

# THE MCLEAN NEWS

Volume XXI.

McLean, Gray County, Texas, Thursday, August 7, 1924.

Number 32.

## PRESBYTERIAN PASTOR INJURED CAR ACCIDENT

Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Joyner suffered painful injuries when their car ran into an open culvert near Heald Monday evening. Rains have washed out a deep space about four feet wide at the side of the culvert that cannot be easily seen until the car is right upon the place, and the accident occurred just at dusk with nothing but the car lights to guide them. The front wheels of the car jumped the ditch, but the back wheels caught on the culvert and the back bumper caught on the bank, which saved the car from plunging backwards. Mrs. Joyner was thrown through the windshield and was badly cut about the face and head, several stitches being taken in the wounds. Rev. Joyner was thrown against the top of the car and was unconscious for some time, with injuries about the head and neck. The car was pretty badly damaged in the wreck. There was no warning sign of any kind near the culvert, and if the car had not been running slowly at the time, the result might easily have been fatal. Rev. and Mrs. Joyner are doing as well as could be expected since the accident.

## TEXAS SCHOOLS FIND ADVERTISING PAYS

Fort Worth, Aug. 5.—Paid advertising pays large dividends to Texas colleges and universities. That is the belief of officers of the Texas State Teachers' Association, who have made a survey of the question this year.

School advertising has hit a high mark in Texas this year, the underlying aim being to turn the tide of Texas students to Texas schools. Wary of advertising on a large scale for many years, Texas school leaders now recognize that they must present their wares to the home folks.

Prospects for the fall term enrollments are the best in the history of the Texas schools. Dormitories will be crowded; classrooms will be taxed to capacity; additions will be made to the number of every Texas facility; new buildings are being rushed to completion.

It is estimated that students who will leave Texas for schools this year will be fewer than ever before, and this number will be confined principally to graduate students who will do research work in other fields. A still smaller number, however, will fit away again to a fashionable girls school, or to a military academy in a distant state.

## LARGE ATTENDANCE AT BAPTIST ASSEMBLY

Amarillo, Aug. 6.—The Panhandle Baptist assembly, now holding its fifth annual session at Ceta canyon, near Happy, will close Sunday with what is expected to be one of the greatest religious festivals ever staged in this section. This assembly resembles an old fashioned camp meeting in its programs, but there also are facilities for fishing, swimming and other vacation amusements, and an increasing number attend the sessions each year. There were 200 campers when the meeting opened on Aug. 1, and Saturday night there were 350 campers. Seven hundred attended the Sunday services.

Mr. John Williams and daughter and little Miss Ruth McKinley left Tuesday for their home to Dumas after a visit with their parents and grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Haynes.

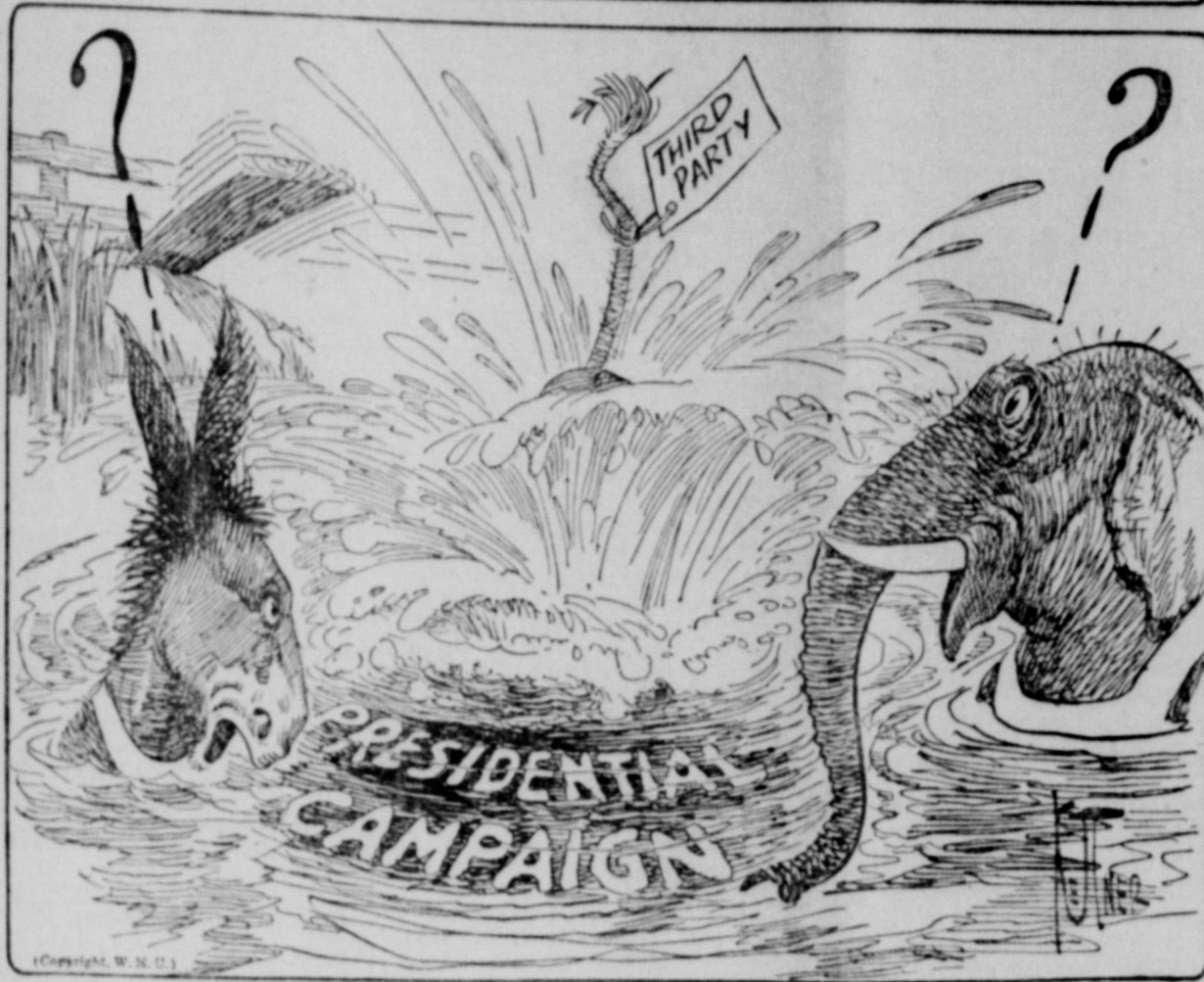
Mr. R. A. Wells and son, Robert, of Dalhart came in Tuesday to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Campbell.

Misses Nona, Jewell and Dorothy Cousins and S. A. Cousins were Memphis visitors Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Rader and Grandma Rader of Crowell came in Monday to visit Mrs. Rader's parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Franklin.

C. C. Cook went to Shamrock Tuesday on business.

## What Was That?



## CARPENTER BOYS BUY REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER SATURDAY

On last Saturday, just as we had unpacked a new Remington portable typewriter, Milton and Ned Carpenter came in and bought the machine. These boys are in the commercial class at the McLean High School, and need the machine in their class work.

## ICE CREAM SUPPER AT COBB'S RANCH ON NORTHFORK LAST WEEK

On last Thursday evening a number of relatives and friends enjoyed an ice cream supper at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Cobb at Northfork.

The refreshments were served under the big cottonwood trees in the yard, and a very enjoyable time was had by those present.

Among those present were: S. A. Cobb and family, R. L. Appling and family, T. A. Landers and family, Mr. and Mrs. Hendricks of Wichita Falls, Misses Wilma Grigsby, Eunice Floyd, Velma Horton and Vernie Savage; Messrs. Fred Landers, Harvey, Arlie and Meale Grigsby and C. Dean.

## METHODIST-PRESBYTERIAN REVIVAL CLOSED SUNDAY

The Methodist-Presbyterian revival closed Sunday at the morning service with a number of conversions and reclamations to its credit. Ten members joined the Methodist church and nine joined the Presbyterian as a result of the meeting. A public collection was taken amounting to \$315.85 for the singer and evangelist, with an offering of \$25.25 for the pianist.

Mrs. Allen Chase and daughters of Hillsboro are visiting the former's sister, Mrs. J. M. Noel.

Dwight Upham and Vernon Rice were visitors in Amarillo Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Roy Campbell, Miss Gertrude Wingo and Earl Wilmoth were Shamrock visitors Monday night.

Charlie Adams of Shamrock visited M. M. Newman Sunday.

Mrs. Bert Smith and baby returned home Sunday.

Russell Grogan of Ramsdell was a McLean visitor Sunday.

Jeff Gray of Groom visited in the J. E. Kirby home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. McClain of Amarillo spent the week end with relatives and friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Hardin of Vernon came in Monday to visit relatives.

## CALIFORNIA MAN TO PREACH AT BAPTIST CHURCH SUNDAY

Rev. C. D. Potts, who has just moved to Amarillo from California, will occupy the pulpit Sunday at the First Baptist church. Rev. Potts is a preacher of no mean ability and the general public is invited to hear him.

## FOOTBALL COACH WRITES LETTER TO TEAM

Prof. O. M. Rogers, who will coach the Tiger football squad, has written to every prospective candidate for the team a letter of advice and counsel.

Prof. Rogers is particularly anxious that every boy be in the best of condition when the season opens.

## FLOYDS ENTERTAIN AT SUPPER TUESDAY

Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Floyd and daughter, Miss Eunice, entertained the T. A. Landers family at an ice cream and melon supper Tuesday evening.

The piece de resistance was a 14lb melon of the quill variety that was grown in the Floyd garden. This melon was 22 inches long and 21 inches in circumference, and was of particular pleasing flavor.

## A SLUMBER PARTY

Miss Lena Sparks entertained a number of girls at her home Wednesday night with a slumber party. At a very late hour lunch was served to the following: Misses Verna Rice, Josita Massey, Sinclair Rice, Jewel Shaw, Marie Copeland, Vera Wilson, Beatrice Cash, Fern Upham and Floycie Jordan.

