckon you youngsters would work so fast."

"This was a stake worth working

fast for," Transley was saying, as he shook Y. D.'s hand. "I wouldn't trade places with any man alive." And Zen was sure he meant exactly what he said.

"She's a good girl, Transley," her father commented; "a good girl, even if a bit obstreperous at times. She's got spirit, Transley, an' you'll have to handle her with sense. She's a—s thoroughbred!"

Y. D. had reached his arms toward his daughter, and at these words he closed them about her. Zen had never known her father to be emotional; she had known him to face matters of life and death without the quiver of an eyelid, but as he held her there in his arms that night she felt his big frame tremble. Suddenly she had a powerful desire to cry. She broke from his embrace and ran upstairs to her room.

When she came down her father and mother and Transley were sitting about the table in the living room; the room hung with trophies of the chase and of competition; the room which had been the nucleus of the Y. D. estate. There was a colored cover on the table, and the shaded oil lamp in the center sent a comfortable glow of light downward and about. The mammoth shadows of the three people fell on the log walls, darting silently from position to position with their every movement.

Her mother arose as Zen entered the room and took her hands in a warm, tender grip.

"You're really leaving us," she said. "I'm not saying I object. I think Mr. Transley will make you a good husband. He is a man of energy, like your father. He will do well. You will not know the hardships that we knew in our early married life." Their eyes met, and there was a moment's pause.

"You will not understand for many years what this means to me, Zenith," her mother said, and turned quickly to her place at the table.

She could not remember what they had talked about after that. She had been conscious of Transley's eyes often on her, and of a certain spiritual exaltation within her. She could not remember what she had said, but she knew she had talked with unusual vivacity and charm. It was as though certain storehouses of brilliance in her being, of which she had been unaware, had been suddenly opened to her. It was as though she had been intoxicated by a very subtle wine which did not deaden, but rather quickened, all her faculties.

Afterwards, she had spent long hours among the foothills, thinking and thinking. There were times when the flame of that strange exaltation burned low, indeed; times when it seemed almost to expire. There were moments—hours—of misgivings. She could not understand the strange docility which had come over her; the unprecedented willingness to have her course shaped by another. That strange willingness came as near to frightening Zen as anything had ever done. She felt that she was being carried along in a stream; that she was making no resistance; that she had no desire to resist. She had a strange fear that some day she would need qualities of self-direction, and those qualities would refuse to arise at her command.

She did not fear Transley. She believed in him. She believed in his ability to grapple with anything that stood in his way; to thrust it aside, and press on. She respected the judgment of her father and her mother, and both of them believed in Transley. He would succeed; he would seize the opportunities this young country afforded and rise to power and influence upon them. He would be kind, he would be generous. He would make her proud of him. What more could she want?

That was just it. There were dark moments when she felt that surely there must be something more than all this. She did not know what it was—she could not analyze her thoughts or give them definite form—but in these dark moments she feared that she was being tricked, that the whole thing was a sham which she would discover when it was too late. She did not suspect her mother, or her father, or Transley, one or all, of being parties to this trick; she believed that they did not know it existed. She herself did not know it existed. But the fear was there.

(Continued next week)

Mr. and Mrs. Roy B. Orrill of Peyton are visiting in the R. S. Jordan home.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall and children of Memphis visited in the A. B. Wood home Sunday.

Earl Wilmoth of Groom visited friends here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Bentley returned Friday from Amarillo.

TEXHOMA OILS AND GASOLINE AMALIE OILS W. D. WILES Agent Phone 131 McLean, Texas

## News From Back

By Special Correspondent.

News is very scarce and work is plentiful. Farmers are too busy to even talk politics.

Racy and Lucille Morse and Charlie Mae Carpenter visited in the Cubine home Thursday night.

Miss Leba and Beatrice Back spent the week end with Miss Oma Arnold at McLean.

C. M. Caspenter had business in McLean Friday.

Chas. Back was an Alanreed visitor Saturday.

The road jury composed of J. S. Morse, Geo. Colebank, J. W. Ivey, Chas. Back and Jesse Cobb met last Wednesday and surveyed the new road to be opened from Back school house on across Northfork.

Frank Henley was buying supplies in McLean Saturday.

Ercy Cubine visited in McLean Saturday night and Sunday.

Miss Vida Colebank is at home since the closing of the McLean school.

Little Miss Georgia Colebank is recovering from an attack of measles. We are glad to report little Miss Beatrice Bacon much improved from a severe case of measles and scarletina.

SENIOR R. Y. P. U. Subject—Devotional Meeting—Why Should I Pray? Lender—Gladys Holloway. Scripture reading—Matt. 6:5-15. Introduction—Lender. Prayer the Soul's Sincere Desire—Eunice Floyd. A Model Prayer—Ozella Hunt. Pray Because the Bible Commands and To Know God's Will—Ira Abbott. God Hears and Answers—LeRoy Landens. A Habit that Helps—Eunice Stratton.

Headquarters for all kinds building material, Cicero Smith Lumber Company. Advertisement. 15 3c

## CUNNINGHAM FLOWER SHOP

Plants, Cut Flowers, Designs, Flower and Garden Seeds Mail or Phone Orders Filled Promptly AMARILLO, TEXAS 1909-11 Van Buren St. Phone 1081

## It Helps Your Credit

When you see a man paying his bills by check, your estimation of him is instinctively greater—and it is the same with others when they get a check from you in payment of a bill.

Let us help you start a checking account today.

## The Citizens State Bank

A Guaranty Fund Bank CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$33,750.00 J. S. MORSE, President CLAY THOMPSON, Cashier

## ITCH!

MONEY BACK WITHOUT QUESTION

"HUNT'S GUARANTEED SKIN DISEASE REMEDIES" (Hunt's Salve and Soap) fails in the treatment of Itch your druggist is fully authorized to return to you the purchase price. A Medford, Oklahoma man, among thousands who praise HUNT'S SALVE, says:

"Some people dislike to call it the Itch, but cancer compels me to admit I had it badly. Your Hunt's Salve, however, cured me after many other remedies had totally failed."

"HUNT'S GUARANTEED SKIN DISEASE REMEDIES" (Hunt's Salve and Soap) are especially compounded for the treatment of Itch, Eczema, Ringworm, Tetter and other itching skin diseases, and is sold on our money-back guarantee by all reliable drug stores. Remember, if it fails it costs you nothing, so give it a trial at our risk.

## SHELL'S PHARMACY

ON USING GOOD ENGLISH

How do we know that a person is educated? Who is the educated man or woman? By what signs are we to know them? Certainly, education must come under the same test, the same law, that runs through the natural and spiritual world: "By their fruits ye shall know them." I would not hunt up the diploma framed and hung on your wall to find out if you are an educated man. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, says: "First among the evidences of an education I name correctness and precision in the use of the mother tongue."

