

THE McLEAN NEWS

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Number 7.

FARMING ON SOUND BASIS

By R. H. Corum

I have lived in the Panhandle for four and one-half years, a part of which time was spent on a modern equipped stock farm, and the other three years on our own farm seven miles north of McLean. And while I am not a writer, as you will know when you have finished this article, after having gone through 1922 with its knocks and shocks I have been doing some thinking and thinking hard now to meet the problems of everyday life. As I see it, this old maize and kafir corn route is too slow to ever get the mortgage the farmer needs. Some take the position that cotton is our only hope. After having lived in a cotton country for twenty-eight years of my life and receiving my education in a cotton patch, I don't believe I am far wrong when I say this is the poorest cotton country in Texas, the seasons being entirely too short and uncertain to make cotton a safe proposition, and is only a sort of catch-money crop for the farmer with force enough to profitably harvest his crop without depriving his children of the education they are entitled to.

Some of you may remember at one of our C. of C. meetings about a year ago when the proposition came up about financing a car load of brood sows for the McLean farmers, that at that time I suggested that a car load of good dairy cows be financed along with them. I still take the position that the dairy cow is the greatest need on our small farms today. On the big farms and ranches beef cattle are satisfactory, but on the small farms where only a limited number of livestock can be kept, a kind is needed that will produce a double and triple income. The dairy cow can be credited with a calf, the income from butterfat, and the feeding value of skim milk. One cotton farmer said to me if everybody got in the dairy business dairy products would go down. If every farmer will increase his cotton acreage, as many are planning to do, what will your cotton be worth? Another said, "We haven't a market here for our cream." Produce the cream, Mister—there will be a market for it. Another said, "I don't like to milk." That is the whole truth. There are many farmers' children that are undernourished today because John doesn't like to milk. Still another said, "When you get a bunch of dairy cows, you are tied at home." That is the best of all. I know of many wealthy farmers that accumulated their wealth by tying themselves at home. I can take five good purebred Jersey cows and beat any 25 acres of cotton in Gray county, visit my neighbors, attend church, and keep my children in school every day. With ten good dairy cows, I wouldn't care what the price of cotton was. The state of Wisconsin has had only one bank failure in nineteen years; Wisconsin is a dairy state. I am just foolish enough to believe that the farmers of the McLean community need two car loads of good purebred dairy cows.

CITY TO WIRE HOUSES

The City Council has employed a competent electrician, and has offered to wire any citizen's house at actual cost. Not only will a man be furnished at cost, but all material will be sold the same way. When it is known that the City can buy the material in large lots at a substantial discount, the saving can be appreciated.

J. W. Kibler and A. W. Haynes were in Ramsdell on business Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. McCarty were Amarillo visitors Wednesday.

Floyd Johnson of Alanreed was in McLean Wednesday on business.

John Quattlbaum made a business trip to Wellington Wednesday.

W. H. Crute of Alanreed was in the city Wednesday on business.

Sam Brown of Alanreed was a business visitor in the city Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. James and son of Groom spent Sunday in the C. E. Frances home.

W. J. Keasler left Saturday for a few days' visit in Altus, Okla.

R'member

WHEN A NICKLE WENT A LONG WAY IN A CANDY STORE, BUT



NOW!!



LYCEUM NUMBER GOOD ONE

The last number of the Lyceum course, given last Friday evening, was up to the standard of the other numbers offered. The gentleman was especially good in some of the musical numbers. The singing of both performers was punk, but taken as a whole, the audience was enjoyably entertained.

The Lyceum committee did not sign for a course for this year, as the past course cost each guarantor about \$15.00. The guarantee plan has about played out in our town, and if McLean has any more Lyceums or Chautauquas, they will probably come on their own merits.

ALL STAR BASKETBALL TEAM

Special to The News. Canyon, Feb. 13.—At the close of the district basketball meet, which was held in the West Texas State Normal College gymnasium Feb. 9 and 10, in which the Amarillo Golden Sandstorm won the district title, Director D. A. Shirley and members of the Buffalo basketball squad met in conference and selected the All-Star team for the tournament. In making the selection, speed, size and scoring ability were considered. The records of the tournament show that any member of the mythical five is capable of scoring his share of the points, as well as being capable to do stellar floor work.

It is interesting to note that the Amarillo Golden Sandstorm placed only one man on the mythical team, while Dalhart and Pampa each placed two men. This indicates that the teamwork of the Wilson men, rather than individual stars, enabled them to win the district championship.

The All-Star Team		
Player	Position	Team
Jameson	forward	Pampa
Baker	forward	Amarillo
R. Reynolds	center	Dalhart
Duenkel	guard	Pampa
Ritchie	guard	Dalhart
Second Team		
Tate	forward	Dimmitt
Winn	forward	Dalhart
Bell	center	Love
Nicklaus	guard	Amarillo
Shaw	guard	Hedley

Those given honorable mention were: Brown of Canyon, McCandless of Dalhart, Stewart of Pampa, center, Jones of Amarillo; guards, Brady of Amarillo, Williams of Pampa and B. Reynolds of Dalhart.

Mr. and Mrs. Dolph Burrows and children of Conway spent Sunday in the Jas. Burrows home.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Petty and children of Huston, Idaho, came in Friday to make this their home.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Andy B. Word of Alanreed, on Sunday, Feb. 4, a girl.

Mrs. G. W. Henshaw has our thanks for \$1.50 for The News another year.

PAMPA MAN SELLS POULTRY HERE

Kiff White, who lives near Pampa, sold two truck loads of poultry in McLean last week. Mr. White brought the poultry here because of the better market afforded by our dealers.

McLean has the reputation of paying more than other towns for farm products.

SHIRTS WITH HIGH TARIFF TRIMMINGS

By Special Correspondent. Washington, Feb. 13.—Men's shirts will be worn next summer and autumn with a considerable trimming of high tariff. That is not a fashion note; it is a disagreeable economic fact which has just been announced by the makers of percales, silks and other fabrics used by shirt makers.

Increases of from \$2 to \$3 a dozen are to be made in wholesale prices of percale shirts and those of other cotton textiles. Advances in the prices of silk shirts will range from \$3 to \$6 a dozen, wholesale. The retail cost of a percale shirt will be from 50c to \$1 higher than it is now. The retail price of silk shirts will be from 75c to \$1.50 a piece more than now.

News From Gracey

By Special Correspondent. Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Lee left last Thursday for Lipscomb for a visit with the lady's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bush spent Thursday night in the home of their daughter, Mrs. Bill Webb.

Rev. Yarbrough, the Methodist minister at Mobeetie, was unable to fill his appointment Sunday because of his inability to cross the river.

The young folks enjoyed a singing at the rooms of Misses Gaut and Rator.

Ollie Allston took dinner in the Fondren home Sunday.

Misses Gaut and Rator and Messrs. Bush and Allston made a business trip to Shamrock Saturday.

Miss Leora Kinard, who is attending school at McLean, spent the week end with home folks.

L. B. Lakey's brother, whom he had not seen for 18 years, came in for a brief visit last week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Belew have been rather ill, but we understand they are improving.

Misses Lema Marler and Ada Lee Johnson of McLean spent the week end at the Johnson ranch.

Miss Gladys Chambers of Dawn came in Thursday of last week to stay with her grandmother, Mrs. J. H. Chambers, and attend school here.

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

A. J. Worley left Sunday for Amarillo on business.

COUNTY AGENTS REEMPLOYED

Lefors, Feb. 12.—The Commissioners Court of Gray county decided today to make no change in the county agent and home demonstrator. There was some talk the first of the year of discontinuing these offices in Gray county as an economic measure, but public sentiment was so strongly in favor of keeping the present agent and demonstrator that it was deemed advisable to continue Mr. Dunkle and Miss Patterson for at least this year.

SILK DRESS DEMONSTRATION

Mrs. W. T. Wilson will hold a demonstration of ladies' ready-to-wear Friday and Saturday. This popular store has a large assortment of ladies' silk dresses that have come direct from New York, and they will be kept in McLean only until Monday evening, when all unsold garments will be shipped out of town.

Mrs. Wilson has styles and colors to suit most anyone, and we advise any of our readers who are interested in the very latest things in this line to visit Mrs. Wilson's store while these garments are on display.

News From Alanreed

By Special Correspondent. On last Tuesday evening at six o'clock, at the home of Mrs. M. F. Hommel, occurred the marriage of Mr. Gordon Thomas to Miss Ruth Turner, Bro. Cooley of Clarendon officiating. We wish to extend to this happy couple our heartiest congratulations.

Mrs. J. T. Blakney and little daughter, Mildred, are reported no no better at this writing.

Mrs. D. L. Wood is on the sick list this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Hedrick motored to Wheeler on business Monday.

Miss Alta Sherrod of Enterprise spent the week end with home folks.

Bill Albert of Amarillo was an Alanreed visitor Saturday and Sunday.

Paul Hardwick of Holdenville, Okla., is shaking hands with Alanreed friends, enroute to Redondo Beach, Calif., where he has accepted a position in a bank.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Hesse of Mobeetie spent the week end with home folks.

Frank Hommel made a business trip to McLean Saturday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ad Prock, on Tuesday, a boy.

D. B. Veatch, T. J. Coffey and Ross Biggers of McLean were visitors at the oil well Monday.

F. R. McCracken and W. J. Ball made a business trip to McLean Friday.

Miss Anne Richey left Friday for Oklahoma City to hear Paderewski play.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Turner of Alanreed were shopping in the city Saturday.

ROCK ISLAND TO RUN CALIFORNIA LIMITED

A through train service from Memphis to El Paso, and probably to California, will be established by the Rock Island about May 1, according to well defined rumors circulated here Saturday in railroad circles. The train, which is to be a fast limited, will carry all steel equipment, with through sleepers, dining car and observation car privileges.

The train service has been assured from Memphis to El Paso, and the general opinion is that the train will be operated through to California, although direct connection facilities are being arranged for at El Paso. The details of the new service have not yet been announced.

The Rock Island has laid the heavy steel rails on its lines west of Amarillo to Tucumcari, and the steel laying crews are now working east of Amarillo to Sayre. The road bed is in excellent condition to accommodate the fast train, it is said.—Amarillo Daily Tribune.

STREETS ORDERED OPENED

The City Council in regular meeting Friday adopted a resolution ordering all streets in the City of McLean opened. There are only a few streets under fence, but these must be opened at once, regardless of the location. In the matter of alleys it was ordered that no action be taken, unless some property holder in the block affected makes complaint. One such complaint will be considered and the alley ordered opened.

The City Marshal was instructed to see that all streets now closed be opened as soon as possible, so that any contemplated improvement of the streets affected may be done while the city has an engineer employed.

LARGE POTASH FIELD EVIDENT IN PANHANDLE

Austin, Feb. 13.—The early discovery of an immense potash field in the Panhandle district of North Texas is indicated by investigations now being conducted, according to A. D. Potter, chemist of the Bureau of Economic Geology and Technology of the University of Texas. It is believed that potash deposits are in the bed of an inland sea, from which a new and vast resource for Texas will soon be developed. Logs are kept of the different rock formations found in drilling wells in the district, and all samples taken are carefully analyzed. The work is being carried on under the supervision of the United States Geological Society. Practically all the tests are made in the industrial chemistry department of the University.

HORSESHOE PITCHING HEALTHFUL EXERCISE

Austin, Feb. 13.—Pitching horseshoes involves more exercise by far than in involved in the nationally popular game of golf, according to L. Theo Belmont, director of physical training at the University of Texas. The athletic department has purchased 25 sets of pitching horseshoes of the very heaviest variety, and the stakes are 50 feet apart so that the game has really become a strenuous exercise. The purpose of instituting the game at the University is to give the boys something to do that will keep them interested and at the same time keep them in the open air, it was stated.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Henshaw of Heald were shopping in the city Friday.

Byrd Guill spent the week end visiting his little son at Groom.