## ALANREED REVIVAL INCREASES IN INTEREST

The revival at the Alanreed Baptist church conducted by Rev. W. C. Garrett of McLean is increasing in interest. There had been six conversions with five additions to the church by baptism up to Wednesday night.

The revival will close with the evening service Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Johnston and children returned last Thursday from a visit with relatives at Arlington.

Arthur Erwin returned Friday from a visit with his mother at Cisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Berl Glass and children of Alanreed visited relatives here Friday and Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Powell of Ramsdell visited relatives in McLean Saturday.

## AMARILLO FAIR TO HAVE HARD PAVED ROAD TO GROUNDS

Amarillo, Aug. 6.—A hard surfaced road connecting the Tri-State Exposition grounds with the downtown district of Amarillo will soon be completed, as a result of paving operations conducted by the city. East Tenth street is being paved with brick, and it is probable a "white way" system will be installed for a portion of the distance, making an attractive thoroughfare.

The fair management is working on plans to transport visitors to and from the fair grounds at small cost. The Palo Duro Hotel is expected to be in operation before the fair opens on Sept. 22, adding materially to the accommodations for visitors.

## A SLUMBER PARTY

Misses Inez and Jewel Shaw entertained the following friends with a slumber party Tuesday night: Misses Ruby and Mary Anderson and Lucile Stratton. Refreshments were served at a late hour.

## PETERS TAKES VACATION

On Monday morning W. H. Peters and family left for a month's vacation at Stamford and other places. Mr. Peters closed out his garage business before leaving and his plans for the future are indefinite, but he will be back in McLean at the close of his vacation, and his friends hope that he will decide to continue living in McLean.

The News will follow them on their trip.

## ENTERTAINS S. S. CLASS

Miss Verna Rice entertained her Sunday school class with a party Tuesday afternoon from five to seven. After playing a number of enjoyable games, ice cream and cake were served to the following: Noel Edgar Thompson, C. C. Bogan Jr., James Lee and Billie D. Rice, Joe Billie Bogan, Alfred Middlebrooks, Ralph Wofford, Clay Edward Thompson, Averille Christian, Johnnie Foster, Lois Kirby, Betty Jane and Verna Louise Hall of St. Louis. Miss Rice was assisted in entertaining by Miss Lena Sparks.

Mrs. T. N. Holloway and daughters, Gladys and Laeuna, Mrs. W. C. Garrett and son, H. P., are attending the Baptist encampment at Ceta canyon.

Dr. J. A. Hall, dentist, of Shamrock was in McLean this week in place of the regular appointment next week. Dr. Hall says that he will be in McLean at the regular time in September with the exception of Thursday, being here Friday and Saturday only.

## GRAY COUNTY WILL HAVE 2ND PRIMARY

According to recent advices from the State Democratic Executive Committee, Gray county voters will have an opportunity to participate in the second primary.

The State Committee will meet August 11th to certify the high men in state offices to the different county chairmen.

There will be no run-off in any other than state officials in this county, as the county candidates did not ask for a second primary in time.

The run-off primary will be held Saturday, August 23.

## HEALD REVIVAL GROWS IN INTEREST

Reports from the Methodist revival at Heald indicate large crowds with growing interest.

Rev. W. H. Strong of Amarillo is doing the preaching and Rev. Ira T. Huckabee of Amarillo, who is visiting his father, Rev. J. S. Huckabee, is leading the song services.

## HOWARD BUILDING NEW HOME

J. S. Howard, who lives in the eastern edge of town, is building a new home. The old house has been torn down and a larger new building is to be erected of framed stucco.

Mr. Howard has one of the nicest places near town and the new home will add greatly to the desirability of the place.

## BUMPERS AND WOOD HIGH MEN IN WHEELER

First reports gave A. C. Wood first place for judge in Wheeler county, but final returns gave Bumpers 816 votes, Wood 782, and Miller 706.

Riley Price was re-elected sheriff with 1,258 votes to Wofford's 944. Mrs. Gunter won the race for treasurer with 1,586 votes. Miss Agnes I. Nolds received 617.

In the county attorney's race, Scott led with 1,274 to Coffee's 824.

McMurtry led for commissioner Precinct 3, with 161 votes. Armstrong received 78 and Moore 67.

It is understood that there will be a run-off for all county and precinct officers in Wheeler county.

## J. A. SPARKS BUYS REMINGTON TYPEWRITER

J. A. Sparks bought a Remington portable typewriter of The News one day last week.

Miss Lena Sparks will enter the commercial class in high school this term and will use the portable in her class work.

Norman and Vernon Johnston, Vernon Rice and John Haynes were Shamrock visitors Monday night.

Mrs. John Cubine was an Amarillo visitor Monday.

Emmett Thompson and family of the Plainview community were in town Saturday.

Mrs. Ernest Hall and children and Miss Verna Rice were visitors at the Sitter ranch last week, the guests of Mrs. J. L. Hess and family.

Theodore Carpenter of Matador came in Sunday to spend the fall and winter with his brother, D. C. Carpenter, and attend our school.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Bentley of Pampa visited in the M. D. Bentley home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Wingo and sons, Roland and Burl, were Amarillo visitors Monday.

R. E. Simmons and daughter and son, Annie Fern and R. E. Jr., of Channing visited his sister, Mrs. L. E. Cunningham, Tuesday.

Fred Landers and Arlie Grigsby attended the Baptist encampment at Ceta canyon Sunday and Monday.

Geo. P. Wilson of Amarillo is visiting his children here.

## REVIVAL DRAWS GOOD CROWDS AT TABERNACLE

The revival now being held by the Church of Christ at the city tabernacle is attracting large crowds and is growing in interest daily.

Eld. S. E. Templeton of Amarillo is delighting his audiences with his forceful sermons. The preacher insists that all his utterances be backed by the Bible, and his sermons are replete with scriptural quotations.

Prof. Cooper is leading the song services in an energetic and acceptable manner.

The services will continue over next week, with preaching from 10 to 11 a. m. and at 8:30 at night. The services start and close promptly on time, and everyone is invited to attend the meetings.

## MCLEAN CLUB GIRLS TO MEET MONDAY

The McLean Club Girls are to meet at the home of Mrs. J. A. Sparks Monday at 2:30 p. m. for a lesson in cooking and to transact such other business as may be suggested. All members are urged to be present at this meeting.

## W. C. CHENEY IMPROVES BUSINESS BUILDING

W. C. Cheney has changed the awning and otherwise improved the building occupied by The News this week, which adds to the comfort and attractiveness of the building.

## PROFITABLE COWS

College Station, Aug. 5.—Profitable cows can only be determined by keeping records of feed cost, milk produced and butter fat tests. Records kept on one herd last month revealed one cow which gave 1,053 pounds of milk and 58 pounds of butter fat worth \$26.10 at the creamery, and another which gave 1,011 pounds of milk, but only 35.38 pounds of butter fat worth only \$14.92 at the creamery. You can't tell by looking at the milk pail. The product must be tested.

## KENNEDY MOVES TO MCLEAN

Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Kennedy of Alanreed are now residents of McLean, having moved to the Mrs. Wilson place in the south part of town last Friday. The Kennedys have been visiting in various parts of the state since the first of the year, practically living in their car, but they intend to be with us for the remainder of the year.

Mr. Kennedy had his name added to our list of live ones and said that he never settled in any place for long without taking the home paper.

Miss Joellene Vanney is spending the week in the R. W. Crisp home at Alanreed.

Miss Mattie Patterson of Pampa came in Tuesday for a few days.

Misses Rachel Stratton and Corrie Lee Newman returned Saturday from College Station.

Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Dunkle returned Saturday from College Station, and left Wednesday for Colorado Springs, Colo., to visit Mr. Dunkle's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Nicholson of Desdemonia are visiting the latter's mother, Mrs. R. E. Willis.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Kibler announce the arrival of an 8lb girl in the home of their son, J. B. Kibler, of Oklahoma City, on Aug. 5th.

Mrs. John Grogan has our thanks for subscription favors this week.

Mrs. W. R. Patterson returned to her home at Amarillo Saturday.

J. W. Lively of Liberty was a McLean visitor Saturday.

W. L. Haynes, C. P. Overton and A. A. Ledbetter returned Saturday from Amarillo.

Mrs. E. E. Johnson returned to her home at Floydada Saturday after a visit with Mrs. W. L. Campbell.



ZEN of the Y. D. A Novel of the Foothills By ROBERT STEAD

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Transey's hay-cutting outfit, after stacking 3,000 tons is on its way to the big Y. D. ranch headquarters. Transey is a master of men and circumstances. Linder, foreman, is substantial, but not self-assertive. George Drank, one of the men, is an irresponsible chap who proposes to every woman he meets. Transey and Linder dine with Y. D. and his wife and daughter Zen. Transey resolves to marry Zen. Y. D. instructs Transey to cut the South Y. D. in spite of a high water and a fellow named Landson.

uy horse and I fought with him in the water, but he was much too strong. I had concluded that to drown myself, and perhaps him, was the only way out, when I saw a leather thong floating in the water from the saddle. By a ruse I managed to flip it around us neck, and the next moment he was at my mercy. I had no mercy then. I milled it tight, tight—pulled till I saw his face blacken and his eyes stand out. He went down, but still I pulled. And then, after a little, I found myself on shore. "I suppose it was the excitement of the fire that carried me on through the day, but at night—you remember?—there came a reaction, and I couldn't sleep. I suddenly seemed to feel that I was safe, and I could sleep." Grant had resumed his seat. He was deeply moved by this strange confidence; he bent his eyes intently upon her face, now shining in the ruddy light from the fireplace. Her frank reference to the event that night seemed to create a new bond between them; he knew now, if ever he had doubted it, that Zen Transey had treasured that incident in her heart even as he had treasured it.

know, but actions speak louder—" "But when you told me you were snared what could I honorably do?" "More—very much more—than you can do now. You could have shown me my mistake. How much better to have learned it then, from you, than later, by my own experience! You could have swept me off my feet, just as Frank did. You did nothing. If I had sought evidence to prove how impractical you are, as compared with my super-practical husband, I would have found it in the way you handled, or rather failed to handle, that situation." "What would your super-practical husband do now if he were in my position?"



