

THE McLEAN NEWS

Volume XX.

McLean, Gray County, Texas, Friday, September 14, 1923.

Number 37.

OPENING OF SCHOOL WELL ATTENDED MON.

The school auditorium was filled to capacity by the crowd of parents and pupils who were present for the opening exercises Monday morning. After a song by those present, Rev. J. S. Huckabee, pastor of the Methodist church, offered the invocation. Mayor T. A. Landers made a short address welcoming the new faculty to the city. Principal S. M. Castleberry followed, by stating his appreciation of the improvements that have been made in the community since his work here two years ago. Prof. Castleberry then introduced the Superintendent, T. A. Taggart, who presented the rest of the faculty in a few well chosen words. Supt. Taggart stated that this was not an experiment as a teacher, as he had spent the greater part of his life in this work. The gentleman has no intention of taking any blame for a possible non-success of the school term, but will place the blame where it belongs, should such an occasion arise. However, he sees no cause for worry in his direction, for he has had the full co-operation of all whom he has met here. Prof. Taggart said that from 30% to 60% of the amount expended by the teacher and pupil in school is wasted each term on account of the lack of proper co-operation. The plan of work for the ensuing term was outlined, and the honor of the pupils appealed to to see that the work is properly carried out. The Professor stated that the boy or girl without honor has no place on the school grounds. The McCleskey orchestra favored the company with several selections during the process of the program. Miss Gladys Holloway entertained the audience with a reading entitled, "She Powders Her Nose," which was well received. Dr. W. P. Roberts, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, was the next speaker. In the course of his remarks, Dr. Roberts stated that the school is one of the best assets of the community, and promised the co-operation of the churches to help put over a successful school year. The closing number, and perhaps the most pleasing, was a musical number by Miss Taggart and Mrs. Byett, Miss Taggart playing the violin and Mrs. Boyett at the piano. The number was encored, and many expressions of approbation were heard from those present. After this number the visitors were excused and the teachers began the work of classifying and otherwise lining up the work for the year. The faculty assignments are as follows: T. A. Taggart—Latin, solid geometry and supervision. S. M. Castleberry—First year science, plane geometry, seventh grade arithmetic, and athletics. Miss Lillian Abbott—Early European history, modern history, American history and Spanish. Miss Margaret Miller—Short hand, bookkeeping, typewriting and algebra. Miss Nela Norman—High school English, seventh grade English and seventh grade reading. Misses Millie Bird Richey, Ann Richey and Sammie Roach are the grammar grade teachers. Miss Myrtle Strong—Third grade. Miss Louise Orr—Second grade. Mrs. Vigna Stuckey—First grade. Allen Kyle—Principal Peterson Creek School. Owing to the fact that almost 150 pupils have already been enrolled in the high school and seventh grade which is grouped with the high school grades, the three rooms to which they have in the past been assigned would not accommodate them, and hence some changes were necessitated in the seating arrangement. The fifth grade has been transferred to the commercial room in the basement and the commercial room transferred to the room formerly occupied by the sixth grade. In addition to these changes, the library will be used as a seating room for the senior class. This arrangement places most of the high school work on the third floor and thus much confusion will be avoided in changing the class rooms and teachers. It will be noted that the department of teaching in the fifth and sixth grades. This plan enables teachers to specialize in the work for which they are by training best fitted. It was found Monday that many emergency books were needed and



NATIONAL PROTECTIVE LEAGUE ORGANIZED AT LEFORS FRIDAY

Lefors, Sept. 8.—Forty automobiles brought a large crowd to Lefors last night when a National Protective League was organized. C. C. Cook of Pampa was elected president of the League, and L. C. McMurtry of the same place, secretary. The headquarters of the organization will be at Pampa. The League is anti-klan in principle, is non-sectarian, non-partisan, and is organized for the purpose of putting out a full ticket in the Tenth Judicial District for the next election.

ABSTRACT CO. ADVERTISES

C. L. Upham, former county clerk of Gray county, and now clerk of Carson county was a pleasant visitor at our office Saturday. Mr. Upham is associated with Messrs. I. E. Duncan and H. W. Johns of Pampa in the abstract business. Read their ad on another page of this paper.

DR. HALL AT CLEVELAND

Dr. J. A. Hall is at Cleveland, Ohio, this week attending the annual meeting of the American Dental Association. Dr. Hall holds membership in every dental organization in the United States, in order to keep up with the latest developments in his profession.

Alva Alexander has our thanks for a renewal of his subscription this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Rice and children left Saturday for their home at Ellsworth, Kans., after a visit with relatives. They were accompanied home by Mrs. C. S. Rice and son, Erwin.

Giles Phillips left Monday for Erick, Okla., where he has accepted a position with the Rock Island railway. His wife left Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Upham and little daughter, Marjlen, of Elkhart, Kans., are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Upham.

Book orders were mailed Monday afternoon. The big problem which solved this week was the proper classification of pupils. Another problem was arranging a schedule of recitation and study. When all the books are distributed and these schedules arranged everybody will be ready to begin work in earnest. The school board has fixed the following rates of tuition, which is due and payable in advance: First to third grades, inclusive, \$2.50. Fourth to seventh, inclusive, \$3.50. High school, \$5.00. S. A. Cobb has been named to collect tuition. Those who are charged tuition will please hand same to Mr. Cobb at his store.

FAIR CATALOGS NOW READY FOR DISTRIBUTION

The catalogs for the McLean Fair have been printed and are ready for distribution. All those who are interested are invited to call at the American National Bank and secure a copy.

Ribbons are offered on everything that was listed in last year's catalog with some additions. There was some complaint last year on account of the lack of ribbons. There will be no occasion for a complaint of this kind this year, as the management has ordered a full supply of ribbons printed for the premiums in each class.

While the time is short, with the full co-operation of everyone concerned we can make the fair this year the best one ever held here. There is no question but that we have the crops and other exhibits to make a successful fair.

HIGH PRICED CHICKENS

Engineer E. W. Baker of Oklahoma City came in Monday for the last day of the open season on prairie chicken. Mr. Baker got the bag limit of five birds with an expenditure of about \$35.00. This expense included a non-resident hunting license and some other expenses incident to the hunt. \$7.00 a piece for prairie chickens seems rather high, but Mr. Baker said they were worth it.

Miss Myrtle Strong of Dozier came in Saturday to take her place in our school.

C. J. Cash has our thanks for a subscription renewal this week.

Roy Robinson left Sunday night for Lawton, Okla., where he will enter school.

Miss Helen Horton of Shamrock visited friends in McLean Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Wilson were Amarillo visitors Tuesday.

Rev. W. P. Roberts left Tuesday for Littlefield to attend the Presbytery.

J. C. Short and daughters, Meses Marguerite and Sophia, of Lefors spent Friday and Saturday in the R. F. Sanders home.

Jim Slavin of Alameda was a McLean visitor Monday.

Mrs. John B. Vannoy left Sunday for Pecos, where she has a position in the school.

Miss Jimmie Lou Roberts returned home Friday after a visit at different points in Oklahoma and Texas.

Mrs. D. D. Sullivan of Elk City, Okla., is visiting her sister, Mrs. G. W. Sullivan.

CROWNING OF QUEEN FEATURE OF FIRST DAY OF TRI-STATE FAIR

Amarillo, Sept. 13.—An array of beauty unsurpassing any gathering in the history of the Panhandle is promised during the Tri-State Fair, Sept. 25 to 29, when princesses from the many Panhandle-Plains cities will meet in Amarillo for the "Pageant of the Plains."

On Tuesday, Sept. 25, the first day of the Exposition, the Queen of the Plains will be crowned amid great splendor and much ceremony. For the coronation ceremony princesses, attended by their royal parties, consisting of a duke, duchess and attendants, from the four corners of the Plains and from adjoining states will gather in Amarillo.

The crowning will take place at the municipal auditorium at 8 o'clock and with the coronation ceremony the Tri-State Exposition will be formally opened.

In addition to the score or more of princesses with their royal parties, possibly fifty young ladies and girls of Amarillo representing the best talent obtainable, will have places on the program of the evening. There will be many specialty dances in honor of the queen and to delight the vast audience which the ceremony will draw from all sections of the Panhandle.

Rehearsals for the Pageant are being held at the auditorium under the direction of Miss Creola Richbourg, director, while invitations to attend the ceremony have been accepted by fourteen princesses, whose names are given below:

- Helen, of the House of Potts, Shamrock.
- Louise, of the House of Hardy, Wellington.
- Lucy, of the House of Nobles, Clarendon.
- Gertrude, of the House of Allbright, Texhoma, Okla.
- Edith, of the House of Harrison, Canyon.
- Louise, of the House of Tomlinson, Tulia.
- Ruth, of the House of Avery, Claude.
- Virginia, of the House of Conley, Lubbock.
- Virginia, of the House of Queen, Channing.
- Annie, of the House of Whittenburg, Plemoms.
- Bessie, of the House of Maddux, Texico, N. M.
- Cristelle, of the House of Owens, Plainview.
- Floye, of the House of Richbourg, Spur.
- Opal, of the House of Tepe, Canadian.
- M. H. Kinard of Gracey was in the city on business Saturday.

Miss Fanny Stockton of Alameda is attending high school here.

Miss Myrna Lee Doran returned to her home at Childress Tuesday after a visit with relatives. She was accompanied home by Mrs. Carl Overton.

GRAY CO. TO BE REPRESENTED AT AMARILLO

It has been definitely decided to have a Gray county exhibit at the Amarillo Tri-State Fair, and all farmers who have products suitable for this exhibit are asked to bring their offerings to the American National Bank or to County Agent R. O. Dunkle's office at any time next week.

