

THE MCLEAN NEWS

Volume XX.

McLean, Gray County, Texas, Friday, December 21, 1923.

Number 51.

ISAIAH WALTON LEAGUE ORGANIZED AT McLEAN

R. D. Garmon, state game commissioner, was in McLean last week, and while here organized an Isaiah Walton League. The following men were appointed temporary officers of the organization:

J. W. Kibler, president.
J. M. Carpenter, vice president.
Donald Beall, secretary.
Erwin Rice, treasurer.
Thirty men joined the League, and a charter will be secured just as soon as possible. Permanent organization will be perfected when the charter is granted.

The Isaiah Walton League of America is an organization for the protection of all game animals and to stop the reckless waste of our forests and the polluting of our water courses. The League fosters game reserves and fisheries where our game birds and animals may multiply unmolested, and natural lakes and water courses may be stocked with fish and protected until sufficient numbers are grown to justify an open season on them.

There is much to be done along these lines in the McLean community and every farmer and business man should do all in his power to see that our game is properly protected from the hunters who come here every year with no thought of the future, but would kill even the breeding stock of the game birds and animals.

One of the first undertakings of the local league will be to stock one of the large lakes near here with good game fish. If the proper arrangements can be made with the owners of the lake there is no reason why we cannot have as fine fish here in a few years as anywhere in the United States.

NOTICE TO BUSINESS MEN

The News has a big line of calendar and wall pocket samples for 1925. You will find as large a variety and as fine work as any out-of-town agent can furnish you and the price will be less. We will call on you before January 15th with this line. Please do not give your order until you have a chance to figure with us.

KENNEDY BUYS HOME

Will E. Kennedy of Alanreed has bought the place now occupied by "Happy" Sims, from Rev. J. S. Hucksbee and will move about the first of the year.

MRS. KIBLER ENTERTAINS SUNDAY SCHOOL CALSS

Mrs. J. W. Kibler entertained her Sunday school class with a slumber party last Friday night. Seven girls report a very pleasant time.

PENTECOSTAL REVIVAL

Rev. J. E. Osborne of Carter, Okla., will begin a meeting at the Pentecostal Mission on Thursday night, Dec. 27. The public is invited to attend.

THE NEW AUTO TAX

Have you seen the new tax rate on automobiles? Better read it, for it is real interesting. The tax rate has been more than doubled on all makes of cars. Can you name any kind of graft that beats it? If so, "spit" it out, for we want to hear it. Our tax makers must be comparing the automobile to the saloon. When they needed more tax money they just added more tax to the sale of liquor and the money was forthcoming. Nowadays the automobile is just as much of a necessity as the cow, the horse, or farming implements used on the farm. Yet they are trying to keep the poor man down and out by taxing his auto until he will have to ride old Kate or Pete to town, thus consuming a half day's time, when only twenty or thirty minutes will be required if he jumps into his jitney and motors to town over a broken part to his binder, plow or thrasher. We have read quite a bit about this tax graft but did not take notice until they began to try to tax the jitneys out of the farmer's hands.—Claude News.

Robert Stokes of Shawnee, Okla., visited home folks the first of the week. Robert is fireman on the Rock Island railroad, and had his name added to our list of subscribers while here so that he can keep in touch with local affairs.

Mrs. Wofford of Shamrock is visiting her son, Horace, this week.

Our Christmas Thoughts

IF HUMAN NATURE is the combination of self-seeking, ambition and greed which some materialistic philosophers assert it is; if life is a contest in which all finer sentiments are subordinated to self-advancement and success at any price, how is it that the spirit of Christmas has not only endured but grown in power during nearly 2,000 years? If the pessimists are right, it would seem that the light would have been extinguished long since and with it the spirit would have departed.

Were history and our daily lives not replete with evidences—noble evidences too—of the unselfishness in men's hearts, we might be impressed with the teachings of the sordid and the carpings of the morbid. Christmas is the symbol and a celebration of love—love which is synonymous with charity and which our purest teaching tells us is the finest attribute of the soul. We, who during the past few weeks have watched the Yuletide preparations, are prepared to say that they represent a beautiful manifestation of that attribute.

We have noted the working girl taking home at night her parcels; contributions wrung from the dole of her necessities, in order that she may testify to her love and bring a measure of cheer to some child, some relative, some friend. Tired from her daily toil mayhap, but in her eyes that something which transcends all fatigue; transcends, in fact, everything else in the world and comparable only to that which shone from a mother's eyes upon the Babe in Bethlehem. Friends, in the face of these and so many other manifestations which we are all witnessing during this season, what right has one of us to say that the Light of the World grows dimmer?

Our hearts tell us there is no dimming. Let us be thankful for the extra radiance of Christmas. Let us seek to carry it into our daily lives. Our wish is, that this occasion, at least, will help all of us to forget our tribulations and sorrows, our complaints and animosities, and that it will be to all a day of cheer and everything which Yuletide typifies. The words of Tiny Tim have never been improved upon and we here invoke them: "God bless us all!"

THE PUBLISHERS

(Copyright, 1923)

AMARILLO TO HAVE ANOTHER AFTERNOON PAPER

Announcement has been made that Amarillo will have another afternoon daily paper, the first issue to be printed some time in February.

This paper will be owned by a Kansas syndicate, composed of three members of the Atchison Globe force and Congressman Dan Anthony, publisher of the Leavenworth Times.

JUDGE GOUGH WILL SPEAK HERE SATURDAY

Judge Gough of Amarillo will make an address of interest to grain sorghum growers next Saturday, Dec. 22, at 2 p. m. at the Legion Theatre. Everyone interested is expected to be present and hear the address.

J. L. Hens and family of Enterprise were enroute to the city Wednesday.

Van and Bill Webb of Mobeetie were McLean visitors Wednesday.

J. I. Watson of Alanreed was in the city Wednesday.

N. S. Ray made a business trip to Amarillo Tuesday.

D. L. Hall of Alanreed was in the city on business Wednesday.

S. C. Richardson of Slavonia was a McLean visitor Wednesday.

CHRISTMAS EXERCISES AT THE BAPTIST S. S.

The secret is out. The Christmas committee of the Baptist Sunday school could not keep the people guessing any longer, so Wednesday night it was made known that they have planned for a radio station, and Santa Claus and his wife are to arrive by radio and deliver all the presents. Santa has sent word that all the people who will bring presents and leave them at the radio tower in the church on Christmas Eve, he will take delight in delivering them. REPORTER.

REAL ESTATE CHANGE

A deal was made this week whereby J. W. Wilkins became the owner of the W. P. Roberts home; consideration, \$2,500. This home is new and modern, and when sidewalks and curbing is put in will be one of the most desirable residences in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Ollie Hommel were Alanreed visitors Tuesday.

Sam Pakan of Slavonia was a McLean visitor Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Vester Smith left Tuesday for Amarillo, where Mr. Smith underwent an operation for appendicitis.

Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Bones of Ramsdell were in town Wednesday.

CHRISTMAS TREE AT PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

The committee is working hard and arranging a nice program to be given in connection with our Xmas tree. All who have presents to place on the tree are urged to have them ready between the hours of 1 and 5 in the afternoon of Dec. 24, as a committee will be on hand to care for them.

We will have preaching at both the morning and evening hours next Sunday. The morning subject will be "The Star of Hope." Evening subject, "But Now They Have no Cloak for Their Sin." W. P. Roberts, Pastor.

A QUIET TOWN CHRISTMAS

It is generally understood that all places of business in McLean will be closed all day Christmas. This is a custom that is generally practiced all over the country and will doubtless not inconvenience anyone.

Roy Dee of Amarillo bought a supply of Christmas candy and nuts in McLean Wednesday.

Mrs. H. Longan of Ramsdell was shopping in the city Wednesday.

Jno. W. Kibler and Byrd Guill were Ramsdell visitors Tuesday.

Andy Nelson of Gracey was a McLean visitor Wednesday.

TAGGART TO HEAD CITY SCHOOLS NEXT YEAR

The board of trustees for the McLean Independent School District has employed Prof. T. A. Taggart as superintendent of the schools for next year's term.

Supt. Taggart is now serving his first term in our schools and his work is pleasing to the board and patrons. His selection as head of the schools for next term assures us that the present high standard will be maintained.

Other members of the faculty will be selected at a later date.

W. H. M. S. ELECTS OFFICERS

At a business meeting of the Home Mission Society of the Methodist church this week the following officers were elected:

Mrs. S. A. Cousins, president.
Mrs. Clay Thompson, vice president.
Mrs. A. F. Hansen, recording secretary.
Mrs. E. T. McGleskey, corresponding secretary.
Mrs. R. S. Jackson, treasurer.
Mrs. J. M. Noel, supt. of local work and voice agent.
Mrs. J. S. Haddock, supt. children's work.
Mrs. C. C. Cook, supt. Bible study.
Mrs. G. W. Street, supt. mission study.
Mrs. Scott Johnston, supt. social service, supplies and literature.

YES, WE HAVE A HOG

Two weeks ago we inserted a small ad wanting to buy a dressed hog. There are more hogs in the country than we thought, and people are still calling us up about the matter. One curious fact was that several men who do not take The News offered to sell us hogs, proving our contention that everybody reads The News. If you want to buy or sell anything, we recommend an ad in our paper. It works for us and others who have tried it.

CHRISTMAS TREE

There will be a Christmas tree at the Methodist church Christmas Eve night. A program will be rendered and an offering made for the orphanage.

The following program will be given, beginning at 7 o'clock:

Song by congregation.
Prayer by pastor.
Song, "Angels Are Watching—Beginners and Juniors."
Reading, "A Christmas Thought"—Gorda Lou Haynes.
Reading, "A Polite Boy"—Noel Edgar Thompson.
Song, "Calm and Still"—Intermediate girls.
Reading, "Christmas Company"—Cleone West.
Tableau, "The Christ Child."
Reading, "Making Christmas Presents"—Joellene Vannoy.
A Christmas Dialogue, "Squire Hawley's Christmas."
Act 1—Squire Hawley's Objection.
Act 2—A Christmas Surprise.
Characters:
Squire Hawley—Elton Johnston.
Mrs. Hawley—Johnnie Villa Haynes.
George (the son)—Ben Howard.
Nora (the daughter)—Dorothy Cousins.
Rev. Williams (the preacher)—S. A. Cousins Jr.
Katie (the maid)—Lorene Sparks.
Mrs. Bass (a poor widow)—Margaret Johnston.
Frank (her son)—Crystal Christian.
Josie (her daughter)—Sybil Graham.

SCHOOL GIVES TWO WEEKS' VACATION

The McLean school will take a two weeks' vacation for the holidays, beginning Monday, Dec. 24.

Mr. and Mrs. Troy West were Amarillo visitors Tuesday.

Mrs. L. V. Lonsdale and little son left Tuesday for their home at Los Angeles, Calif., after an extended visit with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Montgomery.

Harry Overton of Liberty was a McLean visitor Tuesday.

W. L. Haynes made a business trip to Abilene the first of the week.

S. R. Kennedy of Alanreed was a McLean visitor Wednesday.

THE POSTAL HIGHWAY & SUNSET NATIONAL TRAIL

By M. D. Bentley

At a recent meeting of the Postal Highway convention at Elk City, Okla., it was decided to engage a capable man as a traveling representative of the association, whose duty among other things would be to travel over the road from Oklahoma City to Amarillo all the time and work with the different towns and communities and commissioners, and see to it that the road is kept in good condition. This convention seemed to be very enthusiastic about the importance of a great highway that would not only accommodate our own people but would bring a steady stream of tourists along our way, which would bring great and good results to our community too numerous to mention, but which we are all familiar with. As the highway question now stands we are in line for Federal and State aid on this Postal Highway, if we will only meet the requirements, and it was the sense of the convention in Elk City that by engaging a competent man as above mentioned that we could meet the requirements. Then since this move was started the National Sunset Trail has looked over this same route and expressed a preference of this route for their great highway.

This would be a great boost for every community that should be fortunate enough to receive it. This Sunset route would not in any way conflict with the plan of the Postal route, but would only make our obligation stronger and our benefits greater. The writer was unavoidably absent from the last C. of C. meeting, but we hope and believe that our farsighted, enterprising citizens will see the importance of this proposition and respond cheerfully, as they have always done, to this call. Let's raise our portion of the necessary funds to put this project over, as was promised at the Elk City meeting. There can be no question as to the importance of this move, and if we do not step out and grasp these opportunities now, it might be too late, for they will pass this way once only.