But how many will bear this test? How many really use good English, our "mother tongue." It is well to ask yourself that question to examine your own educational fruit. What sort of fruit am I, claiming to be educated, bearing on the educational stem? English has a rich heritage. Its racial backgrounds are the Celtic, with its bright fancy, the Anglo-Saxon with its common sense, the Norman, with its brilliance and wit—Greek, Latin, Celtic, French, Scandinavian are tongues that have brought rich contributions to our English of today. So that of all modern languages English is surely the first and the most powerful for "it is the greatest instrument of communication that is now in use upon the earth." No better medium exists in the world for the expression of thought and emotion; and more and more is English becoming the universal language. Dr. Butler says: "In simple word or smooth phrase English is unequalled as a medium to reveal the thoughts, the feelings and the ideals of humanity."

Now, what do we mean by using good English? We express our thoughts by means of language, and language is made of words and sentences. Words are wonderful things, and a sentence is a collection of words, and our task in writing or speaking is to learn what words to use and how they should be combined to make a sentence. I wish our young people would stop occasionally and examine their own speech, of what sort it is. How many sentences fall from your lips that are pure or even good English? You are using either good English or bad English, and your speech betrays you, tells whether you are educated or uneducated. So far as culture is concerned, it makes little difference what you say; but it makes all the difference in the world how you say it. It is the difference between an educated and an uneducated person. You say, "There is nothing to that writer except his style." Bless your life, that's all there is to any writer or any speaker, musician, painter or conversationalist.

Manners and talk do not make the man, but they reveal the man and his breeding—they are the outward expression of intellectual culture; the test of a well-bred and well-read person, or of an uncultured, unread person. Take the matter of slang. We Americans are very prolific in originating and using slang. Especially in the spoken language of America slang plays a very large part. "Never before in the world's history," writes an English essayist, "has slang flourished in America." Whatever thought or idea the slang may convey, certainly this is not good English, and the English through the British Weekly has a right to criticize our use of the mother tongue. Some one has defined slang as "a peculiar kind of vagabond language always hanging on the outskirts of legitimate speech." But slang no longer hangs on the outskirts, it makes up the full dress of speech.

A young lady who had received her first grade State teachers' certificate and had gotten her school, wrote a letter to a girl friend and closed it by saying, "Ask Miss—the registrar, to please send my credifs." The girl friend handed the letter to the registrar, and when she had read about half of it, she handed it back to her and said: "Tell me to write me a decent letter with a little good En-

glish in it if she wants credits from this school." I was talking with a young woman who had received her A. B. degree and wanted a position to teach English. Six slang phrases, two grammatical errors, hardly one clear, simple, effective English sentence—and seeking a position to teach college English.

I listened to a phone conversation, at least one end of it. The speaker was a mature young woman and here is how the English sentences were punctuated or put up (taking out the laughs): "My lan!" "I swan!" "Sakes alive!" "Do vell!" "Goodness to gracious!" "Holy Moses!" "Gee whiz!" "Can you beat it?" No, I couldn't beat it for bad English, but it is a pretty good example of visiting over the phone that you may hear every day. I was at — station waiting for a train. It was just before Christmas and cold. The waiting station was filled. A nice looking fellow was talking to two young girls. I learned that he was a teacher and the objects upon which he was bestowing his English were his pupils. Now, of all the loud, hilarious, every-day slang, besides the bad grammar: "I seen," "I have saw," "I had went." And when I afterward talked with the teacher I thought of a sentence from White's Everyday English: "If you hear poor English and read poor English, you will pretty soon speak poor English and write poor English."

There is a habit in conversation that seems to belong more to women than to men. At least half of the women have the habit. I know nothing in composition or rhetoric that describes or classifies it. It is a sort of interjection, a go-between, something thrown in between the words and sentences of the narrative. It is split all up and cut into pieces with "And-a," "So-a," "Well-a," "You see-a," "Don't you know-a." I suppose these women are stopping to get their breath, or a new start, or collect their ideas, or something. I listened to a very intelligent lady, and as nearly as I could I put down what she had said. If you should run across such a paragraph in a book you would be puzzled to know "why all those crazy things were thrown in," and you would no doubt think, "What a pity to spoil so much good English!" I know quite a lovely, cultured woman. She looks you straight in the eye when she talks, and she uses good English, but she will say, "See?" "Don't you see?" "Don't ya know?"—a kind of reflection on my intelligence. Of course "I see," and "I know"—especially if you speak your thoughts in clear, simple English, and do not break into your sentences with your "And-a—so-a—you see-a—don't you know?" and get me all confused and guessing. This sort of interjectionary speech makes me think of a sentence in the old composition and rhetoric that I used in old Bethany College, and that the author said we must not use: "I am about to begin to start to get ready to proceed to say what I have to say."

Let us learn how to say what we mean clearly, distinctly, unhesitatingly and effectively. We have a wonderful language, the most perfect channel through which we can express our thoughts, feelings and ideas, and there is a beautiful, simple and impressive mode of saying things. C. Shelburne in Christian Courier.

Mrs. L. Moody and sister, Mrs. Martin, of Dallas came in Monday to visit the former's daughter, Mrs. Bryant Henry.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Bentley left Wednesday for Clarendon to visit relatives.

Miss Lois Clement returned Wednesday from a visit with relatives at Texola, Okla.

Mrs. W. L. Haynes and daughters visited in the J. A. Haynes home at Heald Tuesday night and Wednesday.

Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Garrett attended the commencement exercises at — College at Plainview Tuesday.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

The following announcements are subject to the action of the Democratic primary to be held in July:

- For State Senator, 31st District: J. W. REID
- For Representative, 122nd District: DEWEY YOUNG
- For County Judge: F. P. REID, T. M. WOLFE, C. S. RICE
- For County Attorney: A. A. LEDBETTER, JOHN F. STUDER
- For County and District Clerk: CHARLIE THUT, HARVEY HAYNES
- For Sheriff and Tax Collector: E. S. GRAVES, L. D. RIDER
- For Tax Assessor: D. M. GRAHAM, EWING LEECH
- For County Treasurer: R. L. COTTRELL, MIRIAM WILSON

I WANT TO BE AT HOME

When the grilling day is over and the sun is going down; when the shades of night are falling on the old home town; when the whippoorwill is calling and the wolf begins to roam; when the mocking bird is dozing, then I want to be at home.

When the storm clouds in the offing, and the mighty thunder rolls, when the lightning cleaves the heavens and the squirrel hunts his hole; when a sickening, inky blackness hides the azure dome; when the storm breaks in its fury, then I want to be at home.

When pink rosebuds are swinging so gently in the breeze, and the glorious sun is shining on the warblers in the trees; when the air is perfume-laden and the summer days have come; when all nature seems a blooming, then I want to be at home.

