

# THE McLEAN NEWS

Volume XXII.

McLean, Gray County, Texas, Thursday, July 9, 1925.

No. 28.

## FUNERAL SERVICES FOR J. W. BURKS SUNDAY

Funeral services were held Sunday afternoon at the Methodist church, conducted by Rev. J. L. Joyner of the Presbyterian church, for J. W. Burks, who died from lightning stroke at Memphis Saturday morning, at the age of nearly 63 years.

Following the services at the church, the Odd Fellows Lodge took charge and interment was made in Hillcrest cemetery.

The deceased was visiting his daughter at Memphis, and when his son-in-law went out to the porch where Mr. Burks was sleeping, at about 3 a. m. Saturday, he raised up in bed, and the bolt hit him, killing him instantly. Other occupants of the house were sleeping just inside a window, and although the wood-work of the window was slightly burned no one else was hurt by the lightning.

The deceased was a highly respected member of our community and leaves many friends to mourn his passing. A widow, seven sons and one daughter survive him.

## CHAS. EUDY BUYS BLACKSMITH SHOP

Chas. Eudy has bought the McLean Blacksmith Shop from P. V. Rhea.

Mr. Eudy worked in this shop for a long time, but has been operating a shop in Childress the past year. He needs no introduction to our people, as he is a good workman and citizen.

Mr. Rhea states that his plans for the future are indefinite, but he hopes to stay in our community.

## ICE CREAM SOCIAL AT GRIGSBY'S SATURDAY

An ice cream social was enjoyed by several members of the younger set at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Grigsby Saturday night.

## PRINTING PEDDLER HERE TUESDAY

A traveling printing peddler was in McLean Tuesday interviewing our business men, but the great majority of our merchants told him that they believed in practicing what they preach; they buy their printing from the home printer who helps develop their business. The fact is, we have only one order that was secured here.

Born Tuesday, July 7, to Mr. and Mrs. Luther Petty, twin girls.

Mr. and Mrs. Orie Barnes and family of Boise, Idaho, and Jim Barnes of Shawnee, Okla., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Anderson.

Mr. and Mrs. Gillum and children of Erick, Okla., visited the lady's sister, Mrs. Ed Lander, Saturday and Sunday.

## DO YOU KNOW?

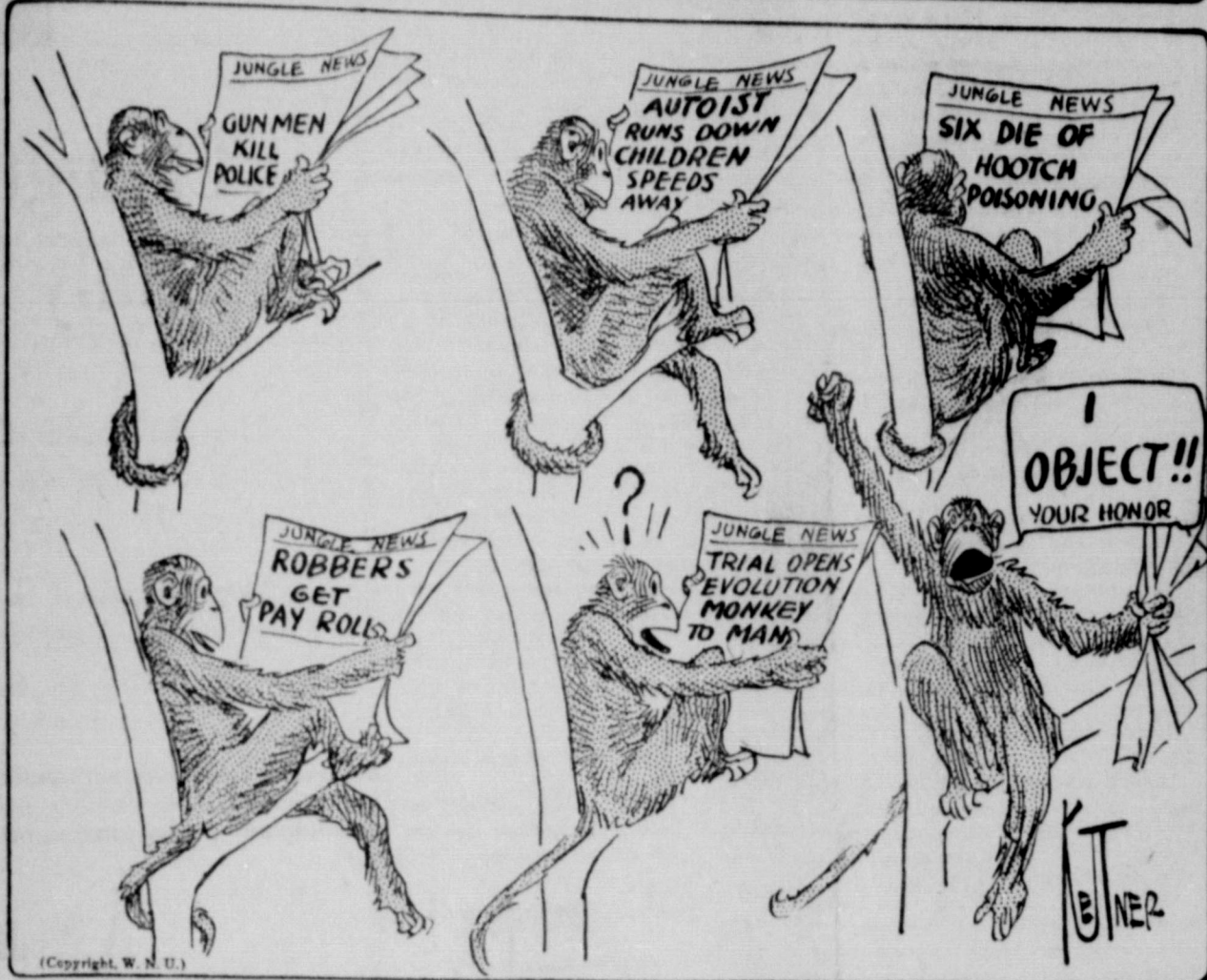
That better than 94% of the members of the McLean Chamber of Commerce are regular subscribers to The McLean News?

All the active members of the organization read the home paper, and doubtless this is true of the members of the various churches and lodges, as well.

The newspaper is as much a community institution as the school and church, and should be supported by all right thinking folks, but there is a better reason why you should read The McLean News, and that is you cannot buy the information and entertainment it brings to you each week in any other form.

If you are reading your neighbor's copy each week, better get in line with other good folks and subscribe for yourself. It costs us more than \$1.50 to get the paper to you a year, but we would like to make our figures read 100% of all the progressive families in and around McLean.

## Objection Sustained



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## SIGNS MUST BE TAKEN FROM STATE HIGHWAYS

Instructions have gone out that all commercial signs must be removed from the state highways within the next 30 days. This is in accordance with an act of the last Legislature prohibiting such signs on state highways.

## TRUCK BURNS TUESDAY

The big four ton truck belonging to Bert Smith burned yesterday near Lutie. The truck was loaded with lumber for the new gin to be built at Lutie by Smith Bros. and W. D. Wiles. Mr. Smith noticed that the gas tank was on fire, and turned the switch, set the brakes and jumped from the burning truck. Both truck and lumber burned to the ground.

## News from Liberty

By Special Correspondent.

Other Pearce accidentally got the end of one of his fingers cut off last week. It is doing nicely at present.

Saturday, July 4th, found a large number gathered at McLean enroute to Skillet Creek for a picnic. They arrived at Skillet about 11 o'clock. Some wandered over the hills and along the creek while others made lemonade. About one o'clock a bountiful dinner of fried chicken, cakes, pies, salads, etc., was spread. Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Garrett and son, H. P., of McLean arrived a little late, but in time for the main part. Everyone reports a good time.

Saturday night a large crowd enjoyed an ice cream supper at the A. L. Morgan home. Mr. and Mrs. Ed Lewallen of Burdett visited in the W. R. Stokes home Saturday and Sunday. W. R. Stokes and Ed Lewallen went to Groom Saturday.

We enjoyed one of Bro. Garrett's fine sermons Sunday. Mrs. Garrett was present at Sunday school and preaching services. Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Pettit and children visited in the A. L. Morgan home Sunday.

Miss Marie Browning of McLean was a Liberty visitor Sunday. Twin girls weighing 5 1/2 and 6 1/2 pounds, arrived at the Luther Petty home Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. I. G. Hardin are visiting at Clarendon this week.

A large number called at the Cecil Myatt home Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Kennedy and children returned Saturday from a visit with relatives at Mineral Wells and Dallas.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Wingo and two small sons left Sunday for Hot Springs, N. M., on a visit.

## STAR-TELEGRAM STAFF REPORTER HERE SAT'DAY

Max Bentley, staff correspondent of the Fort Worth Star-Telegram, was in McLean Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning.

Mr. Bentley came to Gray county in response to invitations from The News and the president of the Chamber of Commerce. A full write-up of his visit to our county will appear in an early issue of the Star-Telegram.

Mr. Bentley was very favorably impressed with our diversified farming, and expressed surprise at the fertility of the soils here.

## CHRYSLER AGENTS ADVERTISE IN NEWS

Mr. Schlegel of the Schlegel-Storseth Motor Company of Shamrock was a pleasant caller at the News office Wednesday and ordered an ad run in The News advertising the Chrysler automobile.

Read their ad on another page of this paper.

N. E. Savage renewed his subscription to The News this week with the remark that he did not want to miss a copy. Mr. Savage believes that every good citizen should take the home paper, but says he takes our paper because he likes to read it.

Postmaster John B. Vannoy and daughter, Miss Joellene, left Saturday for Throckmorton to visit relatives.