This little article is written only in the interest of the whole community through the medium of good roads and the benefits they bring.

AMARILLO TRI-STATE EXPOSITION SEPT. 20-30

Amarillo, Dec. 18.—The Amarillo Tri-State Exposition will be held in Amarillo on September 20th to 30th, (inclusive) in 1924.

These dates have been secured in order to co-operate and conform with other regional and state organizations where circuits for horse racing and other attractions of amusement and recreation have been made, thus affording for the people in this portion of the state a much better Exposition in 1924.

METHODIST SUNDAY SCHOOL

R. N. Ashby, Supt. Do not forget the Xmas tree at the Methodist church. The offering will go to the orphanage. Let us make it good. Bring your presents early.

MISS BLANTON GIVEN CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Austin, Dec. 19.—Miss Annie Webb Blanton, adjunct professor of educational administration in the University of Texas, and former state superintendent of public instruction, has just been presented with a Christmas present of \$500 by the Parent-Teacher Associations and Mothers' Congress of Texas as a token of appreciation of her services rendered the public schools of the state.

C. G. Nicholson of Enterprise was trading with McLean merchants last Thursday.

Geo. R. Reneau of Heald was a McLean visitor Thursday of last week.

Sheriff E. S. Graves has renewed his subscription to The News.

Attorney H. B. Hill of Shamrock was a business visitor in our city Monday.

Walter Bailey of Gracey was a McLean visitor Thursday of last week.

Attorney Marion Reynolds of Shamrock was in town one day this week.

The BROWN MOUSE

By HERBERT QUICK

(Copyright by The Bobbs-Merrill Company)

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I—Jennie Woodruff contemptuously refuses to marry Jim Irwin, a young farm hand, because of his social condition and poor prospects.

CHAPTER II—More as a joke than wise Jim is selected as teacher of Woodruff district school.

CHAPTER III—Jim, in his new position, sets out to make staunch friends, especially two boys, Ezra Bronson and "Buddy" Simms, the son of a shiftless farmer.

CHAPTER IV—Jim's conduct of the school, where he endeavors to teach children the wonders of nature and some of the scientific methods of teaching, as well as "book learning," is disapproved.

CHAPTER V—Jennie Woodruff is elected for the position of county superintendent of schools. The school grows bitter in its opposition to her and his innovations.

CHAPTER VI—At a public meeting a roundly condemned the methods of teaching in the rural schools and makes his friends thereby.

CHAPTER VII—A delegation of prominent women condemn Jim's methods of teaching, but he is stoutly defended by his pupils, especially Newton Bronson.

CHAPTER VIII—Jim has Christmas dinner at Colonel Woodruff's, and listening to him, Jennie begins to do some thinking concerning his ability and his prospects.

CHAPTER IX—In the evening Jim, as well as he knows how, courts Jennie, without, however, making much progress, though she is quickly losing her poor opinion of him.

CHAPTER X—Jennie, elected county superintendent of schools, receives so many complaints from people of the district concerning Jim's methods of teaching that she finally hereafter is compelled formally to ask for his resignation. After she has left, Jim is visited by Colonel Woodruff, who strongly urges him to refuse to resign, and offers to back him. Jim agrees to stick, for a while at least.

CHAPTER XI—A meeting of the school board, which had been gathered to "get" Jim, is confronted by Jennie, who upholds him. He conducts an examination of his pupils at the meeting, to prove that he is not neglecting their "book learning" by the introduction of other subjects which he considers of importance. The splendid answering made by the children convinces many who had doubted to his views.

CHAPTER XII—The novel ideas which Jim has introduced have been talked about outside the county, and he is visited by Professor Withers, extension lecturer at the state university, who invites him to deliver an address at the next annual meeting of the Farmers' institute.

CHAPTER XIII—Professor Withers is impressed by many of the innovations made by Irwin, and so informs Colonel Woodruff and Jennie, somewhat to the astonishment of both. The colonel suggests to Jim that he (the colonel) seek election to the school board replacing Cornelius Bonner, implacable enemy of Jim Irwin.

CHAPTER XIV—Feigning sickness Newton Bronson, youngster whom Irwin has redeemed from idleness and fully and set on the right path, and who almost worships the teacher, keeps his father from voting at the school board election. Bronson is a friend of Bonner and would have voted for him. As it is Colonel Woodruff is chosen for the position, owing to Bronson's absence.

CHAPTER XV—Jim convinces the farmers of the district of the advantages to be derived from a co-operative creamery, and it is agreed to establish one. His rise to a position of leadership in the community, and high responsibility has made a distinct difference in Jennie's feelings toward Jim, which she is forced to acknowledge to herself.

CHAPTER XV

The Glorious Fourth.

A good deal of water ran under the Woodruff district bridges in the weeks between the school election and the Fourth of July picnic at Eight-Mile Grove. But few surface indications there were of any change in the little community in this annual gathering of friends and neighbors. Wilbur Smythe made the annual address, and was in rather finer fettle than usual as he paid his fervid tribute to the starry flag, and to this very place as the most favored spot in the best county of the greatest state in the most powerful, intellectual, freest and most progressive nation in the best possible of worlds.

Jim Irwin read the Declaration rather well. Jennie Woodruff thought, as she sat on the platform between Doucan Avery, the oldest settler in the district, and Mrs. Columbus Brown, the sole local representative of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Colonel Woodruff presided in his Grand Army of the Republic uniform.

The fresh northwest breeze made free with the oaks, elms, hickories and box elders of Eight-Mile Grove, and the waters of Pickler creek glistened a hundred yards away, beyond the sitting figures of the boys who preferred to shoot off their own fire-crackers and torpedoes and nigger-chasers, rather than to listen to those of Wilbur Smythe. Still farther off could be heard the voice of a lone lemonade

vender as he advertised ice-cold lemonade, made in the shade, with a brand-new spade, by an old maid, as a guaranty that it was the blameliest, coldest lemonade ever sold.

Under the shadiest trees a few incorrigible Marthas were spreading the snowy table-cloths on which would soon be placed the bountiful repasts stored in ponderous wicker baskets and hamper. It was a lovely day, in a lovely spot—a good example of the miniature forests which grew naturally from time immemorial in favored locations on the Iowa prairies—half a square mile of woodland, all about which the green corn rows stood aslant in the cool breeze, waist-high and laid by.

They were passing down the rough board steps from the platform after the exercises had terminated in a rousing rendition of "America," when Jennie Woodruff, having slipped by everybody else to reach him, tapped Jim Irwin on the arm. He looked back at her over his shoulder with his slow gentle smile.

"Isn't your mother here, Jim?" she asked. "I've been looking all over the crowd and can't see her."

"She isn't here," answered Jim. "I was in hopes that when she broke loose and went to your Christmas dinner she would stay loose—but she went home and scolded back into her rut."

"Too bad," said Jennie. "She'd have had a nice time if she had come."

"Yes," said Jim. "I believe she would."

"I want help," said Jennie. "Our hamper is terribly heavy. Please!"

It was rather obvious to Mrs. Bonner that Jennie was throwing herself at Jim's head, but that was an article of the Bonner family creed since the decision which closed the hearing at the court house. It must be admitted that the young county superintendent found tasks which kept the school-master very close to her side.

"Sit down, Jim," said Mrs. Woodruff. "you've earned a bite of what we've got. It's good enough, what there is of



"I'm Sorry," said Jim, "but I've a Prior Engagement."

it, and there's enough of it, such as it is!"

"I'm sorry," said Jim, "but I've a prior engagement."

"Why, Jim?" protested Jennie. "I've been counting on you. Don't desert me!"

"I'm awfully sorry," said Jim, "but I promised. I'll see you later."

One might have thought, judging by the colonel's quizzical smile, that he was pleased at Jennie's loss of her former swain.

"We'll have to invite him lonner ahead of time," said he. "He's getting to be in demand."

Jim seemed to be in demand—a fact that Jennie confirmed by observation. He received a dozen invitations as he passed the groups seated on the grass—some of them from Mrs. Cornelius Bonner, who saw no particular point in advertising disgruntlement. The children ran to him and clung to his hands; young girls gave him stately smiles and such trifles as chicken drumsticks, pieces of cake and like tidbits. His passage to the numerous groups at a square table under a big burr oak was quite an ovation—an ovation of the significance of which he was himself quite unaware.

But Jennie—the daughter of a politician and a promising one herself—Jennie sensed the fact that Jim Irwin had won something from the people of the Woodruff district in the way of deference. Still he was the gangling, Lincolnian, ill-dressed, over-stricken Jim Irwin of old, but Jennie had no longer the feeling that one's standing was somewhat compromised by association with him.

He had begun to put on something more significant than clothes, something which he had possessed all the time, but which became valid only as it was publicly apprehended. He was clearly the central figure of his group, in which she recognized the Bronsons, those queer children from Tennessee, the Simmses, the Talcoatts, the Hansens, the Hammus and Colonel Woodruff's hired man, Pete, whose other name is not recorded.

Jim sat down between Bettina Hansen, a flaxen-haired young Brunhilde of seventeen, and Callista Simms—Jennie saw him do it, while listening to Wilbur Smythe's account of the exciting nature of the big law practice he was building up—and would have been glad to exchange places with Bettina.

The repast drew to a close; and over by the burr oak the crowd had grown to a circle surrounding Jim Irwin.

"He seems to be making an address," said Wilbur Smythe.

"Well, Wilbur," replied the colonel, "you had the first shot at us. Suppose we move over and see what's under discussion."

As they approached the group, they heard Jim Irwin answering something

which Ezra Bronson had said. "You think so, Ezra," said he, "and it seems reasonable that big creameries like those at Omaha, Sioux City, Des Moines and the other centralizer points can make butter cheaper than we would do here—but we've the figures that show that they aren't economical."

"They can't make good butter, for one thing," said Newton Bronson cockily.

"Why can't they?" asked Olaf Hansen, the father of Bettina.

"Well," said Newton, "they have to have so much cream that they've got to ship it so far that it gets rotten on the way, and they have to renovate it with lime and other ingredients before they can churn it."

"Well," said Raymond Simms, "I reckon they sell their butter for all its worth; an' they can't get within a froeb to seven cents a pound as much for it as the farmers' creameries in Wisconsin and Minnesota get for theirs."

"That's a fact, Olaf," said Jim.

"How do you kids know so darned much about it?" queried Pete.

"Huh!" sniffed Bettina. "We've been reading about it, and writing letters about it, and figuring percentages on it in school all winter. We've done arithmetic and geography and grammar and I don't know what else on it."

"Well, I'm agin' any schoolin'," said Pete, "that makes kids smarter in farmin' than their parents and their parents' hired men. G' me another swig of that lemonade, Jim!"

"You see," said Jim to his audience, meanwhile pouring the lemonade, "the centralizer creamery is uneconomical in several ways. It has to pay excessive transportation charges. It has to pay excessive commissions to its cream buyers. It has to accept cream without proper inspection, and mixes the good with the bad. It makes such long shipments that the cream spoils in transit and lowers the quality of the butter. It can't make the best use of the buttermilk. All these losses and leaks the farmers have to stand. I can prove—and so can the six or eight pupils in the Woodruff school who have been working on the cream question this winter—that we could make at least six cents a pound on our butter if we had a co-operative creamery and all sent our cream to it."

"Well," said Ezra Bronson, "let's start one."

"I'll go in," said Olaf Hansen.

"Me, too," said Con Bonner.

There was a general chorus of assent. Jim had convinced his audience.

"He's got the jury," said Wilbur Smythe to Colonel Woodruff.

"Yes," said the colonel, "and right here is where he runs into danger. Can he handle the crowd when it's with him?"

"Well," said Jim, "I think we ought to organize one; but I've another proposition first. Let's get together and pool our cream. By that, I mean that we'll all sell to the same creamery, and get the best we can out of the centralizers by the co-operative method. We can save two cents a pound in that way, and we'll learn to co-operate. When we have found just how well we can hang together, we'll be able to take up the co-operative creamery, with less danger of falling apart and falling."

