

THE MCLEAN NEWS

Volume XXII.

McLean, Gray County, Texas, Thursday, May 14, 1925.

Number 20.

BOY SCOUT TROOP NOW ORGANIZED

Field Executive H. E. James of Amarillo was in McLean all day Wednesday to perfect the organization of a troop of boy scouts.

A meeting was held in the afternoon with the business men. In this meeting Mr. James outlined the work of the scout movement and urged that the business men of the town get behind it, as it is necessary to have the parents and other adults interested before much can be accomplished with the boys. Suggestions as to the men best fitted for chairmen of the different committees necessary to operate a scout troop were made and a meeting called to meet at the school building Wednesday night to complete the organization.

The meeting Wednesday night was attended by a large number of boys and men, and an organization was perfected with the following officers and chairmen of committees:

Local chairman—F. H. Bourland.
Deputy scout commissioner—C. C. Bogan.

Assistant scoutmasters—Ercy Cubine and Donald Beall.

Committees:
Troop—W. S. White, C. S. Rice, A. W. Haynes.

Court of honor—Rev. J. L. Joyner.

Civic service—J. A. Sparks.

Leadership and training—Earle Shell.

Educational publicity—C. E. Hunt.

Reading—D. E. Dean.

Camping—C. O. Rowe.

Troop organization—W. S. White.

C. C. Carpenter, C. C. Bogan, C. S. Rice.

Finance—I. T. Fields.

The following boys applied for membership in the organization: Winifred Burks, James Burrows, Harold Clement, Boyd Coffey, Edwin Conlan, S. A. Cousins, Claud McGleskey, Miller Williams, Vasek Richardson, Roger Williams, Roland Wingo, Grannison Wise, Glen Wolfe, Woodrow Wilkerson, Lloyd Hunt, Wilson Andrews, Jobe Abbott Ben Howard.

A scoutmaster will be selected by the troop.

There will be a boy scout training camp held on the Palo Duro canyon, 14 miles south of Amarillo, in June, and many of the boys are already making their plans to attend.

SCOUT LEADERSHIP TRAINING COURSE AT SHAMROCK FRIDAY

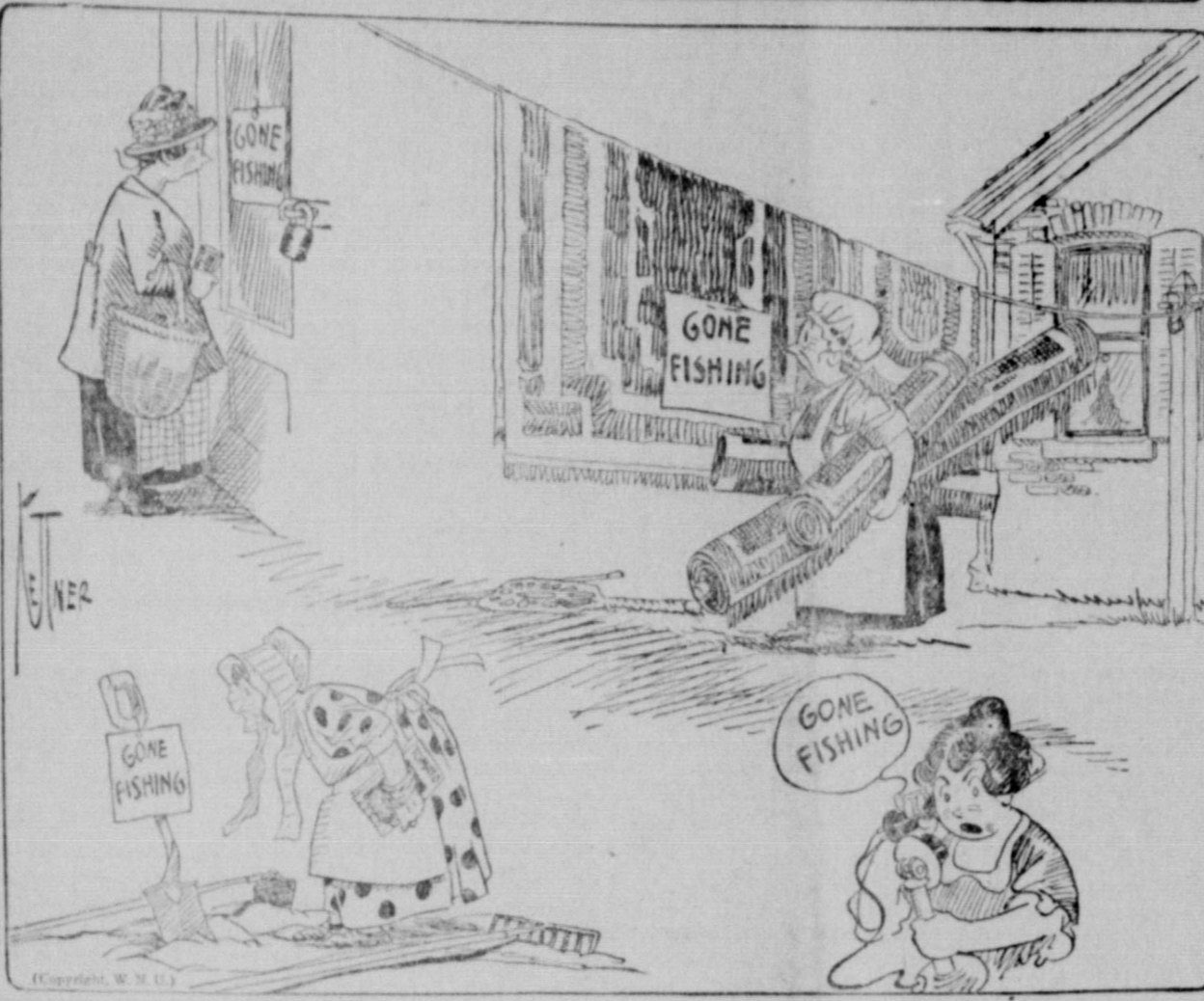
H. E. James, field executive of the boy scouts of this district, was in McLean Wednesday. Mr. James stated to a representative of The News that he would conduct a scout leadership training school at Shamrock Friday, May 15, for the benefit of those interested in scout work in McLean, Shamrock and Wheeler. A number from McLean are planning to attend this meeting. All the work of the scout troop will be gone into and the men and boys present will actually do the things the boy scouts do in their work. Mr. James says it will be a real day of fun and a good vacation for anyone who can attend.