Mrs. S. E. Boyett and Miss Myrtle Strong left Friday for Oklahoma City to hear Paderewski play.

John Grogan of Ramsdell was in the city on business Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Todd of Heald were shopping in the city Saturday.

A. S. Parker of Heald was trading in the city Friday.

A. R. Caloway of Alanreed was in the city on business Friday.

Marvin Witt of Trinidad, Colo., visited relatives in McLean Friday.

CITY WORK MAKES RAPID PROGRESS

All of the material for the city improvements is on the ground, with the exception of the big diesel oil engines, and they will be shipped just as soon as the power house is built. The big water tank and tower came in last week, but as the city bought this tank and tower erected, we must wait until the company sends an erecting crew, which will be soon.

Most of the water mains are in the ground, and a force of men are putting in connections for the different stores and residences. From the applications that are coming in, it seems that the great majority of the citizens will buy lights and water from the city. City water can be furnished for less than the upkeep on a private plant, and considering the pressure and unlimited amount of water available, it is better in many ways to take city water than to try to keep up a private system.

John W. Kibler, manager of the McLean Telephone Exchange, has charge of setting the light poles for the electric lights, and he will soon have the whole system ready for the wires.

Alderman W. L. Haynes has been appointed manager of the Electric Utility Department, and has many applications for lights already listed. There is no argument as to the desirability of electric lights, and our citizens are enthusiastic in their approval of this part of the new system.

The cold weather has interfered with the street work to some extent, and the big tractor has been used on the water mains most all of the week. The use of the tractor has saved the city quite a bit of money, and thanks are due the county commissioners for the use of the tractor. The city of McLean pays more taxes than all the rest of precinct 4, and it is nothing but right that we should have the use of the tractor, but this fact is not always appreciated by the public at large. The city pays all expenses incident to operating the tractor; the county only loaning the machine.

Some of the citizens are having some sidewalk work done, but most of this kind of work has been held up by the continued cold weather.

SHAMROCK BUYS WATER

Shamrock, Feb. 8.—The city engineer of Shamrock has bought forty acres of land surrounding the Broncho Springs. The three main springs on this land will be used to supply the city of Shamrock with water. A pipe line will be laid just as soon as the preliminary surveys and other arrangements can be made.

BUCK COOKE ACCEPTS POSITION WITH HAYNES

Buck Cooke has accepted a position with Haynes Grocery Company as salesman and stock keeper. Mr. Cooke has been engaged as a decorator and painter in McLean for a number of years, and he has shown his training since joining the Haynes force by giving the stock and fixtures a general overhauling. When he is through with his clean-up campaign it will be hard to find a more inviting store than Haynes Grocery.

We are glad to note the progressiveness of this popular firm, and congratulate them on securing the services of Mr. Cooke.

VALENTINE SOCIAL

A crowd of young folks enjoyed a Valentine social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Veatch Wednesday evening, given by the Christian Endeavor of the First Presbyterian church. Various games were played until a late hour, when refreshments of cake and punch were served.

FLU EPIDEMIC AT SHAMROCK

Shamrock, Feb. 14.—Flu and pneumonia are raging in Shamrock and the neighboring communities. There are no fatalities to date, but the situation is difficult in that whole families are ill and unable to wait one upon the other.

Mrs. H. L. Mann and children went to Clarendon Thursday to visit Mr. Mann, who is there taking medical treatment.

The Cross-Cut

By **Courtney Ryley Cooper**

Illustrations by R. S. Van Nice

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—At Thornton Fairchild's death his son Robert learns there has been a dark period in his father's life which for almost thirty years has caused him suffering. The secret is hinted at in a document left by the older Fairchild, which also informs Robert he is now owner of a mining claim in Colorado, and advising him to see Henry Beamsish, a lawyer.

CHAPTER II.—Beamsish tells Robert his claim, a silver mine, is at Ohadi, thirty-eight miles from Denver. He also warns him against a certain man, "Squint" Rodaine, his father's enemy. Robert decides to go to Ohadi.

CHAPTER III.—On the road to Ohadi from Denver Fairchild assists a girl, apparently in a frenzy of haste, to change a tire on her auto. When she has left, the sheriff and a posse appear, in pursuit of a bandit. Fairchild bewildered, mistakes them as to the direction the girl had taken.

CHAPTER IV.—At Ohadi Fairchild is warmly greeted by "Mother" Howard, boarding-house keeper, for his father's sake.

CHAPTER V.—From Mother Howard, Fairchild learns something of the mystery connected with the disappearance of "Sis-sie" Larsen, his father's co-worker in the mine. He meets the girl he had assisted, but she denies her identity. She is Anita Richmond, Judge Richmond's daughter.

CHAPTER VI.—Visiting his claim, Fairchild is shadowed by a man he recognizes from descriptions as "Squint" Rodaine. Back to Ohadi, his father's old friend, Harry Harkins, a Cornishman, summoned from England by Beamsish to help Fairchild, halts him with joy.

CHAPTER VII.—The pair find the mine flooded and have not sufficient funds to have it pumped dry. Later in the day "Squint" Rodaine announces that he practically saw Harkins fall into the flooded mine, and evidently is drowned.

CHAPTER VIII.—Harkins being a general favorite, the entire population turns out to clear the flooded mine. When the work is practically done, Harry appears, apparently surprised at the turnout. It had been a shrewd trick on his part to get the mine pumped out without cost to himself or Fairchild, and the men take it as a good job.

CHAPTER IX.—Fairchild learns that Judge Richmond is dying, and that he and Anita are in the power of the Rodaines. They begin, as partners, to work the mine. In their hearts both fear Larsen was killed by Thornton Fairchild and his body buried by a cave-in which destroyed the mine. At the "Old Times Hall" Fairchild dances with Anita, to the discomfiture of Maurice Rodaine, son of "Squint," supposed to be engaged to the girl. A bandit holds up the dance and shoots a merry-maker. Maurice Rodaine claims he recognized the bandit as Harkins. The latter is arrested. Fairchild interposes to save Anita from the bullying of the two Rodaines, and is mystified at Anita's apparent ingratitude.

CHAPTER X.—Fairchild puts up the claim as bond, and secures Harry's release from jail. They are offered \$50,000 for the claim, by an unknown party, but agree to disregard it. Clearing the mine, they come to where they fear to find Larsen's remains.

CHAPTER XI

They started forward then, making their way through the slime and silt of the drift flooring, slippery and wet from years of flooding. On—on—they stopped.

Progress had become impossible. Before them, twisted and torn and piled about in muddy confusion, the timbers of the mine suddenly showed in a perfect barricade, supplanted from behind by piles of muck and rocky refuse which left no opening to the chamber of the stope beyond. Harry's carbide went high in the air, and he sid forward, to stand a moment in thought before the obstacle. At place after place he surveyed it, finally to turn with a shrug of his shoulders.

"It's going to mean more'n a month of the 'ardest kind of work, Boy," came his final announcement. "Ow it could 'ave caved in like that is more than I know. I'm sure we timbered it good."

There was only one thing to do—turn back. Fifteen minutes more and they were on the surface, making their plans; projects which entailed work from morning until night for many a day to come. Harry reached for a new ax and indicated another.

"We'll cut ties first," he announced.

And thus began the weeks of effort, weeks in which they worked with crude appliances; weeks in which they dragged the heavy stulls and other timbers into the tunnel and then lowered them down the shaft to the drift, two hundred feet below, only to follow them in their counterbalanced bucket and laboriously pile them along the sides of the drift, there to await use later on. Weeks in which they worked in mud and slime, as they gaded out the muck and with their gad hooks tore down loose portions of the hanging wall to form a roadbed for their new tram.

It was a slow, galling progress, but they kept at it. Gradually the tram line began to take shape, pieced together from old portions of the track which still lay in the drift and supplemented by others bought cheaply at that graveyard of miner's hopes—the junk yard in Ohadi. At last it was finished; the work of moving the heavy timbers became easier now as they were shunted onto the small tram truck from which the body had been dismantled and trundled along the rails to the cave-in, there to be piled

in readiness for their use. And finally—

A pick swung in the air, to give forth a chunky, smacking sound, as it struck water-softened, spongy wood. The attack against the cave-in had begun. A foot at a time they tore away the old, broken, splintered timbers and the rocky refuse which lay piled behind each shivered beam; only to stop, carry away the muck, and then rebuild. Cold and damp, in the moist air of the tunnel they labored, but there was a joy in it all. Down here they could forget Squint Rodaine and his chalky-faced son; down here they could feel that they were working toward a goal and lay aside the handicap which humans might put in their path.

Day after day of labor and the indentation upon the cave-in grew from a matter of feet to one of yards. A week. Two. Then, as Harry swung his pick, he lurched forward and went to his knees. "I've gone through!" he announced in happy surprise. "I've gone through. We're at the end of it!"

Up went Fairchild's carbide. Where the pick still hung in the rocky mass, a tiny hole showed, darker than the surrounding refuse. There was joy in Harry's voice as he made a momentary survey.

"It's fairly dry behind there," he announced. "Otherwise we'd have been scrambling around in water up to our necks. We're lucky there, any ow."

Again the attack and again the hole widened. At last Harry straightened. "We can go in now," came finally. "Are you willing to go with me?"

"You mean—?"

But Harry stopped him. "Let's not talk about it till we've to. Come on."

Silently they crawled through the opening, the silt and fine rock rattling about them as they did so, to come upon fairly dry earth on the other side, and to start forward. Suddenly, as they walked along, Harry took the lead, holding his lantern far ahead of him, with one big hand behind it, as though for a reflector. Then, just as suddenly, he turned.

"Let's go out," came shortly.

"Why?"

"It's there!" In the light of the lantern, Harry's face was white, his big lips livid. "Let's go—"

But Fairchild stopped him. "Harry," he said, and there was determination in his voice. "If it's there—we've got to face it. Don't you think that certain people would make an investigation if we should happen to quit the mine now?"

"The Rodaines?"

"Exactly. And how much worse would it be for them to tell the news—than for us?"

"Nobody 'as to tell it!" Harry was staring at his carbide flare—"there's a wye."

"But we can't take it, Harry. In my father's letter was the statement that he made only one mistake—that of fear. I'm going to believe him—and in spite of what I find here, I'm going to hold him innocent, and I'm going to be fair and square and above-board about it all. There's nothing on my conscience—and I know that if my father had not made the mistake of running away when he did, there would have been nothing on his."

Harry shook his head.

"I couldn't do much else, Boy. Rodaine was s'fronger in some ways than than he is now. That was in different days. That was in times when Squint Rodaine could 'ave gotten a 'undred men together quicker'n a cat's wink and lynched a man without 'im 'aving a trial or anything. And if I'd been your father, I'd 'ave done the same as 'e did. I'd 'ave run, too—'e'd 'ave paid for it with 'is life if 'e didn't, guilty or not guilty. And—" he looked sharply toward the younger man—"you say to go on?"

"Go on," said Fairchild, and he spoke the words between tightly clenched teeth. Harry turned his light



"Look—There—Over by the Foot-wall!"

before him, and once more shielded it with his big hand. A step—two, then:

"Look—there—over by the foot-wall!"

Fairchild forced his eyes in the direction designated and stared intently. At first it appeared only like a succession of disjointed, broken stones, lying in straggly fashion along the footwall of the drift where it widened into the stope, or upward slant on the vein. Then, it came forth clearer, the thin outlines of something which clutched at the heart of Robert Fairchild, which sickened him, which

caused him to fight down a sudden, panicky desire to shield his eyes and to run—a heap of age-donated bones, the scraps of a miner's costume still clinging to them, the heavy shoes protruding in comically tragic fashion over bony feet; a huddled, cramped skeleton of a human being!

They could only stand and stare at it—this reminder of a tragedy of a quarter of a century ago. Their lips refused to utter the words that strove to travel past them; they were two men dumb, dumb through a discovery which they had forced themselves to face, through a fact which they hoped against, each more or less silently, yet felt sure must, sooner or later, come before them. And now it was here.