"Who'll handle the pool?" inquired Mr. Hansen.

"We'll handle it in the school," answered Jim.

"School's about done," objected Mr. Bronson.

"Won't the cream pool pretty near pay the expenses of running the school all summer?" asked Bonner.

"We ought to run the school plant all the time," said Jim. "It's the only way to get full value of the investment. And we've corn-club work, pig-club work, poultry work and canning-club work which make it very desirable to keep in session with only a week's vacation. If you'll add the cream pool, it will make the school the hardest working crowd in the district and doing actual farm work, too. I like Mr. Bonner's suggestion."

"Well," said Haakon Peterson, who had joined the group, "ay tank we better have a meeting of the board and discuss it."

"Well, darn it," said Columbus Brown, "I want in on this cream pool—and I live outside the district!"

"We'll let you in, Clumb," said the colonel.

"Sure!" said Pete. "We hain't no more sense than to let any one in, Clumb. Come in the water's fine. We ain't proud!"

"Well," said Clumb, "if this feller is golt' to do school work of this kind, I want in the district, too."

"We'll come to that one of these days," said Jim. "The district is too small."

Wilbur Smythe's car stopped at the distant gate and honked for him—a signal which broke up the party. Haakon Peterson passed the word to the colonel and Mr. Bronson for a board meeting the next evening. The picnic broke up in a dispersion of staid married couples to their homes, and young folks in top buggies to dances and displays of fireworks in the surrounding villages.

Jim walked across the fields to his home—neither old nor young, having neither sweetheart with whom to dance nor farm to demand labor in its inexorable chores. He turned after crawling through a wire fence and looked longingly at Jennie as she was statelyly assisted into the car by the frock-coated lawyer.

"You saw what he did?" said the colonel interrogatively, as he and his daughter sat on the Woodruff veranda that evening. "Who taught him the supreme wisdom of holding back his troops when they grew too wild for a tack?"

"He may lose them," said Jennie. "Not so," said the colonel. "Individuals of the Brown Mouse type always succeed when they find their environment. And I believe Jim has found his."

"Well," said Jennie, "I wish his environment would find him some clothes. It's a shame the way he has to go looking. He'd be nice-looking if he was dressed anyway."

"Oh, then you haven't heard the news," said the colonel. "Jim's going to have his first made-to-measure suit for Ames. It's all fixed."

"Who's making it?" asked Jennie.

"Gustaf Paulsen, the Dane that's just opened a shop in town."

"A Dane?" queried Jennie. "Isn't he Bettina's uncle?"

"Ratherly," said the colonel, "but by reason as how Bettina's Mrs. Hansen's daughter."

Suches are rather important by the difference between a suit made by Atkins, the tailor and one built by Gustaf Paulsen, the new Dane's creation, could not be supposed to be crucially important, even when designed for a very dear friend. And Jim was scarcely that—of course not!

Why, then, did the county superintendent hastily run to her room, and cry? Why did she say to herself that the Hansens were very good people, and well-to-do, and it would be a fine thing for Jim and his mother—and then cry some more?

CHAPTER XVI

Jim Goes to Ames.

Jim had never felt more the upstart uneducated farm-hand than when he was introduced to that audience at Ames by Professor Withers, nor more completely disgraced than when he concluded his remarks. Even the applause was to him a kindly effort on the part of the audience to comfort him in his failure. His only solace was the look in Jennie's eyes.

"Young man," said an old farmer who wore thick glasses and looked



"I Want to Have a Talk With You."

like a Dutch burgomaster, "I want to have a little talk with you."

"This is Mr. Hofmyer of Pottawatomie county," said the dean of the college.

"I'm glad to meet you," said Jim.

"I can talk to you now."

"No," said Jennie. "I know Mr. Hofmyer will excuse you until after dinner. We have a little party for Mr. Irwin, and we shall be late if we don't hurry."

"Where can I see you after supper?" asked Mr. Hofmyer.

Easy it was to satisfy Mr. Hofmyer; and Jim was carried off to a dinner given by County Superintendent Jennie to Jim, the dean, Professor Withers, and one or two others—and a wonderfully select and distinguished company it seemed to Jim. Jennie seized a moment's opportunity to say, "You did beautifully, Jim; everybody says so."

"I failed!" said Jim. "You know I failed. I couldn't remember my speech. I can't stay here feasting. I want to get out in the snow."

"You made the best address of the meeting; and you did it because you forgot your speech," insisted Jennie.

"Does anybody else think so?"

"Why, Jim! You must learn to believe in what you have done. Even Con Bonner says it was the best. He says he didn't think you had it in ye!"

This advice from her to "believe in what you have done"—wasn't there something new in Jennie's attitude here? Wasn't his belief in what he was doing precisely the thing which had made him such a nuisance to the county superintendent? However, Jim couldn't stop to answer the question which popped up in his mind.

"What does Professor Withers say?" he asked.

"He's delighted—silly!"

"Silly!" How wonderful it was to be called "silly"—in that tone.

(Continued Next Week.)

Mrs. A. A. Christian returned Sunday night from a visit with her son at Amarillo.

Mrs. Fred Russell and children of Clarendon are visiting in the M. L. Bush home.

POSTED

No hunting allowed on lands owned by me, in Gray or Wheeler county. Mark Husselby, 46-12c

Magnolia Petroleum Co.

C. J. CASH, Agent

Day Phone 184 Night Phone 101

DISOLUTION NOTICE

On Dec. 15, 1923, the law firm of Hill & Ledbetter was mutually dissolved and each of us will practice law as individuals in the future. We appreciate the practice we have enjoyed while associated together in McLean.

H. B. HILL,
A. A. LEDBETTER.

SENIOR B. Y. P. U.

Subject—Christian Fellowship. Scripture reading—Phil. 2:1-5; 1 Cor. 1:9-10.

Leader—Archie Grigsby. Introduction and Topic 1—Leader. Topics 2 and 3—Lillian Abbott. Topics 4 and 5—Fred Lander. Topic 6—Gladys Holloway. Topics 7 and 8—W. C. Garrett.

Uncle John Dwyer of Peterson Creek was a McLean visitor Saturday.

L. E. Beck and family were shopping in the city Saturday.

B. P. Williams, Amalie oil representative of Wichita Falls, was a pleasant caller at the News office one day last week.

E. J. Lander, Rock Island agent, is a new reader of The News.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Street of Alameda were McLean visitors Monday.

J. H. Easterling of Alameda was a McLean visitor Monday.

Mrs. L. H. McLarty of Lubbock came in Monday to spend Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Campbell.

Mrs. Annie Johnson and children returned to their home at Ada, Okla., Saturday. Mrs. Mollie Flowers accompanied them.

Miss Gertrude Wingo was an Alameda visitor Saturday.

Anson Lee of Gracey was in town last Thursday.

W. A. Lankford of Ramsdell was a McLean visitor Friday.

Ben Tedder of Gracey was in the city Saturday.

Rob Roach of Heald was a McLean visitor Saturday.

Phillip Howard was in from the farm Saturday.

Richard Spinks of Heald was a McLean visitor Saturday.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Women who embroider will be glad to know that they can buy large sheets of carbon paper, 26 by 36 inches, at the News office. These sheets are of the best grade of heavy pencil carbon and sell for only 25c each.

The House of a Million Auto Parts—Oldest & Most Reliable

AMARILLO AUTO WRECKING COMPANY

305 East 3rd St.—Phone 1518

New or Used Parts for all Makes of Cars—Mail Orders on First Train—We Buy Your Old Cars—Jobbers for Warren Ring Gears and Pinions
C. D. DAVIS, Mgr.

REAL DRAY SERVICE

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

KUNKEL BROS



Slippers

New shipment of men and women's felt house slippers for Christmas Beauties. See them.

Panco half soles wear longer than leather for the same price.

JOHN MERTEL

Fine Shoe Repairing

Your Christmas

May you have a Christmas that will linger long in the treasure chest of your memory

The McLean Blacksmith Shop

All Work Guaranteed

Only a Few More Days Till Christmas

Still there is plenty of time to make up your mind to give Son or Daughter a bank account for Christmas. Start them into the New Year with something that will encourage them to plan and build. Place a sum to their credit here and help them get an early insight into banking service.

Service is the leading feature at this bank and it goes right on through the year, after Christmas as well as before.

The Citizens State Bank

A Guaranty Fund Bank

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$25,750.00

J. S. MORSE, President CLAY THOMPSON, Cashier

A QUESTION OF PATRIOTISM

By Harold Bell Wright
 Patriot—One who loves his country and jealously guards its welfare. Dictionary.
 There is one thing upon which all the nations of earth are agreed. It is this: Patriotism, devotion to one's country, is the noblest purpose that can inspire an individual or animate a body of citizens.
 There is one truth that has been demonstrated beyond all question. It is this: Love of country is greater than love of life itself—greater than love of children or parents—greater than love of husband or wife—greater than love of kindred or friends—greater than love of wealth or luxury or possessions.
 There is nothing a man will not do or give for his country.
 In every language the word patriotism is the word of highest honor. In every tongue the word traitor is used and despised.
 This is so because deep in the instinctive wisdom of the race is the knowledge that all the noblest passions of life are embraced in this love of country. Devotion to one's country is devotion to all the dearest relationships of one's existence. To defend one's country is to defend all that is most precious and sacred. To serve one's country is to serve all that one holds most dear.
 There is the sound of cheering the beat of drums, and the measured tread of a thousand feet. The boys in khaki are passing by.
 Your heart beats quiver. You square your shoulders and thrust out your chin. Your eyes glisten! There is a lump in your throat. My country!
 The Flag!
 At sight of the colors something holy stirs in the depths of you. Reverently you bare your head. Every nerve of you tingles with emotion. Every fiber of you thrills with a longing to do something—give something—be something—for your country.
 The music of the old song crashes out: "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."
 You spring to your feet and stand at attention. If there is in your veins a drop of blood thicker than water it burns with patriotic purpose. Heart and soul you answer to the call of your country.
 "My Country, 'Tis of Thee"—not my country, 'tis of thy commerce—not 'tis of thy mining interests, or thy manufacturing interests, or thy labor, thy banking, thy farming interests—"tis not of my country's arts or science or religions that I sing.
 "My Country" means all—all of my country. It means every interest, all industries, all faiths and virtues and faults. It means "thy woods and templed hills, thy rocks and rills," thy prairies, deserts, rivers, lakes and seas. It means the wild life, the furred and feathered and finned creatures that are as much a part of this, their native land, as are the pines on the mountains, the reeds in the marshes, or the flowers of the meadows. It is all—all my country.
 Stronger pens than mine have shown in the pages of this magazine how the welfare of our country is in our "out-of-doors."
 As a people we toil for our daily bread in a physically, mentally and spiritually devitalizing atmosphere.
 As soldiers, fighting in a fog of poisonous gas, know that they must have the relief of pure air; we know that we must have the re-vitalizing life of the open places, or, as a people, miserably perish.
 From this nerve-wracking, health-destroying, brain-deadening struggle which we call our civilization, we go habitually for healing to our woods and hills.
 That the welfare of our country is

in the conservation of our forests and streams, no sane person can question. Destroy America's out-of-doors and our nation cannot endure.
 These years just passed have proven gloriously that there is in our country no lack of patriotism. But every day, in every township of this nation, there is shown imperative need for a new understanding of patriotism.
 Everywhere we see evidenced the sad fact that men who would give their lives for their country in time of war, will, in time of peace, rob their country of its noblest treasures. Our need is to grasp the larger truth—that to live for one's country is greater than to die for it. America's call today is not for patriots to stand against the guns of a foreign foe. America calls for patriots who will stand against their neighbors and friends in defense of our nation's welfare here at home.
 I say "to stand against neighbor and friend" because too often these enemies of our nation's out-of-doors are among those who are nearest and dearest to us. We may forgive them because they know not what they do, but patriotism demands that, in this, we stand against them just the same.
 This larger patriotism has a new understanding of citizenship. It understands that these crimes against America's out-of-doors are nothing less than crimes against our nation's welfare and life.
 It has a new conception of our national wealth. It says: "One who willfully and against the laws of the land pollutes a stream or burns a forest is a traitor to his country."
 It gives a new meaning to sportsmanship, declaring that the gambler, who, without need and in violation of the law, wantonly and selfishly destroys the wild life of his country is guilty of treason.
 It has a clearer vision of our country that is to be. And because this larger patriotism sees the physical welfare of America's manhood and womanhood dependent upon the re-creating strength of the out-of-doors, it is defending our forests and streams. Because it sees the mental strength and cleanliness of our American youth dependent upon the atmosphere of those places where God speaks in mountain and tree and spring and flower, it is protecting and saving for the nation's children this national heritage.
 This larger patriotism is saying in no uncertain terms to every enemy of America's out-of-doors: "You shall not strip our country of her native beauties and leave her naked and ashamed before the nations of the earth. You shall not rape our woodlands, lakes and streams to satisfy the lust of your private greed. You shall not nail to the cross of commercialism the bright spirit that lives in those places where the winds are untainted and the skies are clean."
 This larger patriotism is giving to the national colors a larger symbolism.
 RED—The clean blood, the bountiful health and virile strength that is insured to America's future manhood and womanhood through the preservation of America's out-of-doors.
 WHITE—The cleanliness of thought, the purity of spirit that comes by association with nature and without which our nation can have no future.
 BLUE—Skies that are clear, and wide, and deep, under which men may look up with unobstructed vision to God and feel their souls expand and their lives glorified.
 PATRIOT—One who loves his country (all of it) and zealously guards (protects and conserves) its welfare (everything that contributes to its physical, mental and spiritual health, strength and happiness).