The citizens of Pampa are at work on the proposition and it is the intention to combine the two offerings and enter them as a county exhibit. It is to be hoped that our farmers will see to it that our part of the county is well represented by as large a variety of farm products as possible.

WATERMELON FEAST AND SPEAKING THURSDAY

A speaker of National reputation was secured, and a watermelon feast furnished by the local organization of the K. K. Klan last Thursday evening. The exercises were held in the L. O. Floyd pasture, just opposite the W. B. Upham home, and the affair seemed very pleasing to those present. Practically every member of the community heard the lecture.

BACK FAIR MEETING

A meeting was held in the Back community Wednesday night, when plans were made for Back's exhibit for the McLean and Amarillo fairs. Miss Patterson and Prof. Dunkle presided at the meeting. A large representative of the progressive residents of the community was present and the following committee chairmen were appointed: Corn, R. H. Corum; grain sorghum, L. L. Morse; hay, C. M. Carpenter; sweet clover and bermuda, W. W. Wilson; fruits, Owen Neal; vegetables, Jesse Cobb.

Miss Ruly Cook of McLean entertained the crowd with several readings.

WHEELER GETS FIRST BALE

Wheeler, Sept. 6.—Yesterday morning A. J. Baker brought in the first bale of cotton raised in the Wheeler territory this year. This cotton was sold in the seed for 8c per pound and the merchants of Wheeler made up a premium amounting to \$58.50, making the total receipts from the bale \$193.70.

It is estimated that three thousand bales will be ginned here this season.

MOBETTIE TO HAVE FAIR

Mohettie, Sept. 10.—At a meeting of the farmers and business men of the Mobettie community last week, a fair association was formed, and a community fair will be held at Mobettie on Sept. 19. The fair association members are very much enthused over the idea of a community fair and expect to hold a fair that will be of benefit to the whole community.

SMITH HOUSE BURNED; WILL REBUILD

A house belonging to Pat Smith in the Laycock neighborhood south east of town was burned Sunday night. The cause of the fire is unknown, but the supposition is that a mouse got at some matches that been bought the day before and left in the cupboard with some groceries purchased at the same time. Mr. Smith's neighbors offered to help haul building supplies from a nearby town free of charge, but Mr. Smith had a McLean firm figure on the bill and the saving was such that he was forced to decline the offer and haul the stuff himself, from McLean.

Clyde Cooper of White Deer visited relatives here Saturday and Sunday.

Rev. S. R. Jones and son, Leslie, were business visitors at Sayre, Okla., Monday.

Rev. S. R. Jones has leased his place just south of town to W. L. Lynn, and will move in the near future to Hollis, Okla., where he will be manager of a lumber yard.

Mrs. J. W. Kibler and son, J. R. Kibler, of Oklahoma City, left Tuesday for a visit with relatives at Amarillo and White Deer.

WHITTINGTON WELL BLOWS 50,000,000 GAS

The Whittington well, about 16 miles from McLean, near the Carpenter school in Wheeler county, blew in Tuesday night with a gas flow estimated at 50,000,000 cubic feet. The noise from the escaping gas kept residents of the community awake for a radius of three miles. A slight gas flow was found early last week and the well was shut down in order to make arrangements to shut off the gas flow and go on down for oil. It is the intention of the company to set smaller casing in the hole, allowing the gas to flow between the casings while the drill goes on down.

The formations and everything connected with this test point to a paying oil well. It is thought by many to be the same formation found in the Schenck-French well that blew in a gasser a few weeks ago.

These wells are in the same formation and in line with other tests nearer town, and it should be but a matter of a very few months until oil is found in our immediate neighborhood.

MORSE WELL DRILLING AT 700

The Holmes-Morse No. 1 oil test on the Morse ranch is now drilling at upwards of 700 feet. Quite a bit of trouble has been encountered from water and quicksand in this well; at one time the test was down 475 feet with water standing 415 feet in the hole, but now the water has been cased off and the bit is steadily going on down to the oil sands.

ACCIDENT AT LIGHT PLANT

Last Saturday at some time after midnight several boys who were waiting to take the early morning train, went down to the light and power plant and one of them, before the engineer in charge could stop him, raised the weight on the machine that automatically controls the street lighting system, burning out all lights and sockets on the whole system, as well as endangering his life. Supt. Bogan worked all next day putting in temporary lights in the white way poles, but the other lights will have to wait until a shipment can be made from the factory. All the city's supply of high powered bulbs were burned out as well as the supply of mogul sockets. There has been no occasion to keep any great amount of these supplies on hand, as ordinarily there would be no use for them. This accident will cost the city above \$40, as well as the loss of the lighting system for several weeks. It is a lucky thing that the boy escaped with his life, as there is no telling how much juice was turned into the lines for the few moments the machine was tampered with. There is talk of forbidding all visitors the run of the plant without proper guides.

CHILDRESS ENDORSES ADS

Last week T. N. Childress, local agent for Texhoma and Amale products, ordered a 25c wanted inserted in The News offering a Jersey cow for sale. The cow was sold in a short time after the ad was printed. Mr. Childress says that he has never failed to get prompt results from our wantads.

Mr. Stephens, druggist, of Plainview has accepted a position with the Erwin Drug Company and will arrive and assume his duties Saturday of this week.

ECLIPSE OF SUN A DISAPPOINTMENT

The eclipse of the sun Monday was a disappointment to many of our citizens. There had been much space in the papers regarding the eclipse that most people expected a more nearly total eclipse than actually took place. Barring a little discomfort caused by the dim light, the eclipse received little notice.

Grandma Allee of Pueblo, Colo., came in Tuesday for a visit with Mrs. G. W. Sullivan.

T. F. Phillips of Heald was in town Tuesday on business.

Miss Stella Roby left Sunday for Amarillo to spend the winter.

The Secret Adversary

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

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SYNOPSIS

PROLOGUE.—Realizing that she has a possible chance of being saved, as the Lusitania is sinking, a stranger gives a young American girl a package which he asks her to deliver to the American ambassador in England. She is saved.

CHAPTER I.—In London, former Lieut. "Tommy" Beresford and Miss Prudence Cowley—"Tuppence"—discharged army nurse, form an organization. "The Young Adventurers, Ltd." Tuppence makes a business appointment with a man, Edward Whittington, who offers her easy employment, and engages the pair to attempt to find Jane Finn, whom he is seeking for important reasons of state.

CHAPTER II.—In the morning the girl finds Whittington's office deserted. In answer to an advertisement signed "Jane Finn" the two receive notes from "Mr. Carter" and "Julius P. Hereshimmer." Carter is really a high government official. He speaks of a mysterious "Mr. Brown" as head of the Bolsheviks in England, and engages the pair to attempt to find Jane Finn, whom he is seeking for important reasons of state.

CHAPTER III.—Next day the pair visits Hereshimmer, American millionaire, living at the Ritz hotel. He is looking for his cousin, Jane Finn, who had disappeared after landing from the Lusitania's boat, and employs them to search for her. They discover a certain Mrs. Vandemeyer is a Lusitania survivor. Seeking information from her, Tuppence recognizes Whittington in a caller on Mrs. Vandemeyer. Tommy trails him.

CHAPTER IV.—Whittington leaves for France. Hereshimmer whom Tommy had summoned, follows him. Having heard the two mention "Mr. Brown," Tommy trails "Boris," Whittington's companion, to a house in Soho. He secures admission, and while in hiding overhears details of a Bolshevik and labor plot against the government. Success apparently depends on finding a secret treaty made between the allies during the war. Tommy is caught listening, and knocked senseless.

CHAPTER V.—Sensing sinister relations between Whittington and Mrs. Vandemeyer, Tuppence determines to spy on the latter. She disguises herself and secures employment as a parlor maid in the Vandemeyer home.

CHAPTER VI.—During a conversation between a visitor "Boris" and Mrs. Vandemeyer in which the name of Sir James Peel Edgerton, famous criminal lawyer, is mentioned, Tuppence hears talk of an organization. Next day Edgerton visits Mrs. Vandemeyer, and on leaving advises Tuppence to give up her position, but refuses to give a reason.

CHAPTER VII.—On her "day off" Tuppence goes to see Hereshimmer. He discovered nothing of importance in France. Tommy's continued absence worries Tuppence. Remembering his seeming kindness she visits Edgerton and tells him the whole story. He promises to assist her, making an engagement to visit her that evening at the Vandemeyer home. Returning to the plot, Tuppence finds she has been discovered. Mrs. Vandemeyer threatens her, but Tuppence secures the other hand, and on her promise of an enormous sum, to be paid by Hereshimmer, Mrs. Vandemeyer agrees to betray the organization. They are interrupted by the appearance of Edgerton, with Hereshimmer. Seeing them, Mrs. Vandemeyer faints.

CHAPTER VIII.—They revive her and leave her for the night, the three sitting up. In the morning Mrs. Vandemeyer is found dead.

CHAPTER IX.—The coroner's verdict is accidental death, due to an overdose of chloral, and the affair is ended. Tuppence receives a telegram from Tommy.

CHAPTER X.—In the house in Soho Tommy is imprisoned for three days. Then he is sentenced to death and is left securely bound. A girl whom he knows as Annette, an inmate of the house, assists him to escape.

CHAPTER XI.—At the Ritz Tommy finds Tuppence gone in search of him. The telegram, of course, was bogus. He and Hereshimmer visit the town named in the telegram, but find no trace of her. Edgerton writes he has found Jane Finn at Manchester. They go there.

CHAPTER XII.—The girl tells them about the package, and describes the niece. They find it, but the "package" contains only a sheet of paper inscribed "With the compliments of Mr. Brown."