When the winter snows are drifting in the icy, cutting gale, when the whiny wind is moaning in a lonesome forlorn wail; with icicles on the barn roof like teeth in a mammoth comb; when the sparrows beg their breakfast, then I want to be at home.

When the peppy college closes and our girl is home again, cracking jokes and stealing pickles, and a teasing her "old man," in spite of all obstacles, I must be there when she comes; when her laughter is in the hallway, then I want to be at home.

When life is nearly over, when I face the great divide, listening to the voices calling to me from the other side; when the last great call is sounded and my final day has come, there's one prayer that I would offer then, I want to be at home.

Ted Glass returned Wednesday night from Canyon.

Mr. and Mrs. John Carpenter and children moved to the ranch Wednesday to spend the summer.

Misses Lucile Stratton and Jewell Cousins returned Monday from Clarendon College.

C. A. Strandberg made a business trip to Amarillo Tuesday.

W. L. Haynes made a business trip to Childress Tuesday.

Misses Nona and Dorothy Cousins went to Clarendon Saturday to attend the closing exercises of the college.

Miss Ruby Cook went to Shamrock Friday to visit relatives.

Miss Sammie Roach left Saturday for her home at Texoma.

Miss Louise Orr left Saturday for her home at Panhandle.

Miss Melbie Bird Richey left Friday night for her home at Hedley.

Miss Amie Ladd left Wednesday for Electra to visit her sister.

MODERN LULLABY

Rock a-bye baby up on a bough; You'll get your milk from a certified cow, Hush a-bye baby on the tree-top, If grandmother trots you, you tell her to stop. Shun the trot horse that your grandmother rides, It will work harm to your little insides. Mama's scientific, she knows all the laws; She kisses her darling through carbolic gauze. Rock a-bye baby, don't wriggle and squirm; Nothing is near you that looks like a germ. —Red Cross Courier.

Miss Lettie Bogan of Pueblo, Colo., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Bogan.

Mrs. Verna Stuckey was an Amarillo visitor Tuesday.

Oscar Sullivan of Electra was a McLean visitor Wednesday.

Jesse Cobb of Northfork was in town Wednesday.

City Marshal J. A. Sparks handed us \$1.50 for the News another year Wednesday. Mr. Sparks is one of our many loyal subscribers that we can count on to renew promptly.

S. O. Cook of Dallas is visiting relatives in our city.

Wants

DWARF champion tree tomato, 40c a hundred or \$3.50 a thousand delivered. Cash with order. N. B. Gragg, Box 311, Shamrock, Texas. 20-3p

GARBAGE and trash hauled from any part of the city at reasonable rates. Frank Haynes. ttc

GROCERIES are cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. ttc

CARBON PAPER for embroidering, in large sheets at the News office.

FOR SALE.—100 feet 3 1/2 inch pipe, complete with working barrel and valves, one cow, one Jersey heifer. See me for pasture. R. N. Ashby. ttc.

ROYAL TYPEWRITER for sale at the News office.

FOR SALE.—Three room house, with cistern, also city water, small barn, chicken houses, etc., three acres land. Price \$2,000. Mrs. Anna Smith. 21-2c

YOUR NEIGHBOR finds these little ads profitable. Why not sell what you don't need here. The cost is small, only 25c for 25 words.

CABBAGE PLANTS now, \$1.75 per 1000. Sweet potato slips, treated for black rot, priced right, ready next week. Place orders now. Located in town same place as last year. Bryan Roby, Phone 182. ttc

FOR SALE.—300 bushels good ear corn at W. H. Billingslea farm, 1 mile north of town. Priced to sell. Phone 19, 2. G. T. Hagy. 1c

FOR RENT.—Our home in north part of town, furnished or unfurnished. Phone 77 2 1/2. Chas. Cooke. 1c

WANTADS get results. Try one for anything you have to sell.

FOR SALE.—Red top cane seed, \$1.50 per bushel. Phone 138. C. H. Rowe. 1c

I WILL GIVE a year's subscription to the "Dairy Farmer" to all who breed their cows to the Jones bull. G. W. Sitter. 22-4cwp

ENGLISH SURGEON DISCEREDITS ANY MEDICAL VALUE OF ALCOHOL

Arthur Evans, surgeon to the Westminster Hospital, London, declared quite recently that all known facts are against the use of alcohol from the medical and surgical point of view. He added: "It is all 'bunkum' to say that alcohol enriches the blood and improves a man's vitality," and explained that no one has any "scientific grounds for believing that alcohol could cure anything." Such an authoritative testimony pretty effectively knocks the props from under those who still claim that prohibition deprives them of something beneficial to their well-being.

HIGHWAY PROMOTORS

Several Plains exchanges have commented favorably upon a recent editorial in the News denouncing professional highway promoters who come along and threaten to change routings of highways unless the local people "show better appreciation" by subscribing liberally to membership fees. Every town in this section has been stung by these birds. We trust that nobody in Plainview will ever again give a dollar to any professional highway promoter or "director-general" who may come this way. Plainview people are easy suckers—they give money to everything that comes along, thinking that this helps to build up the town, but taking money out of the community hurts it more than most anything else.—Plainview News.

Mrs. W. E. Clement was a Clarendon visitor Saturday.

Groceries are cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. Advertisement. ttc.

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE

Irate Customer—"I bought a car of you several weeks ago, and you said if anything went wrong you'd supply the broken parts." Dealer—"Yes." "Irate Customer—"I'd like to get a nose, a shoulder-blade and a big toe."—Manitoba Free Press.

STRAIGHTENED IS RIGHT

Doctor—"Did the medicine straighten your husband out all right?" Wife—"Yes, we buried him yesterday."—Engineer's Bulletin.

A. A. LEDBETTER  
Attorney-at-Law  
McLean, Texas

VULCANIZING

Frank's Vulcanizing Shop

Coal  
Feed  
Salt  
Cake  
Meal  
Flour  
Cheney & Callahan

Crop Hail Insurance

Did you ever realize that a hail storm can destroy a crop in ten minutes that you have spent ten months to grow?

Are you protected in case you should suffer a loss from hail? For hail insurance at the lowest rates, see me.

C. S. Rice

Agent, GROOM MUTUAL HAIL ASSOCIATION

Free Public Sale

The next regular Sales and Trades Day will be held at  
McLEAN, TEXAS

Saturday June 7

List your offerings with the committee by Saturday, May 31, to insure places in this sale.

Plenty of room for your stuff, if listed NOW.

Write, wire, phone or see R. O. Dunkle, C. E. Hunt or J. E. Kirby, committee.

V. H. MOORE, Auctioneer

HOME SWEET HOME

Dear Bill, Neil, Os, Ranger Every Time

by Terry Gilkison

DON'T TELL ME I DON'T KNOW HOW TO HANDLE A HAMMER

IT'S ONLY ONCE IN A GREAT WHILE I HURT MYSELF. I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING

OUCH! MY FOOT

MY, SUCH A MAN!