NOTICE TO WATER CUSTOMERS OF THE CITY OF McLEAN
 Owing to the fact that our wells have pumped a large quantity of sand into the city water tank, it is necessary that we drain the tank of all water and clean it out. If the weather permits, we will drain the tank promptly at 9 o'clock Friday morning, Dec. 21, and probably will take most all day to clean it out. Please take notice and catch enough water to last you through the day.
 C. C. BOGAN, Supt. Plant. 1c

SISSON BOWS TO THE POWER OF ADVERTISING
 Vice President of Guaranty Trust Company Says Every Public Issue Eventually Must Be Presented in Paid Space
 The day is at hand when it will be necessary to present every important issue to the people of the nation in the form of advertising. Francis H. Sisson, vice president of the Guaranty Trust Company, asserted in his address at the Advertising Exposition in New York. Mr. Sisson said, in part:
 "One of the most interesting and important developments of advertising has been the growth of its informative, educational and institutional phases during recent years. Advertising first established its place as an economic factor as a sales aid, but as understanding and use of it have increased its possibilities in other fields have developed until today we find it employed in many forms of service hitherto unthought of.
 "A tremendous stimulus to this development was furnished by the war and the necessity it created for a broad public understanding of national duty and opportunity which that crucial situation presented. The successful prosecution of the war made it necessary that we should sell to the American people not only the bonds by which it was financed and the charitable contributions by which its hardships were ameliorated, but also to convince them of the necessity of the draft, the need of thrift, the demands for personal sacrifice.
 "From that experience we have emerged with a new realization of the power of the printed and spoken word in the sale of ideas, and with the increasing belief that the issues of peace may be brought home to our people as convincingly as the issues

of war through the intelligent use of this great force. Indeed, I am confident that the day will come when it will be thought necessary to present the merits of every issue of paramount public importance before the people at large in some form of advertising."—The American Press.
 Born, Dec. 14, to Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Wilson, a girl.
 Mark Husselby of Mobeetie has renewed his subscription to The News.
 Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Shannon of Clarendon visited their daughter, Mrs. N. E. Savage, last week.

J. T. Litchfield handed us the wherewith to renew his subscription to The News for his son at Winnetonka, Okla. Mr. Litchfield also subscribed for the Star-Telegram at our bargain rate.
 John Quattlebaum of Hedley is a new reader of The News.

McLean Filling Station
 Oils, Gas and Accessories
 FLOYD PHILLIPS, Mgr.

AT THE BAPTIST CHURCH
 W. C. Garrett, Pastor
 There is a good seat, a song book a welcome and a message ready for you at the Baptist church Sunday. No one else can use them; they are for you, don't let them waste.
 The pastor will preach both hours. Morning subject: "Christ Is All." Evening theme: "Whipping the Devil." Come and help; 300 are needed.

Miss Ida Maye Dunwoody of Alameda was a McLean visitor Saturday night.

L. L. Palmer of Alameda was a McLean visitor Monday.

Mrs. Frank Neely and son of Powell came in Monday to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Smith.

Mrs. A. F. Merony and children of Plainview, N. M., are visiting the lady's parents Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Cobb.

READ THE ADS
VULCANIZING.
FISSK TIRES.
 PETE'S VULCANIZING SHOP

V. H. MOORE
 Auctioneer
 Wheeler, Texas

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

Army Goods
 for Sale
 Shoes, coats, sweaters, gloves, Sox, etc.

Army Supp'y Co.
 Next Door to City Market
 McLean, Texas

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

FARM LOANS
 Reasonable rates—liberal terms of payment—no loan considered for less than \$5,000. The larger the better. It will be to your interest to write me if you need a large loan within the next thirty days.
RANCH LOANS S. K. ROACH, GROOM, TEX. FARM LOANS 49-4p

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 1881

TOWN PESTS



The Gent of Leisure who has Nothing to Do and Camps Down in a BERRY Newspaper Office to Do It is our Idea of a Perfect Pest. Yearly, any Fellow who will Foster a Hard Working Editor ain't got No Heart and Here's Hopin' he'llis Lumps in his Mashed Potatoes!

OUR TOWN
 Our town is the best town.
 Our folks are the best folks.
 Our homes are the best homes.
 Our streets are the cleanest streets.
 Our schools are the best schools.
 Our churches are the best churches.
 Just think these statemen's ovr, and you will find it easy to subscribe to every one of them.
 What makes our town the best town? Answer: Our 'thought about it.

An Excellent Christmas Gift
 would be a nice rocker, set of dining chairs, dining table, kitchen cabinet, or buffet. Call and see what I have to offer.
 Just received a new shipment of mattresses. The next will be higher in price; better get one before they advance again.
 Wishing you one and all the compliments of the season,
 I am, yours for service,

C. S. RICE

Christmas Greetings

WE APPRECIATE
 the patronage given us the past year and extend to you the compliments of the season.
 We have a fresh stock of candy, nuts, fruits and other Christmas goodies.

Cobb's Cash Grocery

PRESENTS THAT WILL PLEASE

Give Gifts that Last
 They'll Be Appreciated Most

It is often a puzzling question to know just what to send your relatives and friends at Christmas time. But when you give something that will be in constant use, you know it will be appreciated above all others.

We Offer

- ALUMINUM WARE
- CHINAWARE
- CUT GLASS
- SILVERWARE
- SHAVING SETS
- KNIVES
- ELECTRIC GOODS
- AIR RIFLES AND GUNS
- BOYS' WAGONS
- VELOCIPEDES
- HAND PAINTED CHINA
- MANICURE SETS
- FLASH LIGHTS
- CLOCKS
- GAMES

We aim to make this Christmas an especially pleasing one to our customers by enabling them to secure the very best gifts obtainable at the lowest possible prices.

Western Lumber & Hardware Co.
 H. F. WINGO, Manager

THE McLEAN NEWS

Published Every Friday

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

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

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

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

It would be a hard hearted individual, indeed, who could harbor ill will at Christmas time.

Newspaper men are the greatest optimists in the world. We are thinking of the nerve necessary to put in another paper in a town the size of Amarillo. We hope the Amarillo Globe can make a success, but with the town adequately served already, it will take a strong pull to put a new paper over.

There has been, perhaps, no greater Christmas story ever written than Dickens' Christmas Carol. It would be good for all of us to read this little story every Christmas. No one can read it without being the better for it.

We commend the school board for electing Prof. Taggart to head the school for the next term. There is nothing to be gained by continually changing school superintendents, provided you have one who is qualified and satisfactory in every way, and we are glad to know that we will have Prof. Taggart with us for another year.

The next two weeks will be used by the merchants to take stock and see what the year's business has meant to them and to make plans for the coming year. If each merchant would set aside a definite per cent of his gross business for an advertising budget and figure to run an ad each week during the new year, there would be no question of better business next year, other things being equal. Systematic, well planned advertising is the only kind that gets results.

THE SUCKER ROD CASE

A Hale county man killed another by striking him with a piece of windmill sucker rod and was convicted on a charge of murder. The case was appealed and the Court of Criminal Appeals at Austin reversed the case recently on the theory that a sucker rod is not necessarily a deadly weapon and that the trial record failed to show that the rod was used with murderous intent. Maybeso, but that is like the man in jail who was informed by his lawyer that he could not be jailed upon such a charge as alleged. "But I am in here, just the same," replied the man. A joint of windmill sucker rod may not necessarily be a deadly weapon, but that did not save the man's life. Anyway, we don't want anyone pounding on our head with a piece of sucker rod with the idea that it is not a dangerous weapon.—Panhandle Herald.

Not in recent years has justice been so flagrantly defeated as in the sucker rod case. Never in the history of appeal courts has technicalities been so much in evidence as in the case from Hale county. We complain about high taxes and high cost of living, but when a man can kill another with a piece of sucker rod and the case be held up in the higher courts and reversed on such flimsy grounds it is enough to disgust law-abiding people. Of course, the sucker rod was not loaded, but the man that swung it over his head and landed on the head of his neighbor was loaded with passion and intent to kill. He did kill his neighbor with the sucker rod and it was not loaded. We are like friend Satterwhite—we don't want a sucker rod applied to our cranium. The court says that a sucker rod is not a deadly weapon. The only controversy in the matter is, "in whose hands was this sucker

rod, and did it cause death when applied to the head of the neighbor?" It surely did, therefore, it was a deadly weapon. When Lee Satterwhite goes down to Austin in January, 1924, and is elected speaker of the House, we want him to introduce a little horse sense into the heads of the members of the Criminal Court of Appeals.—Scurry County Times-Signal.

PEOPLE DEPEND UPON SERVICE OF ELECTRICITY

Use of electricity in the United States has increased from eighty horse power a year for each person twenty years ago to sixty-seven hundred at this time.

This means there is enough electricity generated to permit every man, woman and child in the United States to keep burning night and day nine sixty watt and one thirty watt electric light bulbs the year round if the electric energy were so diverted. As it is, the power is converted to a million uses. In addition to the light it provides for city, town, hamlet and farm illumination, it furnishes a good proportion of the transportation in the United States; it furnishes heat for both warmth and cooking; it provides cool breezes to fight the hot summer days; it washes and irons; sweeps the house and turns the printing presses of the country. It is a jack-of-all-trades, that by its unparalleled usefulness has insinuated itself in the last few decades as the greatest servant of man.

Mrs. W. D. Biggers and little daughter of Knox City are spending the holidays in the L. O. Floyd home.

D. C. Carpenter and family of Matador were McLean visitors Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Wofford returned Saturday night from a trip to Amarillo.

C. M. McDowell of Alanreed was among the McLean visitors Thursday of last week.



GOOD ROADS

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceedingly small!" has been quoted in connection with a thousand causes. Not often is it applicable to roads, but in at least one instance, no glove ever fitted tighter!

Two friends lived across a county line from each other; in the one county was good roads, connecting with the nearby county seat, in the other was opposition to good roads, and no good connection to the county seat.

The two friends had many an argument on the subject; he of the good roads county exulting in what the good roads did for him, he who had poor roads being glad at the smallness of his taxes.

There seemed no winning the argument for either. The one had a definite saving in hauling and time, the other had much smaller taxes.

Then the farm house and the barn where lived the opponent of good roads, caught fire. He telephoned instantly to his county seat, meanwhile his friend was also crying "fire" to his county seat over his telephone!

The fire engines from the up-to-date county arrived and put out the fire before those from the poor road county were seen!

Of course the poor-road advocate had to pay the cost of that fire run; it was not in his county! And of course the cost was much, much more than a road tax would have been. But he paid it cheerfully!

"Either we get good roads next election, or I'm going to move across the line!" he said.

Adequate fire protection is just one of hundreds of reasons why any other kind of a road than a hard road

is uneconomic, expensive, unreasonable and foolish.