Mrs. S. E. Boyett left Saturday for Denver, Colo., to spend the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. T. W. Henry went to Alameda Saturday for a few days' visit with her daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Cooke and children, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cooke, Mr. and Mrs. Vester Cooke and children of Elk City, Okla., and Miss Vera Wilson spent the Fourth at Lake Pauline near Quanah.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Winston and son and Mrs. Winston of Westberford came in Monday to visit Mrs. Will Winston's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Phillips, and other relatives here.

Prof. D. E. Dean and sons, John and Otis, left Tuesday for Corsicana. John is a Linotype operator and has a position in Corsicana, where he will remain. Prof. Dean and Otis will visit in other Texas points before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sullivan and baby of Lela visited in the G. W. Sullivan home Sunday.

Floyd Phillips went to Canadian the Fourth.

## ROCK ISLAND CHANGES TRAIN TIME SCHEDULE

Train schedules were completely changed by the Rock Island last Sunday. The Memphis-Californian train goes east through McLean at 5:25 a. m. and west at 10:08 p. m. This train will not handle passengers between Amarillo and Sayre however, we are assured by Agent Lander that this train may be flagged for those who desire to go past these towns.

The Choctaw Limited will now run east at 11:09 a. m. and west at 3:57 p. m.

## News from Ramsdell

By Special Correspondent.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Jones and son, R. L. Jr., went to Alameda Saturday.

Perry Shipman made a business trip to Shamrock Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Lankford and children made a business trip to McLean Saturday afternoon.

Ross Grogan and Carl Anderton made a business trip to Shamrock Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bones and children of Shamrock visited in the J. L. Bones home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Exum and children visited in the W. A. Lankford home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Davidson and children visited in the W. E. Freeman home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Phillips visited in the W. N. Pharis home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferd Bones and son visited in the M. T. Powell home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Longan visited in the W. N. Pharis home Sunday afternoon.

H. Longan and J. H. McCann made a business trip to McLean Monday evening.

Mrs. Osborn Dewese of China Flat came in Monday evening to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McCann.

Mrs. J. W. Ivey and children went to the Morse ranch Monday for a few days' visit.

Misses Lorette and Beatrice Kinard of Gracey were in the city Tuesday.

R. L. Ballard of Lansing, Mich., is visiting his father, Dr. W. E. Ballard.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Jordan, Misses Floycie Jordan and Marie Copeland were Shamrock visitors Tuesday.

R. S. Jordan left for Dallas last night.

J. O. Quattlebaum of Clarendon, former McLean resident, was visiting friends here today.

## Chamber Commerce Contracts for New Business Building

### MRS. STRANDBERG HONORED WITH BRIDAL SHOWER

A bridal shower was given Mrs. C. A. Strandberg at the home of Mrs. T. N. Holloway last Thursday afternoon.

A number of gifts were presented the honoree and a short program was rendered, consisting of readings by Bobbie Appling and Odessa Kunkel, piano solos by Laeuna and Oleta Holloway, selections by the orchestra with Miss Floyce Landers at the piano, Miss Eunice Floyd saxophone and Mr. Manire and Misses Bessie Sabin and Gladys Holloway violins.

Mrs. H. C. Rippey gave the toast to the bride, and refreshments of sherbert and cake were served to the large number of ladies present.

### TOURIST CAMP NOW HAS ELECTRIC LIGHT

The committee appointed by the Chamber of Commerce Monday night to see that the tourist camp was lighted, went to work early Tuesday morning and by 10:30 a. m. the big light was in place. A lamp the same size of the white-way street lights was placed on a pole near the center of the grounds, which lights up the camp nicely.

### FOURTH QUIET AFFAIR

The Fourth of July was a quiet affair in McLean. The stores did not close for the day, but many family picnics were held and others visited celebrations in near-by towns.

Donald Beall, Buck Campbell and Misses Lura Fay and Grace Ivey spent the Fourth at Canadian.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Wilson and baby were in from the Robinson ranch Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Lillian Abbott of Canyon visited home folks here Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dewitt Burks of Amarillo attended the funeral of the former's father here Sunday.

J. L. Hess and family left last Thursday for Anna, Ill., for an extended visit with relatives.

Let, to the next meeting.

D. N. Massay asked that the chamber endorse the proposed Farmers Co-operative Gin, and said in part: "There is a need for a third gin in McLean. There will be 7000 or 8000 bales of cotton raised in this territory this season and two gins cannot take care of the crop. Another gin will not hurt the business of the established gins, but will rather help them in developing new business. The history of co-operative gins shows that they mean much toward town building, and our town must build; there is no standing still, we must go forward."

After full discussion of the proposition, the chamber voted to endorse a third gin for McLean, and Monday night, July 20, was set as a time to meet the farmers interested and go into the matter further.

F. H. Bourland suggested a "booster trip" among the farmers to ascertain the creage of cotton planted, and expressed the opinion that there is a greater increase in acreage planted than is generally supposed.

O. G. Stokely was appointed captain of a team to solicit the semi-annual business memberships now due, and Wednesday morning set as the time to start work.

Among those taking part in the discussion were: C. A. Strandberg, D. N. Massay, J. S. Howard, T. A. Landers, M. D. Bentley, W. S. White, W. C. Garrett, E. J. Lander, L. F. Coffey, Fred Landers, F. H. Bourland, W. T. Wilson, O. G. Stokely and P. E. McMeans.

The McLean Chamber of Commerce contracted with D. N. Massay for the use of one of the new business buildings on Main street as C. of C. headquarters at a rental of \$60 per month, with the understanding that Mr. Massay would take a \$10 per month office space, O. G. Stokely \$5.00 office space, the City of McLean \$10.00 space, the Justice of the Peace \$10.00 space and the County Agent \$10.00 office space, leaving only \$15.00 per month for the C. of C. to pay.

The new building will be fitted with chairs, tables and lighting fixtures for the chamber's use, and a committee consisting of W. T. Wilson, O. G. Stokely and C. A. Strandberg was appointed on arrangements.

Mr. Massay stated that he had been offered \$65.00 per month for the building, but the Chamber of Commerce idea appealed to him and the rent would not start until August first, however, the building will be ready for occupancy about the middle of next week.

The formal opening of the new building will be held Thursday night, July 30, when an orchestra and outside speakers will be engaged.

By motion and second, Mrs. W. S. White was elected chairman of the entertainment committee to make all arrangements for the banquet which will be served at this time for \$1.00 per plate, proceeds to go toward seating the building.

A program committee was also appointed, consisting of D. N. Massay, E. J. Lander, O. G. Stokely, M. D. Bentley and F. H. Bourland. These gentlemen will secure speakers, etc., for the event.

The matter of the county paying the office rent for the County Agent was brought up, and President White stated that he had interviewed the commissioners in this regard without success. Mr. McMeans stated that he did not feel that he should be required to pay this item, but would use his influence to have the state department pay for it.

The idea of a "Fats" and "Leans" baseball game was advanced as a means of raising a little extra money, and Mr. Fields and Donald Beall were appointed captains of the respective teams, with instructions to organize teams for some Friday afternoon, when the stores will be asked to close and everyone attend the game.

The committee to ascertain probable cost of lighting the tourist camp reported that it would take approximately \$25.00 to place a street light in the center of the grounds. This was ordered done and Tuesday morning set as time to begin work.

Secretary Lander reported something like \$75,000 worth of building improvements in McLean since the first of the year. Fred Landers reported upwards of 2000 acres of new land put under the plow in the McLean community this season.

F. H. Bourland, C. A. Strandberg and W. C. Garrett were asked to assist President White in appearing before the county commissioners Monday, together with a delegation from the Pampa Chamber of Commerce to ask that the county defray expenses of sending agricultural exhibits to the state fair and Amarillo fair.

The committee on advertising reported that several farmers have promised to have photographs taken and cuts made of their buildings and furnish to the chamber without cost, to use in the proposed 20 to 25 page booklet to be issued about September 15th. T. A. Landers was added to this committee and the committee asked to submit plans and estimate expense of publishing such a book-



# Nameless River

By VINGIE E. ROE

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CHAPTER I.—Kate Cathrew, "Castle Kate," owner of the Sky Line ranch, on her way to McKane's store at Cor-dova, suddenly infuriated by the sight of a girl plowing in a valley below, places a rifle bullet near the horse's feet. The girl takes no notice.

CHAPTER II.—Nance Allison, the girl on whom Kate Cathrew had vented her spite, is with her widowed mother and crippled brother Bud farming land taken up by her father, killed a short time before in a mysterious accident. Bud is the victim of a deliberate attempt to maim or kill him. Kate Cathrew wants the farm for pasture land, and is trying to frighten the Allisons into leaving.

CHAPTER III.—Big Basford, Sky Line rider, desperately in love with Kate, picks a quarrel with a fellow rider, Rod Stone. Kate, to part them, lashes Basford across the face with a quirt.

CHAPTER IV.—Nance discovers in a cave a fine collie dog, evidently guarding a child. She tries in vain to overcome the dog's hostility and goes home mystified.

CHAPTER V.—Next day Nance returns to the cave with food and makes friends with the dog and the small boy, Sonny. He tells her "Brand" takes care of him and "Dirk," the collie. Nance promises him to return next day with more "goodies."

CHAPTER VI.—Selwood is certain Kate Cathrew is the head of a "cattle rustling" gang, with Lawrence Arnold, her partner, who rarely visits the ranch. Minnie Pine, halfbreed at the Sky Line ranch, is in love with Rod Stone.

CHAPTER VII.—Ranchers complain of the stealing of their cattle and blame Sheriff Selwood for their seeming inactivity.

CHAPTER VIII.—Nance, visiting Sonny and Dirk in the cave, meets "Brand," and is favorably impressed. He tells her his name is Fair, which is also Sonny's, and obtains her promise to keep their presence a secret.

CHAPTER IX.—Nance becomes keenly interested in Brand Fair. The girl is relying on a debt of corn to pay off debts she owes McKane.

