

THE McLEAN NEWS

Volume XXII.

McLean, Gray County, Texas, Thursday, July 2, 1925.

No. 27.

YOUNG PHEASANTS HATCHED FROM EGGS PLACED HERE

By B. D. Garmon, Special Deputy Special to The News.

Panhandle, June 30—McLean has released within four or five miles of town fifteen pheasants, and some two or three settings of eggs have been shipped into that vicinity under the auspices of the Isaac Walton League. These birds no doubt have and will scatter all around for miles, and it behooves all your citizens to keep a watch out for them and protect them. I understand that two or three of the hens have already hatched out some young birds, which are perhaps the only ones ever hatched in a wild state within the State of Texas. It seems that these birds won't propagate in the lower altitudes where it is so hot, and perhaps our only chance to have wild pheasants in Texas is here in the Panhandle where we have the high altitude and cool weather.

I feel sure if we can prove to Mr. T. E. Huby, the game commissioner, that these birds will thrive in this part of the State, that he will be much interested in aiding us in getting the birds stocked.

The hen birds are very much like a prairie chicken, except that she has a long tail, and might be killed for a prairie chicken in open season, if hunters are not careful. The cock is of bright colors, and a hind hen could tell the difference.

SHAMROCK JEWELRY FIRM ADVERTISES

Mr. McCormick, jeweler, of Shamrock was a pleasant caller at the News office Friday of last week. While here he ordered a regular advertisement run in The News.

The jewelry business is conducted under the firm name of McCormick brothers, and they promise one day service on all small jobs, with a positive guarantee of satisfaction. Shell's Pharmacy will act as their agent in McLean.

Notice their ad on another page of this paper.

GOLIGHTLY-WATT

Married, Saturday, June 27, at the Baptist parsonage, Mr. Geo. F. Golightly of Arizona and Miss Birdie May Watt of McLean, Rev. W. C. Garrett, officiating.

The newweds left Wednesday morning for Arizona, where Mr. Golightly has a position on a ranch.

MANY RABBIT KILLED

Up to this date, something like 7,000 rabbits have been killed in Gray county since a bounty was offered last spring.

There is a bounty of five cents each for all rabbits killed in the county, and many hunters are taking advantage of the chance to have a little sport at the expense of the county.

Misses Sallie Campbell, Lura Fay and Grace Ivey, Messrs. Donald Beall, Hansel Christian and Buck Campbell were Shamrock visitors Monday night.

Born, Sunday, June 28, to Rev. and Mrs. Jno. R. Rice of Shamrock, a girl.

Miss Frances Noel returned Tuesday from a visit with relatives at Waco.

Mrs. W. D. Sims left Saturday for her home at Tulla. She was accompanied by Mrs. Charlie Sims and baby, who will visit with her for a while.

P. Black and Chas. Starkey Wheeler were business visitors in McLean today.

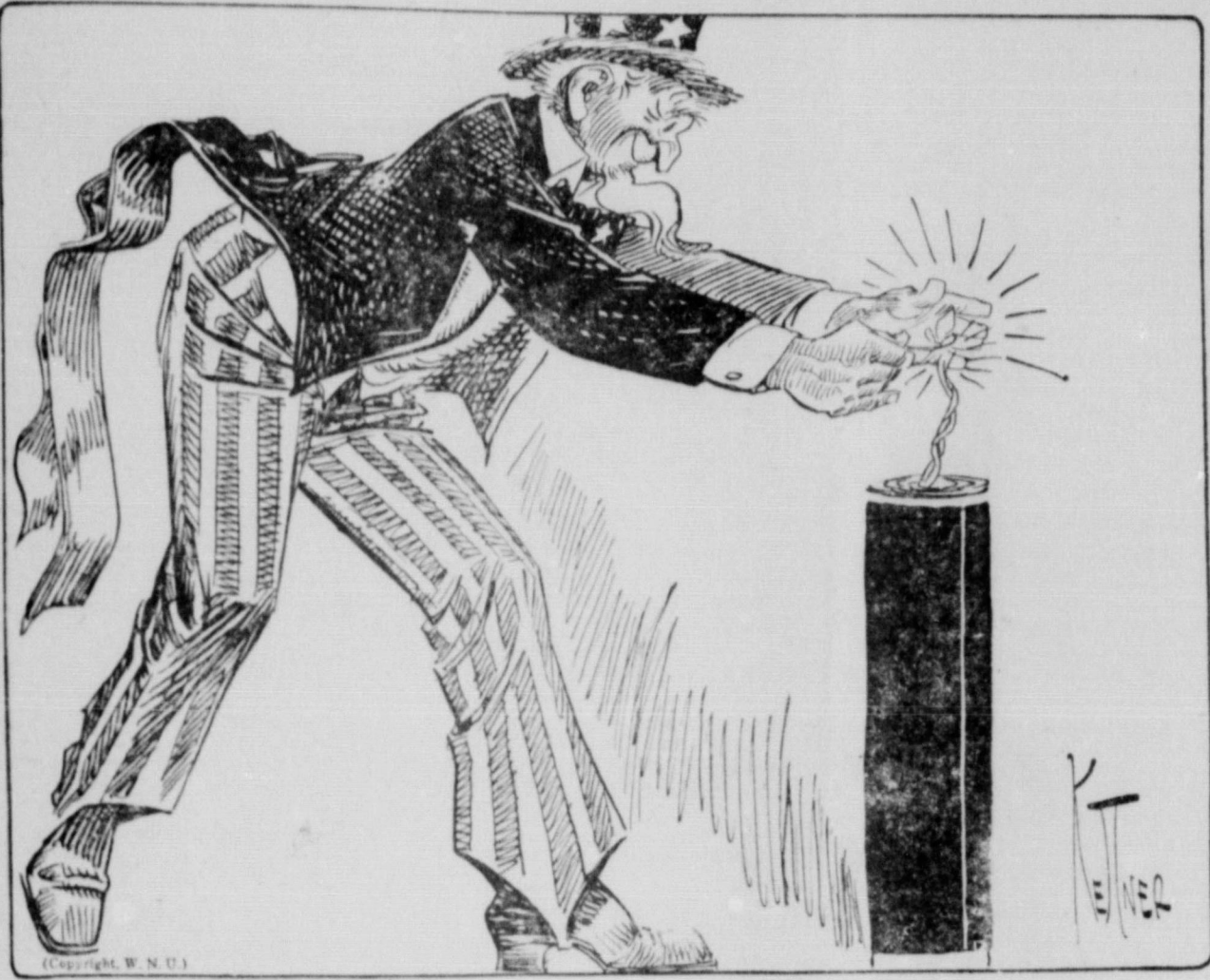
W. T. Wilson made a trip to Wellington Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Troy West and children returned Monday from a visit at Erick and Carter, Okla.

L. L. Rogers made a business trip to Shamrock Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Haynes and family of Exeter, Calif., are visiting relatives here.

One Hundred and Forty-Ninth Birthday



ROGERS BUYS TEXHOMA AGENCY

L. L. Rogers has bought W. D. Wiles' interest in the Snappy Service Station and will also handle the Texhoma Oil and Refining Company's wholesale formerly handled by Mr. Wiles.

Mr. Wiles will turn his attention to the cotton gin business.

PEDDLER FINDS FOLKS EXPECT TRUTH TOLD

A peddler was in McLean last week and worked most of the week soliciting orders with the intention of delivering later. His line of talk was such that we are informed he made the statement Friday that he had from one to five orders from seventy-five of the best people in town. And everything was all right until he undertook to deliver the work, when it was found that in the majority of cases there was a misunderstanding as to just what was promised when the order was taken. However, a little extra "salesmanship" put the order over in most cases, but when he went to the banks to cash-in, he found that payment had been stopped in many cases and he promptly "blew up," which caused others to get busy and he was induced to compromise on giving part to all of the money back to dissatisfied customers.

As the profit on each transaction seemed to be abnormally large, his week's work was probably highly profitable, after all, but he learned that people expect to be given just what they order.

Grandma Heffner left Tuesday for Lawton, Okla., to visit her granddaughter, Mrs. Roy Robinson.

A. S. Parker of Groom has renewed his subscription to The News.

Dr. B. H. Warren of Wayland College of Plainview was a visitor in McLean this week.

W. C. Cheney has had his residence on Third street repainted, which adds much to the attractiveness of the home.

Mrs. M. P. Gray orders her address changed from Melbourne, Ark., to Roscoe, Texas.

E. H. Webb and son of Mobeetie were in the city Saturday.

Mike Mertej of Slavonia was a McLean visitor Sunday.

Harold Senter of Groom spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Seatey.

John Henlar of Slavonia was a McLean visitor Sunday.

McLEAN PASTOR ONE OF TEACHERS AT CANYON ENCAMPMENT

The Panhandle Baptist Assembly will meet at the encampment grounds at Ceta Canyon July 14 to 23. Pastor W. C. Garrett of the First Baptist church of McLean will teach one of the study courses offered.

All Baptist churches in the Panhandle-Plains are asked to dismiss their services on Sunday, July 19, during the annual assembly.

Besides the study courses, singing, sermons, etc., the afternoons will be given over to fun, games, swimming and hikes, or just loafing and visiting.

It is expected that a large number of local Baptists will be present.

A BIRTHDAY DINNER

A pot luck dinner was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Holloway Sunday in honor of the birthday of their daughter, Miss Laeuna.

Among those present were: Misses Wilma Grigsby, Elgin Shell, Versie Savage, Alta Lee, Vivian, Mildred and Floye Landers, Leora Kinsard, Gladys Holloway; Messrs. LeRoy Landers, Clyff Crump, Herman Lee, Harvey, Arlie and Merle Grigsby.

FIRE DESTROYS RESIDENCE OF JOHN LOWE LAST NIGHT

Fire of unknown origin destroyed the John Lowe residence in the south part of town last night.

Mr. Lowe was awakened by the fire about midnight, and tried to save some of the household effects, but the flames had made such headway that very little was saved.

Fire department responded to the siren at once, but the fire was outside the water district, and while one reel of hose was unrolled it was soon seen that it would be impossible to reach the fire.

With practically no wind, none of the neighboring property was in any danger.

The loss was partly covered by insurance.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Vannoy and daughter, Miss Joellene, visited friends at Ramsdell Sunday.

Miss Lucile Astracan of Amarillo spent the week end in the O. G. Stokely home.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Cooke are visiting relatives at Plymouth.

Roy Robinson of Lawton, Okla., visited home folks from Saturday till Tuesday.

Mrs. J. W. Kibler and daughter, Mrs. Will Harlan, visited Mr. Kibler at Wichita Falls last week end.