**THE McLEAN NEWS**

Published Every Thursday

T. A. Landers Fred Landers  
**LANDERS & LANDERS**  
Editors and Owners

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

**Subscription Price**  
One year.....\$1.50  
Six months......75  
Three months......40

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

It was the intention of the Chamber of Commerce to have the McLean fair catalogs printed not later than the first of April, but the matter seems to have died in the hands of the committee. This matter should be brought up at the meeting Monday night.

Why not a membership committee for the Chamber of Commerce? A drive for new members could be successfully made just at this time. Many have expressed themselves as being heartily in sympathy with the C. of C., and would doubtless be glad to line up with a progressive bunch if properly approached.

The good roads committee of the Chamber of Commerce has worked out a plan whereby we may see some constructive work being done in the very near future on our lateral roads. This committee will make a report at the meeting Monday night. Every citizen of the McLean community should be present at the meeting.

Saturday is election day, and while the school board could have put the ten per cent raise in property valuation over without an election, they preferred to let the people have a voice in the matter. Every citizen should go to the polls and cast a vote for the measure, thereby expressing confidence in the school board and our school.

The French government claims to have discovered a process whereby nicotine can be taken from tobacco without destroying the flavor. The new smokes will be placed on the market within the next few months. Taking the poison from the tobacco may mean less disturbance at public gatherings, as smokers who have to leave the building every few minutes to draw on a cigarette may then be able to exist a few hours without smoking. However, the thing we would like to see would be to take away the odor and smoke from tobacco, so that there would be no need to befool the atmosphere.

Some dispatches state that the Northern Methodist general conference has lifted the ban on dancing and other amusements that have been frowned upon every since the founding of the church. This report has been started at every conference for the past few years, and later proved to have been only a minority report. Let us hope that this is the case at this time, for the churches cannot afford to endorse worldly amusements. A church can merit respect only as it keeps aloof from compromising practices. We venture the prediction that there is no danger of Southern Methodists endorsing dancing and other questionable amusements.

About twenty minutes after last week's issue of The News had been mailed, the editor had occasion to visit the postoffice and found seven non-subscribers busily engaged in reading The News. Two of them had access to friends' p. o. boxes, while the others had borrowed copies from subscribers, who were looking over their shoulders all reading at once. It was no surprise to find people reading The News, as it is eagerly read each Thursday, but seven non-subscribers in one place was more than we expected to see; however, it only goes to show that everybody reads the home paper, regardless of whether they will subscribe for it or not. We are proud of the fact that everyone likes to read The News and are glad to see proof of that fact, but it does seem that the man who subscribes should have a chance to read his copy before loaning it to his neighbor.

Groceries are cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. Advertisement. ttc.

Bill Upham has the best curtain rod on earth. Advertisement. ttc.

B. E. Glass of Albrecht was a McLean visitor Friday

**News From Ramsdell**

By Special Correspondent.  
(Written for last week)

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Scott visited in Shamrock Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. McCann and children visited in Shamrock Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Buren Exum and little son and Lankford Exum of Shamrock visited in the home of E. Exum Saturday night and Sunday.

Rev. J. J. Baird of Shamrock filled his regular appointment here Sunday and Sunday night.

Mrs. John B. Vannoy returned to her home at McLean Saturday after closing her school Friday.

The singing conducted by Prof. Godfrey is progressing nicely.

The Ramsdell school closed last Friday with a program at night which was enjoyed by a large audience. Special music was furnished for the occasion by Messrs. Longan and Grogan. The eleven graduates of the seventh grade are: Zella Mae Lankford, Mildred Clem, Pauline and Beatrice Adams, Rosa Weiss, Dessie Martin, Donah May Exum, Clinton Freeman, Loyd and Floyd Davidson and Guy Pharis. Zella Mae Lankford was valedictorian and Donah May Exum salutatorian. The class prophecy of twenty years hence was read by Beatrice Adams.

W. L. Stockton made a business trip to McLean Tuesday.

(This week)

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Jones and son, R. L. Jr., attended the commencement exercises at McLean last Friday night.

James Burrows and children of McLean visited here Sunday.

G. R. Scott and J. S. Clem made a business trip to Shamrock Monday.

Walter Bones and family of Plainview visited in the home of his father, J. I. Bones, Sunday.

J. G. Davidson and family attended the commencement exercises at McLean Friday night.

Hampton W. D. Hurt visited in the home of J. I. Bones Sunday.

W. N. Pharis went to Wheeler on business Monday.

Frank Easton and family of Childress visited in the home of R. L. Franks Sunday.

Ford Bones was a business visitor in Shamrock Monday.

Mrs. Roy Franks returned home from Childress Saturday after a two weeks' visit with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Frank Easton.

Robert Jones and family went to McLean Sunday evening.

The pie supper Friday night for the benefit of the school was well attended.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Scott, Mrs. W. A. Lankford and children visited in the home of J. S. Clem Sunday.

**Peterson Creek News**

By Special Correspondent.

Charlie Mars, Milton and Ned Carpenter spent Saturday and Sunday in this community.

A large number of young folks enjoyed a party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. McClellan, given in honor of Allen Kyle.

Mrs. Sam McClellan was taken to Amarillo for an operation. She is improving nicely.

George Mars spent Sunday with home folks.

Walter Cash spent Saturday night and Sunday with home folks.

Mrs. J. W. Mars has spent most of the week with Mrs. W. I. Bacon, whose children are very sick with measles and scarlet fever.

Mrs. J. C. McClellan returned Monday from Amarillo.

Sam McClellan and little daughter, Bernice, returned Tuesday from Amarillo.

Miss Lillian Cochran returned from Lella Lake Monday.

Miss Alma Cochran is spending the summer at Lella Lake.

Allen Kyle left Sunday for his home at Cleon.

J. W. Mars and sons, Charlie and Clayton and Milton and Ned Carpenter were McLean visitors Saturday evening.

**THE VALUE OF GOOD TOOLS**

Good tools are necessary to the accomplishment of the best work. Experienced builders know that time and money are lost and materials wasted unless the best equipment is used.

For builders' supplies, farm implements, garden tools and builders' hardware, see our stock and get our prices.

We can supply you with what you need on the largest or smallest order. McLean Hardware Company. Advertisement. ttc.

Miss Nola Norman left Saturday for her home at Willis Point.

Groceries are cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. Advertisement. ttc.

**DRINKERS AT W. T. C. OF C. CONVENTION**

From reliable information, the West Texas Chamber of Commerce have resolved themselves into bootlegger conventions. Of course the management and those who are promoting this splendid organization for the advancement of West Texas cannot be blamed for the situation, but it is reflecting upon the organization, nevertheless.