She Arose and Stood by His Chair, Letting Her Hand Fall Beside His Check.

sition?" he said, drawing her hands into his. "I don't know." "You do! He says that any man worth his salt takes what he wants in this world. Am I worth my salt?" "There are different standards of value. . . . Goodness! how late it is! You must go now, and don't come back before, let us say, Wednesday."

CHAPTER XV

Whatever may have been Grant's philosophy about the unwisdom of creating a situation which had no way out, he found himself looking forward impatiently to Wednesday evening. An hour or two at Zen's fireside provided the social atmosphere which his bachelor life lacked, and as Transey seemed unappreciative of his domestic privileges, remaining in town unless his business brought him out to the summer home, it seemed only a just arrangement that they should be shared by one who valued them at their worth.

The Wednesday evening conversation developed further the understanding that was gradually evolving between them, but it afforded no solution of the problem which confronted them. Zen made no secret of the error she had made in the selection of her husband, but had no suggestions to offer as to what should be done about it. She seemed quite satisfied to enjoy Grant's conversation and company, and let it go at that—an impossible situation, as the young man assured himself. She dismissed him again at a quite respectable hour with some reference to Saturday evening, which Grant interpreted as an invitation to call again at that time.

When he entered Saturday night it was evident that she had been expecting him. She seated herself beside him on a divanette and the joy of her nearness freed Grant with a very happy intoxication. Grant looked into her eyes, now close and responsive, and found within their depths something which sent him to his feet.

"Zen!" he exclaimed. "The mystery of life is too much for me. Surely there must be an answer somewhere! Surely the puzzle has a system to it—a key which may some day be found! Or can it be just chaos—just blind, driving, senseless chaos?" "I suppose we disobeyed the law, back in those old days. We heard it clearly enough, and we disobeyed. I allowed myself to be guided by motives which were not the highest; you seemed to lack the enterprise which would have won you its own reward. And those who violate the law must suffer for it. I have suffered."

"I have sometimes wondered," he said, "why there is no second chance; why one cannot wipe the slate clear of everything that has been and start anew. What a world this might be!" "Would it be any better? Or would we go on making our mistakes over again? That seems to be the only way we learn." "But a second chance; the idea seems so fair, so plausible." "For you there is a second chance," she reminded him. "You must have thought of that." "No—no second chance." She drew herself up slightly and away from him. "I have been very frank with you, Dennison," she said. "Suppose you try being frank with me?" "All right," he said, "I will be frank. Fate has brought within my orbit a second chance, or what would have been a second chance had my heart not been so full of you. She was a girl well worth thinking about. When an employee introduces herself in you with a declaration of independence

you may know that you have met with someone out of the ordinary." "And you—thought about her?" "I did. I was sick of the erasing and fawning of which my wealth made me the object; I loathed the deference paid me, because I knew it was paid, not to me, but to my money—I was homesick to hear someone tell me to go to h—l. I wanted to brush up against that spirit which says it is as good as anybody else—against the manliness which stands its ground and hits back. I found that spirit in Phyllis Bruce."

"Phyllis Bruce—rather a nice name." "What was I saying? Oh, yes; Phyllis. I grew to like her—very much—but I couldn't marry her. You know why?" "Denny, you big, big boy!" she murmured. "Do you suppose every man carries his first choice?" "It has always seemed to me that a second choice is a makeshift. It doesn't seem quite square."

"No. I fancy some second choices are really first choices. Wisdom comes with experience, you know." "Not always. At any rate I couldn't marry her while my heart was yours." "I suppose not," she answered, and again he noted a touch of weariness in her voice. "I know something of what divided affection—if one can even say it is divided—means. Denny, I will make a confession. I knew you would come back; I always was sure you would come back. Then, I said to myself, 'I will see this man Grant as he is, and the reality will clear my brain of all this idealism which I have woven about him.' And so I have encouraged you to come here; I have been most unconventional, I know, but I was always that—I have cultivated your acquaintance, and, Denny, I am so disappointed!"

"Disappointed? Then the mirage has cleared away?" "On the contrary, it grows more distorted every day. I see you towering above all your fellow humans; reaching up into a heaven so far above them that they don't even know of its existence. I see you as really The Man-on-the-Hill. The idealism which I thought must fade away is justified—heightened—by the reality."

She had turned her face to him, and Grant, little as he understood the ways of women, knew that she had made her grand confession. For a moment he held himself in check. . . . then from somewhere in his subconsciousness came ringing the phrase, "Every man worth his salt . . . takes what he wants." That was Transey's morality; Transey, the usurper, who had bullied himself into possession of this heart which he had never won and could never hold; Transey, the fool, frittering his days and nights with money! He seized her in his arms, crushing down her weak resistance; he drew her to him until, as in that day by a foothill river somewhere in the sunny past, her lips met his and returned their caress. He cared now for nothing—nothing in the whole world but this quivering womanhood within his arms.

"You must go," she whispered at length. "It is late, and Frank's habits are somewhat erratic." He held her at arm's length, his hands upon her shoulders. "Do you suppose that fear—of anything—can make me surrender you now?" "Not fear, perhaps—I know it could not be fear—but good sense may do it. It was not fear that made me send you home early from your previous calls. It was discretion."

"Oh!" he said, a new light dawning, and he marveled again at her consummate artistry. "But I must tell you," she resumed. "Frank leaves on a business trip to-morrow night. He will be gone for some time, and I shall motor into town to see him off. I am wondering about Wilson." "She hurried on, as though not daring to weigh her words; 'Sarah will be away—I am letting her have a little holiday—and I can't take Wilson into town with me because it will be so late.' Then, with a burst of confession, she spoke more deliberately. 'That's isn't exactly the reason, Dennison; Frank doesn't know I have let Sarah go, and I—I can't explain.'

Her face shone pink and warm in the glow of the firelight, and as the significance of her words sank in upon him Grant marveled at that wizardry of the gods which could bring such honors to the feet of man. A tenderness such as he had never known suffused him; her very presence was holy. "Bring the boy over and let him spend the night with me. We are great chums and we shall get along splendidly."

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SENIOR B. Y. P. U. Subject—Bible Study, Great Chapters—John 14. Leader—Osella Hunt. Jesus the Giver of Peace—Eunice Stratton. Knowledge of the Heavenly Home—Vigna Stuckey. The Question of Thomas—Gladye Holloway. Need of a Knowledge of God and The Promise of Power—LeRoy Landers. The Coming of the Comforter—Ha Abissett. The Plain Way—Merle Griggory. Our day phone number has been changed to 86. Magnolia Petroleum Company, C. J. Cash, Agent. Advertisement. 1c Burette Kinard of Los Angeles, Calif., is a new reader of The News. J. W. Pierce of Ramsdell was a McLean visitor Saturday. T. H. Pickett of Heald was in town Saturday. E. W. Brock of Heald was a McLean visitor Saturday. Jack Back of Pampa visited home folks Sunday. Houston Bogan left Sunday for Pueblo, Colo.

Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Childers of Pampa visited Mr. and Mrs. Eathel Shell Sunday. Mrs. R. S. Thompson and son, Fred, left Monday for Colorado to visit their daughters and sisters. J. S. Searey made a business trip to Panhandle Monday.

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**SCHOOL OPENS NEXT MONTH**

School will open next month and all students in the commercial department will need typewriters. The Remington portable is carried in stock by The News and can be bought on easy terms. This complete machine answers every requirement of the student at much less price than the large machines. We also have a good used, standard machine that can be bought for little money and on easy terms. Come in and talk typewriters with us before school opens.

**ENFORCING TRAFFIC LAWS**

To protect the lives of our little ones, the City Council has enacted an ordinance providing for a change from center of the street to curb parking of motor vehicles. This is the modern plan, as used by all cities of the country, and does away with the death trap traffic lane between cars parked in the center of the street and the curb, which has already taken the life of one in this city, and, if continued, would have taken more. Until the public gets used to the new system, there are going to be little inconveniences about it and mixups will ensue for a time until we become familiar with its provisions, but rest assured that curb parking is the only practical parking system ever evolved, and when our folks get used to it, they would not be willing to go back to the old system. Some there are who are already complaining about the new system on the grounds that it will hurt their business to have the curb in front of their places of business full of parked cars, but it will be fair to all, and one little tot's life saved is worth all of the loss of curb business which would be suffered by all of the merchants of our city from now until eternity. We are not dealing with dollars and cents in this change of parking systems, but in what is far more valuable than gold and silver—human lives. To make the new system a success the city officials must have the co-operation of all of the citizens, especially the motoring public and we should give it to them. The hardest problem to be faced by any city, large or small, is the traffic problem. Only with the help of the public can it be solved. Let's make ourselves familiar with the new traffic laws and see that our fellow citizens do likewise. Then and only then will the automobile cease to be a menace on our streets when traffic is heavy. And while we are inaugurating the new parking system, let's tighten up on all our traffic laws. Pedestrians have rules to guide them just as the cars have. Let's cut out the jay-walking and do our part toward preventing accidents such as that which recently cast its pall over our city. Let's slow down the fellow who makes a speedway of our streets to the risk of life and limb of our people, and do something with the motorist who takes a delight in using our streets with no muffler on his car, giving an accurate imitation of a battery of French 75's in action. There is a speed limit fixed by both state and municipal laws, and it should be observed or the speeder should pay for his fun. It has gotten so that the motorist who runs with his muffler cut out is a nuisance, and he should be treated as such. There are cars and motorists in our city who seem to take a special delight in making all the noise possible with their cars, and they should be made to see the error of their ways by the administration of good, stiff fines. In Amarillo the other day a judge denied a motorist the right to drive a car for three months. The offender was up for the third time charged with speeding and reckless driving. Some of this same medicine might be used right here in Memphis to good effect. Why arrest the craps-shooter who is only risking his money, and allow the reckless driver to go on his own sweet way who

is risking the lives of our citizens? Memphis needs a clean-up in traffic law violations, and should have it. Let's observe the parking laws, keep within the speed limit, drive with muffler closed and give the pedestrian a chance.—Memphis Herald.