WAYLAND COLLEGE GIVEN \$50,000.00 BY MRS. HEFLIN

Mrs. Jack Hefflin of Plainview has given Wayland College \$50,000 upon condition that Baptists over the Panhandle raise the same amount within a stated time.

A meeting was held at Shamrock last Friday by Dr. Mims, stewardship secretary of the Baptist General Convention of Texas, to start the campaign for the \$50,000 collection. One man at this meeting gave \$5,000, another \$1,000 and others smaller amounts. Riverview church, a small country church near Shamrock, pledged \$15,000, and a statement was made that it appeared that the whole amount could be raised in the Northfork Association.

After the \$100,000 is paid in, Plainview business men promise another \$50,000.

The money will be used to build additional buildings and to pay a \$30,000 indebtedness against the present property.

Those present at Shamrock from McLean were Rev. W. C. Garrett and T. A. Landers.

W. L. HAYNES BUYS RESIDENCE PROPERTY

W. L. Haynes has bought the residence at the corner of Third and Cedar streets from Miss Jenn Word.

Mr. Haynes states that he acquired this property as an investment proposition, and it is his intention to remodel the building by putting on a new roof and otherwise improving the house.

BODENHAMER ENTERS GROCERY BUSINESS AT DODSONVILLE

Alton Bodenhamer, who has been employed at the Bundy-Hodges Mercantile Company for the past several years, has entered the grocery business for himself at Dodsonville.

Bundy-Hodges store has a reputation of turning out full fledged merchants, many men learning the business as clerks here and later going into business for themselves.

BUILDINGS NEAR COMPLETION

The four new brick business buildings on Main street are rapidly nearing completion. Electric wiring, ceilings, and floors are nearly all in, and as soon as the fronts can be installed, they will be ready for occupancy.

It is not known just what businesses will use some of these buildings, but we are informed that several men have been in McLean looking for business locations the past week.

H. Longan of Ramsdell was a McLean visitor Tuesday.

McLEAN FAIR DATES WILL BE DECIDED AT C. OF C. MONDAY

Dates for the annual McLean fair will be decided upon definitely Monday night at the regular monthly business meeting, which will be held at the News office.

The chamber will also probably be asked to endorse the action of the board of directors in securing a building for a permanent meeting place.

TIRES STOLEN SUNDAY NIGHT

Thieves were active Sunday night when tires were stolen from cars belonging to Enoch Bentley and Porter Smith. Mr. Bentley lost a spare and one other tire from his car and Mr. Smith lost a spare tire and motor meter. Both cars were parked in front of their respective residences.

Officers were notified Monday morning and a search made in this and adjoining towns without success.

STRATTON-RENILLE

Married, Sunday, June 21, at the bride's home at Big Sandy, Mr. Sylvester Stratton and Miss Irene Renille.

The groom is a son of Mrs. Laura Stratton of this city. The young couple will make their home near Big Sandy.

A BRIDAL SHOWER

On last Thursday afternoon a shower was given at the home of Mrs. J. M. Noel for Mrs. Byrd Guill, a recent bride.

A short program was rendered, in which Lola Ruth Stanfield, Lois Kirby and Clay Edward Thompson rendered piano solos, and Fern Landers gave a reading.

The many beautiful presents were drawn into the room in a small wagon prettily decorated in pink and white with a miniature bride figure in an archway, by C. C. Bogan Jr. and Bud Thompson.

The toast to the bride was given by Mrs. W. Sherman White and refreshments of punch and cake were served to the thirty-five ladies present.

MRS. BODENHAMER IN CAR ACCIDENT SUNDAY

Mrs. Alton Bodenhamer was driving a new roadster car to Dodsonville last Sunday and had stopped for a few minutes in Wellington, and just as she was passing the Baptist hospital in that city, she attempted to let one of the children lie down, as he was becoming sleepy, and in some way turned the steering wheel of the car in such a manner that the car was overturned into the ditch by the side of the street, severely injuring the oldest boy's arm, and the lady suffered painful bruises. The car top, windshield and fenders on one side were ruined, but the engine never stopped running with the car upside down, until the switch was cut off.

As the accident was near the hospital, their wounds were immediately taken care of and Mrs. Bodenhamer phoned to Dodsonville for relatives to come after them.

News from Back

Special Correspondent.

Chas. Back and son, Nevil, were McLean visitors Saturday.

Chas. Carpenter was buying supplies in McLean Saturday.

Bud Back and son, Cecil, went to McLean Saturday.

The young folks enjoyed a party in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Tony Dorsey Saturday night.

Henry Dorsey and family visited his brother, Tony Dorsey, and family Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Lelia Back visited in Wheeler county Sunday.

Miss Faytjie Bell Copeland of McLean visited Miss Beatrice Back Sunday.

Misses Beatrice Back and Faytjie Bell Copeland called on Miss Catherine Corum Sunday afternoon.

Lawrence Watson was a visitor in McLean Sunday afternoon.

Frank Corum went to McLean Sunday afternoon.

Chas. Back and Buddie Holloway went to McLean Sunday evening.

GETTING READY FOR SCHOOL

By Supt. D. E. Dean

During the entire month of June I have been at work on the school building, getting desks repaired, benches fixed, window shades in order, drinking fountains made, etc., etc. The school building is now about ready for school another year. The purchasing committee, Jas. Burrows, Sherman White and John Carpenter, have looked over the fixtures and have purchased and will purchase some more window shades, two dictionaries, window lights, etc. The plan is to have the building in good condition for school next fall.

As to my work this summer, no one can hardly appreciate the improvements which have been made unless he could have seen the condition of the desks and benches in general before the repair was begun, and see it now. People are interested in their own affairs—arms, homes, stores, etc.—but few pay any attention to the physical condition of the school house; and, strange to say, some people are surprised that even a school superintendent should take notice of the needs of his own school plant, and more surprised that he should use his own hands in making needed improvements. I have never believed that manual labor is a disgrace to anyone—even to a school superintendent—and I have little patience with that person who does believe so.

If the manual labor I have done about the school in McLean has hurt me physically, I am not able to tell it. I am sure it has not hurt me morally, and if it has hurt me professionally, I am sorry for the one who has thus had his opinion of me lowered. Last Saturday the board elected Mr. A. B. Chancey as coach of football and track. Mr. Chancey is twenty-five years old and has had three years college work. He has lettered twice in each of the three major sports, has had two and one half years army training, and comes to us highly recommended. Mr. Chancey will teach mathematics.

We lack one teacher yet having secured a full faculty—a commercial teacher. We shall have twelve literary teachers in McLean next year and one at Peterson Creek. Mrs. Boyett and Mr. Manire will teach music as usual.

We are expecting a good school next year. Let us have it.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY

A party was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Vester Smith last Friday evening in honor of the birthdays of Misses Wilma Grigsby and Alta Lee.

Refreshments were served to the following: Misses Elgin Shell, Laeuna Holloway, Lolene Coffey, Versie Savage, Verna Parker, Vivian, Mildred and Floye Landers; Messrs. Herman Lee, Reuel Smith, Rex Roby, Thurman Van Dine, Cecil Dyer, Jason and Roscoe Morgan, Harvey, Arlie and Merle Grigsby.

C. C. Bausell, former editor of The News, and now editor of the Herald at Hornaker, Va., sends us a check and asks that The News be sent to his address.

READ YOUR PAPER?

Did you read last week's News all through? If you didn't, you missed something worth while. Did you read the Make Year in Review, on page three, the peddler and beggar articles on pages five and six? Then there are the other pages, to say nothing of "Nameless River," the best Western fiction story written this year; an article on child training, and dozens of other good articles worth your time and reading. We spend a lot of money each year trying to get the best for our readers. We sometimes wonder how many appreciate the fact. We give news, editorial comment, and, in short, print everything under the sun that is fit to print. Read The News. It will astonish you. You will be delving into a gold mine of good healthy things, entertaining and instructive. Read this paper.

Nameless River

By VINGIE E. ROE

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CHAPTER I.—Kate Cathrew, "Cattle Kate," owner of the Sky Line ranch, on her way to McKane's store at Cordova, seemingly 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, and 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 colt dog, evidently guarding a child. She tries to take it, but 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 colt. 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 his 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 rearing on a field of corn to pay off debts she owes McKane.

CHAPTER X.—Fair sees and Province, 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 cornfield and the crop destroyed. The Allisons realize the destruction is the work of Kate Cathrew.

CHAPTER XII

"Get—Out—of—That—Door!"

That was a bitter ride to Nance. The day was sweet with the scents and sounds of summer. Birds called from the thickets, high up the pines, stirred by a little wind, sang their everlasting diapason, while she could hear far back the voice of Nameless, growing fainter as she left it. At another time she would have missed nothing of all this, would have gloried in it, drunk with the wine of nature. Now a shadow hung over all the fair expanse of slope and mountain range, an oppression heavy, at most, as the hand of death sat on her heart.

She rode slowly, letting Buckskin take his own time and way, her hands folded listlessly on her pommel, her faded brown riding skirt swinging at her ankles. She had discarded her disfiguring bonnet for a wide felt hat of Bud's and her bright hair shone under it like dull gold. She was scarcely thinking. She had given way to feeling—to feeling the acid of defeat eating at her vitals, the hand of an intangible force pressing upon her.

And she had to face McKane and tell him she could not pay her debt. That seemed the worst of all. She could go without their necessities—her Mauney's shoes and Bud's new underwear—and as for the luxuries she had planned, like the blue dress and the carpet—why, she would cease thinking about them at once, though the giving up of the carpet did come hard, she frankly owned to that. But to fail in her promise to pay—ah, that was gall to her spirit! However, it couldn't kill them, she reasoned, no matter how bitter might be their humiliation. There was always another day, another year, for work and hope, and there were still the hogs. They would bring, at least, enough for the winter's food supply of flour and sugar, salt and tea.

She could not turn them in on the debt—the trader must see that.

Cordova lay sleeping under a late noonday sun when she rode into the end of the struggling street. A few horses were tied to the hitch rack in front of the store and a half-dozen men lounged on the porch. Nance went hot and cold at sight of them.

She had hoped all the way down that McKane would be alone, for no conversation inside the store could fall to be audible on the porch. It would be hard enough to talk to him without an interested audience.

She felt terribly alien, as if these people were allied against her, as if yet she could not discern among the loungers anyone from Sky Line.

As she drew near she did see with a grateful thrill that Sheriff Price Sel-

wood sat tilted back against the door-jamb, his feet on the rung of his chair. At sight of him a bit of the distress left her, a faint confidence took its place. She remembered his kindly eyes that could harden and narrow so quickly, his way of understanding things and people.