At the Brownwood convention last week the percentage of drunk men was larger than in the history of former meetings of similar nature. The old custom of turning the town keys over to visitors and throwing the keys to the jail away as a mark of hospitality is all wrong.

A man has no more right to go to a convention and get drunk than he has to get on a jag at home. Some men will pull off drunks away from home when they would not dare to do so among their own people.

A man should be a gentleman, whether he is attending a convention or walking the streets of his home town. A man that goes to conventions and becomes the guest of strange communities is violating the hospitality of his hosts when he acts unseemingly.

You might as well enter a private home as an invited guest and misbehave as to enter a town as an invited guest and get drunk and act disgracefully. Keys of towns should not be thrown away on convention occasions as far as bootlegging and getting drunk are concerned. If the convention drunk is to continue, it will bring reproach on the West Texas Chamber of Commerce organization and ultimately destroy its usefulness.

There is a class of people that have gotten it into their heads that prohibition ought to be done away with and the Volstead act repealed. They clamor for a moderation of the law, and for light wines and beer. Give them light wines and beer and they will demand red liquor. Just because they do not like our prohibition laws they are determined to discredit some. We are inclined to believe that some well defined movement and organization is behind prohibition violators and the object is to discredit the Volstead act to the extent that the people will finally come to the conclusion that it can't be enforced and demand its repeal and a return to the open saloon. The open saloon and the old order of illicit liquor traffic is what is in the minds of those who openly discourage and violate the Federal and State prohibition laws of this nation.

Next year when the West Texas Chamber of Commerce holds its annual convention strict enforcement of prohibition laws should be had and every bootlegger and drunk who comes to some should be dealt with promptly.—Scurry County Times.

Vul Herman and family and Mrs. G. B. Herman of Oklahoma City visited in the W. B. Upham home Friday and Saturday.

**CHRISTIANITY**

Those who attack Christianity often prate in a self-righteous way about how destructive denominationalism is to the true principles of Christ.

Mark those individuals who say one church is as good as another. Did you ever hear a person say that who was a church worker, or who evidenced much signs of Christianity? Such persons are usually weak in Christianity, as well as being luke warm.

Which leads one to remark on the true evidences of Christianity shown since the Presbyterians of Northwest Texas established a children's home in Amarillo.

The head of that home is a Methodist preacher, and he is a faithful, hard-working Methodist minister, and he isn't a proselyted Presbyterian, and the Presbyterians don't want to proselyte him, and if they did they probably couldn't.

The Presbyterians were open-minded and big enough and had brains enough and enough Christianity to recognize a man whom they believed would make a good superintendent for a children's home, and they didn't believe there was any harm in having a good Methodist at the head of a good Presbyterian home.

Then comes the Mission theatre Baraca class, a Baptist organization, that becomes so enthusiastic in aiding a Presbyterian home that a small bunch of young men raise more than \$100 in cash to furnish a room in this Presbyterian home.

Now, here is no narrow denominationalism. A Methodist preacher who works at his job, and a Baptist Baraca class, which believes in Baptist principles, help their fellow Christians, the Presbyterians. Mark these words. Those who prate about these denominationalists would still prate and their loud speaking would disturb the temples of worship, while those little ones of all denominations in the Presbyterian children's home might starve before they would change their raised hands of scorn to a gesture of mercy.—Amarillo Evening Post.

**INJUSTICE OF JURORS' PAY**

There is no justice in the way that our jurors are paid for their services. The man that lives in one block of the court house can eat at his own table, sleep in his own bed and loaf on his own sidewalk when he answers his country's call for jury service the same as the man that comes 25 miles over all kinds of road, puts up at the hotel at a cost of about a price and a half. All county and district court jurors get three dollars per day under the law. Those summoned for special jury service get nothing if excused from service, though they may have come 20 miles for the purpose of answering the summons. There is

**LONG SKIRTS LOSE OUT**

It will be good news to sensible women and men to learn that the modists and others who find a fat living in the constantly changing styles of women's dress which compel them to abandon perfectly good clothes every year have lost their fight to compel the women of France to lengthen their skirts.

When a French woman resists the latest style, it is a new day in the independence of women. And it is a new day in the struggle to reduce the cost of living.

Few of us realize how much woman's slavishness to style increases the cost of living in our civilized communities. May the short skirt always be a symbol of woman's new freedom!—Fort Worth Record.

no justice in such compensation for work of the kind. The man close in, to say the least, holds his own, unless he is a spendthrift. The man from a distance cannot begin to break even on the three dollars per day that he will get—unless he is some odd miser that would not be fit to sit on a jury to try a hungry hound for stealing a soup bone.

We should undoubtedly have a change in our jurors' compensation. If no one ever raises a howl we will never get it. The change cannot be obtained as easily as some might think. The way to get reforms is to fight for them.—The Vanguard.

Textile materials must be awful short in this country, from the number of women folks who can't seem to find any material for sleeves.

**READ THE ADS**

**McLean Filling Station**  
Oils, Gas and Accessories  
Sudden Service  
Magdolene Ford Oil will make your Ford run better  
FLOYD PHILLIPS, Mgr.

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no justice in such compensation for work of the kind. The man close in, to say the least, holds his own, unless he is a spendthrift. The man from a distance cannot begin to break even on the three dollars per day that he will get—unless he is some odd miser that would not be fit to sit on a jury to try a hungry hound for stealing a soup bone.

We should undoubtedly have a change in our jurors' compensation. If no one ever raises a howl we will never get it. The change cannot be obtained as easily as some might think. The way to get reforms is to fight for them.—The Vanguard.

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**Beat the Flies-- Screen Today**

It is so much easier, more economical and more sanitary to keep the flies out by screening early than it is to wait until they are in and then have to get them out. Screen doors ready to use, also screening by the yard.

**Western Lumber & Hardware Company**  
H. F. WINGO, Manager



**Remington Portable**

YOU don't have to teach your fingers all over again when you write on the Remington Portable. It has the same Writing Keyboard as any standard machine—no shifting for figures. This in itself makes for increased speed and efficiency.

Compact—fits in a case only four inches high. Beautiful in appearance and does beautiful work. Strong and sturdy, like every Remington.

As necessary in the home as the clock on the mantel. As indispensable when you travel as a shaving kit or a hair-brush.

FOR YOU—FOR EVERYBODY  
Price, complete with case, \$40

**THE McLEAN NEWS**

**TWENTY YEARS AGO**

I've wandered to the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree, Upon the school house playground that sheltered you and me. But none were left to greet me, Tom, and few were left to know, Who played with us upon the green some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom, barefaced boys at play Were sporting, just as we did, with spirits just as gay, But the master sleeps upon the hill, which, coated o'er with snow, Afforded us a sliding place, just twenty years ago.