CHAPTER X.—Fair sees Sud Pro-wine, one of the Sky Line ranch riders, in Blue Stone canyon, and tells Nance he and Sonny must move at once. The girl begs him to leave the boy with her, and he consents.

CHAPTER XI.—A few nights later cattle are turned into Nance's corn field and the crop destroyed. The Allisons realize the destruction is the work of Kate Cathrew.

CHAPTER XII.—Nance tells McKane of the disaster and her consequent inability to pay her debt to him. She meets Kate Cathrew and humiliates her. Kate attempts to shoot her, but Selwood intervenes.

CHAPTER XIII.—Fair visits the Allison home and is warmly welcomed. He tells Nance he is on Kate Cathrew's trail for various misdeeds. While they are talking, he is sighted, and Nance is wounded in the arm by a rifle shot fired with deadly intent.

Mrs. Allison rose and lighter the lamp on the table.

"Come in, stranger," she said, "and set."

Fair came in and Nance presented him to her two relatives.

Mrs. Allison looked deep in his face with her discerning eyes as she gave him her toll-hard hand and nodded unconsciously.

With Bud it was a different matter. There was a faint coldness in his young face, a sullen disapproval. But Nance saw none of these things. Her eyes were dark with the sudden dilation of the pupils which this man's presence always caused. There was a soft excitement in her.

For a little while they sat in the well-worn, well-scrubbed and polished room which was parlor, dining room and kitchen, and talked of the warmth of the season, the many deer that were in the hills, and such minor matters, while Sonny clung to the man and devoured his face with adoring eyes.

Then the mother, harking back to the customs of another time, another environment, rose, bade good-night, signaled her son and retired to the inner regions.

Bud spoke with staid coldness and shambled after her.

Nance regarded this unusual proceeding with some astonishment. She did not realize that this was the peak of proper politeness in the backwoods of her Mammy's day—that a girl must have her chance and a clear field when a man came "settin' up" to her.

And so it was that presently she found herself sitting beside Brand Fair in the doorway, for the man preferred the inconspicuous spot, while Sonny sighed with happiness in his arms and Dirk sat gravely on his plump tail at his master's knee.

Diamond stood like a statue in the farther shadows.

A little soft wind was drawing up the river, the stars were thick in the night sky, and something as sweet as fairy music seemed to pulse in the lonely silence.

"Has old-timer been good?" Fair wanted to know jocosely, rubbing the curly head which was no longer tousled.

"Sure I have, Brand," the little fellow ventured eagerly, "awful good—haven't I, Nance?"

"Miss Allison, Sonny," said Brand severely.

"No—Nance. She told me so her-

self." "That settles it. No one could go against such authority. But has he been good?" "Good?" said Nance. "He's brought all the happiness into this house it's seen for many a long day—or is likely to see."

"That's good hearing," returned the man, "and I have done a lot of riding this past week. Tell me, Miss Allison—what sort of a chap is this sheriff of yours?"

"He's the best man on Nameless river!" cried the girl swiftly, "the kindest, the steadiest. I'd trust him with anything."

"Does he talk?"

"Talk?"

"Can he keep a still tongue in his head?"

"I don't know as to that—but I do know he's been a friend to me in my tribulation. He probably saved my life today—and he saved me a lot of trouble."

"Saved your life?" queried Fair sharply, "How's that?"

"I swung Cattle Kate Cathrew out of McKane's store and she was going to shoot me, but the sheriff faced her. I told her some things she didn't like."

Fair drew a long breath.

"What was the occasion?" he asked.

"My field of corn," said Nance miserably, her trouble flooding back upon her, "last night it was rich with promise—what I was building on for my debt and my winter's furnishing. This morning it was nothing but a dirty mass of pulp—trampled out by cattle—and we know that a Sky Line rider was behind those cattle. It's some more of the same work that's been going on with us since before our pappy died. It's old stuff—what the cattle kings have done to the homesteaders for many years in this country."

"If we weren't our pappy's own—Bud and I—we'd have been run to the end ago. I would, I think, when Bud got hurt, if it hadn't been for him. He's a fighter, and won't let go. The land is ours, right and fair, and he says no bunch of cut-throats is going to take it from us. I say so, too," she finished, doggedly.

Fair reached out a hand and for a moment hid it over her clasped on her folded arm.

"Miss Allison," he said admiringly, "you're a wonderful woman! Not many men would stick in the face of such colossal misfortunes. You must love your land."

"I do," she said, "but it's something more than that. It's a proving, sort of—a battle line, you know, and Bud and I, we're soldiers. We hope we cannot run."

"By George!" said the man, "you can't—you won't. Your kind don't. But it's a grim battle, I can see that."

"It's so grim," said Nance quietly, "that we couldn't survive this winter if it wasn't for the hogs that will be ready to market this fall. McKane wouldn't give me time on my debt—Cattle Kate won't let him. So the sheriff paid it—he says he can wait till next year for his money—he's not so hard pushed as the trader—and he's rich, they say."

For a little while they sat in silence while Sonny, blissfully happy, fell fast asleep in Fair's arms.

Then the man stirred and spoke.

"Miss Allison," he said, "the time has come when I am going to tell you something—just a little bit that may give you comfort in this hard going of yours. I want you to know that more than one force is at work against this woman at Sky Line ranch—against her and all those with her. Sheriff Selwood is not the only one who suspects her of dark doings—and the other—knows. I am that other."

Nance gasped in the shadows. The flickering lamp, blowing in the wind, had gone low.

"You?"

"Yes. That's why I have been so much a mystery in this country—why I have kept Sonny hidden in the canyon—why I have spent two years of my life riding the back places of the West. I knew she was somewhere—and I knew she was crooked. The men she has with her are not cattle men—they are criminals, every one."

"Good gracious!" whispered the girl again.

"And the reason I am not ready to run into her yet is this—she would

recognize me before I am ready, because she knew me once some six years ago."

Nance Allison was, as her mammy would say, "flabbergasted."

She was too astonished to speak.

"I know a lot from the other end of her operations. I want to make sure at this end. I want to get in touch with Sheriff Selwood—and I want you to hold hard on your battle line, knowing that it cannot always be as it is now, that other forces are lined up with you—that if all goes as it should—Cattle Kate will be caught in her own trap—and I hope to the Lord it is soon."

"Why—why, this is a wonder to me!" said Nance, "a wonder and a light in my darkness! I felt you for

good that first day I set eyes on you in the canyon. Now I understand—you are the messenger whose feet are beautiful on the hills, as the Bible says—who bears good tidings! My faith has never faltered," she went on earnestly, "I knew always that the hand of God was before me, that my ways were not hidden from His sight and that some way, some time, all would be well with us. But sometimes it has been hard."

Fair sat thinking deeply.

"Yes—Cattle Kate would make it hard if she had a reason," he said and there was a note of bitterness in his low voice, "only God and I know how hard."

"Has she—" Nance asked and hesitated, "has she made it hard for you?"

Somehow she dreaded his reply.

It was long in coming, and then it was cryptic.

"Vicariouly. For one other she made it hard to the last bitter dress—to that unfashionable but sometimes existent thing, a broken heart, and at last to death itself. To death in black disgrace."

Nance caught her breath in dismayed sympathy.

"She is cold as stone," went on the man, "brilliant, strong, and ruthless. She sets herself a point and cleaves straight to it regardless of whom or what she tramples on the way."

"Yes—like wanting our land. She means to get it, one way or another."

"Exactly. That rope you told me of was a bold stroke for it. Your father was gone—your brother was the only male of your family. With him gone, too, you should have been easy."

"It was murder she meant," said Nance, "no less. We've always known that."

"And what about your father's death? Tell me about that—if it is not too painful."

"We don't know much about it. Our pappy was a mountaineer—born in the Kentucky hills, lived in Missouri, a man who loved the outdoors. He was a hunter and a woodsman. He was careful, never took chances. That's why we've never been reconciled to the accident that killed him—he was found at the foot of Rainbow cliff, as if he'd fallen down it. And no one in this country has ever been known to reach the top of that spine."

"Have you ever thought that perhaps he didn't fall. That he might have been put there as a way to cover a—crime?"

Nance shook her head.

"Every bone in his body was broken," she said sadly, "he was as loose as a bag of sand. He fell down Rainbow cliff all right—but how it happened, that's what we'd love to know."

"And probably never will," said Fair.

"No."

They sat for a while in silence.

The little wind blew in their faces, sweet with its fresh and nameless suggestion of flowing water. Out in the shadows the big black horse stood perfectly still, his peaceful breath scarcely lifting his sides. The collie was silent, though his handsome head was up, his sharp ears lifted above his ruff. The child in Fair's lap continued to sleep.

It seemed to Nance Allison that the night had never been so calm before, the stars so bright, the unspoken majesty of the heavens so apparent. She wondered how it was possible to feel so safe and at peace in the face of this last disaster, to look to the future once more with hope.

The little smile was pulling at her lips again, her long blue eyes were soft with hidden light.

And then, out of the stillness and starlight, from somewhere across the river, there came the clear crack of a high-power gun, the thud of a ball in wood. With one sweep of his right arm Fair flung Nance back upon the floor, himself and the child beside her.

He slipped Sonny from his lap with a low word and rolled clear. Quick as a cat he threw his body to the table, raised an arm above its edge and swept the lamp to the floor, extinguishing it instantly.

Then he crawled back and the hands he laid upon the girl's shoulder were shaking.

"Tell me," he gritted, "tell me it did not hit you!"

"I—can't," whispered Nance, "my left arm—it feels all full of needles."

Fair slipped his fingers down along the firm young arm beneath its faded sleeve and found it warm and wet.

Sonny was awake but still as a little quail hid in the grass at its mother's warning whistle.

There was the sound of a soft opening door beyond, and Mrs. Allison's voice, low and terror-filled, said, "Nance—girl—"

"Don't fret, Mammy," she whispered back, "I'm all right—just a scratch. Pin something on the window before you make a light."