"Sir, Beresford is commissioned by the British government to get those papers back. Sir James Peel Edgerton is an English member of parliament, and might be a big gun in the cabinet if he liked. It's owing to him that we've ferreted you out at last. So you can go right ahead and tell us the whole story. Did Danvers give you the papers?"

"Yes. He said they'd have a better chance with me, because they would save the women and children first."

"Just as we thought," said Sir James.

"He said they were very important—that they might make all the difference to the Allies. But, if it's all so long ago, and the war's over, what does it matter now?"

"I guess history repeats itself. Jane Finn was a great heroine and cry over those papers, then it all died down, and now the whole caboodle's started all over again—for rather different reasons. Then you can hand them over to us right away?"

"But I can't. I haven't got them."

"You haven't got them?" Julius punctuated the words with little pauses.

"No—I hid them. I got uneasy. People seemed to be watching me. It scared me—badly. She put her hand to her head. It's almost the last thing I remember before waking up in the hospital."

"Go on," said Sir James, in his quiet penetrating tones. "What do you remember?"

"It was at Holyhead. I came that way—I don't remember why."

"That doesn't matter. Go on." "In the confusion on the quay I slipped away. Nobody saw me. I took a car. Told the man to drive me out of the town. I watched when we got on the open road. No other car was following us. I saw a path at the side of the road. I told the man to wait."

She paused, then went on. "The path led to the cliff, and down to the sea between big yellow gorse bushes—they were like hidden flames. I looked round. There wasn't a soul in sight. But just level with my head there was a hole in the rock. It was quite small—I could only just get my hand in, but it went a long way back. I took the oldskin packet from round my neck and shoved it right in as far as I could. Then I tore off a bit of gorse—My! but it did prick—and plugged the hole with it so that you'd never guess there was a crevice of any kind there. Then I marked the place carefully in my own mind, so that I'd find it again. There was a queer boulder in the path just there—for all the world like a dog sitting up begging. Then I went back to the road. The car was waiting, and I drove back. I just caught the train. I was a bit ashamed of myself for fancying things maybe, but, by and by, I saw the man opposite me wink at a woman who was sitting next to me, and I felt scared again, and was glad the papers were safe. I went out in the corridor to get a little air. I thought I'd slip into another carriage. But the woman called me back, said I'd dropped something, and when I stooped to look, something seemed to hit me—here." She placed her hand to the back of her head. "I don't remember anything more until I woke up in the hospital."

There was a pause.

"Thank you, Miss Finn." It was Sir James who spoke. "I hope we have not tired you?"

"Oh, that's all right. My head aches a little, but otherwise I feel fine."

Julius stepped forward and took her hand again.

"So long, Cousin Jane. I'm going to get busy after those papers, but I'll be back in two shakes of a dog's tail, and I'll tote you up to London and give you the time of your young life before we go back to the States! I mean it—so hurry up and get well."

In the street they held an informal council of war. Sir James had drawn a watch from his pocket. "The boat train to Holyhead stops at Chester at 12:14. If you start at once I think you can catch the connection. I wish I could come with you. I am due to speak at a meeting at two o'clock. It is unfortunate."

The reluctance in his tone was very evident. It was clear, on the other hand, that Julius was easily disposed to put up with the loss of the other's company.

Ten minutes later the two young men were seated in a first-class carriage en route for Chester.

For a long time neither of them spoke. When at length Julius broke the silence, it was with a totally unexpected remark.

"Say," he observed thoughtfully, "did you ever make a darned fool of yourself over a girl's face?"

Tommy, after a moment's astonishment, searched his mind. "Can't say I have," he replied at last. "Not that I can recollect, anyhow. Why?"

"Because for the last two months I've been making a sentimental idiot of myself over Jane! First moment I glimpsed eyes on her photograph my heart did all the usual stunts you read about in novels. I guess I'm ashamed to admit it, but I came over here determined to find her and fix it all up, and take her back as Mrs. Julius P. Hereshimmer!"

"Oh," said Tommy, amazed.

Julius uncrossed his legs abruptly and continued:

"Just shows what an almighty fool a man can make of himself! One look at the girl in the flesh, and I was cured!"

Feeling more tongue-tied than ever, Tommy ejaculated "Oh!" again.

"No disparagement to Jane, mind you," continued the other. "She's a real nice girl, and some fellow will fall in love with her right away."

"I thought her a very good-looking girl," said Tommy, finding his tongue.

"Sure she is. But she's not like her photo one bit. At least I suppose she is in a way—most he—because I recognized her right off. If I'd seen her in a crowd I'd have said 'There's a girl whose face I know' right away without any hesitation. But there was something about that photo—"

Julius shook his head, and heaved a sigh—"I guess romance is a mighty queer thing!"

At Holyhead, after consultation, with the aid of a road map, they were fairly well agreed as to direction, so were able to hire a taxi without more ado and drive out on the road leading to Trearddur bay. They instructed the man to go slowly, and watched narrowly so as not to miss the path. They came to it not long after leaving the town, and Tommy stopped the car promptly, asked in a casual way whether the path led down to the sea, and hearing it did paid off the man in handsome style.

A moment later the taxi was slowly chugging back to Holyhead. Tommy and Julius watched it out of sight, and then turned to the narrow path. They went down in single file, Julius leading. Twice Tommy turned his head uneasily. Julius looked back.

"What is it?"

"I don't know. I've got the wind up somehow. Keep fancying there's someone following us."

The path was now running along the side of the cliff, parallel to the sea. Suddenly Julius came to such an abrupt halt that Tommy cannoned into him.

"What's up?" he inquired.

"Look here. If that doesn't beat the hand!"

Tommy looked. Standing out and half obstructing the path was a huge boulder which certainly bore a fanciful resemblance to a "begging" terrier.

"That's it—for sure."

Tommy looked at the rock with a kind of agonized passion.

"D—n it!" he cried. "It's impossible! Five years! Think of it! Bird's-nesting boys, picnic parties thousands of people passing! It can't be there! It's a hundred to one against its being there! It's against all reason!"

Julius looked at him with a widening smile.

"I guess you're rattled," he drawled with some enjoyment. "Well, here goes!" He thrust his hand into the



He Thrust His Hand into the Crevice

crevice, and made a slight grimace. "It's a tight fit. Jane's hand must be a few sizes smaller than mine. I don't feel anything—no—say, what's this? Gee whizz!" And with a flourish he waved aloft a small discolored packet. "It's the goods all right. Sewn up in oilskin. Hold it while I get my penknife."

The unbelievable had happened. Tommy held the precious packet tenderly between his hands. They had succeeded!

"It's queer," he murmured idly; "you'd think the stitches would have rotted. They look just as good as new."

They cut them carefully and ripped away the oilskin. Inside was a small folded sheet of paper. With trembling fingers they unfolded it. The sheet was blank! They stared at each other, puzzled.

"A dummy?" hazarded Julius. "Was Danvers just a deuce?"

Tommy shook his head. That solution did not satisfy him. Suddenly his face cleared.

"I've got it! Sympathetic ink!"

"You think so?"

"Worth trying anyhow. Heat some sticks. We'll make a fire."

In a few minutes the little fire of twigs and leaves was blazing merrily. Tommy held the sheet of paper near the glow. The paper curled a little with the heat. Nothing more.

Suddenly Julius grasped his arm and pointed to where characters were appearing in a faint brown color.

"Gee whizz! You've got it! Say that idea of yours was great. It never occurred to me."

Tommy held the paper in position, some minutes longer until he judged the heat had done its work. Then he withdrew it. A moment later he uttered a cry.

Across the sheet in neat brown printing ran the words: "With the Compliments of Mr. Brown."

CHAPTER XIII

Tommy Makes a Discovery.

For a moment or two they stood staring at each other stupidly, dazed with shock. Somehow, inexplicably, Mr. Brown had forestalled them. Tommy accepted defeat quietly. Not so Julius.

"How inarnation did he get ahead of us? That's what beats me!" he ended up.

"I don't see that it matters anyway," said Tommy wearily. "He may have found out some months ago, and removed the papers, then—No, by Jove, that won't wash! They'd have been published at once."

"Sure thing they would! No, someone's got ahead of us today by an hour or so. But how they did it gets my goat. It's no good arguing about how it was done. The game's up. We've failed. There's only one thing for me to do."

"What's that?"

"Get back to London as soon as possible. Mr. Carter must be warned. It's only a matter of hours now before the blow falls."

Half an hour after arrival, haggard and pale, Tommy stood before his chief.

"I've come to report, sir. I've failed—failed badly."

Mr. Carter eyed him sharply.

"You mean that the treaty—"

"Is in the hands of Mr. Brown, sir."

"Well," said Mr. Carter after a minute or two, "we mustn't sag at the knees, I suppose. I'm glad to know definitely. We must do what we can."

Through Tommy's mind flashed the assurance: "It's hopeless, and he knows it's hopeless!"

The other looked up at him.

"I blame myself. I have been blaming myself ever since I heard this other news."

Something in his tone attracted Tommy's attention. A new feat, gripped at his heart.

"Is there—something more, sir?"

"I'm afraid so," said Mr. Carter gravely. He stretched out his hand to a sheet on the table.

"Tuppence—?" faltered Tommy.

"Read for yourself."

The typewritten words danced before his eyes. The description of a green toque, a coat with a handkerchief in the pocket marked "P. L. C." He looked an agonized question at Mr. Carter. The latter replied to it:

"Washed up on the Yorkshire coast—near Ebury. I'm afraid—it looks very much like foul play."

"My G—d!" gasped Tommy. "Tuppence! Those devils—I'll never rest till I've got even with them! I'll hunt them down! I'll—"

"I'm taking up your time, sir," he said with an effort. "There's no need for you to blame yourself. I dare say we were a couple of young fools to take on such a job. You warned us all right. But I wish to God I'd been the one to get it in the neck. Good-by, sir."