SEVENTEEN MILLION CARS IN 1924!

By January 1 the world will have in operation 17,000,000 automobiles, passenger cars and trucks, according to an estimate by M. H. Hoepli, chief of the automobile division of the Department of Commerce. Of that total, 14,000,000 will be run in the United States, about one to every eight persons, whereas in the rest of the world the proportion will be about 1 to 112 persons. The number of cars in operation is expected to show on January 1, 1924, an increase of 17% over January 1, 1923.

PROHIBITING DEFAACING ADVERTISING SIGNS

Several States have passed laws prohibiting signs on roads, with the idea that the automobile, carrying tourists and sight-seeing travelers, is not an asset to the individual business house but to the State, and that travelers should not be compelled to have their beautiful views and vistas profaned by painted boards.

Speaking of this idea in Illinois Governor Small said: "Illinois has seen the logic of preserving the right of way in this respect with the result that we have hundreds of miles of drives fringed with grass, trimmed to a nicety, and unmarred by unsightly billboards, which are so often seen in neighboring commonwealths."

Col. C. R. Miller, director of the Illinois Department of Public Works and Buildings, said:

"Connecticut has followed Illinois' clean highway policy, has passed a law prohibiting signs on the right-of-

way. Minnesota has also followed suit and a law in that State effective December 1, 1923, provides for the elimination of advertising signs already standing, as well as prohibiting the construction of new ones."

AT THE METHODIST CHURCH

J. S. Huckabee, Pastor
The theme for the morning hour will be "Our Plans for 1924." For the evening hour "Who Shall Enter into the Kingdom of Heaven?"

YOU TELL 'EM

"I like your new gown, m'dear—it fits perfectly."

"Yes—it does fit well—but not nearly as perfect as the fit George had with the bill."

TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS

I want to thank those that have paid me. Those owing me please see me at once. I have some bills to pay the first.

Wishing all of you a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year, I am, yours truly,
JNO. KIBLER, Jr.

Jack Bird of Pampa was in town Saturday.

Vines Bentley of Shamrock was a McLean visitor Saturday.

Miss Altha Bridge left Saturday for Quanah to spend Christmas.

County Attorney Chas. C. Cook of Pampa was a McLean visitor Monday.

Give Perfumes for Christmas

They always please. The perfect solution of the "What to Give" problem.

Our stock of packages is unusually attractive this season. We have

Rieggers Perfumes

and all high grade lines in exquisite packages that will delight her.

Come in and ask to see our holiday line. Reasonably priced—there is a package for every purse. No trouble to show them to you.

Coal
Feed
Salt
Cake
Meal
W. C. Cheney

Other Gifts to Please Everyone

SHELL'S CASH PHARMACY

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

For a Better Christmas Dinner

For a Christmas dinner that will make the folks glad they're on hand to eat it—

Buy at Haynes'

Also candies, fruits, nuts and all sorts of Christmas goodies at our store.

And remember we are not satisfied with a sale until you are.

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

INSURANCE
LIFE FIRE HAIL

I represent some of the strongest companies in the world I insure anything. No prohibited list.

Money to loan on farms.

T. N. Holloway
Reliable Insurance

WE GIVE TRADE BUTTONS

Frank Wofford
McLean, Texas

WE GIVE TRADE BUTTONS

His
Gal Dis
Acrobats
Parlamin
for a Yu
Foot.
Intruder
on Wind
but Was
by New
I had
chicken
sit, an
hungry
Christmas
But I
more than
an extra
fat one.
dainty ou
and—
"Hello,
I gasp
another
this per
as noise
The two
High
square w
sir. My
curate as
once belo
circus.
The door
straighter
arms in
like a pe
Then th
I chuckle
enough in
leavin' m
umber fl
comin' to
"you mat
me. I've
self. Dot
comin' to
It was
my head
from the
A cauti
ner.
"Aln't
this are
I wan't
when I
turned w
my flats
fats. Be
while sh
snakes!"
range of
girl—an
you that
"Yes, I
could to
"Another
hoboes at
got their
did set y
Her the
ant even
tion.
"Of cot
her slow,
stay. An
real adv
berline,
do look a
self."
"So'm I
funny's
wouldn't
to think
started m
"Wine
the girl."
know his
"Knowe
between I
driv then
round to
W-h-ew!
right in
droppin'
The girl
miseratio
"I-I d
country
I thought
too tight.
"Not on
"It would
Maybe if
I tried I
I stuck h
"But y
who steel
"Maybe I
"I was his
right in
"Hey"

His Dinner for Christmas Day

By F. H. SWEET

Get Discovered
Acrobatic Tramp
Purloining Poultry
for a Yuletide
Feast.

Under Impaled
on Window Nails,
but Was Saved
by New Friend

and some were old. Of course it was a dog barking in the house path and my turning at the instant of clutching. But that was no excuse for a regular. I was getting so cocksure of myself as to be careless.

My hand shot out again and another chicken went into the bag. That made six, the number I boasted I would bring, and a fine feast for even ten hungry hoboes in a woods camp—our Christmas dinner.

But I always liked to do a little more than I promised. I would take an extra one for good measure—a nice fat one. My eyes peered along the dimly outlined forms on the roosts, and—

"Hello," said a voice at the door. I gasped audibly. Sharp ears were another thing I prided myself on, and this person had appeared at the door as noiselessly as I could have myself. The two breaks rattled me.

High up at one end was a little square window, the sash out to admit air. My eyes were as quick and accurate as my fingers, and my body had one belonged to an acrobat boy in a circus. Almost with the word from the doorway my knees bent and straightened into a swift spring, my arms in front and my palms together like a person diving.

Then the humor of it struck me, and I chuckled. "Winder hole want quick enough in grabbin', so missed my neck, leavin' me to squawk—same's I did number five chicken. Guess 'twas all comin' to me. Say," raising my voice, "you man who spoke, come an' get me. I've caught an' am holdin' myself. Don't s'pose there's any reward comin' to me. Christmas, you know."

It was still fairly light outside and my head suspended five or six feet from the ground.

A cautious step came 'round the corner.

"Ain't scared of me trussed up like this, are you?" I jeered, "an' still, if 't wan't for that nail grindin' into me when I so much as wink, an' my belin' turned wrong side 'round, I could use my fists like anything. I'm good with facts. Better get your gun an' shoot while shootin's good. An'—great makes!" as the figure came within range of my screwed 'round face—"a girl—an' pretty as a picture! 'T wan't you that spoke?"

"Yes, it was, but I spoke deep's I could to sound like a man. Thievin' hoboes ain't good to meet when they got their stealin's on 'em. But I sure did set you going."

Her tinkling laugh sounded pleasant even in my unappreciative position.

"Of course I came 'round the corner slow, not being sure you meant to stay. And say, I never did have a real adventure before, with me as heroine. It's just like a book. An' you do look so funny. I'm enjoyin' myself."

"So'm I. An' I feel funny—just as funny's can be. An' of course I wouldn't be polite. You bluffed me to thinkin' you a man. That's why I started my high dive. Ou-uh!"

"Winder pinches, does it?" laughed the girl. "Carpenter who made it didn't know his business."

"Knowned—it—too—well," I groaned, between breaths, "specially when he drive them nails. I—was twisting round to see you better, an'—ouch! W-b-ew! Them nails are cuttin' me right in two. Fust we—know I'll be droppin' half inside an' half out."

The girl uttered a low cry of commiseration.

"I—I didn't know," she apologized contritely. "I wouldn't have laughed. I thought 'twas just bein' squeezed too tight. Could I pull—"

"Not on your life," I cried hastily. "It would only help the nails, not me. Maybe if one side of the frame could be pried off, makin' the winder bigger. I felt it wiggle like 'twas loose when I stuck in."

"But you're an awful hobo tramp who stealin' an' all," hesitated the girl. "Maybe I'd better wait till the master comes back from breakin' up your poor thieving camp. But he'd slap you right in the face with the others."

"Hey!" I choked in a startled voice

"—the camp? What about the camp?"

"Yes, you've been watched. A man was hid all day in the top of a pine near the edge of the swamp, watchin' your comin' an' goin's. Folks got tired o' hens stole an' watchdogs plizened, an' such like. The master an' 'bout a dozen men, with the constable, are cleanin' 'em up right now. He told me to stay 'round the poultry house an' watch—though 't wan't likely anybody would come so early."

"An' was you there all the time?" I asked, in a depressed voice.

"Right in the corner, in the shadow. I was sort o' scared when you slipped in; an' besides, I wa'n't sure. So I waited. But it'll be an hour or so 'fore the master gets back, an' you'll keep on hurtin'."

"That don't matter none now," I said hopelessly. "Nothin' matters. It's the pen for me. When they're caught, all them hoboes are goin' to split on me, to try to save themselves. They've been playin' stomp with me. I see it now. I bragged I was smart, so they shoved me to the front an' kept patten' an' tellin' me what a kingbird I was. Huh! I done most of the stealin'. I killed the two watchdogs. Just leave me hangin' here to get sort of used to what's comin'."

The girl hesitated, moving closer.

"Don't talk as if you was all bad," she considered. "An' I like your voice. Let me see your face plainer."

But my face was toward the wall, my body limp and dejected. She placed a hand on my head and turned my face toward her.

"Ugly lookin' phiz, ain't it?" I jeered. "Better get a rope ap' tie my hands."

I'm green with my fists—boxin', you know. An' you're close enough for me to Maul you right now."

But she paid no attention. She studied my face a few moments, then patted my cheek softly.

"Why, you're nothin' but a boy," she said pityingly, "nothin' but just—a boy."

"I'm past twenty-one," indignantly. "Plenty old enough to know what I'm doin', an' to take my medicine."

"Just a boy," she repeated. "Now you wait a minute. I won't be gone long."

She hurried away, soon returning with a tall step-ladder, which she placed against the wall. Mounting to the second step she put her arms under my shoulder.

"But You an' Me Know Better."

"We'll lay your head on a shoulder on this step-ladder so you'll be level an' easy," she said cheerfully; "then I'll pry off a side piece, like you said. I've noticed it's loose."

In ten minutes she had me free, standing on the ground beside her. But I felt no animation.

"Twa'n't worth the trouble," I grumbled. "though I'm just as much obliged. But I've got old tramp clothes on, an' with the country 'rouned they'd spot me ten miles off an' run me in. Then the gang will throw all the stuff on me, an' make it good an' strong. No, I'll just stay here till the men come back. I see now I wa'n't out out for a hobo, anyhow, an' I've been suspicious' it for some time. I'm too cross green for one thing, an'—an' they're too cheap for another. My real work is diggin' in dirt like I started out. An' if it hadn't been for an uncle who put two men's work on me an' posterin' my life out, while his own boys were goin' to school, I'd be at it now. Fact is, I ain't much."

"Nor me," returned the girl sympathetically. "I'm only second girl in the kitchen an' they keep dribblin' into me I'm no 'count. But you an' me know better. We're a whole lot. It's only other folks' envy."

My face cleared and I laughed.

"Guess you're right," I agreed. "Anyhow, you're some girl. An' say, I want you to remember me as Reynolds. That's my real, not 'Rat' like the hoboes call me. Now you run into the house an' tell the men, when they come, that I'll be sittin' out here."

"Don't be silly Reynolds. I've been



"But You an' Me Know Better."

studin' it out. Would anybody know you 'round here?"

"None but the gang. I've worked in the dark—unless by the clothes."

"Then it's all right. Now there's a little room in back the hen roost where we keep chicken feed. I have the whole care of it an' keep the key. I'll lock you in there an' bring out some supper an' some peroxide to clean the hurt places with. An' in the mornin' when I slip your breakfast I'll bring some clothes a visitor left here once. They're pretty good, an' 'bout your size. You put 'em on an' come straight to the kitchen door."

"All right," I promised. "But what's the idea—give myself up?"

"Silly again. You're goin' to work. The master has been tellin' us to be on the lookout for a man to do his gardenin'. Good help's scarce, an' he'll snatch you up. An'—an' them dead chickens in the bag I'll fix up for dinner. I'd have to get some anyway, for company is comin'. Christmas dinner, you know."

ley and Lillie Williams, are attending of last week.

institute at Memphis this week.