Wellington is having the same kind of problems, and as suggested by the Herald, some drastic action should be taken on the violators of the speed laws. It is a common everyday occurrence for two cars to race up and down the streets away from the square. This is especially true of the younger set. Two or more girls in one car and two or more boys in another car will run side by side at full speed and the drivers will be looking and laughing at each other and run for a block or two without looking at the road ahead of them. It would be very easy for a child or a grown person to get run over by such drivers. A few fines paid by these kids' daddies would likely cause them to think more about what their children are doing to endanger the lives of others. Parking at the wrong place is punishable by fine, but this parking is not half as dangerous as careless driving. Let's see that all traffic laws are enforced. The cars are becoming more numerous as time goes on and it is getting high time that the people awake to the fact that the laws must be observed, for they are made to protect life.—Wellington Leader.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Sitter and son, Eben, returned Wednesday from Beale Creek, Mich., where they had been for medical treatment. They also visited relatives in Okla.

Gen. King of Shamrock was a business visitor in the city Wednesday.

Born, Wednesday, August 6 to Mr. and Mrs. Curley Crockett, a girl, named Betty Joe.

Mr. and Mrs. Miles Brannon, Mr. and Mrs. Noel Brannon of Pilot Point visited Capt. and Mrs. E. E. McGee Monday.

Sam Hodges went to Erick, Okla., Thursday on business.

Mesdames Courtney and Lewis of Wichita Falls are visiting their brother, C. A. Gatlin.

Mrs. S. O. Cook and daughters of Dallas came in Wednesday to visit relatives.

Mrs. E. G. Doran and daughter, Myrna Lee, of Childress came in Wednesday to visit the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Cooke.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Brown and little daughter and Mrs. Smith of Alameda were McLean visitors Wednesday.

R. W. Crisp of Alameda was a McLean visitor Wednesday.

E. T. Melsenheimer and family of Stephenville are visiting in the W. M. Hinton home.

Miss Gertrude Connell of Amarillo came in Wednesday to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Connell.

Mesdames Sam Hodges and Alton Bodenhamer and children returned Wednesday from a visit with relatives at Dodsonville and Hollis, Okla.

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

Remember Yukon's Best is the best flour. Advertisement. tfe

Chester Lander, Floyd Phillips, Misses Fern Upham and Juanita Massey were Shamrock visitors Wednesday night.

**BAPTIST LADIES TO SERVE DINNER AT FAIR**

The Baptist ladies desire to announce that they will serve dinner on Saturday, the last day of the McLean Fair. Advertisement. 1c

Mr. and Mrs. Mont Hendricks of Wichita Falls visited relatives here this week.

Miss Dorothy Cousins left Monday for her home at Hewitt after a visit in the home of her uncle, S. A. Cousins.

Rev. and Mrs. Ira T. Huckabee of Amarillo came in Monday to visit the former's father, Rev. J. S. Huckabee.

Byrd Guill and Miss Nona Cousins were Hockley visitors Sunday.

Mrs. H. H. Martin and children of Eldorado, Okla., are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Connell.

Mr. and Mrs. Jet Tobyn and children of Pilot Point spent from Sunday to Tuesday Tuesday visiting Mrs. Tobyn's brother, J. W. Kibler.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Kibler, Mr. and Mrs. Jet Tobyn and children visited relatives at White Deer Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Hodnett and daughter of Wheeler visited Capt. and Mrs. E. E. McGee Monday.

Mrs. J. H. Crabtree and daughter, Pauline, came in from Dalhart Wednesday. Little Miss Jane Campbell returned with them.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Bogan and sons were Amarillo visitors Wednesday.

**ALL IN A LIFETIME**

"Stop, look, listen!" The reflective man stopped to read the railway warning. "Those three words illustrate the whole scheme of life," said he. "How?" "You see a pretty girl; you stop; you look; after you marry her you listen."

**PINHEADS**

One of the chief causes of a case of "pinhead" is the success of the other fellow. Jealousy is at the bottom of it all. On a recent visit to a small town the writer asked why the residents did not co-operate and do certain things to better the conditions about the town. A merchant spoke up and said, "Jealousy is at the bottom of it all." He then went on to say that there were three merchants in the town who would not speak to or have anything to do with the others. This same condition existed in other lines of business and among the professions. When some one proposed to do something worth while for the town the others were against it for fear that he would get some credit for it if it was done. One man did something worth while for the town. All the others fought him so hard and created him so disgracefully that he left the town. They were certainly a bunch of pinheads. Don't be a pinhead! If you are one you are sure, sooner or later, to get yours and get it hard. The brave are always generous. Be man enough to give every man his dues. Always follow the advice in the Good Book, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."—Saturday Morning Review.

FOR SALE.—All of block 94, McLean townsite. Good residence block. Price \$375. Write Box 1140, Amarillo, Texas. 30-4p

**HOW FAR NORTH WILL COTTON GO?**

The Rural New Yorker states: "There is no question that cotton culture is slowly working north. There once was an imaginary line north of which it was assumed that

cotton could not be grown, and another south of which dairying would not pay. Dairying is now profitably conducted south to the Mexican border. Cotton is slowly working north of the old Cotton Belt. It is now grown nearly half way up the state of Missouri, and will go up farther. Southern Illinois is coming in as a cotton country, and we are on record as predicting that our children will see commercial cotton grown on the Atlantic coast as far north as Philadelphia."

If the price of cotton remains high, it is probably true that cotton will be grown in considerable quantities somewhat to the north of what we at one time regarded as the Cotton Belt. However, this is not the first time cotton growing has been attempted considerably north of the Mason-Dixon line. Just after the Civil War the price of cotton soared to extraordinary heights and some of our Northern friends concluded that cotton was a good crop for their section. They tried it for a while, but when prices dropped to their customary plane, they found that cotton was not a profitable crop after all. While cotton may to a certain extent adapt itself to short seasons, it will always thrive best where there is a plenitude of hot weather.

Furthermore, if cotton can adapt itself to short seasons, it is possible that the boll weevil can become inured to the cold weather of the middle Atlantic coast. With short seasons and possibly low prices and boll weevil, Northern farmers will not find cotton a very profitable crop. However, we do not feel that there is any basis for comparing cotton growing in the North with dairying in the South.

**Wants**

LOST.—Somewhere in city, pair of shell rim glasses in case, name inside case. Finder please return to R. S. Jordan. 1c

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

FOR SALE.—All of block 94, McLean townsite. Good residence block. Price \$375. Write Box 1140, Amarillo, Texas. 30-4p

GROCERIES are cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. tfe

DESK BLOTTERS, large size, at the News office.

TYPEWRITER PAPER, any size, at the News office.

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

CARDBOARD for any purpose at the News office.

GUARANTEED hemstitching and picoting attachment. Fits any sewing machine. \$2.50 prepaid or c. o. d. Circulars free. LaFlesh Hemstitching Co., Dept. 2, Sedalia, Mo. 1p

CUCUMBERS for pickling, also a few cantaloupes for sale. Mrs. J. W. Lively, McLean, Texas, Phone 40, 3. 1c

CHEAP LUMBER.—Some good used lumber, suitable for barns, fencing or stucco work, for sale at the News office. CHEAP. It

WORK BENCH.—Heavy work bench for sale at the News office. Cheap. . It

FOR SALE.—1 buffet, 1 dining table, 1 kitchen cabinet, 1 bedstead, 1 cook stove, 1 Hot Blast heater, 1 4-burner Perfection oil stove, 1 dressing table, 3 dining chairs. Mrs. D. A. Davis. 32-2c

There is no reason at all, so far as the climate is concerned, why dairying should not be conducted with profit in the South, but there are climatic hindrances in the way of profitable cotton production "as far north as Philadelphia." —The Progressive Farmer.

**LEECHES**

So-called business men of Canyon who refuse to take part in any civic enterprise come in for a scathing denunciation by the Randall County News. Merchants who refuse to co-operate in trades day events, who break their pledges to the Chamber of Commerce and who give no donations in any enterprise "are a millstone around the neck of the town," declares the Canyon paper, adding that the town would be better off without them.

Every town or city has some of this type of business men. They grumble when business is dull, yet they fail to do anything to push their community forward. They expect their town to prosper, but they are willing to give nothing to public enterprises.

What the Canyon editor has to say of the "leeches" in his town applies in any other city. Summed up, his argument is: No business house in entitled to the business or respect of his fellow citizens who continually refuses to assist in making his town a better place in which to live.—Amarillo Post.

**COST OF LIGHT SO LOW NIGHT NEED NOT BE DARK**

The cost of electric light today is less than five per cent of what it cost in 1880 when the incandescent electric lamp was first placed on the market, explains the Texas Public Service Information Bureau. This is due to three items in the cost of lights. The rate for electric current is lower. The lamps are of nine times the efficiency. The prices of lamps are much lower. Compared with the cost in 1914, electric lights costs are just a trifle more than one-half as much. The average cost of living, however, is 50% higher.

The carbon lamp, that was alone in the field of electric lighting until 1908, has finally given way to the more efficient tungsten filament lamp which first made its appearance in that year.

Larger lamp manufacturers maintain research and development laboratories where search is made for new materials which will result in improved quality.

Present prices for the best lamps are now below the level that prevailed before the war. However, the cost of renewals in lamps is a small item as it is less than 10% of the total cost of light.

The cost of electricity in March, 1924, as taken from the last quarterly report of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, is shown to be 8.6% less than in December, 1913. The general cost of living is 70.4% higher for the same date than in March, 1924.

Twenty-one times as much light can now be obtained from a forty watt lamp as was obtained with the original 16 candle power carbon lamp.

**LET THE EDITOR ANSWER YOUR SIMPLE QUESTIONS**

A subscriber wrote an editor as follows: Mister Editor: You think you have an answer for everything, answer these trifling questions and oblige me: How long is a piece of string? How much does a piece of ice weigh? Why do they call it a new moon when it is the same moon? Why do women not have beards? What makes water wet? Answer quick.—Louise.