"CANNOT DO WITHOUT THE NEWS" SAYS MRS. G. G. HENSHAW

Haskell, Texas, May 7, 1925.
Editor McLean News,
McLean, Texas.
Dear Sir: Enclosed you will find a check for \$1.50 for which send me your paper another year. I cannot do without it. We have been blessed with good rains in this part of the country. Prospects of a bumper crop.
Trusting that I won't miss a copy of the paper, I remain,
Yours truly,
MRS. G. G. HENSHAW.

Among those who attended the funeral of J. F. Watkins here today were the following: Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Watkins of Childress, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Glass and baby of Alameda, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Watkins and children of Alameda, Mr. and Mrs. Winifred Watkins of Alameda.

Spring Fever Epidemic



ANNUAL CONVENTION POSTAL HIGHWAY ASSOCIATION TODAY

The annual convention of the Postal Highway Association is being held at Clinton, Okla., today.

Large delegations from most of the towns on the road arrived in Canton this morning, most of those from Texas going in a special busman over the Rock Island.

Groom reported yesterday upwards of twenty signed up to go, and Shamrock had something like 100 delegates accompanied by a 25 piece band. Alameda, Jericho and McLean are also represented by delegates.

Shamrock is in the race for the convention next year, and the chances are good for their success, it was reported this morning.

Prominent speakers of state and national reputation are on the program, with a barbecue at noon and banquet tonight as the main attractions.

Last year's meeting was held at Sayre, Okla., when McLean put on the biggest demonstration of any other town.

NEW MACHINE NOW ON DISPLAY AT THE NEWS OFFICE

The new model Remington portable typewriter, representing the very latest work in portables, is now on display at the News office. We received the new machine Tuesday and it is the first to be shown in this territory.

This model was placed on sale for the first time the first of this month and it has many new features not to be found on any other machine. A new space lever makes very convenient spacing and the new model takes a full size envelope, the keys are protected, and many other refinements are added that make it the best buy in a portable machine on the market.

We invite anyone interested to come in and see the new machine.

Misses Hedrick, McCracken, Ball and Logan of Alameda attended the Postal Highway convention at Canton, Okla., this week.

Edward Gething of Miami was a visitor in McLean Monday.

Carl Overton moved to Littlefield this week.

Bill Bentley and Floyd Phillips went to Childress Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Seary Douglas came in Tuesday from Stanley, N. M., for a few days' visit with Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Morse.