J. F. Watkins of McLean visited in the Evan Sittler home Saturday night.

Miss Ann Richey of McLean visited Mrs. Evan Sittler Saturday night.

We are going to have a short program and a Christmas tree next Monday night at the school house.

Chas. Cooke of McLean has started a new house on the Stanley firm.

Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh went to Wellington Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones visited in the Biggers home Saturday night.

The young folks took dinner with Misses Lona and Bessie Nicholson Sunday.

Jacob Hess and family visited in the Nicholson home Sunday.

Preaching Saturday night and Sunday; everybody come.

The people on the Sittler ranch are not through gathering yet. The weather has been so bad they couldn't get it out. Hope to get through soon.

Guess everybody is looking for Santa Claus Christmas.

J. O. Clark of Heald had business in the city last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Nicholson visited in the Ring community Sunday.

Our teachers, Misses Ruth Grim-

News From Enterprise

By Special Correspondent.

We have not very much news this week.

Our school has stopped for a two weeks' vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Nicholson visited in the Ring community Sunday.

Our teachers, Misses Ruth Grim-

W. C. Stanton of the Watkins school house was a McLean visitor last Thursday.

Fye McCracken of Alanreed was a McLean visitor Thursday of last week.

CONVINCED BY A POINT

A young woman had been told often that she ought to wear glasses, but had neglected or refused to do so.

There was a most determined look in her eye, however, as she marched into the optician's shop.

"I want a pair of glasses immediately," she said. "Good strong ones. I won't be without them for another day."

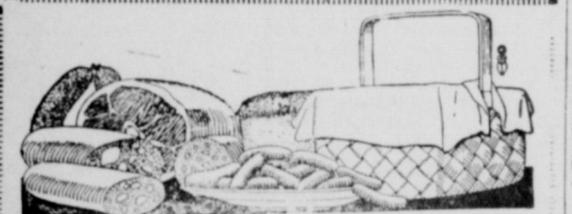
"Good strong ones?"

"Yes, please. I was out in the country yesterday and I made a very painful blunder, which I have no wish to repeat."

"Indeed! Mistook an entire stranger for an old friend, perhaps?"

"No, nothing of the sort. I mistook a bumblebee for a blackberry."

J. W. Wilkins received a wire from Los Angeles, Calif., Sunday stating that his in-law, Harry Killeby, a policeman of that place, had been accidentally killed.



Christmas Dinner

You are entitled to the best meats for Christmas dinner, and that is the kind we handle. Whether cured or fresh meats, you will find the best here.

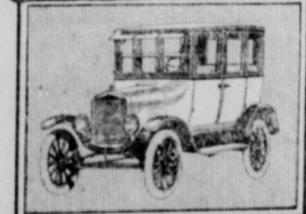
THE CITY MARKET

Bogan and Henry, Props. Phone 165

Fordor Sedan

\$685

F. O. B. Detroit



—for Christmas

IT IS not at all surprising that the new Fordor Sedan is proving extremely popular as a Christmas gift. For this handsome closed type body is a truly exceptional value at its present price —\$685, fully equipped.

Inspect this new Fordor Sedan at your first opportunity and arrange for its delivery on Christmas morning.

You can buy this car through the Ford Weekly Purchase Plan

BENTLEY MOTOR CO.



GAZE TRUCKS TRACTORS

Auto Accessories



Fixing up the car as a means of remembering the owner is a certain way to make it a Merry Christmas for him.

GIFTS FOR THE CAR—

The best gift of all—A new **STUDEBAKER**. Let us help you select a suitable gift.

COUSINS MOTOR COMPANY

GIFT SELECTIONS

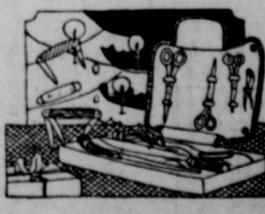
Practical Christmas Gifts Are Always Appreciated

Do you realize that we have a wonderful selection of gifts for every member of the family? And that every gift in this store is a Practical Gift? Come in and look over our stock before you buy.

Gifts

- Silverware
- Table Cutlery
- Casseroles
- Percolators
- Shears and Scissors
- Dishes
- Aluminum Ware
- Carving Sets
- Reading Lamps
- Cut Glass

for Every-body

Haviland China

- Shaving Brushes
- Razor Strops
- Safety Razors
- Pocket Cutlery
- Guns
- Tools
- Thermos Bottles
- Boys' Wagons
- Air Rifles

McLean Hardware Company

W. B. UPHAM, Manager

DR. THOMPSEN TO SPEAK

Dr. R. Thompson of Amarillo will speak at the Presbyterian church to-night (Thursday). Everybody invited.

SIMS HOLD SUCCESSFUL SALE

W. D. Sims' auction sale of farm and household goods was held Thursday as advertised. A large crowd was present and goods brought exceptionally good prices. An enjoyable feature was the free lunch at noon. This is the first sale to be held in our community for some time that was adequately advertised, and the prices brought showed the effects of proper advertising.

M. C. Burdine of Alanreed handed us \$1.50 to renew his subscription to The News Thursday.

Prescot Mathis of Enterprise was a McLean visitor Wednesday.

Arthur Hunt of White Fish was a McLean visitor Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Porter Smith left Thursday for Amarillo, where Mrs. Smith goes for medical treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Campbell have moved to town.

Rudolph Bush of Gracey was in town Thursday.

W. H. Rodgers of Clarendon was a McLean visitor Thursday.

THE HONKING HABIT

Young woman, if you have a beau, be sure that he does not honk his horn at you as a summons. Be sure that he does not drive up in front of your home and honk for you to come out to him. If, by any chance, your young man should have the ill-bred temerity to call you forth in this way, just send your father with his boot, your old brother with his flashlight, or lacking these, a policeman with a club, as your representative. A young man who cares anything at all about you will be willing to go as far as the door to ask for you. A young man who has so little respect for you as to honk for you would, if married to you, roar at you and issue peremptory orders from the top of the stairs, to the considerable discomfort of the neighbors and your own humiliation. Never put your faith in a honking lover. This is well-seasoned advice, but it is timely so long as there are girls growing into womanhood and boys growing into something that is older than boyhood and may or may not be manhood.—Chilliothe Valley News.

THE WORLD AND YOU

The world is what you make it,
No matter what they say;
It's just the way you take it
And how you act each day.

If you would have it brighter,
Just smile a little more;
It makes your tasks seem lighter
And life's not such a bore.

If you would have it kinder,
Just speak a word of praise,
And be a little blinder
To all its faulty ways.

If you would be more happy,
Just cheer some heart that's sad,
The truest joy in living
Is making others glad.

So give the world your blessing,
Be ever kind and true;
Remember in caressing
The good comes back to you.
—Edwin Elton Trousdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cofebank of Northfork were in town Thursday.

O. G. Stokley was an Amarillo visitor Thursday.

A. A. Ledbetter made a business trip to Amarillo Thursday.

Mrs. L. L. Morse of Back was a McLean visitor Thursday.

TO THE OLD AND NEW YEAR

O year that is going, take with you
Some evil that dwells in my heart;
Let selfishness, doubt,
With the old year go out—
With joy I would see them depart.

O year that is coming, bring with you
Some virtue of which I have need;
More patience to bear,
And more kindness to share,
And more love that is true love indeed.

O year that is going, take with you
Impatience and wilfulness—pride;
The sharp word that slips
From these too hasty lips,
I would cast, with the old year, aside.

O year that is coming, bring with you
More charity, unto the weak—
A deep, growing peace,
That never shall cease—
Of these things I surely have need.

—Laura F. Armitage in Capper's Farmer.

A FARMER'S PROFIT ON ROAD BUILDING

A land owner in a Southern State had a large property of many acres, a beautiful house, and a big peach orchard in bearing. Family circumstances made it necessary for him to sell his property, which was valued about a hundred thousand dollars. Putting it in the hands of some able real estate men, the property owner received several calls from prospective purchasers. He met these purchasers at the railroad station, motored them six miles over a good State road and half a mile over a very rough and bumpy dirt road to his house.

None of them purchased. Acting on the advice of one of the real estate men, the owner spent five thousand dollars and made that last half mile as good as the State road.

The property was sold at a price which included the cost of the road, plus a profit on the road, within one month of its completion!

What happens in one case will happen in another. A good road greatly increases the value of all adjacent realty, especially farms.

ANTI-TOBACCO

The stern crusaders are agreed, the signs are right, the time is ripe to march upon that noxious weed with which I fill my trusty pipe. In other days I would have smiled at grim reformers and their threat, and looked upon their words as wild, what time I smoked a cigarette. I hear them say in trumpet tones that nicotine must surely fade, and, gee, I feel it in my bones that their request will be obeyed. Some day the bluff that seems a joke will loom up as a drastic law, and men who suffer for a smoke will have to fill their pipes with straw. Some day inspectors good and true will search us for illicit weed and men who languish for a chew will have to tackle sunflower seed. The bootleg trade in cheap cigars may keep us going for a time, until we're placed behind the bars, convicted of an awful crime. The skeptics smile, their heads they toss, and say, "Oh, hang these uplift folks! They cannot put this bluff across—men will not do without their smokes." But I'm a seer, Elijah's mantle drapes my frame; and I predict with vision clear, the anti bunch will win the game. Some day upon our view they'll burst and daunt us with their new-made law, and we'll be smoking liverwurst, and buying sacks of fine-cut slaw.—Exchange.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lively of the Liberty community were in town on business Thursday.

A CHRISTMAS SONG

The bells chime merrily and clear
Upon the frosty, bracing air;
For Christmas day once more is here,
To scatter blessings everywhere.

Oh, what care we for wintry weather?
Twelve 'tis warm and all are gay;
We'll feast and laugh and sing to-
gether,
Be glad and happy while we may.

Let joy light up the faded eye,
A brighter glow suffuse the face;
Thank God that that Christmas bring-
eth nigh
A benediction to our race!

Now banish cares, let feuds depart;
No time is this to fret or fight.
Let peace, good-will possess each
heart.

Wants

NOTICE.—I have bought the Wilson Bros. "Liberty Bond" boat. Service \$2.00. This boat took 2nd prize at last year's Dallas Fair. One mile west of town. N. E. Savage. 1p

LARGE SHEETS of carbon paper, 26 by 39 inches, at the News office.

FOR SALE.—One 5 room house in north part of town. This is good property and must be sold. J. S. Howard. tfe

WANTED.—To rent a good farm. Would like about 140 acres in cultivation; grain or cash. Vester Smith, Phones 82 and 188. tfe

FORD SEDAN for sale at a reasonable price. John Mertel. tfe

FOR SALE.—Radio receiver. Westinghouse R. C. set, detector and two stage amplifier, complete with phones, tubes and batteries. Value \$142.50 only \$100.00. Erwin Rice. 1c

MERCHANTS should see the new line of calendar and wall pocket samples at the News office. 51-4t

FOR RENT.—Good house in south part of town. See Rish Phillips. 51-2c

PUREBRED JERSEY cow with young heifer calf for sale. A good milker. Sam Hodges. 1c

Christmas Greetings

Among our assets we like to count the only one money cannot buy—your good will. So at this holiday season we extend to you, not as a customer alone, but as a friend, the best wishes for the coming year.

Mrs. W. T. Wilson

"THE LITTLE STORE" NEXT DOOR TO P. O.

Mr. Merchant

Order 1925 Calendars

of

The McLean News

Ring "Merry Christmas" till "Good night!"

Long live the dear old Christmas tree,
The holiday of ages past;
Let's pass the hours in mirth and glee
Each livelier, jollier than the last.
—Selected.

M. C. Burdine of Alanreed was in town Thursday.

Congressman Marvin Jones has renewed his subscription to The News.

Mrs. T. C. Landers of Heald visited in town Tuesday.

Walter Litchfield of Heald was a McLean visitor Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Haynes of Heald were shopping in the city Saturday.

SERVICE MEASURES SUCCESS

It isn't the cut of the clothes that you wear,
Nor the stuff out of which they are made,
Though chosen with taste and fastidious care;
And it isn't the price that you paid,
It isn't the size of your pile in the bank,
Nor the number of acres you own;
It isn't the question of prestige or rank,
Nor the sinew, or muscle and bone,
It isn't the servants that come at your call;
It isn't the things you possess,
Whether many, or little—or nothing at all—
It's service that measures success.