And this was the reason that twenty years before, Thornton Fairchild, white, grim, had sought the aid of Harry and of Mother Howard. This was the reason that a woman had played the part of a man, to all appearances only one of three disappointed miners seeking a new field. And yet—

"I know what you're thinking." It was Harry's voice, strangely hoarse and weak. "I'm thinking the same thing. But it mustn't be. Dead men don't always mean they've died—in a wye to cast reflections on the man that was with 'em. Do you get what I meant? You've said—" and he looked hard into the cramped, suffering face of Robert Fairchild—"that you were going to 'old your father innocent. So 'm I. We don't know, Boy, what went on 'ere. And we've got to 'ope for the best."

Then, while Fairchild stood motionless and silent, the big Cornishman forced himself forward, to stoop by the side of the heap of bones which once had represented a man, to touch gingerly the clothing, and then to bend nearer and hold his carbide close to some object which Fairchild could not see. At last he rose and with old, white features, approached his partner.

"The appearances are against us," came quietly. "There's a 'ole in 'is skull that a jury'll say was made by a single jack. It'll seem like some one 'ad killed 'im, and then caved in the mine with a box of powder. But 'e's gone, Boy—your father—I mean. 'E can't defend 'imself. We've got to take 'is part."

"Maybe—" Fairchild was grasping at the final straw—"maybe it's not the person we believe it to be at all. It might be somebody else—who had come in here and set off a charge of powder by accident and—"

But the shaking of Harry's head stifled the momentary ray of hope.

"No, I looked. There was a watch—all covered with mold and mildewed. I pried it open. It's got Larsen's name inside!"

CHAPTER XII.

Again there was a long moment of silence, while Harry stood pawing at his mustache and while Robert Fairchild sought to summon the strength to do the thing which was before him. All the suddenness of the old days had come back to him, ghosts which would not be driven away; memories of a time when he was the grubbing, though willing slave of a victim of fear—of a man whose life had been wrecked through terror of the day when intruders would break their way through the debris, and when the discovery would be made. And it had remained for Robert Fairchild, the son, to find the hidden secret, for him to come upon the thing which had caused the agony of nearly thirty years of suffering, for him to face the alternative of again placing that gruesome find into hiding, or to square his shoulders before the world and take the consequences.

There was no time to lose in making his decision. Beside him stood Harry, silent, morose. Before him—Fairchild closed his eyes in an attempt to shut out the sight of it. But still it was there, the crumpled heap of tattered clothing and human remains, the awry, heavy shoes still shielding the fleshless bones of the feet. He turned blindly, his hands groping before him.

"Harry," he called. "Harry! Get me out of here—I—can't stand it!"

Wordlessly the big man came to his side. Wordlessly they made the trip back to the hole in the cave-in and then followed the trail of new-laid track to the shaft. Up—the trip seemed endless as they jerked and pulled on the weighted rope, that their shaft bucket might travel to the surface. Then, at the mouth of the tunnel, Robert Fairchild stood for a long time staring out over the soft hills and the radiance of the snowy range, far away. It gave him a new strength, a new determination. His eyes brightened with resolution. Then he turned to the faithful Harry, waiting in the background.

"There's no use trying to evade anything, Harry. We've got to face the music. Will you go with me to notify the coroner—or would you rather stay here?"

"I'll go."

Silently they trudged into town and to the little undertaking shop which also served as the office of the coroner. They made their report, then accompanied the officer, together with the sheriff, back to the mine and into the drift. There once more they clambered through the hole in the cave-in and on toward the beginning of the stope. And there they pointed out their discovery.

A wait for the remainder of that day—a day that seemed ages long, a day in which Robert Fairchild found himself facing the editor of the Bugle, and telling his story, Harry beside him. But he told only what he had found, nothing of the past, nothing of the white-haired man who had waited

by the window, cringing at the slightest sound on the old, vine-clad veranda, nothing of the letter which he had found in the dusty safe. Nothing was asked regarding that; nothing could be gained by telling it. In the heart of Robert Fairchild was the conviction that somehow, some way, his father was innocent, and in his brain was a determination to fight for that innocence as long as it was humanly possible. But gossip told what he did not.

There were those who remembered the departure of Thornton Fairchild from Ohadi. There were others who recalled perfectly that in the center of the rig was a man, apparently "Sis-sie" Larsen. And they asked questions. They cornered Harry, they shot their queries at him one after another. But Harry was adamant.

"I ain't got anything to say! And here's an end to it!"

Late that night as they were engaged at their usual occupation of relating the varied happenings of the day to Mother Howard there came a knock at the door. Instinctively, Fairchild's heart trembled.

"Your name's out of this—as long as possible."

She smiled in her mothering, knowing way. Then she opened the door, there to find a deputy from the sheriff's office.

"They've impaneled a jury up at the courthouse," he announced. "The coroner wants Mr. Fairchild and Mr. Harkins to come up there and tell what they know about this here skeleton they found."

(Continued Next Week).

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

The partnership between Johnnie Back and Alva Alexander in the Back & Alexander tailor shop was dissolved in January, 1923.

Johnnie Back and Alva Alexander.

C. L. Cooke was a business visitor in Pampa last Thursday.

Giles Phillip was a Groom visitor Thursday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Bee Everett returned last Thursday from Brownfield.

Dewey Herron returned Thursday of last week from Amarillo.

Mr. Marie Harrison left last Thursday for her home at Salina, Kans., after an extended visit in the J. W. Cunningham home.

C. L. Cooke made a business trip to Oklahoma City Friday.

T. N. Childress was a business visitor in Amarillo last Thursday.

Miss Mattie Patterson of Pampa was in McLean on business the latter part of last week.

Attorney Chas. C. Cook of Pampa was in the city on business Friday.

Uncle Phil Reeves of Alanaw was in McLean Friday.

Think!

Opportunities Are Slipping By

Have you thought of the opportunities that have slipped by because you had no money to take advantage of them? A good bank account is the remedy for this trouble.

The Citizens State Bank

A Guaranty Fund Bank

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$33,750.00

J. S. MORSE, President CLAY THOMPSON, Cashier

City Lights

The City of McLean will wire your house for electric lights at cost. The City will give you the advantage of buying in wholesale lots and furnish a competent electrician, whose work will pass the inspection of the fire insurance underwriters, and only charge you for the exact number of hours it takes to put in your wires.

It will pay anyone who expects to use electric lights at any time in the future to have this work done now, while this offer is extended.

The rate per month for lights will be put at the lowest possible figure, and this rate will depend to some extent on the number who use lights. In no case will the minimum rate be more than \$2.00 per month.

If you want to take advantage of this offer, see the manager at once.

City of McLean

W. L. Haynes, Manager Electric Utility Department

AT THE CHURCH OF CHRIST

Eld. A. C. Huff will preach at the Church of Christ next Sunday at 11 a. m. Song service at 3:30 Sunday afternoon. The general public is invited to attend all services.

HOW NEWSPAPERS HELP

THE NEWSPAPER starts in

WHEN YOU are born;

RELATES ABOUT your excellence

AND TELLS about your sweetness.

IT FOLLOWS you to school,

AND PRINTS the honor roll

IF YOUR name is found there.

IT TELLS of your graduation

AND SPEAKS of the excellence

OF YOUR magnificent essay;

IT TELLS of your progress

DURING YOUR college career,

AND THEN dilates much about

THE CHOICE of your location.

THEN IT gives a nice notice

ABOUT YOUR marriage

AND PRAISES up the blushing bride

TILL HER kinsfolk don't know her.

THEN, IN due course of events,

IT TELLS about the bouncing baby

THAT HAPPENS in your family—

THEREBY BEGINNING its life work

ALL OVER and over again.

THE NEWSPAPER does all this,

AND IT does also much more.

IT TELLS of the progress

MADE BY city and county

AND BOOSTS all enterprises;

GIVES FREE advertising

WORTH THOUSANDS of dollars

TO ITS own home town.

THERE ARE seeds of things

THAT ALL good newspapers do

FOR WHICH they cannot be paid.

THAT IS why every citizen

SHOULD DO his darndest

TO SUPPORT the newspaper

IN EVERY possible way

AND ALL the time.

YASSUM.

I THANK YOU.
 —Palatka (Fla.) News.

CITY PAYDAY CHANGED

The City of McLean will now pay all labor bills on Tuesday of each week, instead of once each month, as previously announced. All bills of this nature incurred up to Saturday night will be paid the following Tuesday.

WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

The Home Missionary Society of the Methodist church will meet Feb. 20th. The lesson will begin with the 16th chapter of 1 Samuel; the 12th chapter is also included in the lesson. **PUB. COMMITTEE.**

THE MAN WHO DELIVERS THE GOODS

There's a man in the world who is never turned down
 Wherever he chances to stray;
 He gets the glad hand in the populous town,
 Or out where the farmers make hay.
 He's greeted with pleasure on deserts of sand,
 And deep in the aisles of the woods;
 Wherever he goes there's a welcoming hand—he's
The Man Who Delivers the Goods.
 They've lost their umbrella whenever it rains,
 And they haven't their lanterns at night;
 Men tire of failures who fill with their sighs
 The air of their own neighborhoods.
 There's a man who is greeted with love-lighted eyes—he's
The Man Who Delivers the Goods.
 One fellow is lazy and watches the clock,
 And waits for the whistle to blow;
 One has a hammer with which he will knock,
 And one tells a story of woe.
 And one, if requested to travel a mile,
 Will measure the perches and rods;
 But one does his stunt with a whistle and smile—he's
The Man Who Delivers the Goods.
 One man is afraid he'll labor too hard,
 The world isn't yearning for such;
 And one man is ever alert, on his guard,
 Lest he put in a minute too much.
 One has a grouch on, a temper that's bad,
 And one is a creature of moods.
 So it's me for the joyous and rollicking lad—for he's
The Man Who Delivers the Goods.

POULTRY SUGGESTIONS

Use all the eggs you need for home use before selling one.
 A boiled, scrambled or poached egg is far better for the children than a fried egg and is no more trouble.
 "A hundred hens on every farm, a hundred eggs from every hen" was a slogan during the war. Let us not forget it in peace time.
 Hatch early, the bulk of next winter's eggs will come from the early hatched pullets. Also early fryers bring the best prices.
 Breeding and hatching season will soon be at hand. Select strong, active alert birds for breeders. Feed well but not too much corn. Provide dry mash.

The young turkey's first feed may well be hard boiled eggs chopped fine, shell and all, and mixed with corn bread crumbs. Do not overfeed them.

Sending for a few day-old chicks is a good way to get a start in the purebred poultry business. Be sure to have very warm, clean quarters ready for the little chicks.

Select your breed and stick to it no matter how pretty your neighbor's flock of another breed may look. There is no best breed.

One good reason for keeping guinea hens is that they forage father from home than do chickens and thereby convert into good food many a stray bug and seed.

The small tin brood coops are excellent for setting hens, as they are rat-proof. For the best results put a two-inch layer of sand in the bottom and place the coop in the shade.

The girl of woman who cares for poultry or other livestock will find that rubber boots, work gloves, heavy sweater and rain coat will make going out in bad weather much easier.

If you raise purebred poultry, and of course you do, why not treat yourself to a copy of the Standard of Perfection by which all poultry is judged? It is impossible to breed intelligently without knowing the standard to which you are breeding. The book is published by the American Poultry Association.—*Progressive Farmer.*

A BOY'S ESSAY ON GIRLS'

Girls are the sisters of boys an' have long hars, wares dresses an' powder an' are stuck on movey men. The first girls were called foolish virgins.

Most every fambly haz a girl an' some of the moar unlucky wuns haz two or three. We have a girl in our fambly an' she is my sister. She haz a bow, an' my father, Hennery Brown, says he hopes she'll fule him into marrying hur. Girls kin grow older an' git younger. My sister haz been twenty-three for four year an' sum day we may be twins.