Bud's shuffle came round the table and he knelt beside her, feeling for her hands.

"Mammy!" he cried with restrained passion, "I'll have my pappy's gun now—or go with bare hands! You got to gimme it!"

Nance got to her feet with Fair's arm about her and pushed the door

shut. Then the mother struck a light and restored the lamp to the table. In its yellow flare they peered the sleeve from the girl's arm and found a shallow wound straight across, about three inches above the elbow.

For a long time Brand Fair looked at it.

Then he raised somber eyes to her face.

"Eight inches to the right," he said slowly, "and it would have been your heart."

She nodded.

"Cattle Kate means business now," she said, "but—I—don't think she'll get me."

"Not if I can get her first," said Fair, grimly. "Now let's have some hot water strong with salt."

Mrs. Allison set about preparing this, while the bitter tears of one who had seen fear before, dripped down her weathered cheeks.

The boy Bud stood by the table opening and closing his hands and muttering under his quick breath—"Pappy's gun—it's good and true-sighted. Not high-power—but I can hide and wait—close—close—"

"If you'd forgive a stranger, Mrs. Allison," put in Fair, straightening up and looking at the mother, "I'd say—give him his father's gun. And I'd say, Bud—don't go to pieces now after such a brave and conservative fight. Be a defender—not a murderer."

The boy turned his dilated eyes to him, wetting his dry lips.

In the long look that passed between them something seemed to break down in Bud, the antagonism he had felt for Fair seemed to melt away. The mysterious comradery of honest manhood fell upon them both, and the man held out his hand.

The boy took it and his eyes became sane.

"We've got a big job cut out for us," said Fair gravely, "and must be in the right—at every point. We'll

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Morse and son, S. B., visited in Canadian Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hefner went to Canadian Friday.

H. P. Garrett of Canyon visited home folks here Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Anna Wingo is visiting Widorado.



## Change in Time July 5, 1925

The Memphis-Californian will leave McLean going east at 5:25 a. m. Going west at 10:08 p. m.

The Choctaw Limited will leave McLean going east at 11:09 a. m. Going west at 3:57 p. m.

## A State Bank and a Home Bank

This institution is a State Bank, operating under the stringent banking laws of the State of Texas, with a knowledge of and an ability to meet local needs.

It is also a home bank, knowing fully the needs of home folks and our home town, and equipped to fill them.

As a state bank and a home bank, this institution invites your business on the service record.

## The Citizens State Bank

A Guaranty Fund Bank

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$33,750.00

J. S. MORSE, President C. C. BOGAN, Cashier



"New, Let's Get Busy With Our First Aid."

dig out the nest of vipers at Sky Line, but we'll do the job cleanly. Now let's get busy with our first-aid."

(Continued next week)



## The Tourist Camps Invite You!

Thousands of them, hospitable and friendly, play a big part in the vacation joys of thousands of families every year.

Take advantage now of this interesting, economical way to travel! Get into your Ford and go—far away from the every-day haunts and the working grind! All the family will enjoy the outing; everyone will be healthier, happier and better for a change of scene and life in the open.

No other car requires so small an investment as the Ford; none offers you such value for your money.



Runabout - \$260 Coupe - \$520  
Touring Car - 290 Tudor Sedan - 550

On open cars demountable rims and starter are \$25 extra. Full-size balloon tires \$25 extra. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

SEE ANY AUTHORIZED FORD DEALER OR MAIL THIS COUPON

Fordor Sedan \$660 F. O. B. Detroit

Please tell me how I can secure a Ford Car on easy payments:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Mail this coupon to Ford Motor Company, Detroit



"Nance Allison Was, as Her Mammy Would Say, 'Flabbergasted!'"

recognize me before I am ready, because she knew me once some six years ago."

Nance Allison was, as her mammy would say, "flabbergasted."



VITAMINES

Vitamines are one of science's unsolved enigmas—elements which are known to exist, but how, and in what form they exist is yet a gigantic question.

A fitting parallel to the relation of vitamins to organic life is found in the community. In every thriving town, school, or group, will be found men who are necessary to the life of this group.

College life is moulded and shaped by the students who have initiative and ability. The faculty of a college may work their hearts out to make college life more valuable.

Perhaps you and I are not of the gifted few who are human vitamins. The plan of life is cut differently for each individual. One thing each person can do is to recognize the human vitamin in a particular group and study his methods and assist in the materialization of his plans.

B. T. Rowe of Denver, Colo., is visiting his father, C. H. Rowe.

Mr. and Mrs. Byrd Guill and little John Byrd Guill were Shamrock visitors Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Turnbow of Shamrock visited Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Sullivan Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Hansen, Lawrence Hansen and little Miss Opal Morrison visited relatives at Shamrock Sunday.

Miss Martha Stokely is visiting friends at Dallas.

Miss Mary Anderson of Canyon visited home folks here Saturday and Sunday.

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

PROTECTING HER INTERESTS

A woman went to the bank and asked for a new check book. "I've lost the one you gave me yesterday," she said. "But it doesn't matter. I took the precaution of signing all the checks as soon as I got it—so, of course, it won't be of any use to anyone else."

A DEALER'S NUMBER

A man was found in the street moaning: "Oh, I ate one two." "What did you eat?" "Not a thing," he cried, "that's the number of the auto that just ran over me."

HE WON

He (after a long argument)—"So you see, dear, you misjudged in saying I was making love to that other girl just because we were out on the porch." "She—" "All right, I believe you. Now wipe that eyebrow off your cheek and we'll go home."

Continued for any purpose at the News office.

LIMERICKS

That peculiar form of rhyme known as the limerick has furnished much material for discussion and, friendly rivalries in the columns of various publications recently.

Here are examples of some of the best known:

A great Congregational preacher Told a hen, "You're a wonderful creature."

And the hen upon that, Laid three eggs in his hat, And thus did the Henry Ward Beecher.

There was once an old man of Lyme Who married three wives at a time.

When asked "Why the third?" He replied, "One's absurd; And bigamy, sir, is a crime!"

A tutor who tooted the flute Tried to tutor two tooters to toot;

Asked the two of the tutor, "Is it harder to toot or To tutor two tooters to toot?"

There was a young lady of Crewe Who wanted to catch the 2:2;

Said a porter, "Don't worry, Or flurry, or scurry, It's a minute or 2 2 2:2."

There was a young person named Tate,

Who went out to dine at 8:8; But I will not relate What that person named Tate And his tete-a-tete ate at 8:8.

THE HOME NEWSPAPER

It has been said that no institution not founded on a fundamental human need can live. The reverse of this is also true. This is why the home newspaper, as an institution, has survived many things; the pend of unpaid subscriptions, the uncertainty of advertising patronage, the problems of its own professional competition, and the hazards of its own mistakes. Through all these, the home newspaper still lives.

When subjected to the test of whether the home newspaper could be done without, there always follows the inevitable reaction of whether the people of the community would WANT to do without it. The more than 17,000 daily, weekly, semi-weekly and tri-weekly newspapers in the United States and Canada stand as proof of the important service the newspaper renders in its local field of circulation.

The newspaper is not an invention, nor is it a fad or a fancy. It is a growth—a development made possible by the co-operative and receptive spirit of the people themselves, because of the need of the transmission of news and as a circulation medium for advertising the products of the community and of the world. But the home newspaper is even more than this. It is the echo of the community's voice, a spokesman of the community's mind, a reflection of the community's vision, a champion of the community's rights, and a direct avenue for the community's progress.—Lubbock Plains Journal.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Sitter left this morning for Battle Creek, Mich. They will visit relatives at Anna, Ill., enroute. The News will follow them.

C. C. Cook is visiting in Oklahoma and Arkansas. Mr. Cook writes for The News to be sent to him while away.

Miss Oma Johnson of Floydada came in Wednesday for a visit with Miss Sallie Campbell.

WOW!

"What do you think of polygamy?" asked the man who had come over with his wife to call. "Well," said Henry Peck, looking around to see that Maria was not within hearing distance, "all I gotta say is, if I had a boil, I wouldn't want seven or eight more, but would be tickled to death to get rid of the one I had. And that is my view of polygamy."

SUCCESS!

He has achieved success who has lived long, laughed often and loved much. Who has gained the trust of pure women, the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children. Who has filled his niche and accomplished his task. Who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem or a rescued soul. Who has always appreciated earth's beauty and has never failed to express it. Who has always looked for the best in others, and always given the best he had. Whose life has been an inspiration; whose memory a benediction.—B. M. Stanley.

THE PASSING SHEIK

Milliner (eager to sell hat)—"Oh Madam, so chic!" Mrs. Noorich—"Sheik, huh! Take it away. I don't want none of last year's stuff."

POSITIVE HE COULDN'T PAY

A New York banker received this week a letter received by a Texas bank from one of its customers who had been requested to pay off or reduce a loan that was getting rather old. The gist of the letter was about as follows: "I got your letter asking me to pay off my loan. I ain't forgot you, and when them as owe me pays up I am going to pay you. But if you ain't no better prepared to meet your God on Judgment Day than I am prepared to pay that loan now you'll go to hell sure. Goodbye."

Looks as if the loan is still there.

Mrs. H. L. Campbell and children of Chillicothe are visiting the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Billingslea.

Wants

FOR SALE, trade or rent, house and lots on North Main street. One room house, two lots. A. C. Donnell, Mobeetie, Texas. 28-4p

GROCERIES ARE cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. tfe

STORAGE.—Clean dry storage under daily supervision. Inquire at News office.

John Lowe has charge of the Jersey bull. See him for information. Geo. W. Sitter. 1c

MILK! MILK! MILK! The best grade of Jersey milk delivered anywhere in town. A. L. Hibler. Phone 61. tfe

THESE little ads bring results. Try one. 25 words for 25c.

RUBBER STAMPS. Order rubber stamps, daters, etc., at the News office. Prompt service and the best of work.