The old school house is altered now; the benches are replaced By new ones very like the same our pocket knives once defaced; But the same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings to and fro; It's music the same, dear Tom, as 'twas twenty years ago.

The boys were playing some old game beneath the same old tree; I have forgot the name just now—you've played th same with me On that same spot—it 'twas played with knives, by throwing so and so The looser had a task to do—there, twenty years ago.

The river is running just as still; the willows in its side Are larger than they were, Tom, the stream appears less wide; But the grape vine swing is ruined where once we played the beau, And swung our sweethearts—pretty girls—just twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled beneath the hill, close by the spreading beach Is very low—'twas then so high that we could scarcely reach, And kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so To see how sadly I am changed, since twenty years ago.

Near by the spring upon an elm you know I cut your name, Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and you did mine the same. Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark, is dying sure but slow, Just as the died, whose name you cut, some twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but tears came to my eyes, I thought of her I loved so well, those early broken ties; I visited the old church yard, and took some flowers to strow Upon the grave of those we loved some twenty years ago.

Some are in the church yard laid, some sleep beneath the sea, But few are left of our own class, excepting you and me. And when our time shall come, Tom, and we are called to go, I hope they will lay us where we played, just twenty years ago.

**SUNSHINE AND RAIN**

Some folks are like a thunder cloud that hides the beaming sun; And when they come and growl around, it stops all peace and fun. Just why they act this way is queer; nobody ever knew What satisfaction they could get from acting as they do.

But, blessings be, there are some folks who, when the day seems night, Burst in with laughter, and at once the darkness turns to light; A merry voice, a willing hand, a word to make one gay, And lo! The clouds that smothered us are driven far away.

We can't all be like those last named, but when life's at its worst, What reason can we give if we act like those mentioned first? Does it do good when we are sad, or hurt, or sore, or blue, To scowl and growl and frown to make our friends unhappy too?

Be cheerful if you can, and if the sunshine can't be shown, Be just enough to let the other fellow thunder all alone. —Harry Lee Marriner in Dallas News.

D. C. Trigg and Miss Mary Carlock of White Deer were McLean visitors Saturday.

Erwin Rice returned last Thursday from Amarillo.

**LIFE INSURANCE**

Insure your life in the Kansas City Life Insurance Company The Successful Western Company

**E. M. RICE**  
Agent, McLean, Texas  
Life Accident Health

**DR. J. A. HALL, DENTIST HERE NEXT WEEK**

Dr. J. A. Hall, dentist, of Shamrock will be in McLean next Thursday, Friday and Saturday to fill his regular monthly appointments. Office at Erwin Drug Company, Advertisement. 1c

**TOURISTS**

They'll soon be burning up the roads, from Boston clear to Frisco. At night they'll listen to the toads and praise or cuss their Briscoe, and talk about the city park and camps made free for tourists, and say, "This burg is awful dark," or "This one needs a florist." But in the daytime they will see so many farms and cattle, when they are on a touring bee from New York to Seattle. They'll say, "This farmer's up to date, he has his buildings painted, his name and farm name's on the gate, let's stop and get acquainted. Great Scott," they cry, "this gay old bard must buy his pigment by the yard; those painted buildings, say old boy, I guess you must diversify. And see those cattle sleek and fat; that bull, I'll bet he's proud of that." And so they travel and comment, while on a touring spree they're bent. They'll see the fields of golden grain, and buildings that won't shed the rain, and others that cry out for paint, and stock so thin they almost faint, and fences good and also bad, where boys have left it all to dad, and for the city turned their feet and left the things ma made to eat. They'll say this farmer's on his feet, on his one's busted raising wheat. And when they reach the old home town they'll tell these stories up and down. They'll tell of places that show pep, and others that have gone for debt, and cities that are on the map. That's just the way these tourists yap. No matter how these folks migrate, in touring or ride a freight, they'll tell these stories all around about the hicks who till the ground, and give each own some kind of label, whenever they meet around a table. Their stories it's no use despising, it's you and me their advertising.—T. E. Hayes in Capper's Farmer.

LeRoy Landers and Marvin Davis spent last week end in Clarendon.

Mrs. D. A. Davis and daughter, Miss Opal, went to Clarendon Saturday to attend the commencement exercises of the college.

**KNOCKERS**

An eminent writer recently said "God made the country, man made the city and the devil made the small town."

This statement sums up the description of the altogether too characteristic condition of a great many American towns of from 500 to 3,500 population. It gives the devil credit for the pull-hauling, the political, religious and social cliques, merchants fighting each other tooth and nail, interminable gossip rocking with slander and falsehood, public spirit dead, selfishness, jealousy and envy rampant. Each individual or division of the population belittling, discouraging, if not actually knitting the enterprise of everyone else. Right here, perhaps, we have stumbled upon one of the causes of the decline of the small town. Look up any dead town and nine times out of ten you will find it is largely a community of "knockers."

Now, knocking is signified to injure or destroy, and doesn't it stand to reason that where two-thirds of the population of a place are engaged in this delectable occupation that they just naturally are not doing a thing to the property of the town?

It is claimed that knocking never starts until after a town begins to go bad, but supposing this is true when a barrel begins to leak we do not proceed to stave it in or stand around and "holler" because our profit is running away. We go busy and plug the leak.

Just so with a small town, the effect of knocking is destructive. On the other hand, patriotic faith in a place has exactly the opposite effect, its influence is creative and in a thousand ways it helps to bulk a town up.

Mrs. G. W. Stratton and daughter and son, Miss Vina and Charles went to Clarendon Saturday to attend the college exercises.

Osie Ginn left Sunday for his home at Grimes, Okla.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam McClellan left Friday for Amarillo, where Mrs. McClellan will undergo an operation.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Landers visited in Clarendon last Friday.

Headquarters for all kinds lumbering material. Cicero Smith Lumber Company. Advertisement. 15c

**OLD, BUT GOOD**

A young lady sat next to a distinguished bishop at a church dinner. She was rather awed by the bishop's presence. For some time she hesitated to speak to him. Finally, seeing some bananas passed, she seized the opportunity to start conversation with him and said:

"I beg your pardon, but are you fond of bananas?"

The bishop was slightly deaf, and leaning toward her, replied:

"Pardon me, but what did you say?"

"I said," repeated the young lady, blushing furiously, "do you like bananas?"

The bishop pondered the question gravely for a moment, then answered: "It is a curious question, but if you wish my honest opinion, I have always preferred the old-fashioned night shirt."—Harper's Weekly.

**YOU NEED A typewriter.** The Remington portable has all the advantages of any machine made. The cost is small. See the sample machines at the News office.

Professor and Mrs. W. D. Biggers of Knox City came in Friday to visit Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Floyd.

Terry W. Hudgins of Erick, Okla., came up Sunday after his wife, who has been visiting relatives here.