They is three kinds of girls; brunette girls, blonde girls an' them that haz money. Girls is afraid of mice an' bugs, which makes it fine to put these little reptyles down they're backs. Yours truly,
 WILLIE.

Marion Reynolds of Shamrock was a business visitor in our city Friday.

E. B. Reeves of Alanreed was a McLean visitor Friday.

N. S. Ray left Friday for Amarillo for medical treatment.

SEND US YOUR KODAK FINISHING—WE DO IT BETTER
 Developing films, single rolls 10c each; packs 20c.
 Prints, 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 and smaller, 4c each; larger 5c.
 A deposit with order for full amount required. We return any excess. You will be pleased with our French gloss finish and prompt service.
 C. M. BRIGGS, Photographer, Elk City, Okla.

CUNNINGHAM FLOWER SHOP
 Bedding plants, Cut flowers and designs of all kinds.
Amarillo, Texas
 1909-11 Van Buren St. Phone 1081

MAGNOLENE
 of the right grade chases motor trouble away. Drive in and let us drain your crank case and put in a supply of Magnolene of the right grade. No charge except for the oil.
 Magnolene, the Dependable Lubricant, is made from paraffine base crudes, produced and manufactured in Texas by men who have made a life study of scientific lubrication.
McLean Filling Station
 C. W. GINN, Manager
 —Here to Please—

I DON'T GET TIME TO READ

The difference between success and failure is often found in the inclination and ability of a man to read, absorb and apply information in connection with his particular line of business. The well-read man or woman always has the advantage of any person who does not continue his education by a fair amount of reading and study of papers, magazines and books. Keeping up with current events broadens a man's vision and sharpens his wits. He becomes a better business man.

How often does one hear the expression, "I don't get time to read." That may mean that one does not get time to read as much as he desires, or that one does not read at all. In the latter case, the expression is a confession of ignorance for the man who ceases to read, no matter what his previous education. One must read to keep up with the times. Not necessarily along one line, or for a long period of time each day or each week. Twenty minutes to a half hour per day will keep one interested in the affairs of his Government and of the world. It will keep him alive to his own business. He becomes a better man and a better citizen. The man who says "I don't get time to read" is in the same class as the man who says "You can't tell me anything about farming; I have stayed on a farm for more than forty years."—*Farm and Ranch.*

IT PAYS

A good friend of the editor, but not a subscriber of The Record, stated that he did not consider a paper worth \$2.00 a year to him. The conversation changed and in about a moment he mentioned that he had wanted to purchase a certain article if the price had been right; then the joke was on him, for that very article had been advertised in the Canadian Record at a bargain price that would have let the saving pay his subscription to the Record and then left him some money to buy groceries with. There is a good moral to this. If that little transaction would have saved him money, how many times during the year would he have profited by being a reader of the Record? A man can't afford, in justice to himself, not to be a reader of his home paper.—*Canadian Record.*

Jim Slavin of Alanreed was a business visitor in this city Friday.

Cecil Bible of Skillet was in town Friday.

W. A. Glass was trading in the city Friday.

Mr. Collison of Clarendon was buying hogs in McLean the latter part of last week.

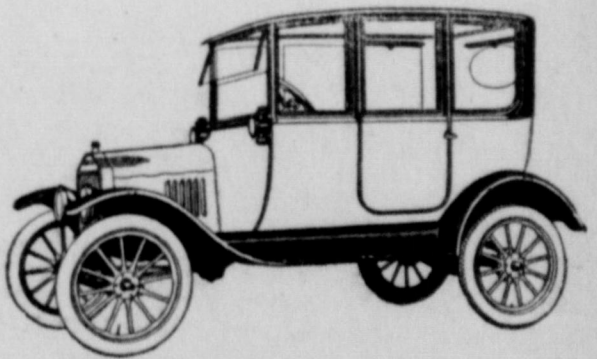
C. L. Cooke, cashier of the American National Bank, attended court before Lefors Monday.

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

Get That Suit Pressed
 Bring your clothes to our shop and get them cleaned and pressed today. We Guarantee to Satisfy.
D. A. HERRON
 Cleaner and Tailor

REAL COAL
 We have several cars of good coal. If you want real coal that will not slack and will hold fire be sure and see us.
Why Buy Coal that Slacks in a Few Days? Buy Good Coal
SMITH BROTHERS
 Coal Cotton Loans Insurance

Ford
 THE UNIVERSAL CAR
SEDAN
NEW PRICE
\$595.00
F. O. B. DETROIT
 Equipped with electric starter and lighting system, demountable rims, extra rim and non-skid tires all around—the Ford Sedan, at the new low price of \$595, F. O. B. Detroit, is the greatest motor car value ever produced—an enclosed car of comfort, convenience and beauty. Buy now. Terms.

Completely Equipped

Bentley Motor Co.
 Lincoln, Ford and Fordson
 Phone 148 McLean, Texas

FARM LOANS
 If you need money, let me loan you all you need on real estate, at only 8 per cent interest.
 If you would like to sell your property, list it with me.
W. C. Foster
 Real Estate Loans

AW, WHAT'S THE USE
 FEEL THAT!
 HOW CAN I HELP IT—I CAN'T GO DOWN IN THE CELLAR AND MANUFACTURE COAL
 NOW LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING, FELIX FEATHERHEAD—IF IT'S NOT WARM AROUND HERE IN HALF AN HOUR, I'M GOING HOME TO MOTHER— I CAN'T STAND THIS ZERO WEATHER—YOU'RE A FINE ONE—BLA, BLA, BLA
 BLA, BLA ETC.
 Was That a Gentle Hint?
 HEY FANNY, IT'S HALF AN HOUR AN' THERE'S NO HEAT YET!
 L. F. VAN ZELM

THE McLEAN NEWS
Published Every Friday

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

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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.

If you follow the teachings of the Golden Rule in your dealing with your fellowman, he will usually meet you half way.

The man who does the right thing occasionally deserves little praise. A stopped clock tells the correct time twice a day. The man who consistently does right is the man who deserves credit.

The stock law election ordered for this precinct on February 24th should be of interest to every citizen affected. The time of free range has passed, and in justice to all concerned, stock should be kept on the premises of the owner.

We are glad the commissioners of Gray county have reemployed the county agent and home demonstrator. To have discharged these officers would have been false economy just at this time; and we seriously doubt whether there will ever be a time when we can economically dispense with the services of a county agent and home demonstrator.

The failure of the Lyceum committee to pay expenses proves our contention that the Lyceum and Chautauqua guarantee plan is all wrong. Every Lyceum and Chautauqua course offered in McLean for the past few years has not paid expenses, and this situation has not been peculiar to our town, but has been the case at most all towns over the Panhandle. Enough of our people have been stung on this proposition that it will take some strong arguments to get enough signers on a guarantee to ever have another course in McLean.

The City's offer to wire houses at cost should be taken advantage of by every citizen in town, whether they intend to take lights right now or not, for this is an opportunity that does not happen often. They city could have refused to have handled the wiring end of the light connection and have let some outside man come in and have made some money out of our people, but this was not done, and we have the chance to have the work done at actual cost and at the same time get work that will pass inspection. Practically everyone will eventually use electricity, and this proposition should be taken advantage of at once.

Mr. Corum's article on sound farming is worth some time and thought. A great many of our best farmers have come to the conclusion that we need to change the plan of selling the feed from the farm. All feed is destined to be fed to some animal and why not feed the animal on the farm where the feed is raised. This would mean a considerable saving in freight and other expenses, besides leaving the by products on the farm to conserve soil fertility. There is no question as to the value of the dairy cow, and most of us agree that we must encourage the small farmer to settle in our midst before we can develop the great trade territory we are entitled to. Cotton will never, perhaps, be used in our community except as a money crop, and it has proved its value as a money crop the past year. No one crop system will pay, be it cotton or some other crop, but with dairy cows, some sows and hens, it is not much trouble to make a living on a few acres.

Funny how viewpoints vary. For instance, if the Texas Technological School is established by the Legislature, South Plains people figure it will be a tooth and toe nail fight to get the school located this far west and north. On the other hand, we note by the McLean News that that city, located northeast of Amarillo 50 to 70 miles, considers itself ideally located for consideration by the locating committee. McLean is more ideally located, according to our viewpoint, than many another community with a much better chance of getting the school. But the viewpoint of the locating committee is the one from which the question must be studied. Incl-

dentally, we're in for a lot of fun if the Legislature and Governor Neff have a heart for us.—Floyd County Hesperian.

Each of us has an unconscious influence. When we do right we influence others to do right.—McLean News.

There is much food for thought in the above small comment. Our works follow us, whether they be good or bad. We find within the pages of inspiration the suggestion that "Blessed are they who die in the Lord," and that their works do follow them. The works of men, or the deeds and influence of men, follow them after they are gone. In these matters is the suggestion that man when he passes out of this life does not go straight into judgment. Final judgment is reserved until the end of time, when all nations of earth shall stand at the Judgment Seat of Christ and be judged according to the deeds done in the body. A man's good deeds or the influence from these good deeds may bear fruit for years to come, and after he has departed this life. The same may be said of the wicked. The influence of the wicked may live on and on, and influence many generations to commit sin. God in His wisdom has done all things well, and in reserving the Judgment until the end of time, He is prepared to give man the full benefit of the life lived here on earth. The Beacon editor is broad of vision in these matters. We believe that practically all men mean to do the right thing and live right, but some do not measure up to the required standard of righteousness. But then we are taught not to judge, for we do not know the intent and purposes of a man's heart. A man may mean well and do wrong. We do not know what obstacles a man has to overcome, or what his cross in life is. He may be doing the best he can under the circumstances. There is scarcely any excuse for the man that wilfully practices sin—defrauds and cheats his neighbor, or lives the life in the community that brings reproach upon his fellows. This man's deeds will follow him even to the judgment.—Lockney Beacon.

Perhaps they have but a few more years to live and why should not those who are of younger years make that time as happy and comfortable as possible?—Houston Chronicle.

Will H. Hays, at a movie men's dinner in New York, told stories of his postoffice experiences. "There was a handsome young village postmaster," he said, "who one day cashed a money order for a pretty girl. At the same time he pointed out to the girl that there was a message written in pencil on the margin of the order. "Yes, I know," she responded, "it's a message from Jim, but I can't make it out. Can you?" "Sure I can," said the handsome postmaster. "It says, 'Love and a dozen kisses.' I've paid you your money. I suppose you want your kisses now?" "Yes," said the girl, blushing, "I'm entitled to them, of course I want them."

"So the young postmaster leaned out of his window and carefully gave her what had been sent on the margin of the money order. "When the girl reached home, she

POISONS FORM PART OF DAILY MEALS

Do you know that every day you eat some poison with your meals? This question was asked by a diet specialist who points out that many of the commonest foods and condiments contain poisons of varying degrees of potency.

Bacon, for example, which figures on most breakfast tables, contains a small amount of saltpetre; it gives the rind its coloring. Take a dose of an ounce or so of saltpetre, and even if you do not die, you will have a decidedly uncomfortable time.

An ounce of saltpetre has been known to kill a person in two hours, while medical resorts contain numerous instances of people having been made very ill by mistaking this substance for some other form of salt.

Mention of salt brings to mind the little known fact that a favorite Chinese method of committing suicide is by taking a cupful of the common table variety. In any more than small quantities, salt is a violent gastric irritant, one of the effects of which is the setting up of fatal inflammation of the stomach.

Another salt which most persons partake of at some time or other is oxalic acid, a distressingly powerful irritant and poison when taken in sufficient quantities. It is found in rhubarb and sorrel, and gives both their pleasant thirst-quenching flavor.

Bloaters and kippers are not infrequently preserved in a preparation containing formaldehyde, which is liable to bring about stomach troubles and sometimes worse effects. The amount used in curing fish, however, is so small as to be almost negligible.

Even your ice-cream cannot be absolved from the charge of being poisonous in a slight degree. That delightful almond flavor, appreciated by most people, is a sign of the presence in the icing of prussic acid, which is one of the deadliest of poisons.