And the editor replied to each as follows: Twice the distance from the middle to one end. Half as much as the ice man charges you for. Because babies are born every month who never saw it before. Mother Nature knew they couldn't keep their chins still long enough to shave. Two parts hydrogen and one part water.—Exchange.

**READ THE ADS**



**Remington Portable**

It fits in a case only four inches high and can be carried and used anywhere. It has the STANDARD KEYBOARD with four rows of keys and no shifting for figures. It has the automatic ribbon reverse. It has every feature you associate with typewriting at its best.

The extraordinary demand for the Remington Portable is proof of its leadership, in quality and popularity.

Price, complete with case, \$60



**The News**

Sounds Reasonable

**MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL**

By Charles Suthrope





**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.

The voters of Texas can make no mistake in the second primary in casting a vote for Will Edwards for lieutenant governor. Edwards is a good man and is fully qualified to fill the office.

Several McLean citizens have manifested a desire to have sidewalks put in on the certificate plan and others should investigate the plan before the council issues the certificates.

We note the 1923 annual financial statement of Scurry county published last week in the county papers. While the publishing of such reports is required by law, it is to the credit of the commissioners court that the statements are made public.

We are glad to note that the football coach is already asking the boys to refrain from smoking cigarettes. If football is to teach a boy any lessons at all, the harmfulness of tobacco should be the first lesson taught. We would be glad to see the coach ban any tobacco user from the field, and the time is coming when no tobacco user will be allowed on the field, because of his inability to compete with stronger men.

The News printing department had a chance last week to figure on a job for one of those birds who could promise several hundred dollars worth of printing if the work suited. Our prices were all right and the service promised better, but the gentleman wanted us to wait until the end of the season for pay and to send the bill to someone whom we do not know; and as we did not know our would-be customer's name, or his connection with the paymaster in question, we were forced to decline the work on the terms offered.

Wichita, Kans., has passed an ordinance prohibiting carnivals from showing in that city on the grounds that the license fee charged does not pay for the cost of policing the shows and that complaints follow the shows, ranging from too much noise to highway robbery and burglary from the hangers on.

The evangelist at the city tabernacle last week gave us an idea of the sinfulness of carnivals, rodeos and the like, but here is a case where such affairs are prohibited on strictly business principles. There should be little difficulty in enforcing an ordinance where property and religion agree; and in practically all cases of this kind such condition obtains, if a little thought is given the situation.

It is easy to "cuss" the catalog houses for the business they take from the home merchants, but there is a reason for it. The catalog house does not offer any better merchandise, or any better prices—and not as good service and satisfaction as the home merchants. Out the secret of their success is the fact that they keep continually advertising. When the home merchant strikes dull times in his business he decides that advertising is needless expense, because he cannot see immediate results, while his mail order competitors keep advertising right along, with the result that when people get a little money and the general depression is over, they trade with the man who has kept his name continually before them. These are facts that cannot be successfully contradicted by anyone, and the sooner home merchants see it, the sooner will they be successful in their chosen lines.

Mr. and Mrs. Arlie Carpenter of Matador came in Sunday to visit his brother, D. C. Carpenter.

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

Miss Leora Kinard of Gracey was in town Saturday.

**THANKS THE VOTERS OF GRAY COUNTY**

I take this opportunity to extend thanks to those who voted for and lent me their influence in the recent primary. I assure you that I feel the responsibility that is mine and I will strive at all times to merit your confidence. I endeavored to make the race in a clean way and I have no ill feeling toward anyone. I am at your command.  
Respectfully,  
T. M. WOLFE.  
(Political Advertisement)

**AT THE METHODIST CHURCH**

J. S. Huckabee, Pastor  
Sermon by the pastor at 11 o'clock Sunday morning. No preaching service Sunday evening on account of the Heald revival. Other Sunday services as usual.

**News From Liberty**

By Special Correspondent.  
We are enjoying some fine weather.  
Mrs. Jim Hardin, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hardin, Mr. and Mrs. Sparks of Royse City are visiting in the home of their parents and grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. I. G. Hardin.  
Bill Hardin and family and Watt Hardin and family of Clarendon visited in the I. G. Hardin home Sunday.  
Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Dyer and children of Mobeetie visited in the W. M. Smith home Saturday night. All visited in the Bert Smith home at McLean Sunday.  
Mr. and Mrs. Z. T. Jones and family attended preaching services at Heald Sunday night.  
Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Cunningham made a business trip to Amarillo Monday.  
Vester Smith and family, Herman and Miss Alta Lee of McLean called at the W. M. Smith home Monday evening.  
Roscoe and little Miss Nora Lee Morgan took supper in the N. E. Savage home west of McLean Saturday evening.  
Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Nelson and children visited in the Andy Nelson home in the Heald community Sunday.  
Miss Edith Troxell of Lela was in the community Sunday. Miss Marlene Dorsey accompanied her home.  
J. F. Corbin and family visited in the M. F. Corbin home at McLean Sunday after preaching services.  
Noah and Orville Cunningham went to Wellington Tuesday to meet some relatives from Altus, Okla., who are coming to visit in the Cunningham home.

**News From Gracey**

By Special Correspondent.  
An ice cream supper was enjoyed at the W. B. Bush home Saturday night.  
Mrs. L. F. Bidwell and children, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bidwell went to Hedley Saturday, returning Sunday.  
Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Ray visited their daughter at Lela Lake Saturday.  
The young people of the community enjoyed a dinner given at the Kinard home Sunday.  
Misses Lucile McKinley, Robbie Howard and Man / Burrows of McLean spent Saturday night with Miss Lela Bush.  
Mrs. Beatrice Sparks, who has been sick for some time, is some better.  
Mrs. Sparks and son and father from Fort Worth are visiting in the Elmer Sparks home.  
Mrs. O. L. Derrick and children spent Sunday in the D'Spain home.  
Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Lakey are in the Plains this week.  
The singing class met at the Fondren home Sunday night.  
Mrs. Audie Stewart and son, Truit, are visiting relatives at Hedley this week.

**Hail-Fire-Tornado Insurance**  
The kind that absolutely protects you against financial loss, in case of fire, hail or tornado.  
**RIPPY & BEALL**  
Office at Citizens State Bank

**Hall's Catarrh Medicine** is a Combined Treatment, both local and internal, and has been successful in the treatment of Catarrh for over forty years. Sold by all druggists.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio

**News From Back**

By Special Correspondent.  
Chas. Back went to Collin county last Thursday on business.  
Mrs. W. I. Bacon visited Mrs. Geo. Barrow of Peterson Creek last Friday.  
W. I. Bacon was a McLean visitor Friday.  
Mrs. Jesse Cobb visited in McLean last week.  
Clinton Mars of Peterson Creek visited Cecil Back Saturday night.  
Bud Back attended the sale in McLean Saturday.  
T. F. Henley was marketing some porkers in McLean Saturday.  
C. M. Carpenter was a business visitor in McLean Saturday.  
Clyde Holloway and Lawrence Watson went to McLean Saturday.  
Shorty Johnson of Heald visited Clyde Holloway Saturday night.  
Ira Watson and family of Pampa visited his aunt, Mrs. Chas. Back, and family Sunday.  
Miss Maudelle Corum visited Misses Charlie Mae and Gwynn Carpenter Sunday afternoon.  
Mr. and Mrs. Bud Back, Misses Ledia and Beatrice and Nevil Back attended church in McLean Sunday night.  
Jobb Carpenter and sons, Milton and Ned, went to McLean Saturday.  
Carl Crosby from the John Carpenter ranch was a McLean visitor Saturday.

**GRAY'S ELEGY UP-TO-DATE**

The klaxon sounds the knell of parting day,  
Some late arrivals through the dust clouds creep,  
And three hours after we have hit the hay  
The noise calms down so we can go to sleep.  
Save where, from yonder pennant-clad sedan  
The radio set emits its raucous squeal,  
And underneath a near-by light, a man  
Pounds until daylight on a busted wheel.  
Beneath those tattered tops, those patent tents,  
Where falls the dust into each sun-burned pore,  
Each on his folding bed of slight expense  
The rude explorers of the highway snore.  
Let not ambition mock their creaky cars,  
Their khaki clothes of vintages obscure,  
Nor grandeur view, with hateur like a czar's  
The short and simple flivvers of the poor.  
The boats of shiny paints, the pomp of power  
And all that charms the motoristic fop,  
Await alike the inevitable hour—  
The paths of touring lead but to the shop.  
Can streamline hood or silver-plated hubs  
Back to its mansion call the missing spark?  
Can push upholstery, fad the clummy dubs  
Who bang into your fenders in the dark?  
Full many a boob of purest ray serene  
Succumbs each summer to the touring itch;  
Full many a car is doomed to bluish unseen  
And waste its sweetmeats in a western ditch.  
—Spokane (Wash.) Spokesman-Review.  
Feed your rodeo horses on oats from Cheney & Callahan. Advertisement. 32-2c

**Fresh Meats**  
Fresh meat tastefully cooked is always the best part of the meal. Order a steak, roast or chops today and please the family.  
We also handle cured meats that you will like.  
**THE CITY MARKET**  
BRYANT HENRY, Prop. PHONE 163

**THE BONEHEAD FAMILY GETS RIGHT-OF-WAY**

A few nights ago a blind Ford had the nerve to run into a big Studebaker with both eyes wide open on the streets of O'Donnell. When the cars were separated, the Studebaker had to go on the shelf for repairs while the Ford went chugging merrily along. No one was hurt in the mixup.—O'Donnell Index.  
The Lord seems to take special care of the Bonehead family. Whenever you see a fellow driving a blind Ford, or any other blind car as for that matter, you can safely bet that he is a Bonehead descendant of old Damphool Bonehead, who climbed out on the limb of a big tree and cut the limb between him and the tree. But the Lord broke the fall by hanging old Damphool's shirt tail over a fence post just before he hit the ground.  
Smarty Damphool, the oldest son of old Damphool, ran a race with a passenger train to the crossing. The train won, and a big crowd attended the funeral of Smarty's three friends who rode in his Ford as he raced with the train. Smarty was thrown clear of the wreck and landed safely on his head. Smarty has a new whistle on his car, which he blows every time he crosses a rabbit trail. He does this to let the rabbit know he is coming.  
Thirsty Bonehead, Smarty's younger brother, bought a bottle of rig-gizzard from a bootlegger and treated his friends; but the Lord took care of Thirsty by allowing his friends to drink it all up from him. The friends were buried the following day.—Sterling City News-Record.