Alex Chapman of Alameda was a McLean visitor Wednesday.

Glenn King and family of Shamrock were McLean visitors Tuesday.

WATKINS FUNERAL TODAY

Funeral services for J. F. Watkins, who died at Childress Wednesday, will be held this afternoon immediately following the arrival of the east bound train, at the Presbyterian church.

The deceased was a McLean boy who was very popular in school and social circles, and his death leaves many friends to mourn his loss.

POSTAL HIGHWAY TO BE STRAIGHTENED

Yesterday morning A. D. Bentley, director of the Texas division of the Postal Highway Association, asked the News man to go with him to Groom to meet State Highway Engineer L. O. Cox of Amarillo, Field Secretary Ben F. Lowman of the Postal Highway, together with boosters from Conway, Groom and Jericho, as well as Thos. Kirby, Gray county commissioner, to view the highway between Jericho and Conway with the idea of straightening all unnecessary turns, preparatory to having the highway placed in the federal highway system.

After a sumptuous meal at the Williams Hotel at Groom, compliments of Banker Knopf of that city, the whole party drove over the proposed new route and found everyone willing to give the right-of-way between Jericho and Groom.

The road will run along the south side of the railroad to within a few miles south of Groom, when it will go under the track, and then it is proposed to take it on the north side into Amarillo.

The grade crossing west of Alameda will be bridged over the track and the road from McLean to Alameda will probably be kept on the north side of the track, eliminating the crossings at McLean and Alameda.

It is estimated that thousands of dollars will be saved in maintenance as well as a great saving to tourists by the shortened route.

It is a settled fact that the changes must be made if we are to expect aid from the federal road system.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Bourland and son went to Amarillo Wednesday on business.

J. L. Hess of Enterprise was a McLean visitor Saturday.

Dwight Upham, Vernon Johnston, Vernon Rice, Duke Shaw, Vick Back and Fred Bentley went to Childress Tuesday.

Jake Stubbs of Erick, Okla., was in the city Tuesday.

Donald Beall made a business trip to Groom Wednesday.

Sammie Cubine of Canyon spent the week end with home folks here.

GIRLS MAKE GOOD SHOWING AT STATE MEET IN AUSTIN

Minnie Morse and Vera Wilson, representing this district in girls tennis doubles at the State Inter-school League meet held at Austin last week, made a good showing for our school, winning a place in the finals. Only eight teams were in the finals, McLean which was later defeated by the winner of the event. Our team that has won the state championship for the past three years.

Minnie Morse was also in the semi-finals in tennis singles.

CHARLIE COOPER DIES AT PAMPA

Charlie Cooper, Pampa farmer and former resident of McLean, died suddenly at his home Sunday. Funeral services were held at Pampa Monday.

SHOE SHOP MOVED

Cecil Bible, proprietor of the Bible Shoe Shop, has moved back to the Cousins building at the rear of the Citizens State Bank. The new location gives Mr. Bible more room and he contemplates putting in a stock of goods in the near future.

HIGHWAY IN GOOD SHAPE

The Postal Highway is now in better shape than it has been in a long time, showing the effects of state maintenance. The road has been dragged since the rain, putting it in the best of shape.

We are informed that it is the policy of the state engineer to have the drag run over the road after every rain, which will keep this road in proper shape.

TOURISTS WRECK CAR AT ALAMEDA GRADE CROSSING

Tuesday night two elderly gentlemen driving a big roadster were driving too fast to make the turn on the blind grade crossing just west of Alameda and ran their car into the wire fence, hitting a convenient telegraph pole, tearing up the fence, breaking the telegraph pole in two pieces and damaging the car to such an extent that they sold it to a passing driver. The men were pretty badly skinned up, according to an eyewitness, but were not seriously injured.

Donald Beall, Fred Landers, Bryan Roby and Byrd Guill made a business trip to Clarendon last Friday.

Mrs. T. N. Holloway and daughter, Miss Gladys, made a business trip to Clarendon Monday.

Emette Fonder of Gracey was a McLean visitor Saturday.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS CHANGE PROCEDURE OF RABBIT BOUNTY

At a meeting of the county commissioners this week the procedure necessary to get the money offered as a bounty on jack rabbits was changed so that the hunter may go before any commissioner and have the scalps counted. Heretofore the scalps had to be taken before the county clerk at Lefors.