Then, again, such familiar items as cloves, nutmegs, horse-radish and certain herbs may prove poisonous if taken in large quantities.

Black pepper contains an alkaloid poison known as piperine, while the cayenne variety, better known, perhaps, as red pepper, is even more potent as a poison. A case was reported in which a woman swallowed half an ounce of cayenne pepper and died in agony a few hours afterward.

Doctors agree that over-indulgence

in tea or coffee, owing to the caffeine these drinks contain, is decidedly injurious to health.

REMEMBER YOU'LL BE OLD YOURSELF

Not enough respect is paid to old age.

We are not kind enough, not tolerant enough with the weak and infirm.

We are annoyed at the slow-moving person who checks our speed when we get on or off a car or train.

We are exasperated when an elderly person holds us up at the ticket office window because failing eyesight makes counting change a slow process.

We are displeased when a middle-aged or old person sitting in a seat with us moves about frequently because one position soon tires him.

The discourteous treatment given elderly people by the majority of persons is surprising and distressing.

We are all going toward that age when younger generation will have as much cause to be annoyed by our actions as we have to be annoyed by the actions of old people today.

Why not more sympathy and gentleness shown toward the elderly?

Perhaps they have but a few more years to live and why should not those who are of younger years make that time as happy and comfortable as possible?—Houston Chronicle.

ENTH DEGREE EFFICIENCY

There was a handsome young village postmaster," he said, "who one day cashed a money order for a pretty girl. At the same time he pointed out to the girl that there was a message written in pencil on the margin of the order.

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"So the young postmaster leaned out of his window and carefully gave her what had been sent on the margin of the money order. "When the girl reached home, she

When the girl reached home, she

Fire Loss

Have you protected yourself against this menace? Have you taken out a Fire Insurance policy in a strong, financially responsible organization? It is your only guarantee that your loss by fire will be replaced promptly and fully.

ROSS BIGGERS

SETTING EGGS

Whitsitt's Laying Leghorns
The Profitable Kind
S. C. White Leghorns, heavy-laying strain.
\$1.50 per setting; \$7.00 per 100 eggs.

W. W. Whitsitt
4-4p Alanreed, Texas

Money Is Scarce

We cannot insist on your buying anything you can do without, but we are prepared to furnish you anything in the building line and will do our best to please. Call and see us. Buy what you need and no more.

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

BAD COLD, MAYEE!

A new arrival at a Western ranch was persuaded to mount a bucking horse. He was scarcely on the animal's back before he was off again—over the horse's head. "What's the matter?" asked the old-timer who picked him up.

"Bucked?" returned the other. "Bucked? Go on! She only coughed."—Boston Transcript.

FAST BY COMPARISON

"Waiter," said the customer, after waiting fifteen minutes for his soup, "have you ever been to the zoo?" "No, sir."

"Well, you ought to go. You'd enjoy seeing the turtles whiz past you."—The Juggler.

A LITTLE MORE KINDNESS

A little more kindness and a little less greed.

A little more giving and a little less grief.

A little more smile and a little less frown.

A little less kicking a man when he is down.

A little more "you" and a little less "I."

A little more laugh and a little less cry.

A few more flowers on the pathway of life.

And fewer on the grave at the end of the strife.

—Selected.

DIDN'T HAPPEN HERE

A man was wanted by the police. They secured six different photographs of him and the pictures were circulated through the locality. The chief in a small town wrote to headquarters in a few days, saying:

"I duly received the pictures of the six miscreants whose capture I desired. I have arrested five of them; the sixth is under observation and will be taken soon."—Judge.

BROW WRINKLER

"What is the difference between a young man, an old man and a worm?"

"There is no difference—the chickens get them all."

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Morgan and children of Alanreed were shopping in the city Monday.

SERVICE

When in need of barber work, come to our shop. The best barbers and the best service is our motto. Give us a try— we guarantee to please.

Elite Barber Shop
TROY WEST, Owner

Patronize Advertisers

TEA and COFFEE

We have a fine variety of teas and coffees to suit every taste and every pocketbook. Most people judge tea and coffee by the price they pay. But you will find that we are offering some very choice grades at unusually low prices. Let us help you make your selection.

Cobb's Cash Grocery
Pay Cash and Pay Less Phone 19

Jonteel

is a blend of the world's choicest fragrances: rose, jasmine, lavender, orange blossom, vetiver, ylang-ylang flowers, and a score of others as sweet, gathered from far-off lands and gardens at home. This delightful odor is one reason why Jonteel Toilet Preparations are preferred by discriminating people.

Face Powder.....\$.50 Lip Stick.....\$.25
Talcum Powder......25 Rouge......50
Toilet Water.....1.50 Cold Cream......50
Manicure Sets.....\$1.50

Erwin Drug Co.

REXALL AND NYAL REMEDIES

Builders' Hardware

Build for permanency during recon-days. Use hardware that will stand hard wear—and use high quality tools for accuracy. Make your job stand the acid test for durability, as well as appearance.

All this can be accomplished simply and quickly—by merely buying all your hardware supplies at

Western Lumber & Hardware Company

H. F. Wingo, Mgr. Phone 4

SCHOOL NOTES

Editorial Staff
Editor-in-Chief...John Haynes
Literary Editors...Gaylord Hodges
Associate Athletic Editors...Jack Back and Fern Upham

Club Notes

On Wednesday, Feb. 14, R. O. Dunkle and Miss Patterson held a joint meeting with the club boys and girls of McLean High School.

Mr. Dunkle gave a very interesting address on the preparation of soil previous to planting, both for garden and field crops. He also explained the construction of hot beds for early garden produce and the construction of cold frames.

Chapel Exercises

The regular chapel exercises opened with singing "Sweet Genevieve;" then we had a talk by Mr. Cain.

"Yesterday I asked some of the girls to bring up the Loving cups and decorate the stage. I had intended to have all those that had previously taken part in the Interscholastic League work to come on the stage, but when I took their names I found that there were too many, but I want to talk to you about the Interscholastic League.

The first year Vernon Rice, junior boy; Ila Abbott, senior girl; and Lena Sparks, junior girl; won in declamations in the county, but lost in the district. Lora Saunders was our only 100% speller.

"The second year Raymond Knippling, senior boy; T. M. Cash, junior boy; and Elgin Shell, junior girl; won in declamations in the county, and Raymond Knippling won in district, but lost in state.

In 1921 our debaters, who were Fern Upham, Lucile Stratton, Douglas Wilson and Melvin Davis, won in the county, but lost in district. The teams defeating our teams in the district were district winners. In 1922 the debates were both lost in the county. Jewell Cousins won in essay writing in the county last year and the year before, but lost in district.

"The track meet in 1921, won over Pampa, was lost at district, but in 1922 we won over Pampa and also won district. In 1921 we sent Jack Back, Lyman Ashby, Sammie Cubine and Houston Bogan to Austin. The second year Roy Robinson, Ercy Cubine, Raymond Knippling and Lee Wilson were our representatives at state.

In 1921 Sammie and Ercy Cubine, Minnie Morse and Gladys Holloway won in tennis in the county, but lost in district. In 1922 Ercy Cubine and Raymond Knippling won in both county and district.

When the exercises were over we returned to our rooms.

Mr. Cain met with the junior and senior English class and there was quite a bit of discussion as to whether we shall have a boys debate. As no one would respond, Mr. Cain asked the boys to sign their names to a piece of paper and say if they would or would not enter the debate. When the names were banded in it was found that five boys had agreed to take the debate if necessary. They are as follows: Ercy Cubine, Lyman Ashby, Norman Johnston, Gaylord Hodges and Sammie Morse. Out of this number Mr.

Cain selected Gaylord and Sammie, and you may look out, for they are going to win the debate.

A Strange Pet

By Marvin Davis
One morning in the year 1887, little Jack Nash, a lad of about twelve, decided that he would go hunting as there were some woods back of his house that were full of game.

He had not gone far before he came to a tall tree; and as he was looking about, he noticed a crow's nest away up high. Up the tree he climbed, and before "Mother Crow" could return from a nearby corn field, a small pin-feathered baby was being carried away.

When Jack returned home, he began to think of all the names that would be suitable for a crow. After much thinking he named it Joe.

Joe lived on bread and milk until he was nearly full grown; then he ate with the hens and chickens in the barnyard. He soon learned to fly, and as soon, if not sooner, learned to play pranks.

Among his many pranks, after learning to fly, was the one of pulling clothes pins off the clothes lines and hiding them away where they never could be found. Oftentimes a handkerchief or some other small piece of linen would disappear from the grass, where they had been placed to bleach in the sun.

Jack's grandmother was very fond of flowers and much of her spare time was spent about the flower beds. She would kneel beside a flower bed and pull weeds from among the flowers, and often Joe, if not up to some other prank, would come and pull weeds, too. And such a weed puller you never saw. He would pull weeds just as long as she watched him, but the moment she turned her back—snap would go a nice flower stem. Grandmother would scold him, but he would fly away to some nearby tree and chatter his delight in a most aggravating way.

Joe was good at carrying things, and things that he could not carry he would drag. Various articles, such as spools of thread, scissors, hairpins, and first one thing and then another, would come up missing, and the mysteries were never cleared up until a number of years after, when a large poplar tree was cut down, in front of the house, and the articles were found in the tightly growing branches.

One day a Mr. Howe, a "chronic groucher," told Jack that he was going to shoot the crow if he did not keep him out of his corn field. A few days later, Jack was playing in a nearby brook, and he heard the funny noise Joe always made when in trouble, but as he could not see Joe, he kept on playing.

At last the moving of the tall grass showed that Joe was quite near, so Jack stood up and waited for Joe to come to him. When Joe came, he was dragging a broken wing, sputtering and complaining like an old maid, and using all sorts of violent bird language.

Jack's grandfather told him that Joe's wing could never be mended,

and that he would have to shoot him. This was done, and a very heart-broken boy was left to play by himself again.

THE RETAIL MERCHANT'S SIDE

Answering the complaint here and there voiced that the retail merchants are most to blame for the high cost of living, or that they are making unconscionable profits, a merchant who wields a trenchant pen sends forth the following pithy argument:

"The woods are full of amateur economists who claim that prices of clothing, underwear, hosiery, shirts, sweaters, overalls and shoes will soon return to pre-war levels."

"Will they?
"Yes, they sure will.
"When hard coal is back to \$8 a ton.

"When railroad fares are back to 2 cents a mile.

"When house rent is back to \$25 a month.

"When gasoline is back to 10c a gallon.

"When telephone rates are back to \$1 a month.

"When a square meal is back to a quarter.

"When labor is back to \$2 a day.

"When gas is back to 90c.

"When shaves are back to 10c.

"When the freight rate from New York, now \$1.84, is back to 97c.

"When street car fares are back to a nickel.

"When money is back to 5%.

"When cooks are back to \$5 a week.

"When haircuts are back to a quarter.

"When movies are back to a nickel.

"When a car wash is back to a dollar.

"When ice cream is back to a dime.

"When a doctor's call is back to two bucks.

"When a newspaper is back to a penny.

"For the love of Mike," continues the retailer to go the route alone? Why expect us and no one else to go back to pre-war prices?

"Beg your pardon, we forgot the farmer. He, too, is getting hard. Why pick on us?

"Aren't we all in on this proposition together? Well, then, haven't we, the retailers, gone much faster and much farther than the average in reducing prices and making readjustments? We'll say we have.

"We're ahead, we and the farmer—way ahead of the procession. Now let the barbers and the movie houses and the Standard Oil and the soft drink parlors and the landlords and the hotels and restaurants and the draymen and the bankers cut their prices and catch up with us."

"It's time for us to pick on somebody!"—Exchange.