**COMING AND GOING**

Steady and conscientious application to one thing is certain to produce results.  
A motorist touring in the West managed to get his car stuck in a tenacious mudhole. After he made vain attempts to escape, a boy appeared with a team.  
"Haul you out, mister?"  
"How much do you want?"  
"Two dollars."  
The car was pulled to dry land. After handing the money to the lad, the motorist asked:  
"Do you haul many cars out in a day?"  
"I pulled out twelve today."  
"Do you work at night, too?"  
"Yes; at night I haul water for the mudhole."  
Groceries are cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. Advertisement. ttc.

**Taking Stock**

We have a complete line of the following articles in stock. If you need anything call around and let us serve you. Firestone tires and tubes, spark plugs, light bulbs, lamp reflectors, cold patch, fan belts, timers and wires, radiator caps, hose and cement, shellac, auto paint, cotter keys, tire tape, fire extinguisher, carbon remover, valve cores valve caps, platinum files, Steer-aids, Bull Dog foot accelerators, and  
Also Balloon Tires  
**Star Filling Station**  
Headquarters for Service  
L. L. Rogers, Prop.

**THE COUNTRY WEEKLY**

You and I have heard people speak with scorn or amusement of the country weekly. You and I, who as intelligent readers, have a proper sense of values, do not err in that opinion, the way. We respect, and moderately admire, the "local" paper as an institution, the mouthpiece of democracy, the moulder and reflector of public opinion, the educator of the masses, the scripture searched by the multitudes, the guiding star of the provinces, the articulation of the yearnings of the non-effete, the Bible of the commonality, the well-spring of the greatest silent vote. Here is the true power of the press, not in its most imposing manifestation; not in its furthest reach, but in its surest grasp; its influence, might and power literature has done more to make life beautiful, but it has not contributed so much in its management.—Edward N. Teall in "Books and Folks"

Charles Jordan returned Tuesday from Perryton.

Edward Moore of Amarillo came in Tuesday to visit friends.

Mrs. Buck Cooke returned one day last week from a visit with relatives at Vega.

John Cubine made a business trip to Shamrock Saturday.

Frank Howard and Vernon Johnston returned Thursday of last week from Palo Duro canyon.

Roy McCracken of Alanreed was a McLean visitor Saturday.

**TACTFUL**

"I've decided on a name for baby," said the young mother. "I shall call her Euphrosyne."  
Her husband did not care for the suggestion, but, being a tactful fellow, he was far too wise to say so. "Splendid," he said cheerfully. "The first girl I ever loved was called Euphrosyne, and the name will revive pleasant memories."  
"We will call her Elizabeth, after my mother," said the young wife firmly.—Pearson's Weekly.

**OPEN FIELD**

Young Man—"So Miss Ethel is your oldest sister? Who comes after her?"  
Small Boy—"Nobody ain't come yet, but Pa says the first fellow that comes can have her."—Everybody's.

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

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

**Avoid Roadside Misery**  
Punctures, blow-outs and other minor accidents of motoring are more or less to be expected on any trip. But the thing that mars the journey is real engine trouble—and not one driver in a dozen is capable of making even a temporary repair.  
Drive in today and let us give your car the "once over." It may save you the trouble you'd like to avoid.  
**Cousins Motor Co.**  
All Work Strictly Guaranteed  
Repairing, Storage, Gas, Oils and Accessories  
Day Phone 172 SERVICE CAR Night Phone 141

**Fall Building**  
Like spring, fall is the season of renewed building activities. The music of the hammer and the saw is heard everywhere  
The greatest aids to good building are good tools.  
Standard brands of tools such as we handle will play an important part this fall in building, just as they have for the past 50 years.  
Not only can you buy good tools here, but we handle the best grades of lumber, paints and builders' supplies.  
Let us figure on your bill.  
**Western Lumber & Hardware Company**



**NOTICE FOR BIDS**

The Commissioners' Court of Gray County will receive bids at Lefors, Texas, on September 8th, A. D. 1924, for the purchase of one or more tracklayer type tractors. The right to reject any or all bids is reserved.

Signed at Lefors, Texas, July 30, 1924.  
J. N. B. AYRES, County Judge,  
Gray County, Texas.

**IN APPRECIATION**

Kindly accept my thanks for the fine vote of confidence you have accorded me. I will do my very best to conduct the affairs of the office in such a manner as to merit your continued support.

JOHN F. STUDER.  
(Political advertisement) 1c

Our day phone number has been changed to 86. Magnolia Petroleum Company, C. J. Cash, Agent. Advertisement. 1c

Dr. J. A. Hall, dentist, of Shamrock will be in McLean to do dental work Friday and Saturday, September 5 and 6. Two days only. Advertisement. 32-4c

We have wheat, winter barley and rye seed for winter pasture. Cheney & Callahan. Advertisement. 1c

W. H. Machis of Enserise was a McLean visitor Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. McCreary and daughter, Lela, of Albreed visited in the E. W. Bowen home Saturday and Sunday.

F. B. Thomas of Albreed was a McLean visitor Saturday.

Ollie Allston of Gracey was in town Saturday.

Home made meal at Cheney & Callahan's. Advertisement. 1c

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

**YOU ARE RIGHT!**

A certain Wheeler county organization has shown a very patriotic (??) spirit. The two newspapers in Wheeler county carry notices of meetings, programs and other booster articles almost every week for this organization and have never charged them a penny for such items; in fact we are glad to use them. Yet when we received a letter from the secretary of the organization this week we found that it was written on a letterhead printed out of the county and mailed in an envelope printed in the same place. Very patriotic! And yet some people wonder why newspapers are not more prosperous. The idea is that when there are two good printing plants in the county capable of handling the work it is not exactly the right

spirit to send the work away from here to be done. Especially is this true when these plants put their time and their labor behind such organizations. Are we right or wrong?—Wheeler, News-Review

The News-Review is very right. Wellington has certain business enterprises that wait for the big pricing concerns' salesmen to come around to place an order for stationery, when the home print shop could do the work as cheaply, and on jobs which cannot be done as cheaply, the print shop is agent for good concerns and will meet the price on any and all work and the home shop gets a commission on that class of work, but is not given a chance to bid on the work.—Wellington Leader.

**URGES THAT ADVERTISERS USE PLAIN COMMON SENSE**

We are indebted to the editor of the News Star for the following literary gem. We pass it along to the other editors with the suggestion that they try it on some of their "hard nuts."

Once upon a time a man had a furnace which was not heating his home with satisfaction. One day he became very angry, and going down to the basement before the furnace he exclaimed: "Not another lump of coal will you get until you give me more heat." The poor fellow froze to death.

Herein is a lesson for advertisers. A man put a little ad in the paper and if it doesn't bring results that he expects, he says: "I won't advertise again until the other ad brings results." So the poor boob starves to death.

For further proof of this, look up statistics and compare the figures of failures of non-advertisers—those who freeze to death.—Groom Hoosier.

**BUT ONE GOT HIM**

"At sixteen the girl is a woman; at twenty-five, if still unmarried, she is a girl," sternly said the philosophical youth, who had devoted much time to thinking. "She will face death without a tremor and swoon at the sight of a mouse. The only time she does what you expect her to do is when you expect her to do what you do not expect her to do. The only reason she does anything is because she doesn't know why she does it. She jumps at conclusions and always lands on them, because when the conclusion slips to one side in an endeavor to avoid her it gets squarely in her way. The only man who understands a woman is he who understands that he doesn't understand her, and lets it go at that."

News Note: Two weeks later he married one of them.—Country Gentleman.

**DON'T TRADE WITH LEECHES**

Canyon has a few so-called business men who will not take part in any civic enterprise. If they subscribe to the Chamber of Commerce they will try to break their pledge. They will not co-operate in Trades Day. They give no donations to any enterprise that tries to make Canyon a better place to live. All they are in Canyon for is to make as much money as possible, and to

use it for their own selfish interests. Canyon would certainly be a cow pasture town if such business men were to run things for about six months. Yet they cuss and cuss mightily if Canyon is not growing and if their business is not growing. They expect the town to grow and prosper so that they may make more money. But all the while they are a millstone around the neck of the town, and the community would be much better off without them. Some people still continue to trade with leeches of this variety. No business house is entitled to the business or respect of his fellow citizens who continually refuses to assist in making Canyon a better place in which to live.—Randall County News.

**HOW TO TELL WHOPPERS AND GET AWAY WITH IT**

As the season when fish stories are ripe is here, perhaps the following pointers may be of assistance to the tellers of fishy tales:

1. Size up your listener before you begin. If he looks easy, add five pounds; extra easy, ten pounds
2. Never bring the fish home They shrink in transit.

**Advance Millinery Shows an Era of High Crowns**



Coming crowns cast their tallness before. It is the crown which foretells the millinery trend. If it is high, mannish and "different" from that which we have been accustomed to see in the little cloche, then be assured it is a French model, just arrived. Its brim is quite sure to be narrow according to authentic forecasts, just as you see in this smart model fashioned of quality-kind black georgette crepe. Simple ribbon band with buckle a la directrice is part of the millinery trim scheme outlined for the picture. A collar of sheer mullins like that pictured, with a bit of graceful coque plume, counteracts any undue severity of line.

**SANITATION FIRST**

That is the rule in our shop. Best barbers—best service. Try us. Modern methods.  
**Elite Barber Shop**  
WEST & EVERETT, Props.

3. Work without photographs. Many a man has been hung on circumstantial evidence.
4. Take your wife in your confidence. Bribe her if necessary. If that doesn't succeed, try another wife.
5. Fish without a guide. A guide's memory is notoriously exact
6. Always go to some stream or lake in which no one in your town has fished. If you don't know of such a stream or lake, invent one.
7. After you've made up your story, stick to it.