The matter of opening the road leading north of town was deferred until the next regular meeting, when a jury of view will be appointed and the road ordered opened.

GRASSHOPPER DISEASE CALLED "FUNK"

Washington, May 12.—The Bureau of Entomology, United States Department of Agriculture, is being overwhelmed with requests for information regarding, and samples of, a grasshopper disease which corresponds, located mostly in Texas and Oklahoma, call "funk." These requests apparently had their origin in a letter published by a Dallas newspaper which stated in effect that many years ago the writer of the letter was supplied by the department with a small quantity of this disease which was distributed in accordance with directions and resulted in the complete control of the grasshoppers. This statement is believed to relate to a fungus disease of grasshoppers with which the department was experimenting. The final results secured from these and subsequent experiments, however, were of so unsatisfactory a character as to lead to the entire abandonment of this method as a practical means of control.

It is now realized that fungus and other diseases of grasshoppers exist in nature practically everywhere, but that they are effective only under certain favorable climatic conditions which are not under human control. Reliance for the control of grasshoppers is now generally placed on the application of the poisoned baits with which agriculturists in those parts of the country where grasshoppers are troublesome are quite familiar. The department does not recommend or distribute "funk" or any other disease for the destruction of grasshoppers, but recommends the application of the standard bran bait which has given excellent satisfaction under most conditions. This bait may be prepared as follows:

- Wheat bran—100 lbs.
- Crude arsenic—5 lbs.
- Amyl acetate, technical grade—3 ounces.
- Molasses—2 gallons.
- Water—10 gallons or more as required to make a wet but not sloppy mash.

The bran and arsenic should be thoroughly mixed while dry. This is important as upon the thoroughness of this operation depends the uniformity of results likely to be secured. The amy acetate may be added to the molasses after this has been diluted with the required amount of water and the complete mixture should then be poured over the poisoned bran and the whole mass thoroughly mixed until uniformly wet. The bait is then ready for distribution and this should occur by sowing it broadcast on the infested fields at the rate of about 10 pounds to the acre, although as much as 15 pounds is used in some cases. A coarse flaked bran is best for this purpose, but any kind of bran or even middlings may be used where necessary. A broadcast grain seeder mounted on a wagon has been used successfully for the distribution of the bait in some localities. Grasshoppers feed most on bright sunny days and usually between the hours of 9 a. m. and noon. For this reason it has been found best to apply the bait in the early morning before feeding begins.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Bogan were Amarillo visitors Tuesday.

John Davis of Alameda was a McLean visitor Tuesday.

Misses Ruth Clark and Mildred Rogers spent the week end in the Clark home in the Heald community.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES HELD NEXT WEEK

Rev. John R. Rice, pastor of the Shamrock Baptist church, will preach the commencement sermon for the McLean graduating class Sunday morning at the Methodist church.

Dr. C. A. Pierle, head of the chemistry department of the West Texas State Teachers College at Canyon, will deliver the principal address at the commencement exercises to be held Friday night, May 22, at the High School auditorium.

Following are the names of the members of the Senior class of the High School that will take part in the commencement exercises: Milton Carpenter, Sallie Coffey, Martin Dwyer, Lolene Coffey, Ima Anderson, Ila Abbott, Vernon Johnston, Michael Dwyer, Thelma Gatin, Ozella Hunt, Leora Kinard, Guss Irvin, Margaret Roberts, Fannie Stockton, Minnie Morse, Vernon Rice, Jewel Shaw, Verna Rice, Gladys Holloway, Barbara Windom, Marie Copeland, Harold Senter, Jimmie Searcy, Lee Wilson.

On Thursday night, May 21, the seventh grade pupils will have their exercises.

ENTHUSIASTIC HIGHWAY MEETING AT GROOM THURSDAY

An enthusiastic meeting and banquet was staged at Groom last Thursday evening in the highway building. The final results secured from these and subsequent experiments, however, were of so unsatisfactory a character as to lead to the entire abandonment of this method as a practical means of control.

District State Engineer L. O. Cox of Amarillo was present and addressed the meeting.

Pepful talks were made by local citizens and visitors which were enjoyed by all present.

Those present, or G. Stekey, J. R. Hindman, W. S. White, F. H. Bourland and M. M. Newman.

GRAY COUNTY WIRES FOR STATE AID IN GRASSHOPPER CONTROL

The commissioners court of Gray county, through County Agent P. E. McMeans, wired the Governor of Texas Monday for aid in the free distribution of poison for grasshopper control in Gray county.