Back at the Ritz, Tommy packed up his few belongings mechanically, his thoughts far away. He was still bewildered by the introduction of tragedy into his cheerful commonplace existence. What fun they had had together, he and Tuppence! And now—oh, he couldn't believe it—it couldn't be true! Tuppence—dead! Little Tuppence, brimming over with life! It was a dream, a horrible dream. Nothing more.

They brought him a note, a few kind words of sympathy from Peel Edgerton, who had read the news in the paper. (There had been a large headline: EX-V. A. D. FEARED DROWNED.) The letter ended with the offer of a post on a ranch in the Argentine, where Sir James had considerable interests.

"Kind old beggar," muttered Tommy, as he flung it aside.

The door opened, and Julius burst in with his usual violence. He held an open newspaper in his hand.

"Say, what's all this? They seem to have got some fool idea about Tuppence."

"It's true," said Tommy quietly.

"You mean they've done her in?" Tommy nodded.

"I suppose when they got the treaty she—wasn't any good to them any longer, and they were afraid to let her go."

"Well, I'm darned!" said Julius. "Little Tuppence. She sure was the pluckiest little girl—"

But suddenly something seemed to crack in Tommy's brain. He rose to his feet.

"Oh, get out! You don't really care—n you! You asked her to marry me—"

He turned and looked at Julius.

"Oh, Get Out! You Don't Really Care, D—n You!"

He turned and looked at Julius.

He turned and looked at Julius.

He turned and looked at Julius.

News From Back

By Special Correspondent.

Mr. Editor! Our last week's news was lost in the rain.

Miss Agnes Roberts of Mobeetie began our school Sept. 3rd with a full attendance.

Mrs. E. V. Back, Miss Lelia and Nevil Back visited in the Chas. Back home on the Crews ranch last week.

John Carpenter moved his family to McLean last week for the benefit of the school.

C. E. Hunt and family moved to McLean last Friday to put their children in school.

J. E. Norman and family visited in the Gracey community Sunday.

Mrs. C. A. Henderson and children were McLean visitors Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Corum and daughter, Miss Maudelle, were shopping in McLean Saturday.

Mrs. W. I. Bacon and son, Vertner, were McLean visitors Saturday.

Bailey Lakey visited in McLean Saturday.

C. M. Carpenter and Chas. Back were trading in McLean Saturday.

Misses Vida Colebank, Lelia and Beatrice Back visited in the Gracey community Sunday.

Misses Mellie B. and Ann Richey of Hedley came in Friday night to take their places in our school.

Mrs. McKnight and daughter, Mica Grace, and Miss Ida Mae Dunwoody of Alanreed visited Mrs. J. S. Searcy Saturday.

SCHOOL ATHLETICS

We have already heard a few people criticizing athletics in school this year. No announcement has been made concerning athletics, but if the school does not introduce them we will certainly be behind the times. There are boys and girls as well who can be kept in school and given an education through the entertainment of athletics that could not otherwise be induced to stay. Not only this, but the athlete in school always makes the best man physically in future life. It adds to his health as well as to the strength of his mind. Do not criticize something that will make a better man or woman of your child. —Paducah Post.

Miss Tilene Roberts was an Alanreed visitor last Thursday.

Roy, Erwin and Vernon Rice were Amarillo visitors Friday.

Mrs. John B. Vannoy returned Friday night from Canyon.

Mrs. C. A. Gatlin returned Friday night from Canyon.

Earl Wilmoth of Alanreed was a McLean visitor Friday night.

W. H. Peters made a business trip to Shamrock Friday.

Mrs. J. S. Searcy, Jack Steger and little son, Jack Jr., were Alanreed visitors Friday.

I. E. DUNCAN H. W. JOHNS C. L. UPHAM

Gray County Abstract Co.

Pampa, Texas

Complete and correct Abstracts furnished to all lands in Gray and Carson counties. Let us have your orders.

H. W. JOHNS, Manager

PHONE NO. 58 PAMPA, TEXAS

What Would You Do

If fire should destroy your home today? Would you be forced to call on your friends for help, or would a reliable insurance company protect you? It is not a matter to put off, fires or windstorms do not wait for you to make preparation, but come when you are least expecting them. Insure in one of the strong companies I represent and be sure of protection.

C. C. BOGAN

Insurance that Protects

To All the Teachers

—be they old friends or new—who will devote their efforts during the coming year of training better citizens for McLean and vicinity—

WELCOME!—we want you to consider this a personal invitation to make the American National Bank yours, and to call on us at any time for any service we can render.

DR. J. A. HALL
Dentist
Of Shamrock, Tex.
Will be in McLean on Thursday, Friday and Saturday after the first Monday in each month.

The American National Bank

THE McLEAN NEWS

Published Every Friday

Fred Landers
LANDERS & LANDERS
Editors and Owners

Entered as second class mail matter May 8, 1906, 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 cotton crop is short all over the South, which means a good price for the fleecy staple this fall. McLean will gather the greatest cotton crop in her history, which means money for our community.

The ten days open season for prairie chicken was taken advantage of by many hunters, but according to Game Deputy Garmon, there were very few violations of the provisions of the law. Mr. Garmon says that the class of hunters was above the average. The majority of them were men who appreciated the open season and were willing to help the officers enforce the law. With the co-operation of everyone concerned, it will be possible to have such an open season for many years without perceptibly diminishing the supply of chickens.

The News is a member of the National Highways Association, with headquarters at Washington, D. C., with which are affiliated 202 road associations and organizations. The National Highway Association stands for good roads everywhere, through the establishment of National Highways, and they have worked for over twelve years in the dissemination of road information and have published thousands of maps. Good roads mean prosperity, progress and education; they mean a better life, well worth living, and happiness for all concerned.

For a number of years farmers have complained of the present system of distribution of farm products. The middleman has been blamed for taking so large a part of the profits of farm products. There is a question that is obvious to everyone else concerned, and that is that if the farmer wants to deal direct to the consumer, why, in all common sense, does he not use the advertising columns of the newspaper to get in touch with consumer buyers? This is the method pursued by merchants and manufacturers who want to reach the same buying public. The cost of an ad in the want columns of the home paper is so small that there is no farmer who could not profit by carrying an ad each week. Not only will the farmer receive a better price by using this method of promoting sales, but the printed price offered in the paper will affect the price offered by the commission men. The farmers in some sections of the country are waking up to this vital matter, and we expect to see the time when most farms will be run on a business basis.

SNAP OUT OF IT!

Here and there at one time and another we have heard lots of pessimistic talk, but never in this section of the country have we heard so much of it in a similar period of time as during the past 30 days. Just what is the cause of it we are unable to learn. Things could be much better here, as everywhere, of course, but they have been worse many times before and we all survived—at least the great majority of us. Aching, such as has been going on the past few weeks will never help conditions in the slightest, and only tends to discourage those who otherwise might go ahead and keep money in circulation and business going. The idea because everyone hasn't a pocket full of money that everything should stop and everyone assume a long-drawn-out expression,

is the bunk of rarest quality. Towns progress only when they keep moving, through good times and bad, never once losing the spirit of optimism and continually pegging away toward the goal of a better bigger and more prosperous town and surrounding community. A business man who cannot "snap out of it" and display some pep and ambition, should at least keep quiet and not try to hinder those who are willing to boost things along.—Fampa News.

WE ARE FOR JESS

An exchange, commenting upon the statement of hair dressing experts that bobbed hair has come to stay, declares that bobbed hair has caused more trouble than all the other fashions combined, and has resulted in a number of divorce cases. Another exchange remarks that for a wife to bob her hair should be grounds for her husband to divorce her. The editor of the Great Moral Guide of the Plains has meandered up and down the earth for many years, his form is stooped, and the few hairs he has left on his pate are grey, but during all these years, no matter what fashions the women wore in dress, millinery, hosiery, footwear, coffee-ture or what not—they always looked good to us; far prettier and more interesting than any painting or other so-called work of art. And if the women wish to bob their hair or wear it in long tresses, we will applaud and say, "go to it, sister." However, we really believe that bobbed hair is the only really sanitary, comfortable and sensible way to wear it. We are also partial to short skirts, and any man who says he isn't a liar.—Plainview News.

TOO TRUE!

The editors who have gone in for semi-weekly papers are now mostly going back to the weekly because the semi-weekly does not pay. A good weekly sheet is far better, to our notion, than a poor semi-weekly. And furthermore, a good weekly beats a poor daily. The small town cannot support a daily. And sometimes a large town daily goes broke. It takes lots of money to keep a newspaper running. It takes lots of wide awake business men who know the value of advertising, and it also takes more help in the shop and a big pay roll to get up a good daily, to say nothing of more news matter that must be gathered and put into readable shape. The cost of running a weekly is no small item. And in a small town there are times when news is scarce and hard to get. There are times when the merchants and business men think they must cut down expenses and the ax is laid at the root of the newspaper. There are times when the subscriber takes the paper and fails to pay the bill and is cut off the list. Good, reliable, efficient help comes high and the ghost must walk on Saturday night, even the editor's till may be empty. Taking all these things into consideration, the semi-weekly rarely pays. And, alas, the weekly sometimes does not pay either, but editors keep going on, hoping for a gold brick, an oil well or a good crop of wheat that will cause the money to flow like milk and honey. No poor man should be an editor. Being an editor is in the luxury class. Editors would be a whole lot better off, moreover, if folks had their work done at home instead of patronizing out of town concerns. If men and women were as loyal to the home paper as the editor of the home paper is to them, the editor could give the community a better paper and the community would be more prosperous, because the money would be spent at home. The newspaper is not an index of the town in which it is printed. It is a fact that the newspaper folk turn out far better papers than many towns deserve.—Higgins News.