She dismounted and tied Buckskin under a tree and went forward. As she mounted the steps the sheriff looked up, rose and raised his hat.

Nance smiled at him more gratefully than she knew.

Then she stepped inside the store and came face to face with Kate Cathrew who was just coming out. McKane was behind her carrying a small sack which held her mail and some few purchases.

The two women stopped instantly their eyes upon each other.

It was the first time they had met thus pointedly.

At sight of this woman whose unproved, hidden workings had meant so much to her, Nance Allison's face went slowly white.

She stood still in the door, straight and quiet, and looked at her in silence.

At the prolonged intensity of her scrutiny Cattle Kate flung up her head and smiled, a conscious, insolent action.

"If you don't want all the door young woman," she said, "please."

She made a move to pass, but Nance suddenly put out a hand.

There was an abrupt dignity in the motion, a sort of last-stand authority.

"I do," said the girl, "want it all. I have something to tell McKane, and you may as well hear it."

The imperious face of Kate Cathrew flushed darkly with the rising tide of her temper.

"Get—out—of—that—door," she said distinctly, but for once she was not obeyed.

The big girl standing on the threshold looked over her head at the trader.



She Made a Move to Pass, but Nance Suddenly Put Out Her Hand.

er. There was a little white line pinched in at the base of Nance's nostrils, her blue eyes were colder and narrower than any one had ever seen them in her life.

"McKane," she said clearly, so that the hushed listeners behind her caught every syllable, "you know what a fight I've made to hold my own on Nameless since my father died—or was killed. You know how close to the wind I've sailed to eat, for you've sold me what we've had. And I've always managed to keep even, haven't I?"

"Yes," said the trader uneasily.

"Up till six months ago when I had to go in debt for a new harness or do no work in my fields this spring. I told you when I bought it, didn't I, why I had to buy it?"

"Yes," he said again.

"It was because someone went into my barn one night and cut the old harness into ribbons. That put me in debt to you for the first time."

She stopped and wet her lips. There was the sound of someone rising on the porch and Price Selwood moved in behind her.

She felt him there and a thrill went through her, as if he had put a hand on her shoulder.

"I told you when I bought it that I'd pay you when my corn was ripe—that, if it went well, I'd have far and away more than enough. Well, it went well—so well that I knew yesterday I'd come out ahead and be able to meet that debt and live besides. This morning that field of corn was gone—trampled out—cut to pieces like my harness—pounded into the dirt by a band of cattle that had been driven—driven, you understand—over every foot of it. There was a wide gap cut in the fence at the upper end. That's all—but I can't pay my debt to you."

She stopped and a sharp silence fell. Outside the store in the shade the stallion Bluefire screamed and stamped.

Kate Cathrew took a quick step forward.

"What for did you tell this driver before me?" she said. "What's it to me?"

"Nothing, I know," said Nance; "maybe a laugh—maybe a hope. My big flats on the five'd feed a pretty bunch of cattle through. And honestenders have been driven out of the cattle country before now."

"You hussy!" cried Cattle Kate, and bending back she flung up the hand which held the braided quirt. The lash snapped viciously, but Nance Allison was quicker than the whip. Her

own arm flashed up and she caught the descending wrist in the grip of a hand which had held a plow all spring.

Like a lever her arm came down and forced Kate's hand straight down to her knee, so that the flaming black eyes were within a few inches of her face.

"Woman," said Nance clearly, "I'm living up to my lights the best I can. I'm holding myself hard to walk in the straight road. The hand of God is before my face and you can't hurt me—not lastingly. Now you—get—out—of—that—door."

And turning, she moved Selwood with her as she swung the other, whirling like a dervish, clear to the middle of the porch.

Kate Cathrew's face was livid, terrible to look upon.

She ran the short distance to the end of the platform, leaped off and darted to her horse, her hands claving at the rifle which hung on her saddle.

Selwood pushed Nance inside the store and flung the door shut.

"That woman's a maniac for the moment," he said, "you're best in there."

When Kate came running back with the gun in her hands he faced her before the closed door, his hands in his pockets.

If any of the tense watchers had had a doubt of Price Selwood's courage they lost it then, for he took his life in his hands.

"Kate," he said quietly, "put up that gun. This isn't outlaw country. If you make a blunder you'll hang just like any other murderer—even if you are Kate Cathrew."

For a moment the woman looked at him as a trapped wildcat might have done, her lips loose and shaking, her eyes mad with rage.

Then she struck the rifle, butt down, on the hard earth and with a full-mouthed oath, flung around the corner, tore the stallion's reins from the ring in the wall and mounted with a whirl.

She struck Bluefire once and was gone down the road in a streak of dust. Selwood opened the door.

"A narrow shave," he said gravely, "if that had happened anywhere but here you'd be a dead woman, Miss Allison."

"Perhaps," said Nance, "she's taken two shots at me already from the hillside—or someone has. Well—I've told you—McKane's was four right. Now I'll go back to Nameless."

She turned away, but the trader cleared his throat.

"Ah—about the money for the harness," he said, apologetically, "I—that is—I've got to collect it. Times ain't—"

Price Selwood swung around and shot a look at him.

"Oh?" he said. "Got to collect—? Ah, yes, I see—at Cattle Kate's request. You are a fool, McKane. Here, Miss Allison—I'm the sheriff of this county. Wouldn't you rather owe me that money, than owe it to McKane? I can wait till you raise another crop—I'm not so pushed as our friend here. What do you say?"

Nance raised her eyes to his and they were suddenly soft and blue again. The light line let go about her upper lip and a smile came instead.

"You know my pappy—and I have not forgot how kind you were after—after— Yes, Mr. Selwood, I'd rather owe you, a whole lot rather, and I'll work doubly hard to pay you back."

Selwood drew some bills from his pocket.

"How much, McKane?" he asked.

The trader solemnly named the amount and received it on the spot.

"Now, if you'd just as soon," said the sheriff, "I'll ride out to Nameless with you. I'd like to take a look at that trampled field."

As they left the town and rode out into the trail that led to Nameless, Nance took off her hat and drew a long, deep breath.

Selwood laughed.

"Do you feel like that?" he asked.

"Exactly," said she, "like a weight was off my shoulders. That debt to McKane was a bitter load."

"The trader is getting into deep water," said the sheriff. "I hate to see him do it."

"How—deep water?"

"He's falling more and more into Cattle Kate's power—and all for nothing. He knows it, but seems helpless. I've seen the like before. She's a bad woman to tie to."

She's handsome—that's one thing sure.

"Yes. Her type is always handsome. But I'm surprised to hear you say so."

"Why?" asked the girl, wonderingly.

"Because most women hate to admit beauty in another, and of all people on Nameless, you have the least reason to see anything attractive in her."

Nance sighed again, thinking of her lost cornfield and of her present appalling poverty.

"As near as I'll let myself come to hate," she said, "I do hate her. I've got to fight it mighty hard. You know how hard it is to fight that way—inside your own soul."

"Hardest battleground we ever stand on," said Selwood, with conviction. "I've had some skirmishes there myself—and I can't say I always came off victor."

"You can't, sometimes, without a lot of prayer," returned Nance soberly. "I've pretty near worn out my knees on the job."

Selwood wanted to laugh at her naive earnestness, but caught himself in time.

They rode for a time in silence. Nance and Buckskin ahead, the sheriff following on his lean bay horse.

Presently Nance turned with a hand on her pony's rump and looked at him speculatively.

"You sort of lay up something to Cattle Kate about this rustling, don't you?" she asked.

He nodded.

"I've watched her for months, but can't get anything on her—not anything tangible."

"I was in Little Blue canyon the other day," said Nance, "and saw Sud Province pass its mouth in Blue Stone driving a red steer north. I've wondered a lot where he could have been taking it."

"North in Blue Stone? That's odd. There isn't enough feed in that canyon to graze a calf two days."

"And what's at its head?" asked Nance. "I've never been clear up."

"Blue Stone heads high in the Deep Heart hills," said the sheriff, "but about eight miles up from its mouth on Nameless its right wall falls abruptly away for a distance of a couple of miles and there one can go out on the open plain that stretches over toward the Sawtooth range and leads out to Marston and the railroad. There's some bunch grass there, but mighty little water. Nothing but the stream in the canyon itself to come back to. And cattle driven so far away from the home range would be a poor risk. It seems to me, for Sky Line."

"Well—I wondered about it. Thought I'd tell you any way."

"I'm glad you did. I shall remember it."

At the homestead Nance led Selwood to the cornfield's lower gate and left him.

"Go over it if you want," she said, "and I'll be out in a minute or so."

At the cabin she told Sonny to go into her room and stay until she came for him.

"I feel guilty," she thought, "for I can trust the sheriff, but Brand asked me to keep him hidden. I've got to be true to my promise."

"You ask the sheriff to supper," said Mrs. Allison, "I'll kill a fryer an' make some biscuits."

When Nance went out she found Selwood examining the trampled field minutely.

"Must have had 50 head or more," he said, "and five or six riders. Sud Province was one of them."

"Yes. How can you tell?"

"I know his horse's tracks," grinned the sheriff, "it's that big gray gelding."

CHAPTER XIII

"We're Our Pappy's Own—and We Belong on Nameless"

That night at dusk as Nance sat in the open door with Sonny drowsing in her lap, Dirk shot out across the yard like a lumpy streak and headed away toward the river.

He made no outcry, but went straight as a dart, and presently there came the little crack of shod hoofs on the stones of Nameless' ranch, and a rider came up out of the farther shadows with the colt leaping in eagerness against his stirrup.

Something tightened in Nance's throat, a thrill shot through her from head to foot. That strange surge of warmth and light seemed to flood her whole being again.

"Mammy—Bud—" she said softly, "I think Brand Fair is coming."

Bud stirred in the darkened room, but Mrs. Allison was silent.

"Always, soon or late," she thought to herself, "a man comes ridin' out 't' night—an' a woman is waitin'. It's comin' late to her—she'll be twenty-two come June—but it's comin'. An' she don't know it yet."

"Good evening," said a deep voice pleasantly, as the dark horse stopped in the doorway, "is a stranger welcome?"

"We've been listening for you every night," said the child simply, "it's been a long time."

"Brand!" cried the child sharply, struggling frantically to find his feet, "Oh! Oh!—Brand!"

The man dismounted and came forward.

He lifted the boy and kissed him, holding him on his breast, while he held out a hand to Nance.

At its warm clasp the surging glory inside her deepened strangely.

(Continued next week)

Cardboard for any purpose at the News office.