GARBAGE and trash hauled from any part of the city at reasonable rates. Phone 112 144. Frank Haynes. tf

TO MAIL your parcel post packages, they must be properly tagged. You can get printed tags in any amount at the News office.

FOR SALE.—Red maize, good as grown. \$25.00 per ton delivered in McLean. Alanreed phone, my expense. Joe W. Clemmons. 1p

REAL JOY

There is real joy and comfort in riding on Firestone Gum-dipped Balloon tires. We have them in stock. Let us equip your car with a set.

STAR FILING STATION "Headquarters for Service" L. L. ROGERS, Prop. Phone 131

TOO COLORFUL

"Why don't you publish my romance?" "It's too gaudy. In the first chapter the Count becomes red with anger, the Baron green with envy, the artist white with terror, the Baroness pink with confusion, and the chauffeur blue with cold."

THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN

An ass once found a lion's skin. So, putting it on, he looked in the mirror and said to himself, "Everybody laughs at me as soon as they see that I'm an ass. I wonder how they'll treat me in this disguise?"

So he hurried off to his native village to try its effect on the people. Nobody recognized him, and everybody was scared to death and fled, leaving him in sole control of the whole place. Moral—Every politician knows the value of a make-up.

STAMPED ENVELOPES

While looking for the cause of the postal deficit and to provide a remedy therefor it seems remarkable that Congress overlooked the fact that enormous sums are lost annually on stamped envelopes. They are sold to customers below the cost of production and no heed is paid to the cost of transportation, the price being the same in Washington, D. C., as in Portland, Ore. Commercial printers cannot buy envelopes in any market as cheap as the government sells them, and no plant in the country can print them as cheaply as is done by the government. Just what policy seems to justify the government selecting the envelope business as one in which it is justified in engaging is a mystery to the public. The present sale price of stamped envelopes has no defense. It results in great loss to the government and to the commercial printers of the nation. It is just as senseless and indefensible as the postal law requiring only one cent for both postage and—furnished by the government while requiring two cents postage or exactly the same card furnished by you.—Childress Post

READY TO CORRECT IT!

"You've made two mistakes in this bill—one in your favor and one in mine." "In your favor? Where?"

Born, Wednesday, July 8, to Mr. and Mrs. Riley Scott, a boy.

SYMPATHY

An untimely frost effectually completed the mischief done earlier by the insect enemies of Mr. Perkins' potatoes. The tops of the plants, which had served as a pasturage for the pests, were entirely destroyed, and with them Mr. Perkins' hopes of a crop. He was not selfish, however, and could think of others in the hour of adversity. In the afternoon he was accosted at the postoffice by a friend.

"Hello, Perkins! How's everything up to the corners?" "Trouble enough, Williamson," he gloomily replied. "Ten million potato bugs, and nothing for 'em to eat!"

SURE REMEDY

Customer—"Can you tell me what I can do to avoid falling hair?" Manicurist—"Jump out of the way."

W. Sherman White Attorney-at-Law

McLean Texas

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

Groceries are cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. Advertisement. tfe Buy your boy or girl a Remington Portable for use in their school work. It has all the advantages of the large machines, standard keyboard, no shifting for figures. The price is small and you can buy them on monthly payments. Come to the News office and let us demonstrate.

History notebook pads, two for 5c at the News office.

Typewriter paper to fit your notebook, at the News office

INSURANCE

LIFE FIRE HAIL I represent some of the strongest companies in the world. I insure anything. No prohibited list. Money to loan on farms. Reliable Insurance T. N. HOLLOWAY Reliable Insurance

Best and Quickest Service

That's what we provide our patrons. Expert workmanship, neat, quick and sanitary. Let us demonstrate.

Elite Barber Shop Everett & West, Props.

Texhoma Oil & Refining Co. For Value and Service Use TEXHOMA PRODUCTS

Amalie Motor Oils 100 per cent Pure Pennsylvania.

L. L. ROGERS Agent Phone 131 McLean, Texas

Robinson Crusoe Advertised

Robinson Crusoe was stranded—and sick of it! Only his man Friday and a goat and a parrot for companionship! He wanted to get off the island, and to do this, he knew he must communicate with people who might pass, afar off, in ships. So he did what any man does who wants to reach people—he advertised!

True, he had only a ragged shirt with which to do his advertising, but he stuck it on a pole, secured the pole in the ground and waited—for days! Didn't get discouraged at the first days of failure, you see. No good advertiser does! And finally—he got results!

If Robinson Crusoe, with one old shirt, could accomplish his purpose, could reach the folks he sought, what do you think you could do with the infinite advertising possibilities offered you? Artistic type at your disposal—skillful printers to set it into whatever message you choose—and the folks you want to reach all near at hand! Doesn't it stand to reason you'd get results, too?

The McLean News

Auto Repairing

We can save you money on your repair work. Our mechanics know how to locate trouble and fix it in the shortest possible time.

GRIGSBY'S AUTO SHOP "A Square Deal Always"



**THE McLEAN NEWS**  
Published Every Thursday

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

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

**Subscription Price**  
One Year.....\$1.50  
Six Months......75  
Three Months......40

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

Something in the nature of a general calamity would have to happen now to keep this community from gathering the greatest crops ever this fall.

The renting of a modern building for Chamber of Commerce headquarters is a big undertaking for a town our size, but we can make it pay with proper co-operation.

The News has received a letter from Lynch Davidson stating that he will be a candidate for governor next year. We supported Mr. Davidson in the last election and still believe that he will make a good governor.

The railroad did not have the welfare of the smaller towns in mind when the schedules were changed. While there may be some time saved in long trips, no citizen likes to have a "flyer" go through without stopping.

The business man who patronizes peddlers and mail order houses for his printing should not kick if his customers buy the goods he handles in the same way. The home town paper does more than any other one thing to help develop business for the home merchant, and the loyal merchant will see that there is no cause for criticism as to where he spends his printing money.

Earthquake reports from California do not make such inviting reading as their press agents usually put out. Any time we are tempted to think there are better places than the Panhandle of Texas, something comes along to keep us satisfied. Come to the Panhandle!

Mr. Bentley of the Star-Telegram lives at Abilene, and he stated to a representative of The News that the water rate in his home town is only 95c per month. The gentleman has four sprinklers and has them all going at once as often as he likes on his lawn and garden for this small amount. Our rate does not look so cheap compared with such a rate as this.

Any editor worthy the name should stick up for his home town, but The Randall County News was a bit over-enthusiastic in a front page article last week stating that Canyon is the only town in West Texas that has water which makes crystal clear ice without treatment. McLean is considered in West Texas, and our ice plant has never treated a gallon of water used in making ice, and the quality of our ice cannot be beaten. We know of other towns that use untreated water regularly. Let's keep the record straight, Warwick, there's glory enough to go around.

SENIOR B. Y. P. I.

Scripture reading and introduction by leader—Eunice Stratton  
Parts 1 and 2—Arlie Grigsby  
Parts 3 and 4—Wilma Grigsby  
Part 5—Vivian Landers  
Parts 6 and 7—Eunice Floyd  
Part 8—Merle Grigsby  
Part 9—Leader.

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

Miss Opal Dutton of Canyon spent the week end with friends here.

Herman Lee and Fred Landers were business visitors in Clarendon Tuesday evening.

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

Mrs. Bryant Henry and sons and Misses Jenn Word and Anna B. Ige were Wellington visitors Friday.

**NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR PROBATE OF WILL**

THE STATE OF TEXAS,  
To the Sheriff or any Constable of Gray County—GREETING:  
YOU ARE HEREBY COMMANDED to cause the following notice to be published in a newspaper of general circulation which has been continuously and regularly published for a period of not less than one year preceding the date of the notice in the County of Gray, State of Texas, and you shall cause said notice to be printed at least once each week for the period of ten days exclusive of the first day of publication before the return day hereof:

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR PROBATE OF WILL  
THE STATE OF TEXAS,  
To all persons interested in the estate of Sue W. Coppedge, deceased, W. L. Barnes and Mrs. Kate Templeton have filed in the County Court of Gray County, an application for the probate of the last will and testament of Sue W. Coppedge, deceased, which will be heard at the next term of said Court, commencing the 3rd Monday in August, A. D. 1925, at the Court House thereof, in the town of Lefors, Texas, at which time all persons interested in said estate may appear and contest said application should they desire to do so.

HEREIN FAIL NOT, But have you then and there before said Court this writ, with your return thereon endorsed, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Court, July 8th, A. D. 1925.  
(SEAL) CHARLIE THUT,  
Clerk County Court, Gray County, Texas.

**NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR PROBATE OF WILL**

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NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR PROBATE OF WILL  
THE STATE OF TEXAS,  
To all persons interested in the estate of Dr. J. A. Coppedge, deceased, W. L. Barnes and Mrs. Kate Templeton have filed in the County Court of Gray County, an application for the probate of the last will and testament of Dr. J. A. Coppedge, deceased, which will be heard at the next term of said Court, commencing the 3rd Monday in August, A. D. 1925, at the Court House thereof, in the town of Lefors, Texas, at which time all persons interested in said estate may appear and contest said application should they desire to do so.

HEREIN FAIL NOT, But have you then and there before said Court this writ, with your return thereon endorsed, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Court, July 8th, A. D. 1925.  
(SEAL) CHARLIE THUT,  
Clerk County Court, Gray County, Texas.

Mrs. D. M. Graham and children returned Friday from San Antonio.

Prof. Frank P. Wilson of Clarendon visited relatives here Saturday and Sunday.

Hughes Quattlebaum and Geo. P. Wilson of Amrillo spent the Fourth with relatives here.

Miss OzePa Hunt of Canyon spent the week end with home folks here.