Patronize Advertisers

Christmas Candies

We have a big stock of Christmas candies, nuts and fruit.

Special prices on candy in 5 pound lots.

We can save you money on these items.

Snell's Cash Store

C. A. Strandberg, Mgr.

Merry Xmas And Happy New Year

We want to thank the people for their patronage during the past year and hope we have acted so as to please. We have done so to the best of our knowledge.

Hoping you come back again, we wish you a Merry Xmas and a very Happy and Prosperous New Year.

McLean Filling Station

Gas Oil Accessories Tires
Day Phone 86 Night Phone 142

AW, WHAT'S THE USE



By L. F. Van Zelm
© Women Newspaper Union

Christmas Spirit Made Itself Felt

By MARION FRANCES HAMILTON

Lonely Woman Spread Yuletide Cheer by Giving Girl Agent a Happy Home

"NE of those pestering agents again!" "Bet," Bertha Prescott muttered to herself as she entered to herself as she was about ready to sit down to lunch. "I have a mind not to answer it all, I bet."

But she did answer it, just as soon as she had lowered the fire under the bubbling coffee pot, to find that her name was correct. It was an agent who rang the bell, and worst of all, a book agent.

She spoke as soon as the door had opened a few inches and before Bertha had time to frame the words that were on her lips. "Mightn't I sell you a copy of this little book today? The price is only fifty cents and you will find it well worth the price."

Not many words, coming from an agent, Bertha thought. Heretofore the ones who had come had been for all the world like a talking machine that had been wound up and the only way of stopping them was to be positively rude. This one must be different, Bertha thought.

Perhaps it was that it was nearly Christmas time and that Bertha Prescott's heart was a bit more tender than usual, or it might be due to the fact that this agent was young and had a sort of wistful appeal about her, or it might be because she was so different from the others that had come and lacked the unending flow of words they had all seemed to possess, but whatever was the cause Bertha Prescott did—an unheard of thing for her—she invited the agent into the house and actually asked her out into the cozy kitchen to have lunch with her.

"Poor dear," she was saying to herself a few minutes later, "she must have been actually hungry. And I came very close to not letting her in."

After lunch was finished Bertha drew from the girl a little of her story—illness, the loss of her position, and finally her trying her hand at selling books. Through it all Bertha could see the brave spirit of the girl and the untold hardships that she had endured during the time since her illness. She could also detect how near to despair the little agent had been when she came to her door.

Then Bertha Prescott did another unheard of thing for her—she told the little agent of the loneliness in her heart and of the little girl she had lost in the long ago, and of how empty her life had been ever since. And when she had finished she asked the girl if she would not stay with her through the Christmas time, and there was a genuine appeal in her eyes and in her voice as she did so.

And so, because the spirit of Christmas was abroad and made itself felt, those two lonely souls who needed each other sorely were brought together and made happy, and when Christmas had passed and gone they found that their need of each other was still great and the short visit that the little agent was supposed to make became permanent.

W. H. M. S. NOTES

The Bible study class of the Women's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist church will meet on the first day of January.

Claude Martin of Liberty was a McLean visitor last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Brogdon and little daughter of New Castle came in Friday to visit the former's mother, Mrs. J. F. Faulkner.

G. M. Terry and family of Heald were shopping in the city Thursday last week.

Mrs. C. C. Roberts and baby returned Friday night from Amarillo, where the baby was operated on. He is reported as doing nicely.

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

LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS for nose and throat Give Quick Relief

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS

I will be in McLean to collect taxes Thursday and Friday, December 27 and 28; at Alanreed Saturday, December 29, and at Pampa Monday, December 31.

E. S. GRAVES, Sheriff and Tax Collector.

SHERIFF'S SALE

STATE OF TEXAS, COUNTY OF GRAY. By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Honorable District Court of Potter County, Texas, on the 13th day of December, A. D. 1923, by J. C. Skillman, Clerk of said Court, in case of The Continental Supply Company, Plaintiff, vs. L. C. Morgan, defendant, being No. 3932 on the docket of said Court, and directed and delivered to me as sheriff of Gray County, Texas, notice is hereby given that I will proceed to sell within the hours prescribed by law on the 31st day of December, A. D. 1923, at Alanreed, in Gray County, Texas, the following described personal property, to-wit: 2 40 H. P. Kewanee oil country type boilers. 1 12x12 Acme steam engine. 1 11x12 Oklahoma Tool & Supply Company steam engine. 1 6-inch and 1 5 3-16-inch Swan underreamer, complete with cutters. 1 10-inch and 1 8 3/4-inch double underreamer, complete with cutters. 2 5-inch x 32-inch stems and 3 5 1/4-inch stems, length not given, and 2 4 1/2-inch stems. 1 3 1/2-inch stem, length not given. 1 set 20-inch A. S. bits. 1 set 15 1/2-inch, 1 set 12 1/2-inch, 1 set 10-inch, 1 set 8 1/2-inch, 1 set 6 1/2-inch, and 1 set 5 3-16-inch A. S. drilling bits and all other drilling, casing and fishing tools necessary for the drilling of oil and gas wells.

Leased on by me on the 15 day of December, A. D. 1923, as the property of L. C. Morgan, to satisfy a judgment in said cause amounting to \$1250.00, in favor of said The Continental Supply Company, with interest thereon from November 19, 1923, at 8% per annum, together with costs of suit.

Given under my hand this the 11 day of December, A. D. 1923.

E. S. GRAVES, Sheriff Gray County, Texas.

PARNUM WAS RIGHT

The professional evangelists were given a note of warning at the Methodist conference at Plainview a few weeks ago. The professional evangelists raise more hell and do less good than any class of individuals in our churches. The professional evolutionist is being kicked out by many denominations, but usually he is a saint in comparison with the professional evangelist.—Randall County News.

Some time ago we reached the same conclusion as Brother Warwick has clearly expressed herewith. We have had "high-power" evangelists here who spent ten days or two weeks raving madly about this and that irrelevant question, bemoaning humanity in general and the citizens and institutions of this town in particular, and then at the wind-up of the jamboree take up collections amounting up as high as \$1,000 and depart for greener pastures. We have known several such "birds" personally over a number of years, and found that they were not even "average Americans." We have seen men who were unable to pay their current grocery bills or buy winter shoes for their children rise up and donate \$10, \$25 or \$50 to such profiteers under duress of the high speed systems used for financing such projects. It is not uncommon for a town to be behind with a regular pastor's salary, and yet raise a purse of \$1,000 for some itinerant evangelist of whom they know nothing. Barnum certainly knew his stuff.—Pampa News.

Prof. Allen Kyle of Peterson Creek was a McLean visitor Saturday.

Henry Dorsey of Liberty was a McLean visitor last Thursday.

B. D. Fondren of Gracey was a McLean visitor last Thursday.

F. B. Thomas of Alanreed was a McLean visitor last Thursday.

News From Back

By Special Correspondent.

Last week was a bad week for porkers. Most everyone is feasting on good old back bone and spare ribs. Mrs. B. D. Fondren and son, Emmette, of Gracey visited in the Bailey Lakey home last Thursday.

Miss Agnes Roberts left Friday for her home in Mobeetie to spend the holidays.

Geo. Colebank sold a car load of porkers on the McLean market last week.

Chas. Back marketed some choice porkers in McLean last Monday.

R. H. Corum had business in Alanreed last Thursday.

Mrs. E. V. Back left Saturday for Carter, Okla., to spend the holidays with her son, Joe, and family.

Victor and Jack Back of McLean are visiting their brothers, Chas. and Bud, this week.

Mrs. C. A. Henderson and children are moving to McLean to make their home.

Geo. Colebank and family visited in the Louis Morse home Sunday.

Mrs. E. V. Back and J. E. Norman visited Mrs. R. H. Corum Sunday.

Little Miss Gwyn Carpenter was quite sick last week but is much improved at this writing.

We wish the good old McLean News and its many readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

DISSATISFIED CHURCH MEMBER

"A gentlemen recently in public has resigned his membership in the church because of the political activities of the pulpit," says an exchange. "The action is significant in that, generally, it agrees with a large and growing spirit of dissatisfaction among church members. It is significant also in that the statement in which the gentlemen undertakes to describe what he understands Christianity to be, shows to be, shows the lamentable failure of the church to teach its people what Christianity really is. This gentleman does not seem to know."—Dalhart Texas.

No one admires a quitter. The man that quits the church because the preacher might be interested in public questions is a twin brother to the man that quits the church because there are hypocrites in same. The man that thus argues is a consummate fool and will lose his soul in the day of final reckoning. If there are conditions in the church that a man can't approve of let him seek to improve same. If there are conditions in political affairs that a man does not approve of let him seek to purify the party instead of going out and establishing a new party. Church division in the main has been the result of the quitters instead of the stayers. We admire the stayer, the man that stays in the church, in the political party and makes a clean fight for better conditions. As for the part of the comment that a preacher has no business in politics, we take the position that the preacher, along with other individuals and lay members, should become posted in political matters and take an active part in same. We do not think that the pulpit should be used for

Cleaning and Pressing

Not how cheap, but how good! If you appreciate good work, leave your order here. We Call for and Deliver

Alva Alexander Telephone 173

political speaking or political rallies, but by all means the Christian people should take an active part in political affairs. If we are to turn the government altogether over to the devil, the government would be taken to hell faster than it is at present. The government is going to the devil fast enough as it is, and if the preachers and Christian people generally are to step down, what state of affairs would we soon have, do you suppose?—Scurry County Times-Signal.

THE MAN WHO TALKED AT RANDOM

He sat in the window-corner of the Pullman's smoking compartment and breathed fatly as he uttered his large opinions. It grew late, as so often it does, and he put the quietus on a discussion with the ponderous statement:

"I don't read advertisements. They have no effect on me at all. I'd never miss them if they stopped printing 'em."

Then he glanced at his advertised watch and sought his lower berth.

In the morning the ad-skeptic contorted himself out of his advertised pajamas into his advertised underwear, drew on his advertised socks, adjusted them with his advertised garters, got into his advertised suit, laced his advertised shoes and added himself to the congestion in the wash-room.

Then he shaved with an advertised razor, using advertised shaving soap; brushed his teeth with an advertised toothbrush and advertised dental cream, washed with an advertised soap, and brushed his hair with an advertised brush. Fastening his advertised collar on an advertised button, he neatly knotted his advertised tie, gave his advertised suspenders a tug or two, and finished dressing.

H. B. HILL

Attorney-at-Law Shamrock, Texas

Will practice in all courts

TEXHOMA

Gasoline and Oils AMALIE 100% Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oils Texhoma Oil & Refining Co. W. D. Wiles, Agent Phone 131

DR. J. A. HALL

Dentist Of Shamrock, Tex.

Will be in McLean on Thursday, Friday and Saturday after the first Monday in each month.

Let us leave him there, this man who never reads the advertisements! Everything worth using is advertised. Everything that isn't rarely is. Read the advertisements for value's sake.—The Periodical Press, N. Y.

NOTHIN' 'CEPT YOU

Well, I'll swear—I ain't got nothin', Ain't had nothin', don't want nothin' 'cept you.

I ain't seen nobody, ain't had nobody, Ain't loved nobody, that's true. But if you'll love me, I'll love you; If you want money, though, I don't do 'Cause I ain't got nothin', never had nothin', Don't want nothin' 'cept you.

OF COURSE

Pretty Wife—"Why does a pretty woman usually marry an ugly man?" Homely Husband—"So she can

combine beauty with brains."—Judge

Frank P. Wilson was in from his farm Thursday of last week.

Miss Lena Davidson spent the week end with home folks at Ramsdell.

DON'T

let your eyes undermine your health. Come have them tested.