Mr. and Mrs. Helen Collier and children of Groom visited Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Collier from Saturday to Monday.

INSURANCE

LIFE FIRE MARL
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

SPEED BROS.

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

JUNIOR B. Y. P. U.

Subject—The Story of the Sower.
Leader—Odessa Kunkel.
Introduction—Leader.
A Story About Falling Seeds—Fern Landers.
Rocks and Thorns—Laverne Kunkel.
A Good Ending to the Story—Edna Kunkel.
The Meaning of the Story—Erwin Browning.
The Meaning of the Three Kinds of Ground—Glen Kunkel.
The Good Ground—Gertrude Hicks.
Ivem—Venita Savage.

L. E. Hansen of Denver, Colo., is visiting his brother, A. F. Hansen, this week.

S. R. Kennedy has renewed his subscription to The News.

E. R. Whittaker of Shamrock was a business visitor at the News office Tuesday.

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

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.

BEGGAR PEST

A whole young army of beggars have swarmed to Canyon during the past few weeks. If the truth were known, fully ninety per cent of them are frauds. Organized charred has ascertained this sad fact. It is easier to beg than to work—so many have found—hence this pest army of beggars. —Randall County News.

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.

WATCH REPAIRING

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

McCORMICK BROTHERS
Shamrock, Texas
Leave work at Shell's Pharmacy or send direct.

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

Freedom and Independence

—whether personal or national, is worth the effort.

Your financial independence is assured if you work, save and invest carefully. The Citizens State Bank can help you all along the way.

The Citizens State Bank

A Guaranty Fund Bank

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$33,750.00
J. S. MORSE, President C. C. BOGAN, Cashier

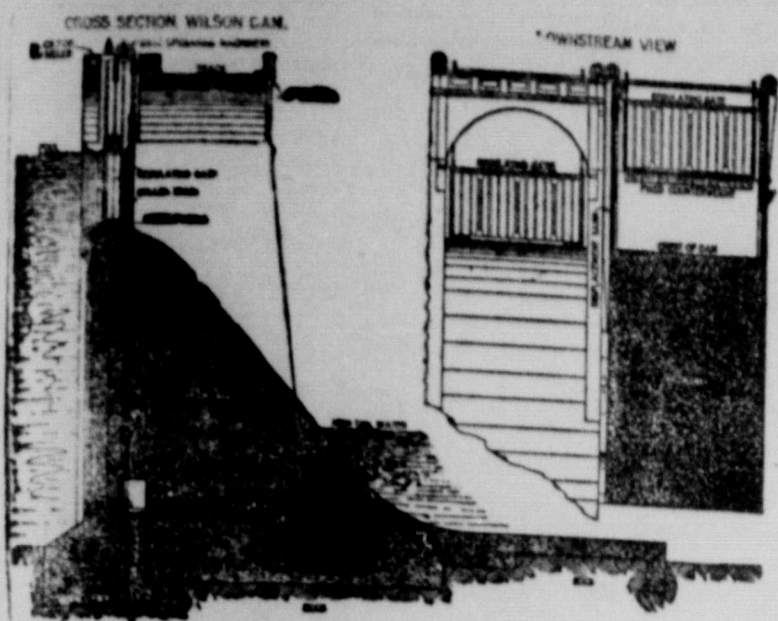


Keep your Vacation in Kodak Pictures

You don't spend your vacation you save it—if you KODAK. We have a wide range of Kodaks, \$6.50 up. Brownies, \$2.00 up, and Kodak accessories—everything for the camerist.

You'll want extra rolls of Kodak Film—the dependable Yellow Box brand. We have your size.

Erwin Drug Co.



Cross section of the Wilson dam at Muscle Shoals, showing spillways and regulating gates.

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 14th day of June, A. D. 1925, by Charlie Thut, clerk of said Court, for the sum of One Thousand Ten and 44-100 Dollars, the costs of said order, a judgment and foreclosure in favor of the Crawford Trust, and Hannan Crawford versus Robert L. Jones et al, and in favor of the 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 200 acres of land off of the East side of Lock 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 Follie Overton W. W. Overton. And on Tuesday, the 4th day of August, 1925, at the Court House door of Gray County, in the town of Lefors, 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 Follie 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, WITNESS my hand, this 10th day of June, 1925.

W. C. CARPENTER, Constable,
Precinct No. 5, Gray County,
WOC-27-3t
Texas.

Carbon paper for embroidery work, 26x39 inches, for only 25c at the News office.

Fred Landers and R. L. Appling made a business trip to Shamrock Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Jimma Searcy of Canyon spent the week end with home folks here.

Jack Steger, Jack Bodenhamer, Roy Fellers and Cecil Burks were Alanreed visitors Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Wingo and children enjoyed an outing at Medicine Park last week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Campbell and Jack Cooke were Shamrock visitors Monday night.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Searcy and daughter, Miss Jimma, and Jack Steger Jr. visited relatives at Alanreed Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Byrd Guill visited relatives at White Deer Sunday. Mr. Guill's little son returned with them.

Mrs. Horace Johnson of Lawton, Okla., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Penland.

Elton Clem of Ramsdell was in the city Wednesday.

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

GOT IT CHEAP
Mabel—"I think that truck is a real cost you much."
Maggie—"Only one good cry."

A CALL FROM THE INSURANCE MAN

"Are you very busy?"
"Yes."
"Could I interest you in some insurance this morning?"
"No."
"That's really too bad."
"Yes."
"Have you thought of the future?"
"Often!"
"And of the importance of protecting yourself against a penniless old age?"
"Frequently. Now please run along. I'm very busy and—"
"But don't you owe it to your family?"
"Owe what?"
"Life insurance."
"No."
"Why not?"
"I have no family."

(The curtain will be lowered to denote the passing of two hours.)
"But think of your wife."
"I can't."
"Why not?"
"I have none."
"Well, er, er—dear me—think of your mother or your aunt or your uncle or your niece—you must have somebody you can think of."
"You think of them. I'm really very busy."
"But have you never thought of creating an estate?"
"I think of it 11 hours a day. It's fellers like you that prevent me creating it. How can I create an estate with you hanging around here making my day a total loss?"

"Where will you be 25 years from now?"
"Be sensible. I can't tell where I'll be 25 minutes from now. But if you'll please go it'll help tremendously."
"Picture yourself at the age of 65!"
"I'd rather not!"
"Picture yourself at 55!"
"No!"
"Why not?"
"I don't want to picture myself at the age of 55 or anything of the sort. I tell you I've got a lot of work to do. The firm expects me to clean it up today. Suppose the president should come in and find me sitting around and neglecting my job and doing nothing but picturing myself at 55 years of age!"
"Suppose you are disabled and without funds at 60?"
"Don't be so darned cheerful."

(The curtain will be lowered to denote a lapse of three years.)

(able hours).
"Do you ever think where you'll be at the age of 73?"
"Oh, yes, of course. It's my favorite amusement. Whenever I have a blue day and I feel depressed and everything seems gloomy I just sit down and think where I'll be at 73. It cheers me up amazingly."
"Take our accident clause—suppose you lose both legs?"
"Ugh!"
"Suppose you lose both arms?"
"Look here! Suppose you go and lose 'em. I'm too busy."
"Suppose you lose both eyes?"
"Aw, shut up."
"Both ears?"
"Gwan!"
"Both noses?"
"Please go. I warn you!"
"Amputation of the head?"

(Scene: The same. Five hours later. The victim speaks first.)
"LISSEN! Has your firm a policy covering sudden death while taking?"
"The best on the market."
"Are you covered by it personally?"
"Yes, indeed!"
"GOOD! HERE'S WHERE YOUR EARS COLLECT!"
(He rises, whips out a .48 caliber pistol and slays the insurance man in his tracks.)—Ex.

CENSOR ADVERTISING

Every few days the merchants of Wellington are bothered with specially salesmen selling so-called advertising. Not many of the Wellington merchants buy the "fake" advertising that is brought here by a man who is here today and gone tomorrow, but they are pestered with them, for the fellows are sly and hard to get rid of in a hurry. Most merchants know that newspaper advertising and direct-mail and show window advertising are the three kinds that pay retail men and that all others are unduly expensive. They know this, but they do not want to be conspicuous and their consideration costs them valuable time.

A committee should be appointed to pass on all advertising brought in Wellington. This committee would recommend all advertising that it thought legitimate. Before any merchant would buy space in any publication, that publication would see on the approved list. Before any specialty advertising would be taken, it would be approved. In this way the merchants would be saved the trouble of investigating the worth of the advertising. All they would have to decide would be whether or not they needed any advertising at that time. Naturally the publishers of Wellington would like to be on the committee to pass on advertising, but the main thing is to get such a committee to functioning.—Wellington Leader.

HE PICKED A NEW NAME
Ronald is an ardent "bugologist" and delights to play with beetles, ants, spiders, etc., to the horror of his mother, who is rather timid. One day he sat holding a "daddy-long-legs" by one attenuated feeler while he repeated the query, "Tell me where the cows went, tell me where the cows went."
"Ronald," exclaimed his mother, "put down that horrid spider!"
"Why, this ain't a spider," said Ronald. "It's a high-legged papa."

READ THE ADS

A GOOD LISTENER
"You admit you overheard the quarrel between the defendant and his wife?"
"Yes, sor, I do," stoutly maintained the witness.
"Tell this court, if you can, what the husband seemed to be doing."
"He seemed to be doing the listening."

Wants
A fresh supply of Remington, Underwood and Royal typewriter ribbons just received at the News office. Paragon ribbons are the best made, yet we sell them at a very reasonable price. It

GROCERIES ARE cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. tfe

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

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

CREAM wanted. We are anxious to handle your cream. Highest prices paid. Cobb's Grocery. 1c

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.

FOR SALE, or will trade for hogs—13 sheep, one ram, 5 young withers, two old withers, one young nanny, 4 old nannies. Ramboulette B. & C. stock mixed. Phone 46, 111. B. L. Webb. 1c

GARBAGE and trash hauled from any part of the city at reasonable rates. Phone 112 111. Frank Haynes. tf

LOST—Liver and white female pointer. Finder please notify Percy Everett. 4c

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.—Fullbred collie puppies, \$3.00 and \$4.00 each. A child's best companion and farmer's best friend. Phone 66, 111. Maudelle Corum. 26-2p

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

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

ECZEMAID
Money back without question if HUNTS GUARANTEED SKIN DISEASE REMEDIES (Hunt's Salve and Soap) fail in the treatment of Itch, Eczema, Ringworm, Tetter or other itching skin diseases. Try this treatment at our risk.
Shell's Pharmacy

WHAT IT COSTS TO RUN AN AUTOMOBILE

While the problems of parking space and street congestion are making it difficult for owners of automobiles to use them to go to town and return, the actual cost of this way of traveling is an item that is not generally appreciated. One auto owner who kept cost figures for two years on an automobile which he purchased for \$580 submits this tabulation to show the expense of auto travel:

Gasoline\$160
Garage144
Lubricants32
Tires50
License and title21
Insurance108
Repairs and miscellaneous100
Total expense\$615
Interest on investment90
Depreciation200
Total cost\$925

Miles covered	—14,000.
Miles per gallon of gasoline	—17.50.
Days used	—730.
Running expense per day	—\$.84.
Total expense per day	—\$1.40.
Total expense per month	—\$42.65.
Total cost per mile	—6.6 cents.