Miss Louise Orr of Canyon came in Saturday to teach in our school.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bailey of Gracey were in town Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Smith were Shemrock visitors Friday.



NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION MEMBER NUMBER 1048

A small dog, barking loudly, chased madly after a passing express train up a country railroad station platform.

"What makes him run after it?" asked a traveler of the station agent, owner of the dog. "I dunno," answered the agent, thoughtfully. "But that never bothered me so much as what will he do with it if he ever catches it."

There are many communities which talk loudly about the need of good roads, the value of good roads, the use of good roads. They talk themselves into a bond issue, or a road tax, and build one, two, ten miles of good roads. Too often those miles neither begin anywhere, nor end anywhere; do not connect with any good road at either end. Travelers wonder what they will do with their good roads now they have caught them?

There is no magic in a few miles of paved highways. The farmer who must haul produce through mud to get to a paved highway, and over ruts and stones after leaving it to get to market, experiences no real economy. The economy and benefit of improved highways comes when they are improved for all their length. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link. A regiment is no faster than its slowest soldier. A road, for economy of horse flesh or motor capacity, is no more economical than its worst mile.

The bigger the body, the slower the movement. The greater the movement must be, the longer it takes to get under way.

The United States is a large body, almost entirely surrounded by good motor cars and poor roads. It is moving slowly, but surely, towards a condition when it will have only good roads. The movement is slow because the body is so large, and

has so many heads—110,000,000 of them.

Improving our almost three million miles of highway is a huge task. The movement is enormous. Therefore, it takes time to get under way. It is like a monster freight train starting up a grade, requiring many locomotives to begin the travel and slowly getting up speed. But once the train is in motion, it has an enormous force for going ahead; one locomotive can keep it moving and it is difficult to stop!

So will it be with our road building program: slowly, but surely, the movement for better roads than Federal aid can give, for more roads than States alone can build, is gathering momentum. When it gets up speed, nothing can stop it.

Meanwhile the individual who needs a good road and needs it now, must not lose courage. It was said that the Panama Canal couldn't be built in a generation. It was built in a few short years. At the rate we are at present building Federal aid roads, it will take some hundred and fifty or two hundred years to improve our road system. All of us will be very dead before that movement is well started. The answer is to change the movement to work for, educate for, vote for national highways, built by and maintained by the National Government; give this Nation two hundred thousand miles of such roads (which could with ease be built in a period of five years), and the rest of the roads will be improved in even less time by States, counties and towns, which will refuse to be kept from the benefits of such a national road system, when all that the need to do to enjoy it, is to connect with it.

BAPTIST LADIES' DINNER

The Baptist Ladies will serve dinner on Saturday, Oct. 6, the second day of the Fair. 1c

W. M. S. NOTES

The Bible class will meet next Tuesday, Sept. 18, at the Methodist church. Publicity Committee.

Miss Nela Norman came in Saturday to teach in our school.

SEND US YOUR KODAK FINISHING—WE DO IT BETTER
Developing films, single rolls, 10c each; packs, 25c.
Prints, 2 1/2 x 3 1/4 and smaller, 4c each; larger, 5c.
A deposit with order for full amount required. We return any excess. You will be pleased with our French gloss finish and prompt service.
C. M. BRIGGS, Photographer, Elk City, Okla.

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

BLACKSMITHING

When you need repairs made at a blacksmith shop, you want the work done by a competent workman who has the necessary equipment to do a good job. We have the equipment and the knowledge to satisfy your blacksmithing needs.

The McLean Blacksmith Shop
All Work Guaranteed

Buy Coal Now

Now is the time to lay in a supply of coal for the winter. Do not wait until coal is scarce, then wish you had bought early. Our stock of good coal is complete and the price is right. We can supply your needs in coal and feed at all times.

W. C. Cheney
Coal and Feed

The One Sure Thing in Life

The forces of nature can destroy all your possessions. You may have no power to save them. But one protection you have is insurance against fire, hail and tornado—complete insurance that gives you full protection at all times against financial loss from property loss. I can give you this one safeguard today. Today is the safest day to insure.

ROSS BIGGERS
INSURANCE THAT REALLY INSURES

A MODERN MILKMAID

He—"What do you do for a living?"

She—"I'm a dairy maid in a candy kitchen."

He—"Dairy maid in a candy kitchen? What do you do?"

She (bashfully)—"Milk chocolates."

THE ALLEYRAT

Any alleyrat that will sneak in behind a barrel of slop in a back alley and swiggle that mankilling concoction of slop called bootleg don't need any sympathy when they spade him under. The world needs to be congratulated.

HAVE IT PRINTED AT HOME

Mrs. J. H. Richey and mother, Mrs. Bird, of Hedley came in Saturday to make this city their home for the present.

Prof. T. A. Taggart returned Friday night from the Institute at Canyon.

Sheriff E. S. Graves of Lefort was in the city on business Saturday.

Little Miss Eleanor and Billy Cooke are visiting relatives at Sapulpa, Okla.

Dr. W. E. Ballard was an Alanreer visitor Tuesday.

Silas Clark of Groom was a McLean visitor Tuesday.

Quality Meats

FRESH KILLED FRESH BEEF

is a whole lot different from the meat that has lain in cold storage for months. You'll know that as soon as you taste the flavor of the beef you get here. It has been hung just long enough to make it wholesome, not long enough to lose its flavor. Try a roast or a steak. Then you'll know what really good beef is.

We can supply you both fresh and cured meats at all times.

THE CITY MARKET

Bogan and Henry, Props. Phone 165

A Big Donation

Registered bred sows to sell at seven cents per pound, Polands & Hampshires. Shoats can be registered at 7c per pound.

W. C. Christopher



TRUCK CHASSIS
NEW PRICE

\$380.00

F. O. B. Detroit

The Ford One-Ton Truck Chassis has proven its ability to reduce transportation costs in practically every line of business where there is a hauling problem. It is economical, efficient, dependable. At the new low price you will agree it represents a value that has never before been offered in the commercial car field.

Place your order now for reasonably prompt delivery. Terms if desired.

Bentley Motor Co.
Do you read the Dearborn Independent?
Phone 148 McLean, Texas



Not a question of who makes NO mistakes, but who makes Least mistakes
Cartoon from The Paris Journal, August 1923

"AIN'T WORTH A DURN AND NEVER WILL BE"

In one of our Southern mountain counties there used to be a clerk of the court who administered oaths in his own peculiar fashion—translating the stilted language of the statute books into vigorous, everyday, homespun English of his own. On one occasion he was officially "swearing" a man as to the latter's insolvency—the "debtor's oath."

"Do you swear," the clerk asked, "that you ain't worth a durn and never will be?"

"I can swear about the first part but I don't know much about the last part," parried the applicant.

"Well, if you know you ain't worth a durn now, everybody else knows you never will be. Kiss the Book!" This story has been told as humor—and it is indeed good enough humor. But to us the story also suggests a pathetic background of tragedy. In nearly every rural community there is some man who so far "has never been worth a durn" and consequently (like the court clerk in the story) he takes it for granted that he will never be. He farms in a slipshod way, is a slave to "time prices" and never gets ahead. He stays in a rut largely because he is not trying to get out. He lacks faith in himself. "Everybody else knows," as the court clerk said, "that he will never be worth anything."

The tragedy of such a life ought to appeal to all of us—and especially to the man himself. Just because a man has gotten to be thirty-five, forty, fifty, or even sixty years old without amounting to anything—that is no reason why he can't yet do something if he will only take hold of himself and resolve to make the most of the years that are left to him.

In many such cases, the wife, by showing confidence in her husband—encouraging him and inspiring him by her faith—can get him to "turn over a new leaf." In other cases the man's boys and girls by enlisting in club work and getting their father to go along with them along new lines of progress—they may be able to turn the trick. In some other cases a kinsman or neighbor may diplomatically lead the man-in-the-rut into adopting this or that new policy until after awhile he becomes a man-out-of-the-rut, ready for many a new adventure in progressiveness.

"That there should one man die ignorant who had capacity for more," said Carlyle, "that I call a tragedy, even though it should happen more than twenty times a minute—as indeed by some computations it does." In like fashion, we should say that for any man to be in the ruts of poor, shiftless, out-of-date farming, "not worth a durn," when he had capacity to make a man of himself—that we call a tragedy. Maybe the man has failed because nobody has shown any faith or confidence in him. Everybody lets him feel that he "ain't worth a durn and never will be," and he has simply given the world what it expected and asked of him.

Is there not within the acquaintance of each one of us some man of this type whom we might encourage, inspire, awaken, arouse, and so make over before it is too late? What finer satisfaction could we have than the knowledge of having enabled some human being to transform a life-long failure into an unexpected triumph and worth-while-ness at last? Should not such a success indeed entitle one to some part in the promise of the ancient prophet:

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmaments; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."—Progressive Farmer.

Mrs. Walter LeCompte and children of Memphis came in Tuesday to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Cunningham.

Misses Leora, Lorne and Beatrice Finard of Gracey came in Monday to attend school.

TOBACCO AND CLEAR THINKERS

By W. H. Brown.

Many persons marvel at the success of Henry Ford, who in less than a quarter of a century has climbed from a position of hard toil to a fortune of \$500,000,000. While he is not given credit for being any smarter than scores of other men, he should undoubtedly receive great credit for the way he uses his brains. He thinks clearly and has the courage to follow the convictions reached after thinking a proposition through.

As long as men endeavor to find some great thing about Mr. Ford to account for his success they will search in vain. It is when we look at the little things, as many would term them, in his life that we begin to see daylight in accounting for his wonderful achievements.