John B. Vannoy Optometrist and Jeweler

Suppose Fire Should Interrupt

Fire has often interrupted business. In some cases fire has stopped a business enterprise forever. Is your plant adequately insured so that if fire comes it would be only a temporary interruption in routine? For Safe and Sure Insurance, call

C. C. BOGAN Insurance that Protects

Worthy Gifts

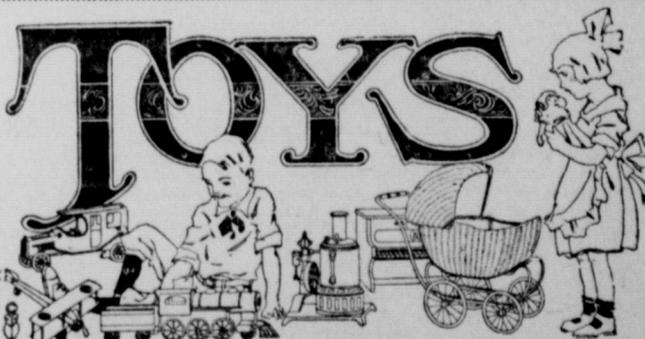
Of course we all want to remember the kiddies with gifts that will bring gladness to their hearts at Christmas time.

BUT if we could also start them out with a bank account and help them make it grow, it would be a worthy gift indeed, and would teach them the great lesson of thrift.

THRIFT is the foundation upon which success in future life depends largely, and the lesson learned early in life is well learned.

START THEM OUT RIGHT. We appreciate the business intrusted to us.

The American National Bank



MAKE THE CHILDREN HAPPY

Children can have more enjoyment from toys than from most anything else. With our splendid showing to choose from, you can pick a toy at any price you want to pay, assuring your children a most Merry Christmas Day.

Erwin Drug Co.

The Recall Store

Wishing You

The Season's Greetings and assuring you of keen appreciation of your good will and patronage

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

Good Jolts at Christmas Time

By ETHEL COOK ELIOT

Family Decided to Send Aid to Needy Instead of to Wealthy Relatives

HE WAS a high school teacher on a salary of eighteen hundred. There were five growing-up children and a wife who was not strong enough to do her own laundering. Still, at Christmas time, his relatives would say, "Mary and John always go send the cheapest things! I'm surprised, since they spend so little on their gifts, they bother about sending anything at all."

John heard of this, and was grieved. An innocent little nephew had given his elders away. But Mary was not grieved. She held her head high and only laughed, for she knew that she and John were not stingy, and that they were as fond of the family as any other members of it. But she did more than laugh. She made a plan.

And the next year John's relatives got jolts instead of presents for Christmas from Mary and John.

Sister Isabel, whose husband was a successful coal man, received a note. "We sent the thirty-nine cents that we could have afforded for your present this year to the Serbian Relief. It will give some starving babies a little soup. We knew you would rather have us do this."

And brother Thomas, the shoe dealer, got a note too. "We gave the quarter we usually spend on you, to our postman whose wife is in the hospital. It will pay a carfare or so for one of the children to visit her."

And so on. All the relatives, over twenty, got the same sort of notes, telling where the few cents that had usually been spent on them by the school-teaching brother at Christmas time, had gone this year. And into each note was tucked a hearty "Merry Christmas."

John's family were puzzled at first. But after they had shaken their heads together over it for a bit, light suddenly dawned. They realized then that the few cents John and Mary had spent on each of them at Christmas time had been more of a gift, in the real sense of a gift, than their expensive, and often useless, presents in return had been. And they saw, too, what real good that little scattered money was doing this Christmas.

They ended by praising John and Mary, and thinking their Christmas notes the best thing they had got.

And indeed a jolt can be a very useful thing, even for a Christmas present!

(Copyright 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

THAT CHRISTMAS ROBE

Hustling up a living for the family generally keeps father so busy that he doesn't have much chance to use that Christmas lounging robe.

CLINK-KLANK

The prayer chain letter fiend has been very active in McLean the last few weeks. Just why a superstitious person of that ilk inflicts his ravings on other people is hard to understand, but evidently there are enough persons of this character left in the world to keep the chain letter nuisance going.—McLean News.

Some misguided person sent one of them to State Press last week. Some army officer started the fool thing during the war and the signer of the letter included the whole list of the chain correspondents, from the Major down to himself. A bigger bunch of folderol S. P. never expects to see. It is worse than this stuff about seeing the moon over the wrong hip and pouring a salt gourd down a lady friend's neck. State Press pays no attention to it whatever. Whenever he sees a ladder he makes a break for it and walks under it by preference. He carries pins in his vest pocket so he can throw them down and then walk over them unheeded. He saves up jobs just so he can begin them on Friday. And through all these adventures he has come like a wet watermelon seed. You see, State Press never goes out without his rabbit's foot, so nothing can him harm. As for this chain letter, though, he is glad to get it. That list of names and so on was worth \$1.85 in cash to S. P. He sold it for a sucker list to the reorganizers of the Lizzie Fluke Oil and Petroleum Company, he did.—State Press in Dallas News.

McLEAN GIRLS CLUB

By Special Reporter.

Miss Patterson met with the club at the Rice building Friday afternoon. Fifteen girls were present.

The first year girls learned how to make sewing bags while the others spent the time in making hem-

Presents from Santa



med patches and learning a new stitch in embroidery.

While the girls were working, Miss Patterson and Miss Hunt made some delicious butter scotch candy.

Miss Patterson taught the girls some new songs and yells while the candy was being served.

The girls wish to thank Mr. Rice for his kindness in letting them use the room in his building, and Mrs. Upham for the use of the oil stove.

A real nice time was had by all present. It is hoped that more girls will be present at the next meeting of the club.

Butter Scotch

1/2 cup sugar.
1/2 cup Karo.
1 cup butter.
Cook until it forms a soft ball in water.

EPWORTH LEAGUE

Subject—Lessons of the Nativity of Our Lord.
Scripture—Matt. 2:1-12; Heb. 2:10-18.

Songs.
Prayer.
What the Wise Men Found—Pearl Johnson.

The Supreme Expression of Love—Ima Anderson.

The Savior of the World—Faytite Belle Copeland.

What This Day Means to Us—Gaylord Hodges.

Our Christmas Gifts—Elton Johnston.

League Benediction.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Batley of Heald were McLean visitors Saturday.

Clubbing Rates

We can save you money on a club order. We have clubbing arrangements with the following papers that if ordered at the same time you subscribe for The News, gives you a substantial saving.

THE McLEAN NEWS.....\$1.50	The Progressive Farmer..... 1.00	Today's Housewife..... 1.00	Good Stories..... .25	Combination Price
Total value at regular prices.....\$3.75				\$2.95
THE McLEAN NEWS.....\$1.50	The Progressive Farmer..... 1.00	McCall's Magazine..... 1.00	People's Popular Monthly..... .35	Combination Price
Total value at regular prices.....\$3.85				\$3.05
THE McLEAN NEWS.....\$1.50	The Progressive Farmer..... 1.00	Household Guest..... .25	Home Friend..... .35	Combination Price
Capper's Weekly..... 1.00	Total value at regular prices..... \$4.10			\$3.25
THE McLEAN NEWS.....\$1.50	The Progressive Farmer..... 1.00	Woman's World..... .50	Good Stories..... .25	Combination Price
American Poultry Advocate..... .50	Home Friend..... .25	The Household..... .25	Total value at regular prices..... \$4.35	
Total value at regular prices..... \$4.35				\$3.35
THE McLEAN NEWS.....\$1.50	The Dallas Farm News..... 1.00	Total value at regular prices..... \$2.50		Combination Price
Total value at regular prices..... \$2.50				\$2.25
THE McLEAN NEWS.....\$1.50	The Progressive Farmer..... 1.00	Total value at regular prices..... \$2.50		Combination Price
Total value at regular prices..... \$2.50				\$2.25

If you want any other paper, ask about our rates. We can save you money.

The McLean News

McLean, Texas

News From Alanreed

By Special Correspondent.

O. L. Smith of Clarendon was here Monday and Tuesday.

Miss Gertrude Wingo of McLean visited friends in Alanreed Saturday. Gilbar Hedrick of Amarillo spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Hedrick.

Hershel Paxton has returned from Amarillo, where he has been for the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Sid Stone of Pampa visited in the Hommel home Saturday and Sunday.

Milton Kennedy of Wichita Falls came in Sunday for a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Kennedy.

Miss Mary Billingslea spent the week end with home folks at McLean.

Misses Bell and Garrett were shopping in McLean Saturday.

Byron Ball went to Erick, Okla., Monday.

Mrs. Everett Snyder and children came in Monday from Guymon, Okla., to make their home. Mr. Snyder is section foreman at this place.

Mrs. W. J. Ball and daughters went to McLean Monday.

News From Ramsdell

By Special Correspondent.

R. L. Jones and family went to McLean Saturday evening.

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

Bert Marcus and Miss Beatrice Avon of Shamrock were married here Sunday by Rev. J. J. Baird.

Mrs. John B. Vannoy spent the week end with home folks at McLean.

Mrs. Tom Franks was a McLean visitor Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Madames Wilbourn Pierce and H. Longan were shopping in Shamrock Monday.

W. T. McCann went to Shamrock Saturday.

Rev. and Mrs. J. J. Baird took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. H. Longan Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Jones were visitors in Alanreed Sunday.

Mrs. Leon Montgomery of Memphis came in Monday to visit her mother, Mrs. Wilbourn Pierce.

Charlie Longan went to Shamrock Monday on business.

Mrs. J. R. Stockton and daughter, Miss Ethel, of Lone Mound were in town Saturday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Campbell and daughters, Misses Sallie and Jane, were Alanreed visitors Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Francis were shopping in the city Saturday.

R. O. Dunkle went to Pampa Monday to spend the week.

Josh Chilton and family of Gracey were in town Saturday.

Henry Bailey of Back was trading in the city Saturday.

Special Prices

Through the Holidays on Cleaning and Pressing

Men's Suits cleaned and pressed.....	\$1.00
Men's Trousers cleaned and pressed.....	.50
Men's Overcoats cleaned and pressed.....	1.00
Ladies' Suits cleaned and pressed.....	1.00
Ladies' Heavy Coats cleaned and pressed.....	1.00

All other work at reduced prices.

Orders taken for made-to-measure suits.

We call for and deliver.

Johnnie Back

DAY PHONE 177 NIGHT PHONE 193



- FOR GENTLEMEN: Watches, Watch Chains, Cuff Buttons, Collar Pins, Emblem Pins, Belt Buckles, Rings, Fountain Pens, Gold Pencils, Military Brushes.
 - FOR LADIES: Bracelet Watches, Rings, Brooches, Lavalliers, Thumbies, French Ivory, Cut Glass, Hand Painted China, Silverware, Fountain Pens, Gold Pencils, Phonographs.
- Rings and many other things for children and babies.

John B. Vannoy

OPTOMETRIST & JEWELER

A REAL Pre-Inventory Sale!

For one week beginning Saturday Dec. 22
Ending Saturday Dec. 29

10 per cent off on our entire Furniture Stock.

Bundy-Hodges

MERCANTILE COMPANY

Volume
JUDGE G. ADDI
Amarillo Ma
To Adop
Market
Judge L. L. C
to the u
Mr. Borgham
interested, a
Saturday af
Judge Gough
take more ha
any other occu
learning that i
take the hazar
lowest price; t
the individual t
let by coopera
ome. The to
gram to mark
whatever price
ing any effort t
has no kick co
is foolish to gre
ing that he v
price for it.
There is not
uple of storio
reproduc ion
this was prac
Egypt, long ag
will work tod
The farmers
to organize, but
mark t can be
when the mar
controlled by
plantation, th
selling, thereb
The speaker
foundation of
mistake in bail
When there a
buyers, the bu
age, but when
grain through
conditions obtu
Agricul re
is wrong in th
ems are con d
and thought al
problems.
tien do, if th
factory?
Farming is
could be made
ant by proper
After the co
address, Mr.
of the Grain Gro
of for a few
said that the
tions were w
for what is ju
ted that men
District head
BIDW
Married, la
well and Miss
of the Gracey
News Fr
By Special C
Misses Bea
and Erev M
McLean Wed
Bob Jones
were trading
Miss Lillie
the Institute
Miss Mann
was visiting at
Mr. and
attended the
prise.
C. A. Wat
ranch Mond
Evan Sitt
homefolks at
Dr. L. M. J
here Monday
Chester D
Nicholson w
ning.
Ero. Wood
Christmas at
Misses Mi
of Alanreed
Boyd Rea
and Annie I
the Christm
A Christ
was held be
the commun
Large crow
ercises.
There w
toah home
Mrs. J. V
Wednes
there to L
make their