**THE BLUES**

I used to have "the blues" a heap—and never did enjoy 'em—I would of done most anything to hinder or destroy em. . . . In fact, there weren't no dread disease, like janders, fits, or hives, could hold a candle to the "blues" fer shortenin' people's lives. Old Doc could diagnose 'em, but I've heard him say, by jing—that knowin' how to cure 'em—was a vastly different thing! And, while they had a serum that would jugalate the goat—he didn't know of nothin' that would put the blues to rout!

And still—we had the facts of turnin' water into wine . . . and how the devil perished when they changed him into swine! I wonder now—! Science took the only chance she has, by gatherin' all the blues on earth, and, mixin' 'em with jazz? We hear "the blues" by radio—by phonograph an' flute. . .

**Magnolia Petroleum Co.**  
C. J. CASH, Agent  
Day Phone 86 Night Phone 101



PROPER CLEANING

Give us your next order for proper cleaning and pressing.  
**City Tailor Shop**  
LEE CASON, Proprietor

ad libitum—ad nauseum—ad rot-tenum—to boot! It may be I'm a groucher, or a piece of country cheese—but I contend, the remedy is wus than the disease!—Uncle John.

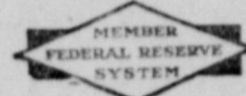
Misses Jennie and Ruth Gardner and Sam Gardner of Waco are visiting their sister, Mrs. J. M. Noel.

Dwight Upham, Hansel Christian, Misses Thelma Gatlin and Sallie Campbell were Shamrock visitors Monday night.

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

**How Much "Pressure" Will Your Will Power Register?**

Ever test your will power in the way of saving money? It is thoroughly fascinating in two ways. First, you may prove to yourself that you are master of your own financial destiny; and, second, you will in the same performance be actually providing for a rainy day. A bank account here offers you a reasonable and convenient form of test.



**The American National Bank**

**Do Your Marketing at this Grocery and Save Money**

If you order the groceries you want from this store, you are assured of fresh, standard goods at a price you can afford to pay.

Whatever you want in fresh vegetables or canned goods—whatever your palate just longs for—you are always sure to find at this store.

Our best recommendation is the fact that our customers give us repeat orders.

Try our flour the next time you need to buy. You be pleased with the results from this good flour.

Telephone orders given prompt attention.

Free Delivery Any Part of the City

**McLean Supply Company**

**"After a While"**

It isn't the money you spend now that will make you comfortable by and by—

—It's the money you save now—and during all the "nows" of your producing years.

So many people think they will begin to save "after a while"—in the meantime establishing the spending habit.

Does this seem like good common sense?

**The Citizens State Bank**

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

**YOU TELL'EM**



The love a mosquito has for a bare arm is surpassed only by the love of a fly for a bald head.

There is no excuse for flies or mosquitoes in your home. We have a full line of screening material for home use. Ask about it.

**Cicero Smith Lumber Co.**

W. T. Wilson, Mgr. Phone 3



PAT AND HIS HAT

(An interview with Gov. Neff by Frederick L. Collin in the August Woman's Home Companion)

"You'd never think I'd take a drink. I haven't. You'd never think I'd take a smoke. I haven't. You'd never think I'd shot a gun. I haven't. You'd never think I'd bait a hook. I haven't. You'd never think I'd any fun. I haven't."

This—according to his enemies—was Pat Neff's battle song. His "Madelon," his "Tipperary." The opposition papers pictured him in cities and ruffles. The opposition orators called him sissy and molly-coddle. The political wits tried to laugh him out of the Governorship. And Pat sat tight.

"The first two charges were true," he told me, as we walked under the shade trees from the Capitol to the Governor's mansion. "I don't smoke and I don't drink. Not even coffee or tea. Just water and milk. But I hadn't thought of making political capital of the fact. However, when I found my enemies were doing it for me, I didn't try to stop 'em."

Pat Neff's friends were not equally philosophic. Those who had grown up with Pat in the primitive pioneer life of Coryell county knew that Pat was no sissy. Those who had fought side by side with him in his six-year clean-up as prosecuting attorney of McLennan county knew that he was no molly-coddle. So they started out to prove that Pat Neff was a he-man.

Their methods were typically Texan. They'd invite Pat to spend the week-end, stick a gun in his hand, lean him up against a hunting dog, and click the cameras at him. Or they'd take him for a walk in the country along the banks of some chattering brook, dangle a worm in front of him and make him fish. The next day the Neff papers would show their hero shooting big game and hooking man-eating whales!

The reaction set in. In the popular imagination, Pat Neff became the Wild Man from Waco. He jumped clean out of his ruffles into his corduroys. When they initiated him as a Shriner, they walked him through the streets with a fishing rod and a shotgun. The camera had made Pat Neff sufficiently ferocious to satisfy even the Texas decorator.

Then there was Pat's hat: the one he wore East to the Governor's Convention; the one he gave to Gifford Pinchot; the one that put the crowning touch—almost said the last straw—on Pat Neff's Wild West reputation. And all because of Mrs. Pinchot's taste in masculine millinery.

"Governor Neff," said that vigorous lady, "your hat would look better on Pinchot than it does on you—and much better than Pinchot's does on him."

Pat looked at his hat, black and strong, soft of crown and board of helm. Pat had worn the model for thirty years. It was the kind East-coast politicians wear around election time; the kind Texas politicians—and the six or seven Texans who are not in politics—wear ALL the time. And then he looked at Pinchot's hat.

"Mrs. Pinchot," he said, "when I get home, I'll send you this hat—on one condition."

"What's that?" she asked.

"That you make your husband wear it to the Republican National Convention."

Several days later, Mrs. Pinchot got the hat. That afternoon Gifford told the reporters about it. And the next morning, every newspaper north of the Rio Grande referred to "Pat Neff, the cowboy Governor, who gave his big, black hat to Gifford Pinchot." Thousands of American citizens who had never heard of Sam Houston or Davy Crockett knew about Pat—and his hat. Pat Neff, the Wild Man from Waco!

As I walked up the broad steps of the most imposing State Capitol I have yet seen, I had this popular impression of Governor Neff in the forefront of my mind. And then—I found myself shaking hands with a tall, fine-featured, iron-gray man of culture, dignity and charm, a man who might have been the president of a New England university.

Not that there is anything of the Boston highbrow about Neff. He's Texan all right; the lank, rangy body, big-shouldered and small-hipped, the thick, wind-blown hair, the heavy eyes, accustomed to see great distances, the soft, flowing voice with a sigh in it; the almost graceful awkwardness of those long-armed, long-legged, axe-swinging, pony-riding Texan pioneers.

"spurs," laughed the Governor when I told him of my fears, "and reared on bear's milk—that's what some people seem to think about us Texans. Now WE think we have a pretty fine State."

"Now WE think" is what a Texan says when he's about to begin an oration on the past, present and future bigness of the Lone Star State. So I settled back, and waited. It came, the oration, without babble-thumping, without gestures above the head, without raising the soft, velvety tones of the voice, but without missing a flower or a statistic.

"Sir," he said, "do you know Texas?"

I blushing admitted that I had traveled along the Southern Pacific from Houston to El Paso.

"Well, sir, out El Paso way, you see great stretches of land that look as if they were put there just to hold the world together. But I want you to know that that is a great cattle country; that, sir, is a cattle country. And did you know, sir, that the angora goats in that section of Texas produce more than half the mohair used in the United States?"

I didn't know that any goat produced any mohair, but I didn't disclose my ignorance to the Governor; and he went on.

"But if you really want to see Texas—great stretches of country, I mean, you should go up into the Panhandle part of the State." He rose and walked over to the huge map on the far wall. "Texas is the Pan; and this upper part is the Handle. You see this place, Hale Center. Well, I was waiting for the train there one hot summer day, when an old Panhandle drover up and began making conversation."

"'Walkin' fo' the train?' he said. 'Yes,' I replied. 'Late, isn't it?' 'The old man shielded his eyes with his free hand, and took a long look up the track, which extended in a straight brown line to the horizon.

"'I reckon it is a bit late,' the old man decided, looking at his great soda cracker of a watch, 'it's due in an hour—an' I don't see it nowhere!'"

"'People don't realize,' the Governor continued more seriously, "that Texas is bigger than France, bigger even than the old German Empire. Why, we've given away enough land to the railroads to make a state the size of Kansas. Millions of acres literally given away!"

"Millions?"

"Why, yes, there are single farms in Texas of a million or more acres. I've just been on one. There's a palke on it that would make Caesar ashamed of his hut. The owner brought a mural artist from France to decorate the walls.

"This capitol building—"

"It's very fine, sir."

"WE think so. WE think—well, it was built with the money raised by selling three million acres of land at a dollar an acre, measured by men mounting ponies and loping off in a straight line, so many lopes to a mile. Part of my job is to get back some of this land, and the other millions we've given away, by resorting to the more scientific surveying methods. We find that the loping system usually resulted in generous overpayments by the State.

"But there's one section of Texas where you can't buy land at a dollar an acre," he continued, his eyes popping with State pride, "and that's the lower Rio Grande Valley. Why, sir, in the last ninety days, they've taken out of that fertile valley seven thousand carloads of garden truck. I've just been down there—"

"You seem to get about most everywhere."

"I like folks," he said simply.

He must, Texas folks, at least; for Pat Neff has visited more Texas homes than any other man except the tax collector. And he's not a professional politician, either. When he finished law school at the University of Texas, where he went after being graduated from Baylor University, Pat opened a law office in Waco. He had hastily started when the local leaders got after him and persuaded him to run for the Legislature. He didn't want the job, but once on it he did it. In fact he was one of three men to attend every roll call. At thirty, he was Speaker; the youngest man who ever presided over the House of Representatives. Then, he quit politics—and went back to law.