BUSINESS MEN WILL DO WELL TO OMIT ALL ADVERTISING SCHEMES

Illegitimate and worthless advertising schemes are the greatest detriment to real newspaper advertising success. Especially are these schemes destructive to towns of 5,000 to 15,000 population in the United States. Every dollar put into worthless advertising schemes to "help somebody" is a loss to legitimate advertising and brings the news-

paper business in disrepute. The smaller the town the more business men are duped—real business men in the larger cities have long since discontinued the practice of giving their money to every scheme that is presented. All schemes are charged up to legitimate advertising. Large newspapers receive from \$1.75 to \$3.50 per inch for their advertising space while the smaller newspapers receive 15 cents to 50 cents per inch. The production of this advertising under present conditions is nearly the same, hence the wages paid cut a great figure in the success of the small town newspaper. Real live business men in the smaller towns should hesitate long before they give up their money to illegitimate advertising schemes, especially when it will do them no good and irreparably injure community building and advancement. In fact, newspaper advertising is a real business builder and reaches out into new fields.—J. P. Johnson in Fourth Estate.

WHAT A DIFFERENCE

Frederick Green, of Cleveland, asks: "What does the word 'dollar' mean?"

Others are puzzled as they look at the dollar beyond its own home. Mr. Green sends a diagram showing "what an ounce of gold will buy," in hours of skilled labor. It will buy 17 hours in America, 50 hours in England, 95 hours in Japan, 170 hours in France, 901 hours in Germany.—Visitor.

THE PEST

(Sung to the "you-know-the-tune"). My sweetie has a kid brother. The darndest pest you can find; And if it wasn't for his mother, An early grave he would find. One night the lights went out in the parlor; A quarter I slipped to the kid. And downstairs he went. To the gas meter bent. And slipped in the quarter, he did.

W. J. Ball of Alanreed was in the city on business Friday.

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

REAL DRAY SERVICE
We excel in Service because we have more experience and better equipment, so our customers say.
KUNKEL BROS

PUT YOUR CAR in GOOD HANDS
No matter what work you may want done on your car, you can rest assured that it will be properly done if it comes to us.

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

DON'T LIE TO YOURSELF

An old proverb tells us that there are two people to whom we should never lie. One is our lawyer, the other our doctor. I think that the person whom it is most important not to lie to is one's self. Yet this is the individual whom we oftenest deceive, because our vanity will seldom let us admit the real truth about ourselves, and those nearest and dearest to us.—Dorothy Dix.

SMART BOY, SMART BOY!

Tommy—"Play store with me, mamma?"
Mother (with a headache)—"All right. But you must be quiet—very quiet."
Tommy—"Sure. We'll pretend I don't advertise."

A SENSIBLE WOMAN

A lady received the following reply from a neighbor in answer to the question why she allowed her husband and children to litter up every room in the house, and the sentiment she expressed will find lodgment in the heart of every home-loving person in the land. She answered the question in the following words: "The marks of the little muddy feet on the floor can be easier removed than the stain when those little feet go down into the highways of evil. The prints of the little fingers on the window pane cannot shut out the sunshine half so much as the shadows that darken the

mother's heart over some one who is but a name through the coming years. And if my John finds his home a refuge from care and trouble, and his greatest happiness within its four walls, he can put his boots on the rocking chair and hang his coat on the floor every day in the week. And if I can stand it and he enjoys it, I cannot see that it is anyone else's business."—Ex.

MOTOR COURTESY

"It was the first time I had ever driven a car," feebly explained the victim of the accident. "I got to going pretty fast and forgot how to stop. I looked ahead and saw a bridge rushing to meet me. I tried to turn out to let the bridge pass and—that is all I know about it."—Country Gentleman.

READ THE ADS

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

We Sell for Less We Sell for Less
Snell's Cash Store Number 3
What would the price be if the CASH STORE was not here
? ? ?
Let your conscience be your guide
Snell's Cash Store Number 3
C. A. Strandberg, Mgr. McLean, Texas

To the Public
We operate a general garage at Alanreed, where you will find us well equipped to turn out first class work on all motors, as we keep only expert mechanics.
We sell and recommend U. S. L. Batteries, Michelin Cord, Goodyear and Firestone Tires, which we believe represent, in their class, the best value for the money.
In keeping with our other quality products, we have purchased a supply of
100 Per Cent Pure Pennsylvania
AMALIE
Motor Oil
which we believe gives better lubrication, with less carbon, and is more economically consumed than any oil on the market today.
We invite you to call at our garage and let us drain your crank case and refill with this excellent oil.
Alanreed Auto Co.
F. J. HOMMEL, Manager ALANREED, TEXAS
4, 4t.

We Are Still Here to Serve You
We have a good line of groceries, men's furnishings and furniture. Our prices, while not always the cheapest, are right, and we stand ready to sell you dependable goods at live and let live prices.
Our delivery service is free to you. Call us for what you need.
In case of sickness or financial distress, we are ready to do our part to help you, as we have always done in the past. Come to us when you need anything that we have to sell; we believe that we can do you good.
BUNDY-HODGES
MERCANTILE COMPANY
Bring your hemstitching to the store.

News From Ramsdell

Messrs. Tom Franks, Elbert Bionis and Jeff Franks were Shamrock visitors last Friday.

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

D. N. Massay and Walter McAdams of McLean were Ramsdell visitors Wednesday of last week.

Ira Stevens of Panhandle visited in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Powell Saturday and Sunday.

H. J. Cloer was a Shamrock visitor Saturday.

W. T. McCann and J. R. Haggard were Shamrock visitors Saturday.

H. J. Cloer, H. Longan, Roy Franks and E. Exum made a business trip to Wheeler Monday.

W. N. Pharis made a business trip to Shamrock last Friday.

Mrs. W. N. Pharis and Mrs. Jewell Harrelson visited Mrs. W. E. Freeman Monday evening.

Mrs. Roxie Dueze of China Flat came in Monday for a few days' visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McCann.

T. B. Tomlinson was a Shamrock visitor Monday.

C. A. Loyd was a Shamrock visitor Monday.

*** SNOOKY SNOOKUMS.**

Miss Lois Lucile Bullock of Plainview orders \$1.00 worth of The News sent to her address.

Fye McCracken of Alanreed was a business visitor in the city Friday.

Ed Castleberry of Alanreed was a business visitor in the city Friday.

T. F. Henley of Northfork was in town Friday.

Mrs. N. J. Clodfelter of Wellington is visiting in the Walter Free home.

Miss Gladys Hicks returned Friday from Amarillo.

Mr. Trigg of Clarendon was transacting business in McLean Wednesday.

Attorney Marion Reynolds of Shamrock was a business visitor in this city yesterday.

ROCK ISLAND WATER EXPERT HERE THURSDAY

Mr. Gardner, an official of the Rock Island railroad, was a visitor at our office Thursday afternoon, and stated that the city of McLean might expect a proposition soon from the railroad to furnish water for all trains. Mr. Gardner sent samples of water from the city wells to the head office last week, and all concerned seem to be favorably impressed with our good supply of water.

TWIN-BED TALES

Time and place—The Perkins bedroom at 10 p. m.

Mrs. Perkins (softly)—"John!"

No answer.

(Not so softly)—"John, wake up!"

"Ho-hum! Whatja want?"

"Did you mail that letter I gave you this morning?"

"Yep!"

"Are you sure?"

"Positively! I'm not so forgetful as all that, I reckon. I remember mailing that letter as soon as you gave it to me."

"Oh, well, I just wanted to make sure. That was a letter I sent to mother telling her not to come next week, because I—"

"Gosh! Why didn't you say so at first? Where the blankety-blank-blank are my pants? Throw over that collar, will you. I'm just going out for a little air. Be right back!"

—Selected.

BE THE BEST OF WHAT- EVER YOU ARE

If you can't be a vine on the top of the hill,
Be a scrub in the valley, but be
The best little scrub by the side of
the rill;
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

We can't all be captains; some have
to be crew.
There's something for all of us here.
There's work to be done, and we've
got to do
Our part in a way that's sincere.

If you can't be a highway, then just
be a trail;
If you can't be the sun, be a star.
It isn't by size that you win or you
fail;
Be the best of whatever you are.

BILLY SUNDAY ON LIFE INSURANCE

Next to my faith in God, that which would give me most comfort when I come to die, is to remember that I carried life insurance that would take care of my wife and children; the wolves could scrap and howl, and they could give them the laugh for years to come, long after old dad had gone back to the dust of the earth.

I don't believe that a man does the right, square thing by his wife and children unless he provides for them a life insurance policy, so that he can shuffle off this mortal coil and have them put him in the ground and still know that his wife and children are provided for, and don't have to go out from home looking for washing the next day, manicuring their nails on a washboard. You owe it to them to make provision for them. Now, I don't get anything for that! But I am glad, however, of the chance to say it. I think it ought to be said. I think it is one of the best institutions on God's earth—life insurance. I don't expect to die, but I may die, and on that account I carry policies on my life, my friends.

HOW TO LIVE WELL

Doctors may not agree on what kind of pills to give a patient, but they all prescribe the same kind of fresh air.

The noted medical authority, Dr. Osler, insisted that "to live well, to live longer and to live better" is summed up in the two words: "Breathe well!"

Two lungs full of fresh air taken 16 times a minute is the best medicine on earth. The only way to take fresh air is to take it raw. Cooking makes it stale.

Disease germs do not like fresh air. Don't blame them. Nobody likes the thing that kills him.

Fresh air taken regularly from the top of a Fifth Avenue coach will give you a flapper complexion without recourse to a vanity case.

Ah! what avail the largest gifts of heaven,
When drooping health and spirits go
How tasteless then whatever can be
given!

amiss?

A. G. Tomlinson of Ramsdell was in the city on business Thursday.

Mrs. Ginn and son, Osie, left Thursday for their home in Oklahoma.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Foster Van Sant of Conway, Feb. 8, a boy.

J. A. Smulcer of Heald was a McLean visitor Tuesday.

Wants

FOR SALE.—Two Sensation Duragilts, sired by 1921 Grand Champion boar of Texas and Oklahoma. Also have a fine boar of the same breeding. J. F. Corbin, Phone 40 2. 6-2c

FOR SALE.—Two Russian wolf hounds. Trained wolf catchers and wolf killers. Will take \$50 for the two. R. L. Harlan, McLean, Texas. 1p.

FOR SALE.—Seed sweet potatoes, cabbage, tomato, transplanted tomato, pepper, Bermuda onion and sweet potato plants in season. Write for circular. T. Jones & Co., Clarendon, Texas. 5-4p.

EGGS.—Buff Orpington white laying strain, \$1.00 per setting; \$5.00 per hundred. Setting hens \$1.50 each. A. L. Morgan, Phone 40 1 1/2. 7-2p.

FOR SALE.—10 head 4-year-old mules, broken to work. Bundled kafir. R. N. Ashby. tfc.

GOOD TEAMS to sell or exchange for hogs, cows or sorry notes; might accept cash if I could see it. C. E. Hunt, Phone 66 1/2. tfc.

SPECIAL.—S. C. Rhode Island red eggs from pen and outside flock as gathered, only \$1.00 per 15 until March 15th. Mrs. James F. Corbin, Phone 40, 2. 7-2p.

WANTED.—Fat calf for beef, also want four or five good pigs. E. Howard, Phone 149. 1c.

THE DREAMS OF LONG AGO

I'd rather see you in your frock,
Your little gingham dress,
Than all the satins in the block
That others may possess;
I'd rather see you setting out
Your pansies in a row—
For that was what I dreamed about,
I dreamed of long ago.

I'd rather watch you while you set
Our little supper here
Than any dinner ever yet
I ever had, my dear.
I'd rather sit right here with you,
We two together so;
For that was—that was something,
too,
I dreamed of long ago.

I'd rather see you here at home,
At home—just you and me,
Than any place that others roam
In high society.
We haven't done so very bad,
Folks call us rich, I know—
But all the fun we ever had
I dreamed of long ago.

I'd rather do as we have done,
When money came along;
We didn't let it spoil our fun
Or lead us into wrong.
I'd rather hope, when life is o'er,
To be together so
In heaven—that was something
more
I dreamed of long ago.
—Douglas Malloch.