Rev. W. L. Stidger, who has written a series of articles for the Hearst papers concerning Henry Ford and his varied financial interests, made this statement in one of his articles: "It is an interesting observation that Mr. Ford neither smokes nor drinks, and that there is no smoking, drinking, or chewing of tobacco allowed in his industry, from top to bottom. I have been sitting in with Ford executives at lunch time and have never seen a Ford executive smoking."

It might strike some as being a little thing for a man to waste only 20 minutes a day in smoking. If 50,000 of Ford's employees should do that, at the minimum wage paid by him, it would mean a loss of \$13,000 per day or nearly \$4,000,000 per year. But far more significant than the money side of the question in wages is the much more efficient service rendered by the non-smoker as compared with the smoker; also the fact that he does more work while at a task. Tobacco is not for clear thinkers, whether day laborers or managers.

Mrs. J. W. Mayfield, son, Otto daughter, Miss Mildred, and Mrs. Jimmie Lou Roberts motored to Shamrock Saturday.

W. F. Moore of Heald was in town Tuesday on business.

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

Mrs. C. E. A. Pollard returned Sunday from a visit with relatives at Groon.

Miss Estelle Cooper of White Deer came in Saturday to attend school.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Coffey and son visited the oil well at Shamrock Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Patty, Mr. and Mrs. D. Patty and baby returned Wednesday from Fort Worth.

R. L. Harlan of Gracey was in the city Wednesday.

Jim McMurtry of Clarendon was a McLean visitor Wednesday.

Miss Jenn Word returned Wednesday from a visit at Quanah.

J. T. Glass returned Wednesday from a business trip to Wichita, Kans.

J. R. Hindman left Tuesday for Littlefield to attend the Presbyterian meeting of the Presbyterian church.

Miss Lena Davidson of Ramsdell came in Monday to enter the McLean school.

J. M. Carpenter and J. A. Ashby were Shamrock visitors Tuesday.

Buck Whately of Groon came in Sunday to attend our school.

Dr. True of Amarillo is visiting D. C. Trigg.

Enoch Bentley and Mrs. J. D. Redwine were Clarendon visitors Tuesday.

Misses Gertrude Wingo and Gladys Hicks were Alanreed visitors Wednesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Dolph Burrows and children of Conway visited relatives here Thursday.

FOR SALE or trade for cows.—Three thoroughbred red polled bulls. These bulls are from heavy milk cows. J. S. Howard. tfc.

FOR SALE.—Half gallon fruit jars, at 75c. a doz. Hindman Hotel, p.

FOR SALE.—One Ford truck in good condition, cheap. J. S. Howard. tfc.

Buy labels for your sorghum syrup at the News office. 1

One 3/4 H. P. kerosene engine in good condition for sale cheap. Inquire at News office. 1

FOR SALE.—One 5 room house in north part of town. This is good property and must be sold. Also one kitchen cabinet good as new. One good 5 room house for rent. J. S. Howard. tfc

FOR SALE.—Wanted to hear from owner of farm or good unimproved land for sale, this vicinity. L. Jones, Box 812, Olney, Ill. 1p

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Frank Wofford of Shamrock was in the city on business Wednesday.

E. J. Gething of Northfork was a McLean visitor Wednesday.

Rex Roby left Sunday night for Bethany, Okla., to attend school.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Rippy, who are here from Electra, A. P. Rippy and Mrs. Nida Green left Wednesday for Amarillo to visit relatives.

Rev. and Mrs. J. S. Huckabee left Wednesday for Vega to visit relatives.

Mrs. A. J. Worley and children returned Sunday from Mobeetie.

Mrs. Troy West returned Sunday from the sanitarium at Amarillo.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Graham were Pampa visitors Thursday.

Dr. V. E. vBeuno of Pampa was a McLean visitor Thursday.

Mrs. Fred Russell and children of Clarendon are visiting in the A. T. Russell and M. L. Busch homes.

J. M. Carpenter and J. A. Ashby were Shamrock visitors Tuesday.

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THE IDEAL

Follow thy star through Life's black-shadowed hollow;
Follow that gleam, though never so faint or far;
With all the might of thy soul-sinew, follow thy Star!
So shall these narrow confines fail to bound thee;
So shall the fiend set snares for thee in vain;
So shall the nearing choirs of heaven sound thee a strain.
—Robert Haven Schauffler.

Fred Russell of Clarendon was a McLean visitor Sunday.

Ernest Kramer of Heald was a McLean visitor Thursday.

Everett Watkins of Wheeler is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Watkins.

NO DOUBT

"What did Helen say when you turned out the light and kissed her?"
"She said that she felt as if she never wanted to see my face again."

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE?

First Little Girl—"My father's an editor; what does your father do?"
Second Little Girl—"Whatever mamma tells him."—Lonoke (Ark.) Democrat.

IMMATERIAL

Jud Tunkins says a man who is dead sure he is right isn't likely to have enough responsibility for it to make any difference whether he is or not.—Washington Star.

THE LATEST

"Have you noticed the latest thing in men's clothes?"
"Yes. Women."

Wants

FARM WANTED.—Wanted to hear from owner of farm or good unimproved land for sale, this vicinity. L. Jones, Box 812, Olney, Ill. 1p

FOR SALE.—One 5 room house in north part of town. This is good property and must be sold. Also one kitchen cabinet good as new. One good 5 room house for rent. J. S. Howard. tfc

One 3/4 H. P. kerosene engine in good condition for sale cheap. Inquire at News office. 1

FOR SALE or trade for cows.—Three thoroughbred red polled bulls. These bulls are from heavy milk cows. J. S. Howard. tfc.

FOR SALE.—Half gallon fruit jars, at 75c. a doz. Hindman Hotel, p.

FOR SALE.—One Ford truck in good condition, cheap. J. S. Howard. tfc.

Buy labels for your sorghum syrup at the News office. 1

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New Millinery
The very latest creations from the eastern markets now in stock. Hats for all ages in the stylish colors. Come in and look them over.
MRS. D. A. DAVIS, Milliner in Charge
Mrs. Pauline Sanders
At T. J. Coffey and Brother's Store

"Your Money Back and a New Pair of Shoes Free"
To the Wearer who finds PAPER in the Heels, Insoles, Outsoles or Counters of a Pair of
PETERS WEATHERBIRD SHOES
SOLID LEATHER, STRONGLY PUT TOGETHER
FOR BOYS FOR GIRLS

Built for Service and Good Feet.
We stand squarely behind each pair of our "Weatherbird" shoes because we know they are made right, are
HIGH IN QUALITY AND LOW IN PRICE.
Solid Leather Heels, Insoles, Outsoles, and Counters insure good service.
Scientifically Proportioned Lasts help properly develop the growing feet of your happy, romping boys and girls.
When well worn, "Weatherbirds" can be easily and practically repaired to greatly increase their wear.
All Sizes -- in Shoes and in Oxfords.
T. J. Coffey & Brother

AW, WHAT'S THE USE
By L. F. Van Zelm
© Western Newspaper Union

LO!

I'M GOING OUT AND GIVE THE HOUSE A SECOND COAT TODAY

OH COME IN, MRS. GABBLE — YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR A CUP OF TEA — WE'LL HAVE IT OUT ON THE TERRACE

WHO IS THAT MAN MRS. FEATHERHEAD? — HE'S THE FUNNIEST LOOKING PAINTER I'VE EVER SEEN

WHY — ER —

Oh Fanny, You Story Teller!

— I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW

HARD SLAM ON THE PEDDLER

Editor Gibson of the Greensburg Progressive is plum peeved at a long list of people who are touring the country these days trying to get the name of the unwary householder on the dotted line of divers and sundry contracts and agreements. He says:

"We are flooded with more gents this summer than ever before. They offer you books, stockings, silks, groceries, shirts, patent bath tubs, metal signs, atlases, combs, brushes, cutlery, encyclopedias, road maps, charts, blackboards, dishes, utensils, tinners, micknacks, whatnots, and everything almost from a louse radiator to a reserved seat beyond the pearly gates. They all cut out the middleman who is robbing us right and left, up and down and crossways. If we will only help them in the work by giving them a substantial order they will eliminate the thieves running the stores in this town that are selling shop-rotted goods to us poor victims at two or three prices—but they don't say that will happen to us when we eventually get rid of the burglar. One came into our office recently—he knew all about small town conditions, so we saw our opportunity to learn, and we asked him some questions.

"We asked him if his company would pay our taxes here for us; if when a carnival by local talent needed some extra help the commission agents represented would segregate their quota by returning; if they'd foot the bill for the town's share in the new school building; grade our streets; take care of the cemetery; get us a new fire well out down and a new engine for the light plant; help pay our road markers or fixing the hole stretch north east or south of us; donate to the Red Cross local fund; pay our chauffeurs and chauffettes; die up for a prosperity week—and I couldn't think right off so but all I wanted to ask him and he sort of acted like he wasn't interested in the subject, anyway, so all the satisfaction I got was that he might have some trouble adjusting his ratios so we could collect the money from them for town improvements.

"We rather favor the present system. If there weren't any retail stores here it might be inconvenient. When we were out of salt we could wait till the following Tuesday to order it, and Saturday we could wait having potatoes and down to the depot and get our salt but that don't sound right one way or another. We could say: 'I got word from Skinner's man and he will be here day after tomorrow. You can order that spool of 50 white thread then and it will get here in time next week so you can have baby's bonnet for Sunday after next.' But we doubt if that would be satisfactory all the way around. There may be something the matter with having retail stores, but we can't see it—anyway, these agent-selling long-felt wants that you never felt that you wanted isn't the solution."