Following is the text of the telegram, which is self explanatory: Mrs. Miriam A. Ferguson, Governor of Texas, Austin, Texas.

Last year our farmers sustained very heavy loss from the grasshopper pest and unless some aid is rendered the farther this year, grasshoppers being more numerous, the loss will be very heavy. We respectfully ask that you set aside \$500 for Gray county to be used for this purpose out of the \$76,000 appropriation for carrying on special agricultural work.

PENTECOSTAL REVIVAL

Reported. A revival meeting will begin at the Pentecostal mission Sunday, May 17, at 11 o'clock. Rev. Osborne of Carter, Okla., will do the preaching. The public has a cordial invitation to attend the services.

MORE PROOF WANTED PAY

Last week Herman Lee, manager of the McLean Bakery, handed us the following advertisement with instruction to run until he said stop:

GOOD water barrel and a number of laundered flour sacks for sale cheap. McLean Bakery.

The News was in the mail about four o'clock Thursday afternoon and Friday morning the barrel and sacks were sold. Mr. Lee ordered the advertisement out with the remark that he could have sold six water barrels if he had had them.

Water barrels and flour sacks ought to be a good indication of what you can sell through our want columns. Try a wanted for any article you do not need. Advertising is an investment, not an expense.

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 McLean'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, 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 Allison 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 in vain to overcome the dog's hostility and goes home mystified.

CHAPTER V

What Nance Found.

Nance pushed Buckskin hard and rode in early to the cabin and her mother's counsel. She put the little horse away in the stable and fed him his quota of the precious hay, for Buckskin was not turned out to graze. He, along with Dan and Moile, was too necessary to the life of the homestead to take chances with.

They would miss him sorely should he go the way of the six steers.

She hurried up and pulled open the kitchen door.

"Mammy," she said excitedly to the gaunt woman shelling peas by the table, "I've found something in the canyon. I wonder—should I meddle?"

Mrs. Allison laid her wrinkled brown hands on the edge of the pan and looked at her daughter.

"It's according," she said soberly, "does it need meddlin'?"

"That's what I don't know. I found a colt dog—a savage dog for that breed—and a little child hiding in a cave. I couldn't get near to them, but they act like they know what they're doing—they had watched me from behind a rock and crawled to the cave in line with it when I turned. I only saw the child's foot—but it was a thin little thing—and the old jeans pant-leg was weathered to rags. There wasn't a sign of camp—nothing. What could it mean?"

The anxiety of a universally loving heart was in Nance's voice. "Did I do right to come away—or should I have tried some more to see them? I couldn't be done, though—the dog is on guard. He'll have to be handled slowly, I'm sure of that."

Mrs. Allison considered this odd information gravely.

"It means some one else besides the child and dog, that's certain. They never got there by their lone selves."

"But maybe they got lost from some one—and they may be hungry—the girl half rose at that thought, her brows gathering in distress—"though whoever could be in Blue Stone canyon, and what for, I don't know."

The older woman shook her head.

"Not one chance in a thousand of that. No—some one else is there, that's sure. An' I don't believe I'd meddle."

But Nance rose determinedly.

"I've got to, Mammy," she said, "I'd never sleep another night if I didn't. Tomorrow I'll go back bright and early."

The mother regarded her with troubled eyes.

"Let Bud go, too—you never know—might be a trap or somethin'."

"With such bait? No. That little leg was so thin—like its owner was weepy. I wish it was morning."

All the rest of the day and the tranquil evening Nance felt a thrill and stir within her, a trouble. She milked old Whitefoot and her sleek black daughter, Pearly, to the remembered sound of the fairy voices of the canyon, and when she sat to her nightly reading of the Word beneath the coal-oil lamp on the table there intruded on the sacred page the gleaming fangs above that motionless small leg.

With gray dawn she was up and about her work that she might get an early start. Bud was all for going with her, but she would not have it so.

"I'll have trouble enough getting near," she told him, "the best I can do. Another stranger would make them wilder still."

The boy caught her hand as she swung up on Buckskin.

"Be careful, Sis," he said, "look sharp on every side."

He had never forgotten that stretched rope.

Neither had Nance, but she walked bravely in a faith which made her serenely bold.