BIG COMPANIES ADVERTISE

The Blackman Advertising Company says that the American Tobacco Company leads in newspaper adver-

tising, spending \$2,500,000 annually. The U. S. Tire Company, Pinkham, American Sugar and Liggett and Meyers appropriate \$1,000,000 for this purpose. For magazine advertising, the Joseph Campbell Company spends \$1,300,000; Victor Talking Machine, \$1,200,000; Proctor & Gamble, \$1,200,000; Congoleum Co., \$800,000; Swift & Co., \$700,000.

EYES EXAMINED
by the most modern methods, and if you need glasses, we grind the required lenses in our own shop and deliver them to you the same day.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO WAIT

HYDEN'S
Registered Optometrists
7th & Polk Sts., Amarillo, Tex.

School Lunches

Send the school children to us for their lunches. We serve the best foods cooked while you wait.

We keep a fresh supply of bakery goods at all times. Let us serve you.

McLean Bakery
TELEPHONE 7

POULTRY CAR

We will load a car of poultry Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 19 and 20. Will buy at produce house Friday and Saturday, Feb. 16 and 17. We will pay top prices.

Clement Produce
Office Phone 152 Residence Phone 155

CHARLES AUSTIN BATES SAYS:

"Time to Advertise Is All The Time"

After a ball starts to roll it will go a certain distance merely by reason of its own momentum. The heavier and bigger it is the further it will roll. It may have been pretty hard to start it in the first place, but once you get it going a little push now and then will be all that is necessary.

If the ground is soft and rough you will have to push pretty hard. When you get to smooth places it will be easier.

The ball of business is hard to move in hot weather. The ground is more or less sticky and there is a great deal of friction. Still, if you push hard enough, you can move it.

In the fall, when cool weather has made the road easier and smoother, you will not have to push so hard unless you want the ball to go faster. If you do not push at all it will come to a standstill, even on a sheet of glass.

Somebody has said: "The time to advertise is all the time."
That is one of the smartest things that was ever uttered.

If you do not advertise in the summer—if you do not push the ball at all—it will stop. If you do not advertise in the busy season, business will go on for a certain time at a slow rate of speed. But if you want to get over a great deal of ground in a short time, you had better push it along lively.

The best thing to push it along with is good, liberal advertising in the best paper you know of—a paper like The News, for instance. A peculiar thing about the road to business success is that it runs uphill—if you stop pushing your ball it will roll down.

There is no such thing as standing still.

The McLean News

BACK CLUB NOTES

The Back Ladies' and Girls' Clubs met in joint session at the home of Mrs. Jesse Cobb on Saturday, Feb. 16. Dinner was prepared in pot luck fashion and served picnic style.

Mrs. Patterson gave a most helpful demonstration on millinery. Several finished hats, and others got helpful ideas on inexpensive hat making. Only three members were absent, and we hope all can be present at the next meeting with Mrs. George Colebank on Thursday, Feb. 22.

Following is the report on home work since the last meeting:

Pockets, 13; garments made over, 2; patterns, 3; fancy stitching, 9 yards; pillow cases, 3 pairs; soap, 194 pounds; sausage, 116 quarts; lard, 1048 pounds; ...

REPORTER.

SENIOR B. Y. P. U.

Subject—What Can the Bible Do for Me?

Leader—Fred Landers.

Scripture lesson, Psalms 119, read alternately by Ted Cobb and O. Z. Kunkel.

Introduction—Leader.

The Bible Is the Textbook of Our Life—Mrs. Wilkins.

The Bible Reveals Our True Nature to Us—Homer Abbott.

Prescription for Daily Needs—Mrs. Savage.

Help in Temptation—Leora Kinard.

Help in Times of Trial—Ernest Abbott.

Duties and Privileges of Life—Mr. Savage.

We Must Know Our Bibles—Ozella Hunt.

Let each member make a special effort to be present and do his part creditably.

ORDINANCE NO. 22

An ordinance creating an occupation tax on all peddlers of goods, wares, merchandise and meats, providing for the assessment and collection of same, and placing a penalty on all persons, firms and corporations for the violation of same.

BE IT ORDAINED BY THE CITY COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF McLEAN.

Sec 1. That all persons, firms and corporations who shall desire to peddle, sell and distribute any goods, wares, merchandise or meats within the city of McLean, Texas, shall before they enter into such occupation apply to the mayor for a license, for which they shall pay Twenty (\$20.00) Dollars per annum; and said license shall not be transferable from the licensee to any other person.

Sec 2. Any person, firm or corporation violating the above section shall be fined not less than Five (\$5.00) Dollars nor more than Fifty (\$50.00) Dollars.

Sec 3. The city having no ordinance covering the above subject, the constitutional rule that all ordinances shall be read three times before their final passage, creates an emergency and the said rule is hereby suspended and this law shall be in full force and effect after its passage, approval and publication.

Approved this the 12th day of Jan., A. D. 1923.

T. A. LANDERS, Mayor.

Attest: ROSS BIGGERS, Secretary.

WHAT ARE YOU—A STARTER, A STAYER OR A FINISHER?

They are plenty of people that are good starters, fully equipped with hair-triggers, latest self-commencers, but that is about as far as they get unless they have the good staying qualities that are so essential in reaching the goal.

You would not invest much in an automobile that had an excellent self-starter but lacked the power to pull its load over all the hills that it would be expected to encounter in its travels, would you? Therefore, the self-starter is useless without a combination of staying and finishing qualities.

It's dead easy to be a starter. A bum with a bottle of booze can start a stink that will always remain a black smudge on the fair name of the community. A boy with a single match can start a conflagration that will wipe out millions of dollars worth of property. An anarchist can involve great nations into deadly war by the hurling of a small bomb at the proper time and place. All these things are easy.

We can go out tomorrow and start any number of big movements that would be grand things for this town but unless we have the staying qualities and the ability to concentrate the powers of the community to pull in unison with our plans, the work we have started will soon be found in the ditch along side the road of progress. All there will be left of it is the starter. The stayer and finisher never even get to the quarter pole—they were out of time with the starter.

In this town, as in every community, there are plenty of starters, but there is a woeful lack of stayers and finishers and for the

latter two places there should be a great school of trainers.

Starters are necessary to any project, but the stayers and finishers are the very bone and sinew and the elements that put over the big things and pull down the big prizes.

Be a starter, a stayer and a finisher.—Exchange.

I AM THE FARMER

James P. McDonald, of the University of North Carolina, has beautifully written the biography of every loyal soil tiller of this continent as follows:

"I am the provider of all mankind. Upon me every human being constantly depends.

"A world is building upon my toil, my products, my honesty.

"Because of my industry, America, my country, leads the world.

"My industry is maintained by me; my great commerce is the work of my hands; her balance of trade springs from the furrows of my farm.

"My reaper brings food for today; my plow holds promise for tomorrow.

"In war I am absolute; in peace I am indispensable; my country's constant reliance and surest defense.

"I am the very soul of America; the hope of a race, the balance wheel of civilization.

"When I prosper men are happy; when I fail all the world suffers.

"I live with Nature, walk in the green fields under golden sunlight, but in the great alone where brain and brawn and toil supply mankind's primary need. And I try to do my humble part to carry out the great plan of God.

"Even the birds are my companions; they greet me with a symphony at the new day's dawn and chum with me till the evening prayer is said.

"If it were not for me, the treasurers of the earth would be useless frames; man himself would be doomed speedily to extinction or decay.

"Through me is produced the energy that maintains the spark of life.

"I rise with the early dawn and retire when the chores of the world are done.

"I am your friend, "I am the farmer."

FORMERLY

Tourist—"Is this a quiet place?" Fisherman—"Well, it were, sir, until folks began coming here to be quiet."—London Punch.

RARE INDEED

Professor—"I'm getting some rare work from the new freshmen." Assistant—"Rare?" Professor—"Yes, not well done."—The Cornelian.

THE LESSER EVIL

Old Grump—"Why doesn't Ethel marry that young idiot? I'm getting blame tired of his coming here so much."

His Wife—"I believe I'd prefer to have him come here—if he marries or he'll stay."—Boston Transcript.

THE PENALTY

The proud father beamed upon the assembled company as his daughter finished the aria, to prove her voice.

"What," he said expectantly, "what do you ladies and gentlemen think of my daughter's execution?"

With a shriek of approval, the whole crowd yelled:

"We're in favor of it!"—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

TOWN PESTS



This Poor pest ain't thought hard of, becuz Many of our Most Prominent Citizens was like This in their Palmy Days. Jest now He's wandering 'round in a Balmey Daze but he'll haf to Git Married after while to Git Some Sleep, after which he'll no Longer be a Pest but a Useful Member of the Community.

MOTOR MADNESS

Where are the lads who should be at their school?

Where are the men who work farms, as a rule?

Where are the hands who were once building houses?

Where are the help who made pants, coats and blouses?

Where are the smiths who shod horses and mules?

Where are the crowd with the carpenter tools?

Where are the menders of uppers and heels?

Working in plants that make automobiles.

Where are the women who once were our cooks?

Where are the she's who taught school or kept books?

Where are the ladies who laundered our clothing?

Job that is looked upon now with such loathing?

Where are the girls who should be learning to teach?

Where's the pippin, the lulu, the peach?

They who once smiled as they served us our meals?

Working in shops that make automobiles.

Who is producing the food we must eat?

Who that you know of is harvesting wheat?

Who is that out trailing the soil-splitting plow?

Who is stock-raising or dairying now?

Who is engaged in the jobs that we need?

Never neglect if we'd clothe us or feed?

None! We'll dispense with our clothing and meals—

What do we want besides automobiles?

Can't you just see us, ten annuums from now?

Gone will be anvil and shuttle and plow;

Gone will be houses and gone will be food;

Gone will be garments—we'll all become nude.

We will be shelterless quite, like as

not, Each merely parked on a rubbish-strewn lot,

Sitting, stone-dead, at a big steering wheel—

Frozen and starved, in an automobile!

—Strickland Gillian.

PRAY

Be not afraid to pray;

To pray is right.

Pray, if thou canst, with hope;

But ever pray.

Though hope be weak

Or sick with long delay;

Pray in the darkness

If there be no light.

Whate'er is good to wish

Ask that of heaven,

Though it be what thou

Canst not hope to see.

Pray to be perfect,

Though material leaven

Forbid the spirit

So on earth to be;

But if for any wish

Thou darrest not to pray,

Then pray to God

To take that wish away.

—Coleridge.

FREE IS RIGHT

Poet (to editor)—"Do you publish any free verse in your paper?"

Editor—"Yes, all we publish is free; you didn't suppose we paid anything for poetry, did you?"—The Pathfinder.

POULTRY FATTENING RULES

1. Whether for home use or for sale fatten all birds before killing.

2. Pen up about three weeks before killing.

3. Keep in a clean, dry, shady place.

4. Feed three or four times a day.

5. Feed all the birds will clean up in 20 minutes, then empty the troughs.

6. Keep fresh water, grit and charcoal before them at all times.

7. A good mixture consists of 4 parts cornmeal, 2 parts wheat middlings and 1 part beef scrap. Mix with sour milk or buttermilk and feed moist enough to drip from

spoon.

8. Do not omit the animal food.

Thirty pounds skim milk, 10 pounds cut bones or 5 pounds beef scrap are estimated as being of the same value.

9. A small amount of lard or suet chopped through the mash gives good results.

10. Do not feed the birds for 12 hours before killing, but see that they have plenty of water.—Progressive Farmer.

Mrs. Minie Fulbright of Alanreed sent the week end with home folks.

Giles Phillips visited friends in Erick, Okla., Sunday.

M. M. Newman attended court at Lefors Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Chapman and children of Alanreed spent Monday visiting friends in McLean.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Harlan and baby of Whitedeer spent Sunday and Monday in the J. W. Kibler home.

Mr. and Mrs. Sid Denson and children of Whitedeer spent Sunday visiting relatives here.