FIND THE MAN

They were dancing lightly and he held her tightly in his manly arms. He closed his eyes for a time and danced here and there in ecstasy. She looked up into his face and suddenly his eyes opened. The music stopped.
"Come, let's go out on the porch," he muttered thickly. He stole a glance at his partner. Never had he seen so ravishing a beauty. He could resist no longer. He took her in his arms.
"Oh, darling, I love you so. Say you will be mine." She looked again into his eyes.
"I'm not rich like Jawn Brown, and I haven't a car or home or cellar like his, but I do love you and want you terribly."
Two soft, snow-white arms reached around his neck, and two ruby lips whispered in his ear, "Where is this man Brown?"

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

ON A DETOUR

Jack and I were taking our first trip across the Atlantic to meet our mother in London. The weather had been beautiful and calm for the first two days, but on the third morning the ship rolled and pitched heavily.
Jack awoke me from an uneasy slumber.
"Daddy, what is the matter with the boat today? Are we on a detour?" he asked.

THE LADY-KILLER

"Is it true, doctor," asked the gushing young thing, "that you are a lady-killer?"
"Madam," replied the doctor, "I make no distinction between the sexes."

Look Your Best

You will look your best all the time if you bring your clothes to the Service Tailor Shop for cleaning and pressing. Modern electric cleaner. Give us a trial.

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

Auto Tires

We have added a line of Rollin Cords, made by the Miller Tire and Rubber Co., and can quote you some attractive prices. See us before you buy.

McLean Vulcanizing Shop
Cecil Bible, Prop.

REAL JOY

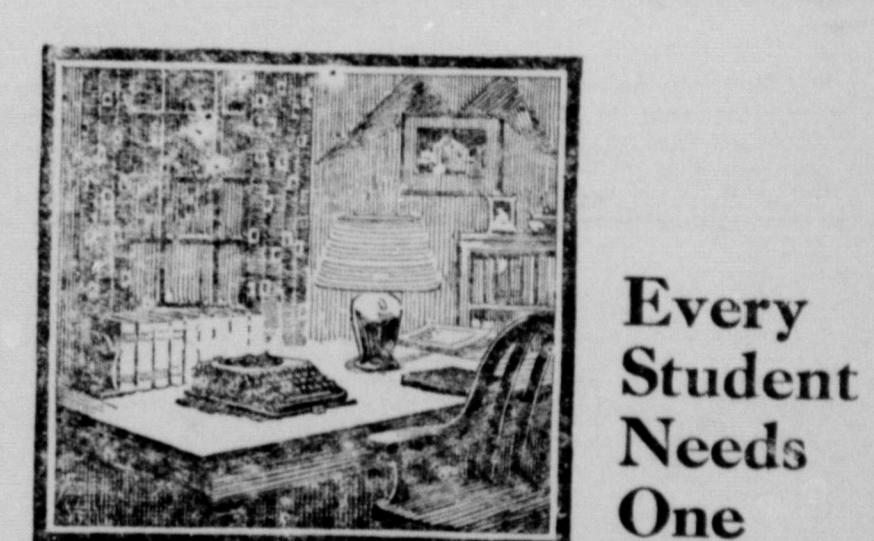
There is real joy and comfort in riding on Firestone Gum-dipped Balloon tires. We have them in stock. Let us equip your car with a set.

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

YEAST

Good bread depends entirely upon the ingredients that go into it. You buy the best of flour, why not let us furnish you with the best yeast for baking on the market?

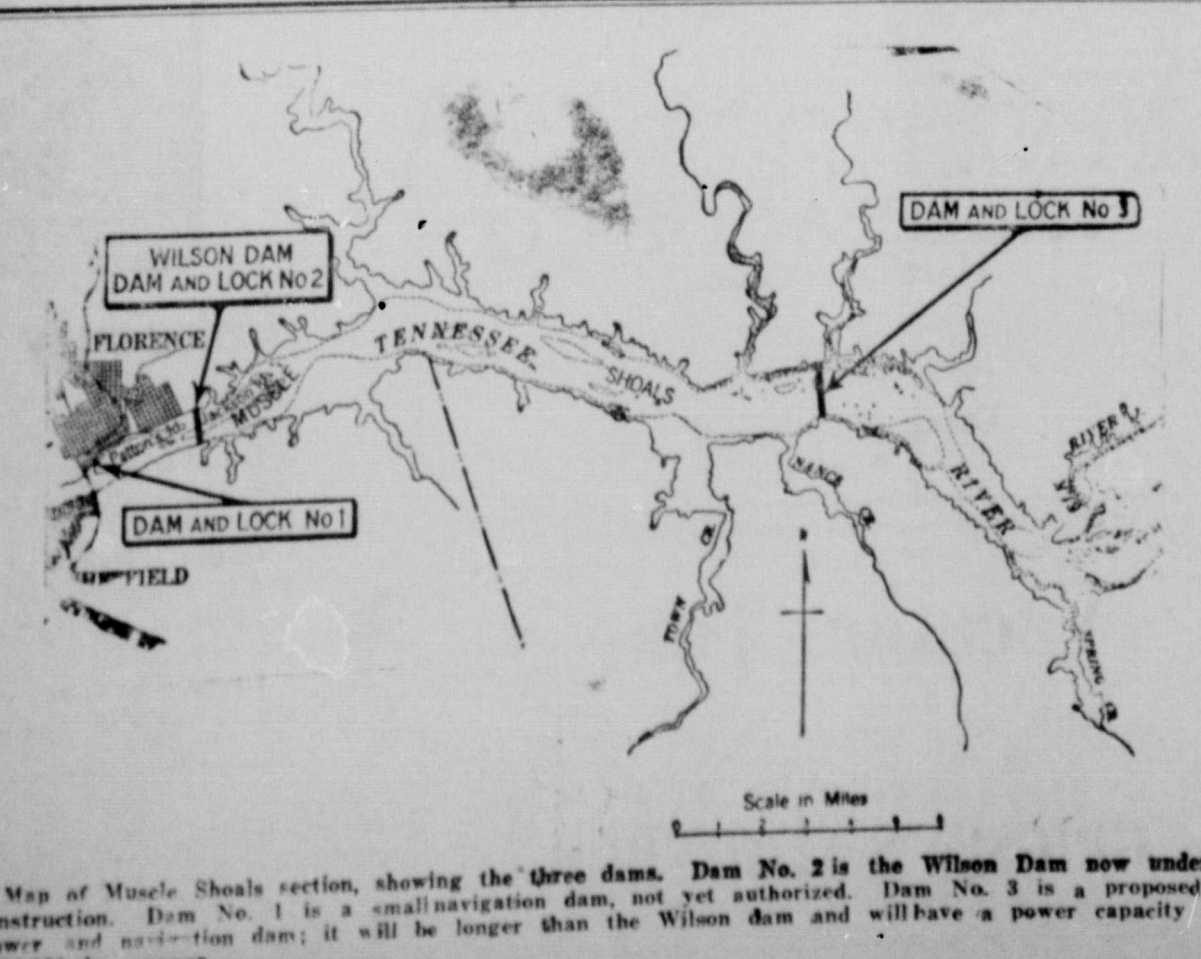
McLEAN BAKERY
Herman Lee, Manager



Every Student Needs One

WHEN you have a brilliant thought, write it down. It may be about biology 1, a new way of handling the forward pass, or a note to Dad. Whatever it is—write it—on a Remington Portable. This little machine is always ready. You can tap out your thoughts far faster and easier than you can write with a pen.
Compact—fits in a case only four inches high.
Complete—has the four-row keyboard like the big machines, and other "big machine" features.
Convenient—can be operated on your lap if you wish, for it carries its table on its back.
Price, complete with case, \$60. Easy payment terms if desired

Remington Portable
The News



Map of Muscle Shoals section, showing the three dams. Dam No. 2 is the Wilson Dam now under construction. Dam No. 1 is a small navigation dam, not yet authorized. Dam No. 3 is a proposed power and navigation dam; it will be longer than the Wilson dam and will have a power capacity of 254,000 horsepower.

THE McLEAN NEWS
Published Every Thursday

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

Entered as second class mail matter May 8, 1906, at the post office at McLean, Texas, under act of Congress.

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

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

Whatever your opinion as to the advisability of the Chamber of Commerce renting a large building for a permanent meeting place, you should be present Monday night to speak your sentiments. Don't stay away and then criticize the action of those who are present.

There is a need for a ladies' civic club in McLean to work in connection with the Chamber of Commerce. There are many things for the betterment of the community that such an organization could do; things that will probably go undone otherwise.

What about a Sunday school picnic? The News will not be satisfied if the summer is allowed to pass without a Sunday school picnic. Every church in town could very profitably have such a picnic; in fact, a number of them during the warm weather would be acceptable.

It doesn't make any difference what the peddler had to sell, it is the sales talk that he expects to make the deal, not the quality of the goods. This is in direct contrast to the home merchant, who must stand back of every article sold. The home merchant cannot afford to sell anything that does not give satisfaction for every dollar paid for it, while the man who is here today and gone tomorrow is interested only in getting the money.

How would you like to go back to conditions of four years ago and have to do without ice this warm weather? There were plenty of days then when ice could not be had for love nor money. The writer begged a piece of ice for use in sickness one day that cost four cents a pound in McLean. This ice was shipped in by express by a local confectioner and sold at cost. Now ice is cheap enough that everyone may enjoy its benefits, and a supply is on hand at all times. Then, we might find it inconvenient to have to do without electric lights and plenty of water on tap at all hours. We are prone to forget the blessings we enjoy, and this is written as a gentle reminder of our good fortune.