Y. E. McAdams and family of Clarendon visited in the J. A. Belew home Sunday.

Groceries are cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. Advertisement. 1c.

John Back went to Amarillo Sunday.

**WARM WEATHER**

Calls for lighter clothes. Where is that last summer suit that you put away last fall? Bring it to us and let us make it look like new. We want to do your cleaning and pressing.

**City Tailor Shop**  
LEE CASON, Proprietor

**POEMS WERE LACKING**

The Bore—"Do you know, Tenyson's poems carry me completely away."

Miss Pert—"Really? I'm awfully sorry we haven't a volume in the house."

**PURE BLUFF**

"Pa, what is a bluff?" "Threatening to leave home if your mother has her hair bobbed, my son."—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Emmett LeFors of Pampa visited her sister, Mrs. C. A. Gatlin, Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Ida McMurtry of Amarillo is visiting her sister, Mrs. C. A. Gatlin.

Among the "Household Hints" now being offered, are the suggestions offered to the Old Man that the back yard needs cleaning up.

**PATRONIZE THE ADVERTISERS**

**Look for the Water Mark**



**The Paper with the Lovely Finish**

THE exquisite texture of Symphony Writing Paper provides a splendid writing surface. That is why it is the choice of so many smart women for their correspondence. Symphony Writing Papers are to be had in three finishes and a variety of fashionable tints. Made up in many sizes and shapes, to meet every demand of good taste. May be purchased by the quire or the pound. Also correspondence cards, with envelopes.

**Erwin Drug Company**

**PICTURE FRAMING**

I can frame your enlarged pictures, including those with convex glass, and save you money over solicitors' prices. Ask to see my line of framing material.

**EUNICE FLOYD**

Telephone 70 McLean, Texas



**An Insurance Policy**

is your best protection against Fire, Hail and Tornadoes. Let me write you a policy in a strong company that will fully protect you against loss.

**C. C. BOGAN**

Insurance that Protects



**TIRES**

With the coming of summer you want the old bus in good shape for the road. One of the first requirements is good tires. We have them in standard brands, including Balloon tires, at reasonable prices.

Come-in and let our mechanic correct your engine troubles.

We sell **STUDEBAKER** cars.

**Cousins Motor Co.**

All Work Strictly Guaranteed  
Repairing, Storage, Gas, Oils and Accessories  
SERVICE CAR Night Phone 141  
Day Phone 172



**Fine Tea**

It is iced tea time and we are featuring Schilling's Orange Pekoe, a blend of fine black teas, packet hot in vacuum tins, giving perfection to the "Cup that Cheers." This tea is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Use a tin of it and if you are dissatisfied in any way, throw the can away and ask for your money back. That's fair, isn't it?

**Coffee**

Start the day right for the entire family by serving our delicious coffee for breakfast.

The delightful aroma and flavor make every meal a feast.

We sell Schilling's, Folger's Golden Gate, White Swan and Maxwell House in sealed packages; also the best of Peaberry in bulk; all covered by our "satisfaction or money back" guarantee.

The price is right.

**Free Delivery Any Part of the City**

**McLean Supply Company**

**News From Liberty**

By Special Correspondent.  
The weather is cool and cloudy this week.  
Grandpa and Grandma Hardin visited in the H. C. Nelson home last Thursday.  
I. C. Corbin visited in the C. T. Calvert home at Shamrock Sunday.  
Roland Wingo of McLean spent Sunday in the R. O. Cunningham home.  
Mrs. John Lively, Mr. and Mrs. Patty and children, Jason, Roscoe and Bernie Morgan and Floyd Lively called at the R. O. Cunningham home Sunday afternoon.  
Mrs. A. L. Bateman of Gasoline, who has been in the Plainview hospital, is visiting in the Asa Eastan home.  
Mr. and Mrs. E. Exum and children of Ramsdell, the former a brother of Mrs. Bateman, spent Sunday in the Morgan home.  
Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Burdine and children of west of McLean visited in the H. C. Nelson home Sunday.  
Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Hansen and three granddaughters of McLean called at the Hardin home Sunday.  
Mrs. Rosa Hanson and little daughter, Roy Waldron, Gladys and Nellie Penland were at Sunday school Sunday.  
We hope to see a large audience at Sunday school next Sunday, as most of our people are through with the measles.

**FACTS ABOUT ROADS**

One of the factors retarding road development is the lack of appreciation of the modern science of highway building and using.  
We know too many things about roads which are not so!  
Many of our highway ideas are twenty years behind the times. We haven't caught up with the engineer.  
For instance, "all roads wear out. The enormous money invested in them is thus a capital loss."  
Roads do not wear out. The surface of a good road wears, of course. So does the roof of a house. But replacing the house roof doesn't mean that the rest of the house isn't good. The surface of a road is its roof. If it wears out, it must be replaced. But that doesn't mean that the night of way, the grade, foundation, and all the material is any less valuable than at first.  
"Trucks destroy roads. Therefore, trucks should pay for roads!" That, too, is a fallacy. A truck no more destroys a road, when truck and road fit, than a baby carriage destroys a garden path. It is lack of maintenance which destroys roads, it is allowing too light a road to be built for the traffic it will bear, which destroys roads; it is failure to enact wide tire and maximum load laws which destroys roads.  
"There isn't money enough to pay for national highways. We will all be bankrupt!" More fallacy. There are fourteen million motor cars in the United States. If they are worth on an average of \$500 each (which is an underestimate) they represent an investment of \$7,000,000,000. Did we get bankrupt buying them? We did not! Why should we get bankrupt buying seven billion dollars worth of roads—and the interest on seven billions will build today more national highways than we have as yet—engineers and machinery to build.  
Transportation has been for us Americans, nothing but rail and water for all our history. Now we are compelled to translate the word into highways and motors. Motors we understand—highways, as yet, we only partially comprehend, and motor transport, as a whole, is yet a sealed book to most of us.  
The first step in opening it is to get rid of fallacious thinking—to realize that what used to be, is no more true today, than what is proper road width and cost today, will fit conditions fifty or a hundred years hence!

**AT THE METHODIST CHURCH**

J. S. Huckabee, Pastor  
Special service Sunday morning for children, followed by the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.  
Evangelistic service at night.  
We appreciate your presence.

**EPWORTH LEAGUE**

Subject—In His Steps.  
Leader—Gaylord Hodges.  
Song and prayer.  
Christ's Loyalty—Rex Roby.  
Obedience to the Father's Will—Ruby Anderson.  
Piano Solo—Jewel Shaw.  
Doing God's Will—Opal Davis.  
Doing Duty Brings the Master—Herman Lee.

**W. H. M. S.**

By Publicity Committee.  
The Bible study will meet at the Methodist church next Tuesday at 2:30. The lesson is a review of the Book of Isaiah. All members are invited to be present.