C. E. Stone of Wellington was in the city on business Monday.

Good Blacksmithing

When you bring blacksmithing to our shop you are assured of honest workmanship at fair prices. Bring in your work now, so there will be no delay in starting farm work next spring.

The McLean Blacksmith Shop

All Work Guaranteed

Charge of the Garden Brigade

Forward to victory they go! Forward to make things grow! Forward to beat the foe! Fully provided With garden tools galore, Just purchased at this store. Now they will grow doubly more; Foresight has guided.

For the great Spring drive, get your garden tools here. Substantial and fully guaranteed, they're the cheapest in the long run.

Don't forget to ask for your Silverware tickets with each purchase.

McLean Hardware Company

Stoves, Wagons, Harness, Implements China and Enamelware Phone 51 McLean, Texas

Comfortable Living

Solid comfort, undisturbed by financial worries, is possible only to those who spend wisely and save regularly.

Without stinging or pinching, any family can "get ahead" financially, provided they will regulate expenditures and deposit at least ten per cent of their income in a savings account. Start such an account here and test out this proven plan.

The American National Bank

The Hindman Hotel \$2.50 Per Day J. R. Hindman Proprietor McLEAN, TEXAS

All the Best Proprietary Remedies You Read About At Prices that Are Right The City Pharmacy Earle Shell, Proprietor Day Phone 6 Night Phone 22

News From Back

We have been having some real ground hog weather. When that wise old fellow saw his shadow and went back for six weeks more winter, I think he really was in earnest.

Most every one has had their share of colds and "flu."

We are glad to report little Miss Maudelle Corum much improved since a severe attack of "flu."

Bailey Lakey and family visited in the Gracey community last Wednesday.

The young folks enjoyed a party at the Bud Back home Friday night. Buddie Holloway visited his brother, Clyde, and attended the party Friday night.

Miss Mattie Patterson met with the club ladies and girls Saturday.

Mrs. C. A. Henderson was shopping in McLean Wednesday.

Bailey Lakey had quite a surprise last Sunday when his brother whom he had not seen in seventeen years came in for a few days' visit, returning to his home in Iowa Park Saturday. The boys say the visit was too short after having been separated so long, but now that they have each other located, the visits will be more frequent.

Misses Mattie Patterson and Ozella Hunt were guests in the C. M. Carpenter home Saturday night and Sunday.

Prof. Billie Melton spent the week end with home folks in Mobeetie.

J. E. Norman was shopping in McLean Thursday.

Bud Back and son, Ansel, were McLean visitors Thursday.

R. H. Corum had business in McLean Thursday.

W. I. Bacon was trading in McLean Thursday.

Frank Henley and C. M. Carpenter had business in McLean Friday.

Geo. Colebank and Jesse Cobb were trading in McLean Saturday.

We are glad to report Chas. Back improving after a tussle with La-grippe.

OBSERVER.

ABOUT BEN ADHEM

About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)

Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,

And saw within the moonlight of his room,

Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,

An angel writing in a book of gold; Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,

And to the presence in the room he said,

"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,

And with a look made of all sweet accord,

Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou.

"Nay, not so," Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,

But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,

Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night

It came again, with a great awakening light,

And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,

And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

—Leigh Hunt.

THE CARES OF YESTERDAY

Where are frets of yesterday, The things that worried and bothered us so?

They are gone and forgotten and laid away,

Like the clouds that pass and the winds that blow.

And we wrinkled our brows and we fretted and fussed,

And we worried the thatch of us nearly gray,

But the frets and worries have gone to dust—

The frets and worries of yesterday.

The frets and worries of yesterday, How they bothered us with their load of care,

And heavily then the burden lay, Till it seemed we had more than our part to share.

But the days went by, and the time rolled on,

And somehow the burdens fell away, And at last the worries were flown and gone.

The worries and cares of yesterday.

And we did not fail and we did not fall,

And we did not break with the burdens laid,

And the things we feared, we met them all,

And they were not as bad as our grim fears made.

So a truce to worries and frets and dread,

A little while and they fade away, For the sun will shine in the sky overhead.

And our frets will be those of yesterday.

—J. W. Foley.

TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS

Several told me they would pay me before the first of the year. I need the money to meet some obligations. You will find your bill at the office any time. Wish you would please call and settle.

I am yours truly,

McLean Telephone Co. By Jno. W. Kibler, Prop.

TRADE AT HOME PHILOSOPHY

If merchants and their sales clerks were not a mighty good natured bunch of folks, whose rough edges have been worn down by much contact with human nature, they would have reason to get quite grouchy at times.

There are some persons who will go or send to more or less distant cities, and make important purchases of clothing, furniture or foodstuffs. Then when they find that they need some little article in a hurry, and must have it for some pressing need, they rush to the home store, and demand that it be supplied them instantly.

They expect these stores to keep stocked up all the time on a wide variety of goods. Yet they fail to supply their share of the patronage that would warrant these stores in keeping such a stock.

A group of good retail stores links up a town with the wonderful nation wide system for distributing modern products. They bring to your doors the comforts and conveniences of advanced civilization from all over the world, where you can examine and select the things that you desire, and secure competent advice as to how to get the results you want.

But people cannot expect to secure the kind of stores that their community is entitled to, on the basis of its population and wealth, if they are constantly running or sending away elsewhere to buy goods. Unless they give their patronage to their home stores, those stores cannot serve them with maximum efficiency.

The men who own and conduct the stores of Quannah are a loyal force, working all the time to build up this community, to provide it with the best modern facilities and equipment, to improve its civic advantages and promote its prosperity. When you deal with them, you back up and promote the advance of your home town.—Quannah Tribune-Chief.

NO USE FOR WILDCAT

Two hunters in the North Carolina woods had chased a wildcat to a clearing and were terrified to see the best jump into the window of a cabin from which the sound of a woman's voice had just been heard. On the porch, rocking comfortably, and apparently unperturbed, sat Friend Husband. "For heaven's sake, is your wife in there?" screamed one of the hunters. "Yeah." "Good Lord, man, get busy! A wildcat just jumped in the window!" "Yeah? Well, let him git out the best way he can. I got no use for the pesky critters and dang'd if I'm goin' to help him."—American Legion Weekly.

THE WORTHY CIT

Oh, many a man's a thoroughbred, And champs the frothy bit

When business runs full speed ahead, When skies are clear and clouds have fled,

And life is fine and fit. But when the balance runs to red, And when the world is sick abed,

I'm for the man who don't play dead

When all the crowd has quit.

When all the crowd has quit, Is he a worthy cit?

I'll say—a little bit!

—Edmund Vance Cook.

HUMANIZING EXPERIENCE

A man never realizes how human he is until he has made a big fool of himself.—Boston Transcript.

ABE IS RIGHT

Abe Martin says: "What gifts us is that th' folks that are invariably appointed t' office couldn't possibly be elected t' one."

WASTED PITY

"Ah shuah does pity you," said a colored pugilist to his opponent as they squared off. "Ah was bohn with boxin' gloves on."

"Maybe you was," retorted the other, "and Ah reckon you'se goin' to die de same way."

THOSE BUSY LINES

When you read a criticism of telephone operators because they make a "Busy line" report, does it ever occur to you that every sensitive telephone girl who reads it is hurt? They are only doing their duty when reporting that the line is busy.

This phrase means that the "line," not the telephone you called, is busy. There may be two, three or four telephones on the line. When one is in use, the others cannot be called. The "line" is busy.

Less labor is involved for the operator to complete a connection on the first call, when she can, than to report "Line is busy" and be called again.

No operator would ever make such a report if it could be helped. It lightens her burden to complete your call at once. She knows you will call again if she gives you a "busy" report.—News Bulletin.

A HOT ONE

She—"Of course you threw some rice at Jack's wedding?"

He—"No; I felt more like throwing a few grains of common sense."

She—"I see; but you couldn't spare them."—Boston Transcript.

EVE—AND ADAM

"The trouble begins when a man says he has made up his mind to stay at home, and his wife has made up her face to go out."

"Some women spend too much time making permanent waves to make permanent wives."

"The proper length of a woman's dress is a little over two feet."

"The only man who wasn't spoiled by being lionized was Daniel."

"Silk stockings are another presentation of the shins of society."

"You can lead a rabbit to the furriers, but you cannot make it mink."

"There is talk of a world's chemical disarmament. Let's begin with the blonds as being the most deadly."—Flashlights, by Thomas Jay.

IGNORANCE WAS BLISS

While making exterior scenes for "Penzie," featured Mary Carr, the

entire cast stopped at a roadhouse near New York for luncheon. The group sat around one table, looking over the menu, which plainly indicated the proprietor of the establishment still believed in Barnum's famous axiom. Ernest McKay, one of the youngsters appearing in the picture, looked around and noticed the frowning countenances of the other players and then burst out laughing. Jerry Devine, another child actor, failing to see the humor in the situation, looked up and said: "It's all right for you, Ernest; you can laugh. You can't read these prices."—N. Y. Telegram.

NO HURRY!

A farmer was driving a load of hay along a narrow road, when behind him came a man with a horse and buggy. The farmer drove out of the way to let him pass. A moment later along came a young fellow on a bicycle, who cried to the farmer to let him pass. "Hey, there! Pull out and let me by!" "Oh, I dunno if I'm in any hurry!" the farmer replied.

"You seemed in a hurry to let that other fellow pass." "That's because his horse was eating my hay. There's no danger of you eating it."

REDUCING

"I don't eat as much as I did. I'm reducing."

"Trying to bring down your weight, eh?"

"No, my expenses."

DOMESTIC AMENITIES

Hub—"There, confound it! I've gone and sat down on that chair I varnished only this morning!"

Wife—"Well, for once you've stuck to your work."—Boston Transcript.

C. S. Rice attended court at Lefors Monday.

Mr. Bratton of Marlin is visiting in the W. A. Cain home.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Deatherage and children left Tuesday for their new home at Hollis, Okla.

Erwin Rice attended court at Lefors Monday.

FREE!

ROGERS SILVERWARE

Beginning Friday, I will give coupons with each 50c sale or purchase which you can exchange for Rogers Silverware.

Will load a CAR OF POULTRY at McLean Friday and Saturday and at Alanreed Monday, at the highest market price.

Come in and let me explain the silverware proposition.

KEASLER PRODUCE CO.
THE PLACE THAT SATISFIES

Feed and Seed

When you are in the market for feed, let us figure on your requirements. We have different farm seeds in stock and will handle most all kinds needed as the season advances.

Come in and talk with us about your needs in our line.

Henry & Cheney

SAVE MONEY

We all have to spend to eat. But you spend less and eat better by trading with us. Our prices are low and the quality is high.

And we give you full weight on every purchase—our scales are made right and kept right.

Prices and meat that meet your favor. Let us furnish you in fresh meats and groceries.

The City Market

Bogan and Henry, Props. Phone 165

Where Should You Spend Your Money

This question seems to be the discussion of the day, and we contend that if you have money to spend for merchandise, all things being equal, you should spend it where you have been accommodated and trusted.

You are told that prices have been adjusted since the arrival of a cash system in our town but we deny it, for we do not line up on prices and are glad to announce that we have not been forced to reduce our prices on our goods, and while we were really expecting price cutting, still we find our prices in line and we ask your patronage as long as we can save you money.

We have just unloaded a car of **Bewley's Best** flour and if you want the best, try a sack. Also have good hard wheat flour at better prices than you can get at other places.

Haynes Grocery Company

We Make the Price—Others Try to Follow

LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR

Large assortment of ladies' silk dresses direct from the New York market. These dresses will only be in McLean Friday and Saturday. All unsold dresses will be shipped out of town Monday afternoon. If you need something in the very latest style and color, see them.

MRS. W. T. WILSON

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

Helpless!

We would be helpless to protect you after a fire, but we can help you today—the day before! Today is the day to protect yourself fully with insurance.

C. C. BOGAN

Insurance that Protects

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