Mr. Garmon's letter on page one of this issue of The News should be of interest to everyone in the community. The pheasant is one of the most beautiful birds

in existence, and it is in danger of extinction. The only way it can be preserved for this and future generations is to see that it is protected. The man who willfully breaks the game laws is robbing us, just as surely and about as directly as a burglar would. Game wardens are helpless to prevent much of the law violations on account of the fact that they have such wide areas to cover, and they must depend upon local folks to report violations. There is a vast distaste for "tattlers" in our country, and this is as it should be. We all grew up with the feeling that the "tattler" is an undesirable person, but reporting game violations is a thing apart from ordinary "tale bearing," and we should co-operate in every way possible with Deputy Garmon in his efforts to see that our section is stocked with game.

We cannot expect the most efficient service from our fire department until the fire siren can be blown from a switch at the telephone central office and our hose equipment is motorized. Time is the most important element after a fire starts, and when central has to spend some minutes getting the engineer on the phone and then the fire boys lose time getting the hose carts to a water plug, the fire has had time to gather dangerous headway. A chemical tank could be carried on a motor truck that could be used to put out many small fires without the use of water.

Mrs. Bill Meaders and children of Crowell are visiting the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Franklin.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Sloan of Pampa visited in the A. W. Haynes home Sunday.

Will Harlan and son, Orman, of White Deer visited in McLean Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Harlan and baby returned home Sunday, while Orman remained for a visit with his grandmother, Mrs. J. W. Kibler.

Miss Verna Rice is visiting relatives at Dallas.

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

News from Liberty

Mrs. Orville Wood visited in the Luther Petty home, Saturday. The young folks enjoyed a party at the Robert Fulton home Wednesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Morgan and children, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hardin and children were dinner guests in the J. F. Corbin home at McLean Sunday.

R. O. Cunningham and children, O. W. Eddy and Larry; Mrs. Mattie Bell and Mrs. E. Craig went to Wellington Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Petty and children went to Groom Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Myatt and children, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bell and children, Mr. Gregory, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Pettit visited in the A. L. Morgan home Sunday evening.

ing. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hardin called at the John Lively home Sunday evening. Miss Alta Lee went to McLean Saturday night. Rev. and Mrs. White of Oklahoma have been visiting in the Woodley home. Rev. White preached at Liberty Sunday afternoon.

News from Gracey

Everyone enjoyed the party given at the Clyde Ware home Saturday night.

Miss Oleta Solomon of Childress is visiting her cousin, Mrs. W. B. Bush.

Bro. Price, Christian preacher from Clarendon will begin a meeting here Saturday night. Everyone is invited to attend.

The young people of the community took dinner with Mrs. Blevings Sunday.

Mrs. Jesse Kinard and children of Dalhart are visiting in the M. H. Kinard home this week.

Miss Winnie Lee Bailey spent Saturday night and Sunday with Miss Lea Bidwell.

Miss Ruby Bidwell spent Saturday night in the Mrs. O. L. Derrick home.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Bleving went to Clarendon Monday.

The singing class met at Mrs. Carville's Sunday night.

Miss Ruby Rice is visiting in the D'Spain home this week.

Mrs. Jewelle Norman and Murrel, Floyd Andrews and Jesse Johnson visited their brother, Knead Johnson, at Groom Sunday.

Mrs. Jimmie Kellar visited Mrs. P. M. Kellar a few days this week. Uncle West returned home Sunday after a visit in the Pickett home last week.

Remstitching machine has been moved to my home and all work will be done there. Phone one, eight nine, or leave work at the store. Mrs. Sam M. Hodges. Advertisement 1c

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

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.

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. (Too late for last week) Everybody seems to be rejoicing over the good rain Saturday afternoon.

Everybody is very busy now. M. R. Landers, H. N. Holmes and W. L. Litchfield made a business trip to Wheeler Tuesday.

T. H. Pickett and daughter, Miss Pansy, were in McLean Saturday. Mrs. Nida Green and Miss Clara Reneau are in Amarillo this week attending the Epworth League conference.

There was a children's program here Sunday night. A large crowd attended.

Bro. Thomas filled his regular appointment here Sunday afternoon. Mrs. J. A. Haynes and daughter, Mrs. Frank Bailey, visited their son and brother, W. L. Haynes, at McLean Monday.

Misses Amie Ladd and Clara Reneau were in McLean Saturday. Miss Alene and Orville Rippey of Oklahoma City are visiting their grandfather, A. P. Rippey, for a few weeks.

J. W. Dougherty was in McLean Monday.

Jim Kellar and Brown Harbison left Sunday for the Plains.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Chilton were in Shamrock Saturday.

The Ladies Club met Friday afternoon with Mrs. T. F. Phillips. Miss Mary Chambers of Sunset was a visitor with the club.

Mr. and Mrs. Reneau were in Shamrock Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Mullinax were in Shamrock Saturday.

Little Lavern Bailey visited at the Paul Ladd home Tuesday.

Miss Amie Ladd spent Monday night with her aunt, Mrs. J. A. Haynes.

Walter Bailey and Ernest Kram-

BLACKSMITHING

We are prepared to do your blacksmith, wagon and woodwork promptly, at reasonable prices.

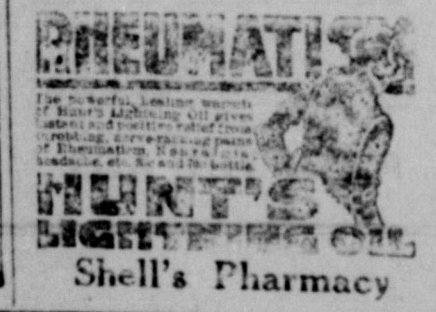
Give us a trial. McLEAN BLACKSMITH SHOP P. V. Rhea, Prop.

V. H. Moore Auctioneer

Wheeler, Texas
Dates made at News office or call me collect.

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



AETNA LIFE INSURANCE CO.
Hartford, Conn.

Life insurance in any form, liberal provisions, low rates.
O. G. STOKELY Agent

Vacation Time

Better drive around and let us give your car the "once over" before starting on that vacation trip. The cost is small and it may save you much roadside misery.

GRIGSBY'S AUTO SHOP
"A Square Deal Always"

er and families went picnicking on the river Sunday. Mrs. W. P. Rogers of Lela visited her daughter, Mrs. Bartow Landers, Monday.

TRUTH VS. TACT

Vic Troia is anything but tactful, and when he visited at Gen. Suppize's recently, he found the general's 18-year-old daughter making an intimate article of silken material. "What's that you're working on?" he asked. "Oh," she replied, "it's just a pair of curtains for my sitting-room."

LOST HIS TEMPER

The irate customer returned to the photographer with the prints of the pictures he had had taken.

"Do I look like this picture?" he stormed, shaking it in the photographer's face. "You've made me look like a monkey! Cock-eyed, and a chin like a bulldog. Do you call that a good likeness?" "The answer is in the negative," sweetly replied the photographer.

W. Sherman White
Attorney-at-Law

McLean Texas

Meet Our Meats

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

THE CITY MARKET

It's Real Economy

to have your shoes repaired before they've "gone to pieces." Hacking, soling or heeling will make them as good as new. We know how to save money for you on your shoe bills.

Electric Shoe Shop

R. H. BOZHAW, Manager

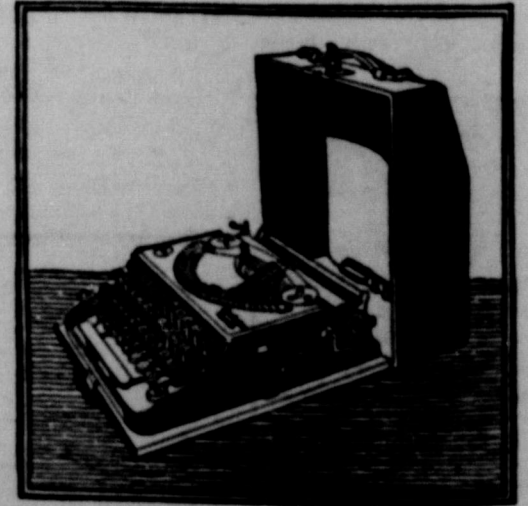
Picnic Eats

The best part of the picnic is the good eatables. We can supply you with everything good for the picnic basket. Come in for suggestions the next time you go picnicing.

Quick delivery service anywhere in the city limits.

Bundy-Holmes Mercantile Co.
Phone Fifty

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

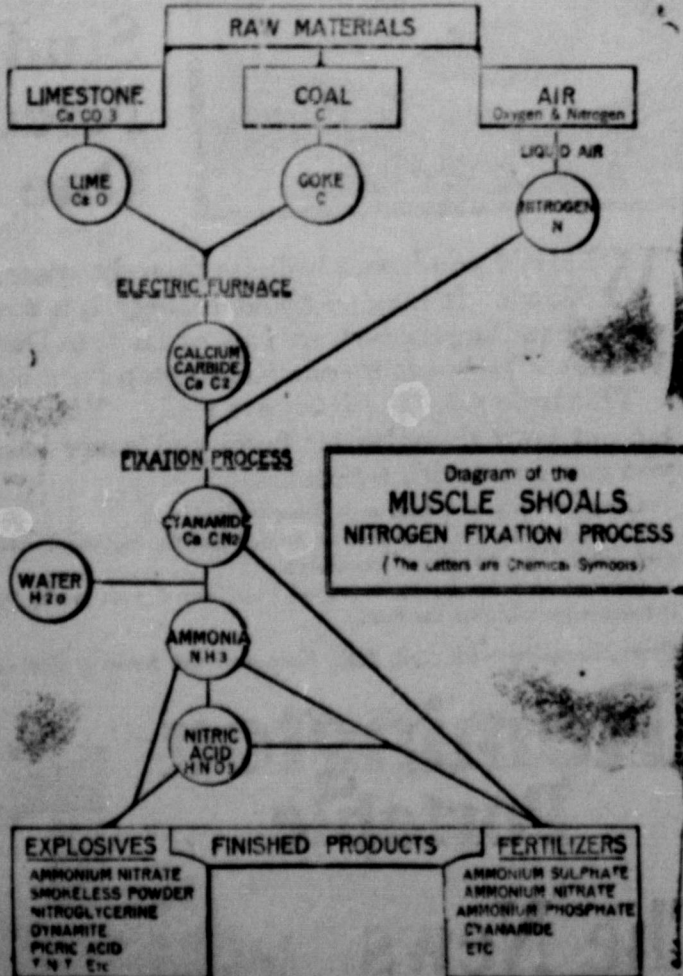


Diagram of process in which limestone, coal and air are transformed into explosives and fertilizer at Nitrate Plant No. 2, Muscle Shoals.