Mr. and Mrs. G. O. Phillips went to Groom Saturday to visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Kelly Patterson of Amarillo came in Saturday to visit in the W. S. Copeland home.

Mr. and Mrs. Josh Turner left Sunday for their home at Breckenridge after a visit in the J. Lee Turner home.

Geo. Colebank of Northfork was a McLean visitor Friday.

G. T. Hugg of Heald was in town Friday.

J. I. Watson of Alanreed was a McLean visitor Friday.

TURN ME OVER



CUT OUT THE FAKES AT FAIRS

With state, district, county and local fairs already under way or soon to start, I want once more to suggest that in every instance the grounds be kept free from fakers. Only the clean fair deserves support, and only a fair of this character will be able to continue. Immoral shows, cheap carnivals, and get-the-people's-money concerns of all kinds are not to be countenanced. Cash is not the only consideration in making a successful fair. In truth, it is unfortunate that, out of necessity, so much consideration is given to receipts. The morals of a community are worth very much more than all the money that can be taken in at the gates or realized from the sale of doubtful concessions.

I have heretofore referred to that country fair which has so long had as its motto, "For farmers, not fakers." So far as the local fair goes, this should be the description of all. The faker is a cheat, a fraud and a delusion. The money that he pays out to the fair association for the privilege of fleecing the public represents only a part—generally a small part—of the total which he takes out of the town. So the town is left poorer, and generally the fair association itself is a direct loser, as well as an indirect loser.

I recall the time when gambling, wide open and interrupted, was permitted, if not actually encouraged, at the average county fair. This is no longer true. Fair managers know better, just as do fair visitors. Strangers are not giving something away for nothing. They are out to feather their own nests, these operators of snide and spurious schemes. The association that treats 'em rough, shows 'em the gate, and tells 'em to "light out" does well.—Iowa Homestead.

Wallace Rainwater of Alanreed was a McLean visitor Saturday.

Romain Pugh of Heald was in town Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Upham and baby of Panhandle came in Friday for a few days' visit in the W. B. Upham home.

CHEAPENED BEAUTY

These beauty contests and bathing suit revues are getting a bit too common. The are getting to be demoralizing. Probably the time has not been long since when they would have been considered demoralizing to the spectator. But since that time there have come changes, one way or another, in the dress of modern-day women and in the thinking, it may be, of modern-day men which leave the frankness of nature but little adorned and the response of the beholder but little moved in displays which would have shocked and perhaps outraged former generations. The demoralization, now-a-days in such displays is to the displayed.

If you doubt it, witness the rivalry that marks the choosing of a Queen of this or that. Mothers and daughters alike lose all sense, apparently, of relative values and throw away all reserve in seeking opportunity to parade before the eyes of boor and beau alike that which womanhood at its most wholesome loveliness withholds from the curious gaze. To the better taste there is a similitude between the beauty show and the livestock show which is not pleasant to think upon. In the long ago, before it was thought that women had souls, buyers and sellers of slaves had such shows and inspected the physical perfection of those they regarded as but beautiful human cattle. To the modern mind the practice is revolting because of the indignities offered to the sanctity of human freedom and of feminine personality.

Yet we have come upon a time when maidenly comeliness submits itself eagerly to an inspection no less callous and calculating. Where

have our Vashtis gone that every lass with a lovely form and winsome face is all but distraught to make a show of them before the flippant crowd? Every lass? No, not so; some there are to whom beauty is a sacred gift, a sparkling gem fittingly set only in that companion pricelessness of womanhood—modesty. And in valuing it so they have placed not a lower worth upon it, but a higher.—Dallas News.

A CODE THAT WOULD WORK

Thomas R. Marshall, former vice president, would repeal all laws and enact in their place the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule, relying for their enforcement upon the conscience of the American people.

There are many in the Christian world who are of the opinion that this simple, ancient code of right living would work. But the self-important legislators will never, we may be sure, give the people a chance to try the experiment. The Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule are too easy to understand; they must needs be cloaked with legal phraseology before they will be o. k'd by our political fathers. If the Golden Rule and the Ten Commandments were to be written, wrapped up in a smoke screen of words, and issued in fifty ponderous volumes, probably they would stand some show of being approved by our worthy law makers as the New Revised Statutes. As it is, they are easily interpreted, they leave no loop-holes, they are not contradictory, they do not require a supreme court to find the right meaning—in brief, they are a bit passe, don't you know, for the tates of the modern

variety of statesmen.—Farm and Ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Ezzell, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Faulkner were Alanreed visitors Sunday.

O. P. Hommel of Alanreed was a McLean visitor Monday.

Miss Gladys Hicks returned Sunday from Amarillo.

Mrs. Hattie Jordan left Friday night for Ft. Cobb, Okla., after a visit with her sister, Mrs. Sarah Rice.

S. R. Loftin of Alanreed had business in our city Tuesday.

W. C. Stanton was in from south of town with his second bale of cotton Saturday.

John Lowe of Alanreed was a McLean visitor Saturday.

MODERN—YEA, MODERN

Mame—"What kind of eyes do you like in man? Do you like brown, blue, black or gray eyes?" Sade—"I don't care what color they have so long as they have 'greenbacks.'"

A NOBLE DUB

"I dub thee knight," the old king said. But therein is the rub; His polished words might well have read, "I herewith knight thee, dub."

McLean Filling Station

Oils, Gas and Accessories
W. GINN, Mgr.

Farm Insurance

The man on the farm needs insurance, just the same as the city man. Mr. Farmer, are your improvements protected by a good fire insurance policy? If not, you had better let me write you one that will protect you against financial loss in case of fire.

T. N. Holloway

Reliable Insurance

CLARENDON NURSERY CO.

A. L. BRUCE & SONS
Clarendon, Texas

Let us beautify your home and town with our high grade flowers and shrubs.

Plan to plant another tree during 1923-1924.

S. A. COBB, McLean, Agent

REAL DRAY SERVICE

We excel in Service because we have more experience and better equipment, so our customers say.

KUNKEL BROS

DON'T

let your eyes undermine your health.

Come have them tested.

John B. Vannoy
Optometrist and Jeweler

"The Stone Eternal"

NATIONAL MARBLE AND GRANITE CORPORATION

Dealers in Elberton blue granite, "The Stone Eternal," creole, white and silver gray Georgia marble.

From the costliest mauspleum to the cheapest marker. Special designing department for all monuments costing over \$150. I can save you money. All jobs are set up jobs.

37-tfc

BOB ASHBY, Agent

The Cliff Dwellers

Had a Good Excuse for Doing Very Little Remodeling
Provided by nature, the wall of a rocky cliff offered limited possibilities for those pre-historic people to improve into an artistic home. But those limitations don't apply to your home.

LET US HELP YOU PLAN YOUR IMPROVEMENTS

A few slight changes may make your old house far more comfortable and attractive. The cost for improvements is comparatively small when you consider the value they add to your property.

We can supply the necessary materials at the lowest prices.

Cicero Smith Lbr. Co.
Phone 3
W. T. Wilson, Mgr.

The Boy's Work

The boy's most important work—regardless of the amount he might otherwise earn—is to complete his high school education and so fit himself for success in later life.

Parents owe it to their sons to see that they get their chance.

Boys owe it to themselves to make the most of opportunities open to them.

The boy belongs in school—keep him there.

The Citizens State Bank

A Guaranty Fund Bank
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$32,750.00
J. S. MORSE, President
CLAY THOMPSON, Cashier

Now's the Time

To see the pretty new dresses for fall—new and fascinating in favored fabrics and styles—

These silk and cloth dresses of flat crepes, cantons, twills and wool crepes are fashioned in clever unbelted coat styles, straight lined models with novel draped effects, and long fitted waists with flaring circular skirts, long flowing sleeves, or semi-fitting with flaring cuffs. Varied colored bead trimmings, embroidered motifs and yards of novelty ribbon add clever touches.

Style, dash and quality are conspicuous in all the dresses we have assembled here awaiting your selection.

\$8.75 and gradually ranging up to \$35.00.

At Least Come in and Look Around

We don't want you to feel under any obligations to buy—we are glad to have you come in and look around. We want you to see that we can actually supply your needs best. Comparison of our goods and values with those obtainable elsewhere we know will convince you of it.

Suede Slippers

Black—Tan—Log Cabin

\$6.50

A NICE PLACE TO BUY YOUR DRY GOODS

Frank Wofford

McLean, Texas

ALWAYS GLAD

TO

SEE

YOU

say, as well

as. There will

be done to insure

their money's worth.

News From Gracey

By Special Correspondent.
 Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Ray, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Allston made a business trip to Amarillo last week.
 Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Lakey and children of Back visited in the B. D. Fondren home Sunday.
 A. E. Ayers is re-building his house on his farm this week.
 Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Belew returned Sunday from Clarendon.
 R. L. Allston left Sunday for Amarillo, where he will attend school this winter.
 Misses Leora, Lorce and Beatrice Kinard and Leeta Bush are attending school at McLean this year.
 Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Johnson and daughter, Miss Ada Lee, of McLean spent the week end with their children here.
 Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Lee and Truman Loyd went to Lipscomb Saturday, returning Sunday.
 The club met with Mrs. M. H. Kinard Friday. Each carried a dish and a jolly time is reported.

BAPTIST LADIES' DINNER

The Baptist ladies will serve dinner on Saturday, Oct. 6, the second day of the Fair.