**Magnolia Petroleum Co.**

C. J. CASH, Agent  
86 191  
Day Phone Night Phone

**ECZEMA!**  
Money back without question if HUNT'S GUARANTEED SKIN DISEASE REMEDIES (Hunt's Salve and Soap), fail in the treatment of Eczema, Ringworm, Tetter, or other itching skin diseases. Try this treatment at our risk.

Shell's Pharmacy

**SPEED BROS.**

General Contractors and Builders  
Sidewalks, Paving, Stucco  
CLARENDON AND McLEAN TEXAS

**SCRUB BULL LOSES "TRIAL" ARGUED BY REAL LAWYERS**

Settling the merits of purebred versus scrub bulls by a public "trial" proved a thrilling event recently in Cabell county, W. Va. The trial was staged at the annual meeting of the Cabell County Farm Bureau as a means of directing attention to the importance of better cattle in the locality. From reports received by the United States Department of Agriculture, which furnishes outlines of procedure for such activities, the West Virginia "legal" battle on the question was probably the most keenly and ably contested of any trial of its kind thus far reported.

Judge J. P. Douglass, United States commissioner, presided as judge; Hon. Elliott Northcott, United States attorney, was the prosecutor; while Lawrence McClure, assistant United States district attorney, defended the "prisoner." A detailed report of the event in the Farm Bureau News credits the prosecuting attorney with rising to "heights of oratory that he has seldom equalled even in the more serious Federal court procedure," and paid tribute to the attorney for the defense for "rare forensic ability and his masterly handling of a hopeless case."

A jury representing varied local interests found the scrub bull guilty of vagrancy, larceny, and disturbing the public peace, as charged, whereupon the judge imposed the death penalty. Though a mock affair, the report declared it to be "one that will live long in the memory of the 200 who attended the annual meeting of the bureau." Trials of this kind, the Department of Agriculture believes, are an effective means of presenting the merits of purebred sires in a manner which will have a lasting impression on the livestock industry of a locality. Persons who have any defense for inferior livestock, moreover, have this opportunity to present their claims before a jury of local citizens.

**ADVERTISING VS. BUNK**

The members of the Panhandle Hardware and Implement Association in session at Amarillo decided that newspaper advertising was the best and most reliable kind of advertising. At the same time they condemned the various kinds of stunts called advertising, which are nothing more than hold-up schemes devised by grafters to fleece the unsuspecting. The real business man who knows advertising and its power usually will not fall for stunts called advertising, but it is usually the class of fellows who claim they do not believe in newspaper advertising who will sluff off a wad of money to have their names printed on a few bills which never reach the buying public, or will give a lot of merchandise to a so-called comedian to give away at a show. Such stuff lacks a whole lot of being advertising.—Randall County News.

BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENTS may be had printed to order at the News office.

**V. H. MOORE**

Auctioneer

Get your date at the News office or phone me collect.  
Wheeler, Texas

**Chrysler Automobile**

We want you to see the Chrysler before you buy an automobile. Ride in them—drive them! Call on us—we are only too glad to extend you an opportunity to learn at first hand the many advantages of owning a new Chrysler. A model to suit every taste, both sixes and fours.

After the fifteenth of July we will be in our new quarters west of the F. & M. Bank. Complete line of cars, filling station, service on all new cars or any Chrysler automobile.

When in Shamrock, come around and get acquainted.

**Schlegel-Storseth Motor Co.**

Shamrock, Texas

**A SUCCESSFUL SMALL TOWN MERCHANT**

The Wagoner (Okla.) Record-Democrat reports a town of 900 population in Southern Oklahoma as having a store which does a million dollar business in a year, but does not give the name of the town. The store employs fifty clerks. The firm attributes its success to square dealing, knowledge of its business, and advertising, but says "advertising is the biggest factor in our success." According to the Record-Democrat, the firm last year set aside two per cent of its sales for advertising, about \$20,000 in all. We wonder if there is another town of 900 anywhere in the country that has a store doing such a volume of business or one which spends two per cent of its gross sales on advertising.

**THE FORCE OF ADVERTISING**

I put no limit on the force of advertising. It is the single force which has brought America to its present position of prosperity and world dominance in trade. For advertising creates desire. In order to satisfy desires one must work, and in working, one produces more things which must be sold, and in turn more advertising results, and more desires are created and satisfied. Anything that increases desires increases prosperity.—Albert D. Lasker, before the New York Advertising Club.

Gilbert Wingo of Amarillo visited home folks Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Burl Glass and sons of Alanreed were McLean visitors Saturday.

**A. A. LEDBETTER**

Attorney-at-Law  
McLean, Texas

**REAL DRAY SERVICE**

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

Kunkel Bros.

**SHORT ORDERS**

Waffles, hamburgers, pies, roasts, stews, soups, steaks, "ham and eggs"—in fact we cook anything you want, the way you like it.

J. A. MEADOR

**News from Heald**

By Special Correspondent.  
Hot dry weather is the order of the day here.  
Most people are about up with their work until it rains.  
Crops look fine in this part. Brother Trostle from Plainview filled Brother Thomas's pulpit here Sunday afternoon.

C. S. Rutledge of Vernon is visiting his brother, J. N. Rutledge, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Landers attended church at McLean Sunday.

A. P. Rippey visited his sons at Electra last week end.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hinton visited at the T. F. Phillips home Sunday afternoon.

Misses Katherine and Imogene Rutledge visited in the J. W. Stauffer home at Pagan Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Walter Bailey visited in the Ernest Kramer home Saturday. W. J. Chilton and son, Pete, and J. L. Mullinax were in Shamrock Tuesday.

Geo. R. Reneau, T. F. Phillips and C. H. Harbison were in McLean Tuesday.

Mrs. J. A. Haynes, Mrs. Frank Bailey and children left last week for Channing and other points on a visit.

W. L. Litchfield has been down on the Stokely ranch the last few days.

Mr. Younger and two sons of Ft. Work visited the T. F. Phillips family a few days last week. Vinson Younger, who has been here

the past two months, returned home with them.

J. A. Haynes returned the latter part of last week from Texola, Okla., where he has been at work for some time.

Paul Ladd has returned from Oklahoma, where he has been working for the past two weeks.

H. N. Roach and family visited at the A. P. Rippey home Tuesday afternoon.

**PATRONIZE THE ADVERTISERS**

**WATCH REPAIRING**

We pay postage both ways.  
--Quick Service--Reasonable Rates

McCORMICK BROTHERS  
Shamrock, Texas

Leave work at Shell's Pharmacy or send direct.

**YOUR NEW SUIT**

We have just received a new line of samples for men's fall and winter suits. All wool, tailored to your measure, for only \$25.00. Ask to see them.

City Tailor Shop  
Merle Grigsby, Manager

**ANNOUNCEMENT**

I desire to announce to the ladies of McLean and vicinity that I will have a full line of ladies and misses millinery in stock for the fall trade.

You will be pleased with the styles and prices.

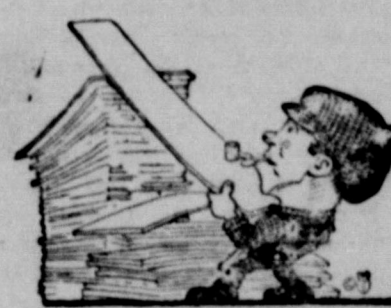
Mrs S. A. COBB

**COOKIES**

We are baking a lot of fresh cookies daily. Come in and visit us and look over our stock of pastry.

**McLEAN BAKERY**

Herman Lee, Manager



**Lumber**

put into houses must be the best for the house to become an asset and not a liability. Such an organization as ours buys at rock bottom prices and sells quality products above all else.

Dependability can be placed in all materials sold by us, for they are milled properly and cared for after the cutting process is over. All are proven best by time and service.

**Cicero Smith Lbr. Co.**

W. T. WILSON, Manager



Map showing location of Muscle Shoals. When all of the proposed improvements are complete, the Tennessee River will be navigable from the Ohio River to Knoxville, Tenn.



**GOSPEL FISHERS UNION**

Opening exercises.  
Group No. one in charge.  
Subject—Israel's Fight Under the Banner of the Lord.  
Leader—Lloyd Hunt.  
Scripture reading—Vida Colebank.  
Poem—Elizabeth Wilkerson.  
Meaning of a Banner—Marie Browning.  
The Enemy—Fay Bible.  
The Attack—Merle Young.  
The Battle—Opal Nelson.  
Our Banner—Other Pearce.  
The Banner of Israel—Vida Colebank.  
Blackboard talk—Lloyd Hunt.  
Closing prayer.

**CARD OF THANKS**

We want to thank our many friends and neighbors for their kindness and thoughtfulness and beautiful floral offerings during the illness and death of our dear husband and father. May God's blessings be with each and everyone.  
Mrs. J. W. Burks and family. 1c

**CARD OF THANKS**

I take this means of thanking those who gave their patronage during the time I owned the McLean Blacksmith Shop. I am quitting the business with the best of feelings toward everyone. I express the hope that you will give Mr. Eudy the same kind treatment you gave me.  
Respectfully,  
P. V. RHEA. 1c

**SHERIFF'S SALE**

THE STATE OF TEXAS,  
County of Gray.  
Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a certain Order of Sale issued out of the Honorable District Court of Gray County, on the 8th day of June, A. D. 1925, by Charlie Thut, clerk of said Court, for the sum of One Thousand Ten and 44-100 Dollars and costs of suit under a judgment and foreclosure in favor of Hannah Crawford in cause No. 1253 in said Court, styled Hannah Crawford versus Robert L. Jones et al, and placed in my hands for service, I, W. C. Carpenter, as Constable, Precinct No. 5, Gray County, Texas, did, on the 10th day of June, 1925, levy on certain real estate situated in Gray County, described as follows, to-wit:  
Tract or parcel of land in Gray County, Texas, containing five acres of land off of the East side of Block No. Nine in the Rush Addition to the town of McLean, as shown by the duly recorded map or plat of said addition said tract being described by metes and bounds as follows, to-wit:  
Beginning at the South-east corner of said Block No. Nine; thence North 498 feet to the North-east corner of said Block No. Nine for corner; thence West with the North boundary line of said block 437 2-5 feet for corner; thence South 498 feet to a point for corner in South line of said block; thence East 437 2-5 feet to place of beginning, and levied upon as the property of Pollie Overton and W. W. Overton. And on Tuesday, the 4th day of August, 1925, at the Court House door of Gray County, in the town of LeFlore, Texas, between the hours of ten a. m. and four p. m. I will sell above described real estate at public vendue, for cash, to the highest bidder, as the property of said Pollie Overton and W. W. Overton, by virtue of said levy and said judgment and said order of sale.  
And in compliance with law, I give this notice by publication, in the English language, once a week for three consecutive weeks immediately preceding said day of sale, in the McLean News, a newspaper published in Gray County, Texas.  
WITNESS my hand, this 10th day of June, 1925.  
W. C. CARPENTER, Constable,  
Precinct No. 5, Gray County,  
WOC-27-3t

Miss Sinclair Rice of Canyon spent the week end with home folks here.