GRASSHOPPERS AS FOOD

A writer in the Youth's Companion says that grasshoppers are good for food and goes on to prove it by examples of other people and other eras in time's history in which the hoppers were more or less heartily consumed. He even had friends, whom he said had tasted them a la rolled like cod fish balls. But with all the trimmings, spices, mustards and ointments, he mentioned for dressing for these long legged pests, he utterly failed to make our mouth water for a mess of them. However, should these pestiferous insects ever happen to become the main piece de resistance with our uppers socially, the Plains of West Texas should be setting pretty with nothing to do but make net baskets and chase grasshoppers! Hurry to Terry!—Terry County Herald.

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

Buy your unrulled notebook paper at the News office.

IN NEWSPAPER PROFESSION

Although it is nerve racking work, one certainly learns something of human nature in the newspaper profession. Every day newspaper workers rub elbows with all kinds of people. They range from the club women who are interested only in the society news down to panhandlers and beggars, who are interested in nothing, and invariably drop into the newspaper man's office first. The majority of the people with which newspaper workers come in contact, however, are those who are the so-called salt of the earth. They are sober, hard working and conservative. They are wholesome people to know.

There are enough of the other sort to keep the journalist's nerves constantly on edge. Care should be taken to judge these people for their proper worth. Too much attention paid to them will make any newspaper man, however optimistic he may be inclined to be, become cynical at last. No journalist can afford to be pessimistic or satirical, but he pays a price for his optimism. The show of life comes high to every man, for the performers must be paid, but the newspaper man gets his money's worth, provided he keeps his eye open.—Wellington Leader.

THE TOWN OF DON'T-YOU-WORRY

There's a town called Don't-You-Worry,
On the banks of River Smile;
There's the Cheer-Up and Be Happy
Blossoms sweetly all the while;
There the never-grumble flower
Grows beside the fragrant try,
And the never-give-up and patience
Plant their faces to the sky.

In the valley of contentment,
In the province of I Will,
You will find this lovely city,
At the foot of No-Fret hill.
Here are thoroughfares delightful
In this very charming town,
And on every hand are shade trees
Named the Very-Seldom Frown.
—Items.

Fully 90% of the non-game birds taken in New York State were killed by unnaturalized, foreign-born persons.

THE SUCCESSFUL MERCHANT

Successful merchants have altered the application of the old saying that "everybody's business is nobody's business." It's what people know about what the merchant has to sell, his prices and business methods that really counts. Newspaper advertising will do this more effectively and at less cost than any other means. After all, a thriving store is more properly "everybody's business" than anything else.—Tyler Journal.

OLD-FASHIONED PRECEPTS

There was once a time when men took pride in their handwriting. They also took pride in what they wrote and how they wrote it. The old-time copy books were models of neatness in their penmanship and of sound common sense in the maxims they set forth. These maxims were based on the experience of ages and on the best ethical standards. Having to be repeatedly written, they were indelibly impressed on the minds of the pupils. It would be an advantage these days if some of those "old-fashioned precepts" were revived.—Henry Ford.

MAIL ORDER ADVERTISING

The Herald went up against a real hard proposition this week, when it was called upon to accept or reject a contract for \$450 worth of advertising from one of the biggest mail order houses in the United States, to be used in one year. We rejected it. "Well you are a bigger fool than I thought you was," we can hear someone remark. Maybe so, but The Herald has a consistent policy advocating trade at home and not only devotes much editorial space to that effect but jointly with the most successful business men of the state, we devote a page ad each month to that effect. What sort of a town would Brownfield be if everybody sent to the cities for what they eat, use and wear? And so confident are we that this advertising would carry more business away from Brownfield and Terry county, that we did not accept this ad. This mail order firm did not offer to spend \$450 with us just to get our good will, but because they, like many other big firms, are beginning to recognize the country newspaper as the world's best advertising medium, because it is the most closely read paper to be found.—Brownfield Herald.

The Review had to go up against the same ordeal. And you know it was pretty hard to do, to turn down a \$450 advertising proposition, and yet were we to accept it would be inconsistent with our policy of advocating 'Buy at Home.' The merchants of Crosbyton, as well as Brownfield would appreciate this kind of a stand, whether they do it or not. As the Herald has said, this mail order firm did not offer to spend this much money to get their good will, but they know that the \$450 a year will be well spent, and are recognizing the country newspaper as the world's best advertising medium. It is indeed strange and lamentable that some of our merchants cannot catch the vision.—Crosbyton Review.

BUZZ-BUZZ
Young Bride (at night in Pullman berth)—"Honey, honey."
Man (in next berth)—"Confound it, madam, this is a sleeping car, not a beehive!"

ROUNDABOUT VENGEANCE

"Jim, that necktie you are wearing is the worst I ever saw."
"Say, dine with us tonight, will you, old man?"
"Sure! But what's the connection?"
"I want you to repeat that remark before my wife."

HOUSEWIFE SUGGESTIONS

There is always a bit of repairing to be done around the house at this season, so married women will appreciate the following directions on "How to drive a nail without effort."
First—Ask your husband to do it.
He will inquire, "Where's the hammer?"
Tell him it's where he left it the last time.
He will inquire, "What's that?"
Ask him how you should know.
He will reply, "Well, you should."
Ask him if he married you so that you could keep track of his hammers.
He will reply, "Darned if I know what I married you for."
State that you are in the same boat.
This will hit the nail on the head.
If necessary, repeat.—Boston Transcript.

HER CURRICULUM

She was a freshman from Vassar. "Oh dear," she sighed, "I simply can't adjust my curriculum."
"It doesn't show any," he reassured her, blushing. And then they both talked rapidly about the decorations.

LABOR SAVING

"Do you believe in love at first sight, Miss Vamper?"
"Well, it saves a lot of time and effort."

WHAT THE DOCTOR TOOK

An old darkey was taken ill and called in a physician of his own race. After a time, as there was no sign of improvement, he called a white doctor, who soon felt the old man's pulse and then examined

LIGHTS FOR COWS

Cows will wear tail lights in Nebraska, if a bill that has been introduced in the Legislature passes. It provides that all livestock, whether driven in herds or singly at night upon public roads be required to wear warning lights, to be displayed both in the front and rear to warn motorists.

IS YOUR BUSINESS DULL?

Business is getting a little dull for some merchants. It is just naturally that time of year, and because it is that time of year, it is time for some more advertising. Business firms who advertise now will not only stimulate their business sufficiently to carry on their overhead and still make a little, but the main consideration is that they will be building for a greater business this fall.

The merchant who advertises consistently during the summer will have such a lead over his competitor next fall that he will greatly profit in excess of his investment. Only the man who wants no more business than he has can afford to do without advertising, and even those who expect to hold their business that is already developed use advertising space conscientiously. If your business is getting dull it is time for more advertising.—Wellington Leader.

THE NOISE NUISANCE

Wellington is wanting to cut out the noise. She has our best wishes. There is entirely too much noise of all sorts in most of our towns. Dogs bark and cats yowl and cars clutter up the air with honks and toots and racing engines, and the shrill whistle of the engine on the railroad track causes the peaceful hamlet to have nervous prostration. And here is a pointer. If you are out rather late at night, pray refrain from yelling and making the night hideous with your racket. Go home quietly. Don't race the car up and down the street. Don't split the air trying to sing. Be orderly. This applies to Higgins as well as to Wellington or any other place. And for the love of Mike, if you keep a dog, stuff his throat with a bed quilt. Don't let him make your neighbors hate you. Shut up his racket or else put him out of his misery.—Higgins News.

INSURANCE

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

Haynes & Ledbetter
Office Theatre Building

Ora Oliver Gooch

Graduate Optometrist
Glasses Correctly Fitted
All work first class and guaranteed.
First National Bank Building
Shamrock, Texas

Typewriter paper to fit your notebook, at the News office

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



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

FOLLOWING ORDERS

"Are you sure, madam," asked the physician of the invalid's wife, "that your husband has had no lucid intervals since I was here last?"
"I'm certain of it," she replied, "I have given him nothing but what you prescribed."

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LABOR SAVING

"Do you believe in love at first sight, Miss Vamper?"
"Well, it saves a lot of time and effort."

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An old darkey was taken ill and called in a physician of his own race. After a time, as there was no sign of improvement, he called a white doctor, who soon felt the old man's pulse and then examined

SLIPPERY SLOPE

Greenboy—"O course I know marriage is a grave step."
Oldun—"Step? My dear lad, it's more like a flight of steps and every one of 'em greased."

DR. J. A. HALL

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

MR. MOTORIST

There is nothing that adds more pleasure to motoring than sure-fire gasoline and just the right grade of oil. We have them. Drive around and let us serve you.
SNAPPY SERVICE STATION
Erey Cubine, Manager

COAL

We cannot too strongly urge the immediate purchase of

Diavolo Coal

Its popularity creates a heavy demand which will limit the supply before very long. **Don't wait!** Let us book your order now.

Diavolo Coals positively last longer!

Western Lumber & Hardware Company

H. F. WINGO, Manager

To Be

Happy and successful

You Must Have Contentment and Ease of Mind

If you make it a rule and practice to save a part of every dollar you earn or receive, you will have the feeling that your efforts are managed so that the value of your possessions is being constantly increased.

Things Then Won't Look Gloomy

Apply good old-fashioned thrift. Frequent trips to the bank and not the size of the deposits are what count.



The American National Bank



General Leasing H. Beach, Chief of Engineers, U. S. Army

EPWORTH LEAGUE

Leader—Pearl Johnson.
 Subject—What Makes a Nation Great?
 Song—My Country 'Tis of Thee.
 Scripture lesson—Deut. 28:1-4.
 Prayer.
 The Flag—Vera Wilson.
 What Makes a Nation Great?—Roger Powers.
 Home the Cornerstone—Ima Anderson.
 The New Americanism—Bryan Roby.
 Quotations—Lee Jackson.
 Business.
 League benediction.

CARD OF THANKS

I wish to thank the following business houses of Pampa and McLean for prizes offered in the contests for Gray county club girls: Pampa Drug Co.—silver thimble, Murfee Dry Goods Co.—gingham dress, Woodward-Lane Grocery—jar of strawberry preserves, T. J. Coffey & Bro.—voile dress, Mrs. W. T. Wilson & Son—box of handkerchiefs, Erwin Drug Co.—bottle toilet water, Puckett Grocery—sack flour, McLean Supply Co.—sack flour for bread contest, Erwin Drug Co.—yeast cakes, Eula Nell Seebach, 1c County Home Dem. Agent.