JONES' FUNERAL

I see them hauling Jones to the cemetery. The funeral procession is one of the most magnificent I ever saw. He passed away quietly last night. He had been a useful man many years ago, but in his declining years after he had spent half a life working for himself and mankind in general, he made one mistake which caused him to lose the fortune he had amassed at a most honorable calling. Then he lost his prestige. Those once nearest him shunned him from that date to his death. But now as death had claimed him, all have forgotten his failure and remember him as the good old Jones of a long time ago. The funeral procession had reached the grave. Many are there with flowers to spread over the little mound under which Jones must sleep. The coffin is taken from the hearse and scores gaze upon the smiling, yet serene face and whisper kind words. Jones is about to be placed in the ground when he arises, points his finger toward the assemblage, and in a deep, doleful voice, says: "Speak no kind words for Jones now. He is dead and your praise will do him no good. Before death, when his bosom was an ocean of trouble, rolling and tossing in its billows of fury, forcing its way at times through the eye lids in briny tears, not one of you would say 'Peace be still,' when you could have calmed the storm."

"No, Jones wants none of your soft soap now. He got many large bars of that article when he lived in a gilded palace."

"When he fell and tried to rise you scorned and kicked him; when he was thirsty, you gave him no drink; when he was hungry, you fed him not; when he was sick you paid him no visits, and he does not want you to act the hypocrite at his grave."

"If you have kind words to utter speak them to the living."

"Write no obituary for Jones. Dead folks never read obituaries. You failed to sing for Jones when he could hear your song, and he does not ask you to chant anthems for him now."

"When Jones stood with one foot in the grave, you said that he was going to hell, and he does not want you to write on his tomb that he has gone to heaven. He does not want to sleep under a lie. Do not write on the marble slab: 'A precious one from us has gone. A voice we loved is still.'"

"For from the very time I ceased to feed and clothe you, you hated me, you hated me, and if I were alive today your hatred for me would be as great as it was yesterday."

"You gave Jones no flowers when he was alive and they have neither fragrance nor beauty for him now. Give your loops of laurels and wreaths of roses to live people."—Selected.

YOUR MEMORY

An exceptionally keen memory is often a sign of ill health, claims the medical editor of the London Times. A new idea this, that there is apt to be something physically at fault with the person who remembers too much of the past, especially the unpleasant.

Strong and healthy people seem to forget the unpleasant things of life—dismiss them from their minds as we discard old rubbish not worth further thought.

Unhealthy, particularly the neuroasthenics, garden their minds with memories. They keep disquieting memories of pain, nurse and coax them, until the person who

The art of forgetting, within reasonable bounds, is as desirable an accomplishment as the development of keen memory. All of us have rough bumps and heartaches in life. If we weren't able to forget them, existence would be dismal, drab.

Memory has to do with the past. The man with keen memory is often anchored back yonder. Quite the reverse of the man with the ability to forget; he has rung down the final curtain on the past; is living in the present and for the future.

Europe's chief trouble is its inability to forget the prejudices, injustice and hatreds of the past.

Forgetting is not an accident; it's an effort of the will power, claims the London medical editor. The stronger our will power, the easier for us to blot the past from our conscious minds.

The jovial healthy person with the art of forgetting has a great advantage. He may not be able to entirely ignore the unpleasantness of life as they come along, but he at least doesn't meet them with a magnifying glass.

A good memory is most valuable when accompanied by a good forgettery.—Amarillo Daily News.

SOMEBODY'S HERO

It makes no difference how much of a dub a fellow happens to be and how generally the thing is known, somewhere in the community or in a community close by is a girl who thinks he is a king. You can't tell her anything about the counterfeit. He is her hero. She knows the other girls knock because they are jealous, and the men are against him because he is smart. The matrimonial bargain counter contains a lot of shoddy stuff. It looks all right in the day time and the price seems very reasonable. It is only after you get it home and begin to wear it that you discover how hard you have been stung. Daughter isn't the only one in the family taken in. Father and mother frequently fall for the shoddy stuff. One of the biggest dubs I ever

knew married the prettiest and smartest girl in town. The brightest fellow and best hustler in our town was caught in the net of the most worthless girl on the townsite. She couldn't do anything but make a fool out of herself. The funny thing about it was that the smart fellow was crazy about his fool wife and they never had a particle of trouble. The pretty girl who married the dub was perfectly satisfied with her lot, all of which goes to show that it is nobody's business who somebody else marries. Besides, the average person has about all he can do to attend to his own fireside and keep the flame of love shining brightly.—Osborne Farmer.

TEN COMMANDMENTS OF BUSINESS

Handle the hardest jobs first each day. Easy ones are pleasures. Do not be afraid of criticism—criticise yourself often.

Be glad and rejoice in the other fellow's success—study his methods.

Do not be misled by dislikes—acid ruins the finest fabrics.

Be enthusiastic it is contagious. Do not have the notion that success means simply money-making.

Be fair, and do at least one decent act every day in the year.

Honor the chief. There must be a head to everything.

Have confidence in yourself and make yourself fit.

Harmonize your work. Let sunshine radiate and penetrate.

Patronize Advertisers

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Turner and baby of Groom came in Tuesday to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Cook and daughter, Miss Ruby, and Miss Altha Bridge visited Mrs. G. H. Aldous at Shamrock Monday.

Miss Margaret Miller came in Saturday to teach in our school.

G. L. Armstrong of Heald was in the city Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Bacon of Back were trading in McLean Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Cobb and children of Northfork visited relatives in McLean Friday and Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Easterling of Alarreed were McLean visitors Saturday.

T. J. Kelley of Alarreed has renewed his subscription to The News.

Archie Grigsby has our thanks for a subscription to The News to Sam Davison of Meadow.

C. H. Harbison of Heald was in town Saturday.

C. S. RICE
Funeral Director
 Calls answered day or night.
 Phones—13 and 42

ROAD LAWS
 All states now have road laws, but in Texas they are not well respected. Traveling through the Northwest and West, where the laws are rigidly enforced and then entering Texas the autoist observes quite a contrast. All through the western states drivers are required to get off the regular roadway before stopping their cars for any purpose, thus leaving the way open for traffic to continue unobstructed. In Texas it's different, for you soon observe that motorists almost invariably stop their cars right in the beaten path and often two or more will be found stopped side by side, thus completely blocking traffic. We are not sure what Texas road laws say about this but the practice is plain enough to be seen. Cars are now too numerous for carelessness in road rules, and a strict observance of them constitutes the only safety.—Childrens Post.

Mesdames Susie Mae Redwine and Vick Shelton were Shamrock visitors Thursday of last week.

Misses Bertie and Retha Hooper of Ochiltree are visiting their grand-

mother, Mrs. C. E. A. Pollard.
 Little Misses Claudine and Betty Lee Cox returned to their home at Oklahoma City Saturday after a few days' visit with their aunt, Mrs. R. F. Sanders.

VULCANIZING.
FISK TIRES.
PETE'S VULCANIZING SHOP

Star Service Station
 Texhoma Gasoline, Oil and Greases, Amalie Oils
 Tires, Tubes and Accessories
 Courteous Service—Drive In
 W. O. HOMMEL, Prop.

Storage

We have plenty of room to store your car where it will not be crowded or damaged by other cars moving in and out. Let us store your car for the school term. Our garage is located conveniently to the school house, and the school children will get the same courteous treatment that all our customers do. Don't ruin your car by letting it stand out in the weather all winter when a few cents a day will keep it in one of the best store rooms in the city.

We Sell **STUDEBAKER** Cars
Cousins Motor Co.
 All Work Strictly Guaranteed
 Repairing, Storage, Gas, Oils and Accessories
 Day Phone 172 SERVICE CAR Night Phone 141

School Lunches

We have the dainty foods you need for the children's lunch basket—foods that are light, appetizing and wholesome. And then we have all the staple foods that are kept clean and fresh at our store. In our hardware department you will find pencils, tablets and supplies of this kind. Send the children to our store; they will receive the attention and service that makes this store the favorite family store. You can't find fresher groceries, better service or lower prices than at

Haynes Grocery Company
 Phone 23
 We Make the Price—Others try to Follow

Magnolia Petroleum Co.
 C. J. CASH, Agent
 Day Phone 184 Night Phone 101

Hill & Ledbetter
 Attorneys at Law
 McLean, Texas

V. H. MOORE
 Auctioneer
 Wheeler, Texas

Johnnie Back
 Cleaning and Pressing
 Always Leading in Style
 Service and Quality
 HIGH GRADE CLOTHES
 TAILORED TO MEASURE

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

Tan-No-More
 "The Skin Beautifier"
 35¢ 60¢ & 1.00 The Jar
 AT TOILET COUNTERS
 SAMPLE MAILED ON REQUEST
BAKER LABORATORIES
 INCORPORATED
 MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

Ladies' Hats \$4.98

A new shipment of the very latest styles in ladies' hats are on sale for this week only, at the very special price of \$4.98 each. Come in and see this lot before they are picked over. Don't forget our stock of shoes, dry goods and notions.

MRS. W. T. WILSON
 "THE LITTLE STORE" NEXT DOOR TO P. O.

FURNITURE and FLOOR COVERINGS

As our crops are beyond the prospect stage, we wish to announce that we are re-stocking our furniture and floor covering departments. As there has been little or no demand for this class of merchandise for the last year we had let this department get very low.

We are ready to show you at this time a fine assortment of linoleums and some rugs, with many other rugs on the road. We do not feel that there will be any cheaper prices prevailing this year, and we would appreciate very much to have a chance to figure on any article that you might be going to need.

BUNDY-HODGES
 MERCANTILE COMPANY

FACE POWDER Jonteel



50¢

Clings Wonderfully!

FACE POWDER JONTEEL gives the skin a soft, velvety smoothness and beauty. Acceptable to the most sensitive skin, because it is pure. And delightfully fragrant—perfumed with Jonteel, the costly new odor of 26 flowers. Try Face Powder Jonteel.

Erwin Drug Co.
 REXALL AND NYAL REMEDIES
 McLEAN, TEXAS