But the Wacoites wouldn't let him alone. They made him prosecuting attorney of McLennan county. He was the first prosecutor in Texas to send a man to jail for permitting gambling on his premises or for selling liquor in prohibition territory. He won 408 out of 422 prosecutions; and collected so many fines and fees that he paid into the public treasury more money in four

years than all the other county attorneys of Texas combined. Then he went back to private practice. And stuck to it—until he decided to be Governor.

Nobody asked him. Nobody said they'd back him. Nobody knew he was going to run except his wife and his private secretary. He had no campaign manager and no campaign fund. All he did was to back his tin-dizzie out of the shed—and travel. Driving alone, changing his own tires, fixing his own blow-outs, Pat went into thirty counties in Texas where no candidate for Governor had ever been. He made over six hundred speeches. And where the town wasn't big enough to sport a hall or a church, he walked into the general store and said: "I'm Pat Neff. I'm a candidate for Governor. If you like my ideas, I wish you'd vote for me." Then the storekeeper would invite in a few of his friends; and Neff would talk to them—man to man. And when voting time came they remembered the tall, quiet, honest young lawyer from Waco.

That was four years ago. Today, the only difference of opinion in regard to Pat Neff is whether, when he gets through being Governor, he should be elected President of the University of Texas or President of the United States. And this difference would not exist if there wasn't a strong element in Texas which considers the former position the higher of the two honors.

The Capitol sits on a knoll at the head of Austin's main street; a big, dignified structure, in the center of wide lawns, which look as if they had just been manicured and brought to a high polish. To my left, however, the most beautiful building in Austin is the Executive Mansion—in front of which, as we approached, floated the famous Lone Star flag.

"Sam Houston picked this location," the Governor explained. "He climbed the hill and drove two wooden stakes. 'Here's where I want the Baptist church,' he said, 'and here,' walking across what is now the street in front of the Mansion, 'is where I want my house.' The church and the house are still here," concluded Governor Neff, "but things have changed since Houston's day. The church, as you see, is a modern affair, and the house is occupied by a Governor instead of a President. When Sam Houston drove his stakes, Texas had not become a State. It was a Republic—and Sam was a President."

Times have changed, but Sam's house must be about as he left it. The hand of man would hesitate to alter so beautiful a structure; a typical old Southern mansion.

And behind a long bed of scarlet zinnias, banked by two rows of still more scarlet geraniums, I caught a glimpse of four tame deer and four untamed guinea hens.

"I put in the guineas," explained the Governor, "just to make a fuss and seem like home. But the deer may serve a more practical purpose. You've heard of the fellow who came in empty handed from a day's shooting and told of seeing a deer climbing a tree. And when the neighbors showed they were a bit skeptical, he retorted: 'If you don't believe it, I'll show you the tree.' So, if they ever revive that yarn about my not shooting anything, I'll take 'em out and show 'em the deer!"

The front door was opened by an old darkey who looked as he were built into the house. He beamed on the Governor in a way that showed he knew no higher honor than the privilege of taking Pat's hat; and ushered us grandly into the spacious center hall. From the long, high rooms on either side came sounds of feminine revelry, the bacchanalian clatter of cup against saucer, the shrill laughter of teardrop young girls. From the stairs a dozen bobbed-haired, gaily-garbed youngsters, freshmen co-eds from the University, descended upon the Governor in a chirping chorus of "You remember me, Governor Neff. I'm Gladys So-and-So, or Susan What's-This." The Governor was pleased, in his most courtly way, to remember them all. He even insisted on giving me what he called a "politician's introduction."

"This is a friend of mine from New York," he said, dragging me out of the shadows. "He wanted to see what the young ladies of Texas looked like, and I told him they'd knock the spots off the New York girls."

In a salvo of delighted giggles, the Governor and I escaped into the main drawing room, filled, like the hall, with Mrs. Neff's exuberant women guests. "We won't stay here long," Pat confided in a burst of masculine confidence, as we shouldered our way to the State dining room—and Mrs. Neff.

"This is my part of being Governor," said that gracious lady, as

she scanned the rooms with a hostess's eye.

Governor and Mrs. Neff were boy and girl sweethearts in the old college days at Baylor, when the first lady of Texas was little Miss Myrtle Manier from Lovelady Township, and Pat was the lank young schoolboy orator from Coryell county. She is slender, graceful, and full of dignified cordiality. The local scribe who wrote that the Governor's lady was "gracious in manner, pleasing in physique, and an active worker in the Baptist church," did scant justice to Mrs. Neff's manifold qualifications for her part of "being Governor." I have never been in Lovelady; and I don't know how the Loveladians build their homes. They may make them low and narrow and drab; but one thing is certain: Lovelady's most distinguished daughter moves about her present mansion as if she were to the Governor's manor born.

I wish I could have seen Hallie Maud; first because she has such a nice, Southern name; and second, because she has such a nice Southern room. The Governor took me up to see the latter. It and Sam Houston's bed are the show pieces of the house.

Hallie Maud must be a good scout; and mighty fond of Pat, for, after completing her work at the University of Texas, she insisted on taking her degree at old Baylor, so that her father, chairman of the Baylor trustees, might sign her graduation certificate. There aren't many girls who would leave Vassar for Bryn Mawr just to win their dad's John Hancock!

The boy, Pat M. Neff Jr., had also wisely absented himself from this feminine festivity. He has reached the age where he prefers his ice cream and his girls in private. And, like his father, he has short shrift for tea parties.

"Come on," said Pat Sr., "let's get out of here." And then he added, quite irrelevantly, "I want to show you the penitentiary."

Among the prisoners I saw an absolutely new side of Governor Neff—the gray-haired side—for those who know him best say that it is his sense of responsibility for the State's unfortunates which has changed his thick, strong hair from black to iron-gray. His first act, on taking office, was to abolish the pardon board and to take on his own board shoulders the burden of hearing and deciding parole appeals. He has granted few pardons. "I usually let 'em die," he said grimly. But, in each case, his sense of compassion has a life and death struggle with his sense of justice. The first death sentence he confirmed nearly put him to bed.

Not content with deciding those cases which come before him because the condemned men have friends active enough to petition for their release, the Governor has undertaken to become acquainted personally with those great, bruising colored men, who are too friendless or too ignorant to instigate action in their own behalf. For days at a time, he not only visits jails, but lives in them; not only inspects criminals, but associates with them. He knows hundreds of them by name and by history. And he has discovered some extraordinary cases. In one jail he found a man who had been there for twenty-four years without one black mark against him; so he called the other prisoners around him, and asked them if they didn't think that this man ought to be let go before anyone else. They voted unanimously in favor of the model prisoner.

One of Pat's best friends—among those of his friends who are still in jail—is a "back nigger" of the calaret type who sets his pleas for mercy to music of his own composition and sings them to the mournful accompaniment of a broken violin. This is his most recent effort:

"If I had the Gov'nor  
Where the Gov'nor has me,  
I would, befo' mornin',  
Set the Gov'nor free."

Pat isn't weak or morbid about these fellows. But it is easy to see that his heart goes out to them just the same. In fact, Pat's heart has worn a smooth path between its owner and the world!

I attribute these softer phases of Pat Neff's character, and most of the stronger ones, too, to the dominant influence of his wonderful old mother. During her lifetime he never let a week go by without visiting her in the old home or wherever she might be. The morning after his election, he was the first to carry to her the good news; and at his inauguration, Grandma Neff—as the whole State now called her—sat in her wheel chair, the most honored guest.

"When the Governor came in to take the oath," an eyewitness told me, "he had to pass right by his

mother's chair. When he reached her, he stopped as naturally as if he were at the old home in Coryell county, leaned over and kissed her. As he stood on the rostrum with his hand on the Bible, the tears rolled down the old lady's cheeks. The Governor looked into her eyes and tried to smile—but the moment was too much for him; he, too, let fall a tear. Before the ceremony was over, half the audience was crying as if it were a funeral or a wedding."

Isabella Elenor Shepherd Neff was one of the Texas pioneers. With her young husband she drove in a light wagon over the dusty roads from old Virginia into the Texan wilderness—where there were no roads at all. With her own hands she helped to clear a tract along the banks of the Leon river and to build the log cabin in which her nine children were born and reared. For forty years within the rough-hewn walls of this pioneer home, this "flower in the wilderness," this woman who "thought thoughts which had never been thought before," held her sylvan court.

At the age of 91, and within six months of the scene in the inauguration chamber, Grandma Neff died—in the Executive Mansion of the great State she helped to found and in the home of the great man

whose cradle she had both rocked and reared. On her deathbed, she expressed the wish that the old homestead should always belong to "the tall, dark man with the black hat."

"Pat," she said, her old eyes swimming with pride, "we got to that place from the Governor of Texas, and I don't see why it shouldn't just deed it back."

"When I get through being Governor," he said, "I'm going back to Coryell county."

"To hang your hat in the old Neff home?"

"Yes," he said, gazing at the big black sombrero, where it rested on his long knees, "to hang my hat in the old Neff home."

And that's what he'll do—some day, perhaps, he'll hang it in the White House.

Our day phone number has been changed to 86. Magnolia Petroleum Company, C. J. Cash, Agent. Advertisement. 1c

We have the best flour in town, price way below flour in its class. Cheney and Callahan. Advertisement. 1c

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

7--Big Days--7

Six Days of Horse Races—Auto Races

Four Nights of The Pageant o' the Plains

(Under Direction Potter County Federation of Women) Hudson Coach given away to the Duchess voted the most popular; open to all towns except Amarillo

The Greatest Agricultural Exhibit Ever Displayed in West Texas

Exhibits of Livestock, Poultry, Sheep Goats, Mules, Horses, Dairy Cows

For Further Information or Catalog Address

Amarillo Tri-State Exposition September 22nd to 28th, 1924



Demand for More

Victrolas Result of Quality

The Victor Company tells us that this year it will make forty-eight per cent more Victrola instruments than in 1923.

Actual experience has proved to us that Victor quality is responsible for the universal demand indicated by this increased output.

For superior musical result we say—Victrola and Victor records. We carry both—comprehensive stocks.

Come in. Hear the great Victor artists. See the instruments.

Erwin Drug Co. The Rexall Store