Mrs. Chas. Cousins and little daughters and little Miss Allene Christian of Amarillo spent the Fourth with relatives here.

Miss Thelma Gatlin of Canyon spent the week end with home folks here.

You need a typewriter. The Remington Portable has all the advantages of any machine made. The cost is small. See the sample machine at the News office.

**RHEUMATISM**  
HUNT'S LIGHTNING OIL  
Shell's Pharmacy

**EXPRESSION CLASS**

I will teach a class in expression. Those interested call telephone number 198 for prices and time. Mrs. Harold Rippy. Advertisement 1c

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

**YEARS WILL TELL**

He was a preacher—an old-fashioned preacher—who felt that the younger generation was going straight to the Bad Place. One day he went out to tea and he was scandalized by the children of the family and sat down and wrote this in his diary:

"I drank tea at Mrs. O's. But how I was shocked! The children that used to cling about me and drink in every word had been at a boarding school. There they had unlearned all religion, and even seriousness; and had learned pride, vanity, affection, and whatever could guard them against the knowledge and love of God. Parents who would send their girls heading to hell, send them to a fashionable boarding school."

Well, it certainly does look as though the preacher was right. The world does seem to be hair-hung and breeze-shaken over the fiery pit. And yet for one hundred and fifty years the world has been getting better in spite of the preacher. And who was the preacher? Well, it was the good John Wesley. And when did he write those sad reflections? It was April 6, 1772. One generation after another—counting thirty years to the generation, five in all—has come, pecked over into hell and backed out through maturity upon resurrection into a little better generation than its predecessor.

So, don't worry about the younger generation. Years will help. Time is a great civilizer—Emporia Gazette.

**BAD EGGS**

In every instance where infertile egg clubs have been organized, it has meant increased profits for the poultry man. It is against state laws to sell anything but good eggs and infertile eggs are invariably good eggs. A club organized here at McLean would be mutually profitable, and as it takes an investment of about 50c for a rubber stamp guaranteeing the freshness of the eggs.—McLean News.

Our housewife broke four bad eggs one day this week before she found enough for the family use. Probably the poultry man or woman who sold them to the merchant don't know they violated the State Pure Food Act and are subject to a fine, and the law should be enforced. Farmers have no more right to sell bad eggs to the merchants than the merchant has the right to sell rotten potatoes to the farmer. If farmers would sell only infertile eggs at this season of the year, they would not only get an advance in price, but people would eat more eggs. A bad egg is a disgusting sight, and so

**HAILED OUT**

and not protected

will that be your condition in case hail destroys your cotton crop? Why not let me better that condition by writing you, for only a small note, an insurance policy that will protect you.

Harold C. Rippy  
Office at Citizens State Bank

**Be Well Heeled**

to your old shoes, and they will be good as new for months more of wear. Reasonable prices.

**Electric Shoe Shop**

R. H. BOZHAW, Manager

**Louisiana State Life Insurance Company**

announces a complete personal protection policy. It will pay you to investigate it.

Also see me for fire and tornado insurance.

C. C. BOGAN  
Agent

offends the consumer's appetite that he cares very little for eggs in summer.—Terry County Herald.

**OLD-TIME MERCHANTS**

The old-time merchant who believes in newspaper advertising and advertises regularly in his hometown paper, is the merchant who always succeeds. The business man who don't plunge in on every new advertising scheme as it comes out may be considered as somewhat of a back number, but you rarely hear of him going broke.—Slaton Slatonite.

**A COMMUNITY INSTITUTION**

People should feel a part ownership in the local newspaper which is a semi-public institution. A mistaken idea with some people is that the newspaper is an individual institution. If they don't like the editor, they feel they must knock the paper and stand in the way of its success whenever possible. They do not realize that the local paper is just as much a part of the community as the schools, churches or something else. The newspaper is different from any other business, it is a community affair. It is for service to the people, and not for any individual. There is nothing personal with it, it is here for a purpose, and that purpose is to do what it can in every way it can and the greater the support of those it undertakes to serve, the better service it can render. It takes the people to make a good newspaper, and without the help of the people, no one can run a successful newspaper.



Why do we call them X-Rays?

—because, when Roentgen discovered these rays, he did not understand what they were. Therefore he called them "X," which in science means the unknown. The great demand for

Puretest

**Rubbing Alcohol**

is easily understood by anyone who has used it on sluggish skin or tired, aching muscles.

Puretest Rubbing Alcohol belongs in every athlete's locker, every nursery and sick room, every list of toilet requisites for men and women.

One of 200 Puretest preparations for health and hygiene. Every item the best that skill and care can produce.

**Erwin Drug Co.**

The **Rexall** Drug Store

The influence of the newspaper is of paramount importance in every community, and, whatever may appear to the contrary, the standards of any community are to be judged somewhat by the attitude of the local paper.

This paper aims to assist in any and every way the upbuilding of Steele and community and earnestly seeks the unbiased support and co-operation of all who are interested in like manner. A home paper for a community of homes is our slogan.—Steele (Mo.) Enterprise.

Mrs. J. A. Haynes, Mrs. Frank Bailey and children left Friday for Dumas to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd McElreath and son and Lonnie Burks of Memphis attended the funeral of J. W. Burks here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Rice and son, Vernon, left Friday for St. Louis, Mo., and Ellsworth, Kans., to visit relatives.

**Announcement**

I have bought the McLean Blacksmith Shop and will be glad to meet all my friends and make new ones. A share of your business will be appreciated.

**Chas. Eudy**

**Put Your Experience of Yesterday into Today**

And It Will Pay You a Reward Tomorrow

Profit by observation.

Look around you and you will see on every side examples of men who, during their working years, spent their income regardless of the future.

Prepare now so that in your declining years you will have peace and plenty.

Open a Bank Account Today.

Experience is knowledge gained by trial and practice.



**The American National Bank**

**INSURANCE**

Fire, Hail, Tornado  
Health, Accident  
You are fully protected when insured in the strong companies we represent.

Haynes & Ledbetter  
Office Theatre Building



**Good Bread**

depends upon good flour. Marechal Neil flour is made from selected wheat of the very best grade produced. Nothing better can be made. If you will try a sack of this soft wheat flour and are not pleased in everyway, bring the empty sack back and your money will be cheerfully refunded. That is how well we think of this best of flours.

This same guarantee goes for Peerless flour, the best hard wheat flour manufactured.

Order your choice of soft or hard wheat in these flours and good baking is assured.

Free delivery. Telephone 23.

**McLean Supply Company**  
Chas. Lester, Mgr.



**LITTLE TOWNS**

Whenever you read a story that particularly appeals to you—makes you feel like saying when you have finished it: "Now that is life."—did you ever stop to think just how much life and the lives around you correspond to those portrayed in the books? Oh, of course, everyone knows that you or I wouldn't care to change places with the characters in the book—it would grow tiresome after a while, just doing the same thing over and over again every time anyone read the book—but you admit with a sigh (and so do I) that it would be nice to live in a city where everything is strictly modern and street cars clang till late at night, and instead of milking the cow every morning at 4 a. m. (or whenever you milk it) why the milkman arrives at that very hour and—oh, well, sometimes he falls and breaks a few bottles and wakes the whole neighborhood—oh, yes, it's nice to live in the city and see a movie every night—but is it?

And say, brother, if you'll just get down to brass tacks, you'll agree with me that the little town has it all over the big one—in some ways.

Woah! Put on the brakes! No, this isn't going to be a discussion of the relative values of city and country like the debates they used to have every Friday night at the Little Red School House. We're just going to talk about Little Towns for a while—little towns like Wilson and Southland and Slaton and Tahoka, for all the city airs they try to put on.

What is that little verse about—

"If yo' am not what yo' is, den yo' is not what yo' am?"

That applies to towns as well as people, don't you think? Why is it that every wide place in the road tries to call itself a city when it knows good and well that it is hardly more than a village? It's a little town and we might as well admit it. There's no disgrace in living in a small town. Most of the world's great men received their start in a little town, and they aren't ashamed of it.

Once upon a time I lived in a little town that tried to put on airs. But it was the best little old town I ever saw. A lot of little roads led into that town. Little friendly roads that would wander through a cotton patch or by a railroad track and weren't ashamed to finally meander into that friendly little town. There was a main street and a general store and a postoffice. There had been a hitching post, but they tore it down the year before I moved there. Anyhow, it didn't take any hitching post to keep me in that little burg. I liked it. So did my wife. So did the kids. So we stayed. So now when anyone asks us how we feel, we say "so-so."

Well, we found us a house and moved in. All day, we worked hard straightening up. Long about sundown we all sat down to eat a snack, when here came one of the neighbor ladies with a big bowl of strawberries and a pitcher of cream "Knew you wouldn't want to cook after working so hard all day, so I brought these over. My name is — We sure are glad you moved in. Come over and see us. We live next door." After she was gone we felt a whole lot better than we did before. Some folks would have called her an inquisitive old cat, but I thought she was mighty nice. And the strawberries and cream sure were good.