**AT THE BAPTIST CHURCH**

W. C. Garrett, Pastor  
Were you there last Sunday? Did the services help you any? If so, "love your faith by your works" and come next Sunday. If the services did not help you, try another application—come next Sunday. If you missed last Sunday, you can never make up that Sunday—it is gone—but you can keep from losing any more by coming the rest of the time. Come next Sunday.  
The pastor will preach at both hours. The theme for 11 o'clock will be, "The Streams that Help." At night, "Glorious in the Cross."  
Some folks have the habit of going to church all the summer. If you haven't the habit, start it the first Sunday in June. Sunday will be a sorry day for you if you miss the services of God's house.  
Get ready for the hospital linen and fruit shower next Tuesday and be ready to go to Wellington to help open, dedicate and shower the hospital.  
Come to church next Sunday.

Mrs. Ernest Kramer went to Oklahoma City Tuesday.  
A. H. Carver of Alameda was a McLean visitor Wednesday.  
Miss Eunice Floyd went to Oklahoma City Monday, returning Wednesday.  
Mrs. C. E. Bogan and daughter, Miss Lettie, are visiting at the Morse ranch this week.  
Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Dunke went to Pampa Tuesday.  
Mrs. A. Stanfield and daughter, little Miss Lola Ruth, left Wednesday for Groom to visit relatives.  
The latest improved thimble on exhibit at McLean Hardware Company. Advertisement. tfe

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**SUPERFLUITIES**

Rudolph Valentino has 200 suits of clothes and Congressman Hawes of Missouri possesses thirty-five dogs. Two hundred suits of clothes would do us just 200 years, and thirty-five dogs would run us crazy. One suit of clothes and one dog at a time is plenty for any man.—Plainview News.  
Maybe the Missouri Congressman who owns thirty-five dogs keeps them for protection against his constituents. But that is hardly likely, remembering that Missouri is a prodigal state. It was Senator Vest of the same state who delivered that classic eulogy on dogs which tearful readers send to State Press from time to time. The Senator was hard-pressed in a law case which involved a dog, and with the shrewdness common to lawyers who play jurists like checkmen, he abandoned the evidence and indulged himself in a sentimental effusion which started tears in the jury box and brought a victory for his client. Later it was the Hon. Champ Clark of Missouri who gave vogue to the houn' dawg song, "Ev'ry time I come to town somebody kicks my dawg aroun'," etc. That chant was tangy with rural Missouri and helped to establish the Hon. Champ in the affections of his constituents. He almost became president, partly by reason of the naive faith of many fellow Democrats who felt that with him as their leader nobody would kick their dawgs around. As for Signor Valentino's two hundred suits of clothes, he needs them in his business, as nearly every scene he appears in, before or away from the camera, calls for a different dress. He was supposed to be the author of the bell-bottom breeches which were the rage among drug-store fashionables a few months ago. He deserves credit for that mode. Any fashion in pants which enables the wearer to put them on and take them off over his shoes is worthy to be commended. Every right-minded man wants to put on his shoes before he puts on his trousers when he gets up, but the tailors often force a pantaloon style on him which makes impossible the normal wish of the owner. Why shouldn't the legislature pass a law making bell-bottom pants the only kind legal to be manufactured, sold or possessed?—State Press in Dallas News.

**HOW LARGE CAN HAILSTONES BE?**

The Weather Bureau of the United States Department of Agriculture is frequently asked what is the maximum known or possible size of hailstones. According to its records and documents in the Weather Bureau library, the maximum possible size of a single hailstone cannot be positively stated, but stones larger than a man's fist and weighing over a pound have several times been reported on good authority. During a hailstorm in Natal, on April 17, 1874, stones fell that weighed a pound and a half, and passed through a corrugated-iron roof as if it had been made of paper. Hailstones 14 inches in circumference fell in New South Wales in February, 1847. At Cazoria, Spain, June 15, 1829, houses were crushed under blocks of ice, some of which are said to have weighed four and a half pounds. In October, 1844, a hailstorm at Cott, France, wrecked houses and sank vessels.

**THE RULES FOR HEALTH**

Here are ten commandments of health given by Miss Maria Leonard, dean of women at the University of Illinois, in a recent article in the Daily Illini:  
Eat less, chew more.  
Ride less, walk more.  
Clothe less, bathe more.  
Worry less, work more.  
Idle less, play more.  
Talk less, think more.  
Go less, sleep more.  
Waste less, give more.  
Preach less, practice more.  
"One can't have moral cobwebs when his muscles are clean," quoted Dean Leonard, "from every 100 persons alive, 36 will die from preventable diseases before they reach 65 years of age. If you want to be one of 64 who reaches the age of 65, follow the above rules."  
Health at its best, she said, means resistance to disease, relaxation from mental tension, regularity at all times, recreative power in work and play and a radiance from life abundant.

**AT YOUR SERVICE**

Before starting on that vacation trip, drive by and let us test your tires and battery, fill your radiator with water and furnish you a mileage chart. This service is free.  
**Star Filling Station**  
Headquarters for Service  
L. L. ROGERS, Prop.  
Phone 131

**AT THE METHODIST CHURCH**

J. S. Huckabee, Pastor  
Special service Sunday morning for children, followed by the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.  
Evangelistic service at night.  
We appreciate your presence.

**EPWORTH LEAGUE**

Subject—In His Steps.  
Leader—Gaylord Hodges.  
Song and prayer.  
Christ's Loyalty—Rex Roby.  
Obedience to the Father's Will—Ruby Anderson.  
Piano Solo—Jewel Shaw.  
Doing God's Will—Opal Davis.  
Doing Duty Brings the Master—Herman Lee.

**W. H. M. S.**

By Publicity Committee.  
The Bible study will meet at the Methodist church next Tuesday at 2:30. The lesson is a review of the Book of Isaiah. All members are invited to be present.

**AT THE BAPTIST CHURCH**

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Miss Eunice Floyd went to Oklahoma City Monday, returning Wednesday.  
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Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Dunke went to Pampa Tuesday.  
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Why not let us write you some insurance on your crop before the hail gets it? You need not take time to come to town if you are busy, just call us at the Citizens State Bank and we will come out and fix you up.  
**RIPPY & BEALL**  
Hail Insurance on Growing Crops  
Office at Citizens State Bank

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We pay taxes in McLean.  
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We bury our dead in McLean.  
If your credit is good in our grocery department, it is good anywhere in the store.  
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This is the rush season for farm work, when snappy service from your blacksmith can be appreciated.  
We pride ourselves on our quick service.  
Bring your repair work to us.  
**The McLean Blacksmith Shop**  
All Work Guaranteed

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We use the utmost care in selecting nice, fat animals for butchering, and the fresh meat is kept in a modern, sanitary refrigerator that insures you the best of fresh meats.  
We also handle cured and cooked meats and fresh creamery butter.

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