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

Typewriter paper to fit your notebook, at the News office

LICENTIONS LITERATURE

The Deadwood Lions have gone on record as opposing the sale in their community of a class of magazines which through salacious suggestion and licentious implication constitute as insidious an attack upon the morality of the rising generation as ever appeared in print. In comparison, the dime novels of other days are as milk and mush. They had the merit, at least, of glorifying the active life. The new spawn of the press degraded has nothing to its credit whatsoever. It panders passion and inflames the minds of youth, leaving a trail of lewd, distorted imaginings to dissipate the will when temptation beckons. The day of prudery is passing. Ignorance of sex is no longer countenanced by thinking men and women. But, the secrets of life should never be allowed to enter the mind of an adolescent from the pages of such publications as those in question. The postal service recently barred from the mails the Harvard Lampoon for its offensive sensuality. Clear indications are that a tide of sentiment is rising which will result in ridding country of this perniferous outcrop of literature. Meanwhile, the Pioneer-Times of the down-guich Lion's action, says: "General approval and co-operation will be given by the fathers and mothers interested in the children of Deadwood to the Lions club in its announced intention of stopping the sale of unfit, obscene magazines by news stands in the city. The effect of such rotten reading is reflected by the thoughts and actions of the younger generation who are reading them. Clean, wholesome stories we all want the children to have an opportunity to read and enjoy. But these hidden meaning (and most in which the meaning is not hidden) stories,

jokes and "wise cracks" that cannot go through the mails but must be delivered by express are a distinct menace to the morals of the immature mind. News stands should refrain from further sale of "Hot Dog," "Whiz Bang" and other publications of that ilk. They will unless they want to face the wrath of those interested in the welfare of our school children, and probable prosecution."—Lead (S.D. Daily Call.

FLAPPER'S DELIGHT

"Give me a pound of flapper's delight."
 "What's flapper's delight?"
 "Dates."

HIS BRAND

Grocer—"This is the best brand of peaches on the market—your husband will like them."
 Woman—"The peaches my husband likes are not in cans."
 Grocer—"What are they in?"
 Woman—"In bathing suits!"

BENEVOLENT, THO CANNIBALS

Herodotus, the father of history, speaks of a tribe in the far East that used to eat its aged and sick people. By doing so, the members of the tribe provided themselves with a cheap meal, avoided doctor's bills and saved funeral expenses. They also derived satisfaction from thinking that they had put their friends out of misery and hastened their arrival to the tribal Elysium.
 In The Golden Bough there are instances given which show that among certain primitive peoples, the practice of disposing of one's relatives in this manner has not entirely died out.
 An example of it was recently brought to light in the discovery of a tribe in the interior of Africa which has connected with it a secret society that cooks and eats objectionable people "for the public good."
 It appears that these cannibals are sincere in their idea of service and "safety first," and think that they are practicing much fortitude and self-denial in thus making things easier for the rest of the tribe. They are said to be an intelligent people, well up in the arts and handicrafts, and insist on a rigid initiation ceremony before new members are admitted

to their society.
 It is not so much an act in itself as the intention which guides it that counts. Judged by this standard, who shall condemn the poor heathens?—Dearborn Independent.

KEEP ON KEEPIN' ON

If the day looks kinder gloomy
 And your chances kinder slim,
 If the situation's puzzlin'
 And the prospects awful grim,
 And perplexities keep pressin'
 'Till all hope is nearly gone,
 Just bristle up and grit your teeth
 And keep on keepin' on.

Shunnin' never wins a fight,
 And frettin' never pays;
 There ain't no good in broodin' on
 These pessimistic ways.
 Smile just kinder cheerfully
 When hope is nearly gone,
 And bristle up and grit your teeth
 And keep on keepin' on.

There ain't no use in growlin'
 And grumblin' all the time,
 When music's ringin' everywhere,
 Just keep on smilin' cheerfully
 If hope is nearly gone,
 And bristle up and grit your teeth
 And keep on keepin' on. —Anon.

HOW FAST IS THE WIND BLOWING?

Many people have extremely vague ideas about the velocity of the wind, just as others are unable to gauge correctly the speed with which they may be traveling in an automobile. The two cases are not entirely comparable, because a large, heavy car may be going very fast without giving its occupants that impression, whereas a small, light one will bounce and vibrate alarmingly at a much lower rate of speed.
 Our impressions of wind velocity, however, may be affected by var-

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

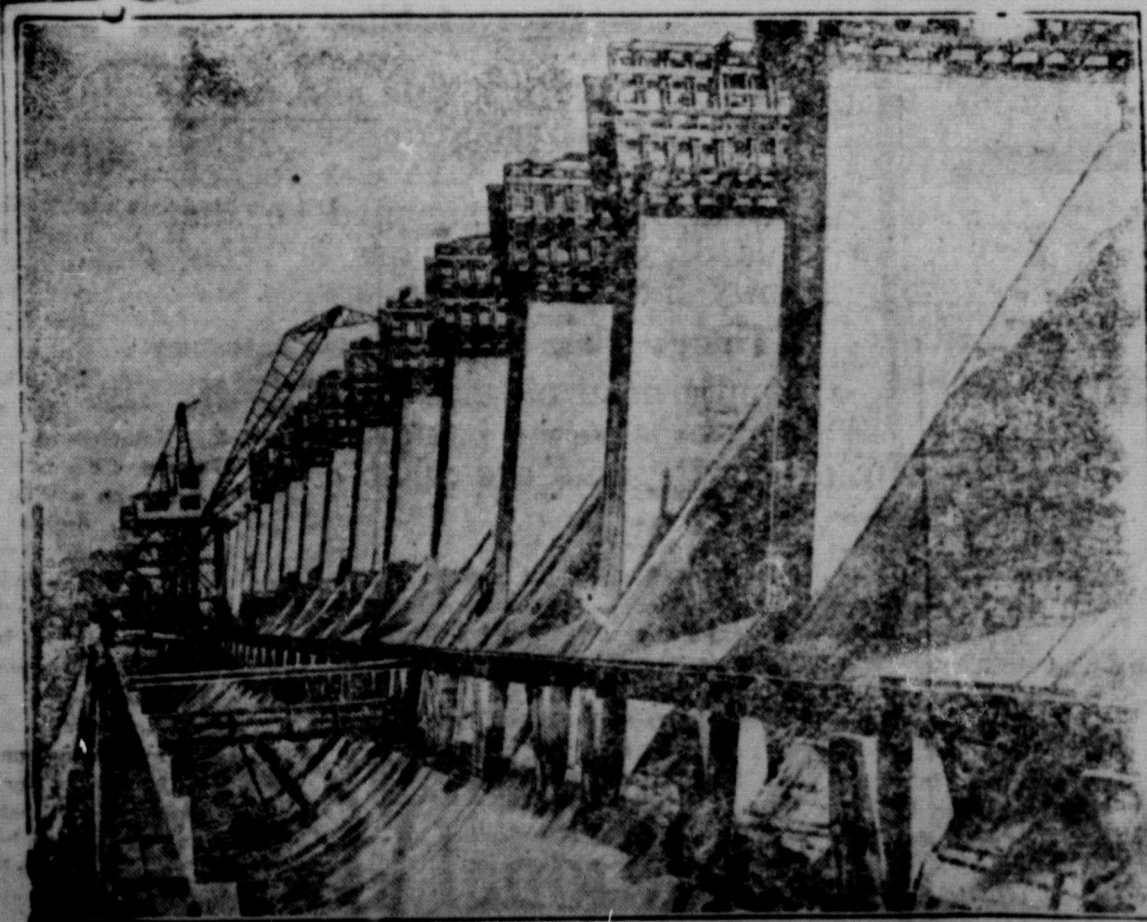
Vacation Days

The pleasure of your vacation trip will depend upon your car. If you have a new Chevrolet, you'll get a new thrill every time you meet a high hill—or a stretch of deep sand—or a long open road where you can step on the gas.

Let us demonstrate.

It is easy to pay for a Chevrolet.

Smith Bros. Chevrolet



The spillway of the dam under construction at Muscle Shoals.

ious factors, such as temperature, moisture in the air, topography, and even the condition of our skins. A cold wet wind may blow no harder than a warm dry one, but it will seem to.

Just as the actual speed of an automobile may be measured by its speedometer, wind velocity may be measured by an instrument called an anemometer. According to the specifications of what is known as the Beaufort scale, the Weather Bureau of the United States Department of Agriculture gives the following rates for winds corresponding successively to the numbers on the Beaufort scale from 0 to 12. When the wind blows less than 1 mile an hour, the air is said to be "calm." "Light air" means a wind rate from 1 to 3 miles per hour; a "slight breeze," from 4 to 7 miles; "gentle breeze," 8 to 12; "moderate breeze," 13 to 18; "fresh breeze," 19 to 24 miles per hour. At 25 miles an hour we have a "strong breeze," which is called a "high wind" from 32 to 38 miles hourly; 39 to 46 miles an hour constitutes a real "gale." When seamen talk about a "strong gale," the weather man interprets it as a wind blowing between 47 and 54 miles an hour; a "whole gale" is from 55 to 63 miles, and is as severe as most of us care to encounter. A "storm" wind ranges between 64 and 75 miles an hour, and above 75 miles, any wind becomes a "hurricane."

WILL MARRY ON THE FIRST

Good looking Monroe girl told us she would be married on the first.
 "First of June?" we inquired.
 "No; first opportunity," she replied, as a becoming rosy glow

McLean Filling Station

Oils, Gas and Accessories
 Sudden Service
 Magnotene Ford Oil will make your Ford run better.
 Floyd Phillips, Mgr.

suffused her countenance.—Monroe Journal.

HIS MISTAKE

Billy returned from school bearing evidence of having had the worst of a fight.
 "Billy!" exclaimed his mother, "how often have I told you to play only with good boys? Good little boys don't fight."
 "Well," said Billy through his teeth, "I thought he was a good little boy till I hit him."

SWALLOW THAT

"Now, if I were only an ostrich!" began the mean man at the breakfast table, as he picked

up one of his wife's biscuits. "Then—"
 "Then maybe I'd got a few feathers for that old hat I've worn for three winters," said his wife.

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. Rippey
 Office at Citizens State Bank

Announcement

I have taken charge of the Texhoma Oil and Refining Company's agency in McLean and will appreciate a share of your patronage when you need anything in our line.

L. L. ROGERS, Agent
TEXHOMA OIL & REFINING CO.



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



"My boy, what is the best cool drink for this warm weather?"

"Iced tea! If it's Schilling's tea, bought at McLean Supply Co!"

There is no better cooling drink for warm weather than iced tea—and Schilling makes the best tea. If you do not say so, ask for your money back. That's how we feel about it.

Buy your picnic eatables here.

Free delivery anywhere in town.

McLean Supply Company
 Chas. Lester, Mgr.