That's what I like about little towns. You feel at home right now in them. You've got "neighbors" in a little town, while in the city you have only acquaintances.

The next Sunday my wife and I and all the kids went to church. After the services were over, the preacher came around and shook hands with us and asked us where we lived. So did lots of other folks. The next week he called on us and asked us to "cast our lot with the rest of those who saw fit to follow the Lord in this quiet village." Reminded me of the Vicar of Wakefield. In a city church

they'd never have known whether we were present or absent and they would not have cared whether we came or went—so that is another reason why I like my town—I like its churches.

The next spring my wife and I had a little garden. Every evening we would get out and water and plant and cut weeds and play with the kids and watch the sunset. When summer came we had vegetables clear on until fall. Oh, of course we could have bought them fresh in a city, but I wouldn't take anything for the fun we had watching them grow. Why, just one romp with the kids out there in the yard, just one quiet talk with the wife after a hard day's work was worth all the fresh vegetables on sale in New York City today. And that is leaving the sunsets. My biggest girl—she's 13—calls them "letters from God," and I don't know but what that is a pretty good name after all.

Of course, the schools are not as good as those in a city, but I like to see my kids run in from school to get something to eat and then run out again to play in the fresh pure air. If we lived in a city they would either have to play right on the street or stay inside so much that they would look like little, pale, hot house flowers.

The second winter we lived in that little town our least one sickened and died. You know, that is one time when the biggest city in the world can't equal the little town. All the comfort from the neighbors who came in to help, and the little loving kindnesses they showed us. Ever since then I have loved the little town a heap more. Before then I had kind of laughed at the ways folks had around there, but after a part of us were out there in the grave-yard, I made up my mind that the little town is the place for me. I have stayed here ever since, and I guess I will stay here till Gabriel blows his horn. I want to, anyhow.

The small town does have the city beat in a great many ways, especially in kindness. You know one hears a great deal of talk about the small town attitude of mind now-a-days, but come to think of it, I had rather have the small town attitude than the big town attitude. The big town attitude is mostly pride. What the city people call broadmindedness is usually just downright snobbishness. The most broadminded people in the world are the so-called folks from the small towns. In the little towns out here on God's big prairies, the folks just seem to absorb some of his own great democracy and love and grandeur. The most democratic place on earth is a small town.

You sometimes read about the gossipers and loafers in little towns. I don't know how you feel about it, but if I had to choose between the little town gossiper and having all the scandals blazed in inch high letters on the front sheet of the morning paper, where my kids could read it if they wanted to, I'd choose the gossiper every time. She whispers the tale, at the least. How about you? But the thing I like best about a little town is that there you can get a little closer to God.—Slaton Times.

Jim Sullivan of Amarillo spent the week end with his parents here.

Mervin Burks of El Paso came in Tuesday to visit his mother.

**INSURE TODAY!**

Don't put off insuring your life until death overtakes you. No one has a lease on life. NOW is the time to INSURE.

**EUNICE FLOYD**  
Life Insurance

I will teach a class in expression. Those interested call telephone number 198 for prices and time. Mrs. Harold Rippey. Advertisement 1c

Mrs. Ed D. Smith went to Childress Friday to visit relatives.

Mrs. W. B. Upham and son, Dwight, were Amarillo visitors Monday.

J. E. Cubine and son, Erey, were Amarillo visitors Monday.

Chas. Speed, of Speed Bros., of Clarendon was in McLean Wednesday.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Sullivan and baby spent Saturday night and Sunday in the G. W. Sullivan home.

Miss Irene Murphree of Albuquerque, N. M., came in Sunday to spend the remainder of the summer with her father.

**THE SMOKING HABIT**

Up at Canadian the other day a certain young man arrived at his twenty-first birthday, and because he had been a 'mn while yet a boy,' his grandfather presented him with five thousand dollars in cash. The young man had never touched whiskey nor used tobacco in any of its forms. During the years to come, many young men will reach their years of maturity without knowing the taste of intoxicating liquors, but the smoking habit has a deep hold upon the young people of the present age, and most of our growing up boys acquire the smoking habit before they reach their teens. It is a filthy and bad habit, to be sure, but they are all doing it just the same. There was a time in the not so long ago when it was considered a breach of polite society etiquette to smoke in the presence of ladies, but now they smoke at the dining table, in the parlors, well, not in the parlors either, for no longer do we have the parlors in the home, but the automobile instead, in the presence of women young and old alike, or just anywhere, except in the church during a religious service.—Panhandle Herald.

They not only smoke in the presence of the ladies, but the ladies smoke with them. The custom of smoking takes its place along with other equal rights.—Slaton Times.

**FOOLISH GENEROSITY**

Prosperity draws beggars like flies are drawn by molasses, and Quanaah of late has had more than her share of those parasites. Charity is a grand virtue and to contribute to the needy gives one a glow of pleasure which is its own reward. But unfortunately 99% of those who approach us for aims are utterly unworthy of charity. Professional beggars laugh at the gullibility of the public and make a better and easier living than most of the people who contribute to their support.—Quanaah Tribune-Chief.

**THE TOWN OF NOGOOD**

My friend, have you heard of the town of Nogood  
On the banks of the river Slow,  
Where the Something-or-other fills the air  
And the Go-Easys grow?  
It lies in the valley of What's-the-Use,  
In the province of Let-'er-Slide.  
It's the home of reckless I-Don't-Care,  
Where the Give-It-Ups abide.  
The town is old as the human race  
And it grows with the flight of years;  
It is wrapped in the fog of the idler's dreams,  
And is sprinkled with useless tears.  
—Items.

**A BALL PITCHER'S TOAST TO THE MILK PITCHER**

A milk-for-health film, being made by the United States Department

**McLean Filling Station**

Oils, Gas and Accessories  
Sudden Service

Magnolene Ford Oil will make your Ford run better.

Floyd Phillips, Mgr.

**Dirt and Grime**

Dirt and grime are the natural enemies of clothes. Bring your dirty clothes to us for cleaning. Modern electric cleaner.

**Service Tailor Shop**

Hansel Christian, Prop.  
1st door north of McLean Hardware

**AETNA LIFE INSURANCE CO.**  
Hartford, Conn.

Life insurance in any form, liberal provisions, low rates.

**O. G. STOKELY**  
Agent



**Home-Make Ice Cream Is Always Best**

There's no ice cream that can beat home-made, and it is one of the most health-giving confections the children can eat during the warm weather. We have a new line of Five-minute freezers that will please you—both in price and quality of work.

**McLean Hdw. Co.**  
W. B. Upham, Manager

of Agriculture, features Walter Johnson, pitcher for the 1924 World Champions, as a perfect example of what the milk pitcher does for the baseball pitcher. This part of the picture was made just prior to the opening game of the 1925 season at the American League Park in Washington, D. C.

On this occasion the idol of the fans said to Miss Jessie M. Hoover, of the Bureau of Dairying, "I am a native of Kansas; was born on a farm between Iola and Humboldt. My real home is Coffeyville, Kans. When I was growing up we had lots of cows on our farm and we all drank milk. I drink it now when I can get it good and clean. It is good for baseball players, especially in the morning and evening. I never take it just before going onto the field, but it is fine after the game. Of course, we never eat food just before taking violent exercise. That is the reason we

**Michelan Balloons**

Balloon tires to fit your regular rims, at the price of standard cords

Michelan Balloons make motoring a pleasure.

**SNAPPY SERVICE STATION**  
Erey Cubine, Manager

**Good Bread Flour**

In a large measure, good bread is due to the efforts of the housewife, but of course the flour has something to do with it, too. If you are baking good bread now,

**Amaryllis or Great West**

will make it better. You don't have to take our word for it, for we guarantee every sack sold to give perfect satisfaction on your money back. Telephone fifty for a sack today. Free delivery, quick service.

**Bundy-Hodges Mercantile Co.**  
Phone Fifty

**Economy**

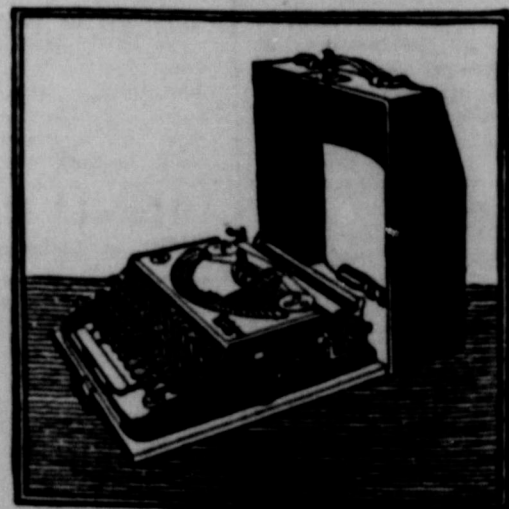
Low in price—low in cost of operation—with service available everywhere—Chevrolet is recognized as the foremost car "for Economical Transportation."

Quality at Low Cost

It is easy to pay for a Chevrolet.

**Smith Bros. Chevrolet**

**Remington Portable**



**Take any user's advice**

Anyone who uses a Remington Portable will tell you how indispensable it is.

It makes writing swifter—likewise easier. And—without any reflection on your penmanship—it makes reading easier.

Compact—fits in a case only four inches high. Easy to pick up and carry around, or tuck away in a desk drawer.

Convenient—can be used anywhere—on your lap, if you wish.

Complete—with four-row keyboard, like the big machines, and other "big machine" conveniences.

Price, complete with case, \$60. Easy payment terms if desired

**THE McLEAN NEWS**

**Meet Our Meats**

Then you will realize how unusually good meat can be. Tender and juicy, the choicest cuts, it is easily digestible and full of nourishment.

**THE CITY MARKET**