"Consult thy way unto the Lord," she said smiling. "Trust also in Him. Don't you fret—not let Mammy, if you can help it. I'll be back soon as I

can." Then she was gone down across the flats with Buckskin on thelope, one hand feeling careful for the package she had tied behind the saddle. This contained a goodly piece of boiled corn beef and two slices of her mother's bread, fresh baked the day before. She was going armed with bribery.

The whole Nameless valley between its great escarpments was fresh and cool with shadow, for the sun was not yet above Mystery ridge and the rimrock that marked the way to the canyon.

The river itself talked to the boulders in its bed, and the little winds that drew up the myriad defiles were sweet with the fragrance of pines and that nameless scent of water which cannot be described. All these things were the joy of life to Nance.

She loved them with a passion whose force she did not comprehend. They were what sweetened her hard and ceaseless toil, what made of each new day in her monotonous round something to be met with eager gladness, to be lived through joyfully, missing nothing of the promise of dawn, the fulfillment of noon, the blessing of twilight. They had stirred and delighted the nomad heart of her father before her, they had filled her own with contentment.

Eager as she was to be in the canyon she did not miss the pale pageant of light above rimrock, or fall to watch the golden halo come along the crest of Rainbow cliff.

But she soon crossed the river and entered the mouth of the great cut, leaving behind the miracle of burgeoning day, for here the shadows were still thick, like gray ghosts. She pushed on up for an hour or so, listening to the voices which were still talking, while the shadows thinned between the dusky walls.

At the point where she had left the pony the day before she dismounted and dropped his rein.

"You wait here, old nuisance," she said, darkly, rubbing his restless ears, "for I may have sudden need of you. If you see me come flying out, with a streak of tawny fur behind me, don't you dare break when I jump. So long."

She took the bread and meat from the saddle and started on foot. She went carefully, picking her way, eyes scanning each turn and boulder. At the pool's edge she stood a long time, watching, listening, but there was nothing to be seen or heard.

She went to the mouth of the cave and peering in cautiously, called softly. She waited, but there was no answering growl, no whirlwind rush as she had half expected. The shallow cave was empty, save for some ashes of a dead fire and blankets. She cried the dog and began hunting for tracks in the white sand of the canyon bed—and presently she found them—small tracks of childish feet, set close beside the padded narrow prints of a dog—and they were going up the canyon, deeper into its fastnesses. She trailed them easily for a distance, then lost them in the foaming shallows of a rifle, and search as she would she could not find where they came out. There was a flat lip of rock on the other side, to be sure, but beyond that was sand again, and it lay clear, unruined. Above the rifle was a long deep pool, swift and flowing, and she stood for a time contemplating it.

It hardly seemed possible that the two outcasts could have swum it, and yet—where were their tracks if they had not? She circled the pool and went on, trailing carefully, but the bed beyond was composed of shale, blue and sharp—hard going for a child's bare feet. She thought compassionately—and gave no sign of a crossing. For another hour she went on, scanning the walls, the fallen stones, the stream itself and every nook or corner where anything might hide. She was far in Blue Stone canyon by this time and wondered at the endurance which could have brought a child so far. Or had some one come and taken it away? That was possible, of course, and yet—a grownup person would have left marks in the soft sand assuredly. She would—but at this point in her train of thought, she came around a sharp jut in the wall—and face to face with her quarry, or at least with part of it.

Startled, the dog she had part of the day before was crouching in the narrow way that led around the jut, his body half turned, one foot raised, tail lowered, and the face he turned back across his shoulder was the most vicious thing Nance had ever seen. He was crouched to spring, and the fury of his snarl, audible above the sound of the stream, made that old clutch close her throat which always accompanies sudden horror.

Nance Allison was a brave woman, but she was scared then.

She stood rooted to the spot and could not tear her eyes from the dog's pale flaming orbs to look at the little creature which she knew was running with a flurry of rags and naked arms up along the canyon wall.

For a long moment they eyed each other, then, without other warning than a flicker of those flaming eyes, the colt sprang.

He came high, sailing up and forward, his forepaws spread, his head thrust out and downward, his jaws gaping.

In the second that followed instinct acted in Nance, not reason. Instead of recoiling, she surged forward to meet the onslaught, her right arm raised before her like a horizontal bar.

The faded denim sleeve was down and buttoned at the wrist, where the gauntlet of her cheap leather glove made a cuff.

Into that gaping mouth went the arm, jamming hard, while she flung her left arm around the ruffed white throat like a clamp.

If she was surprised at her own in-

stinctive and prompt action, the colt was more so. Down on the sand went girl and dog, a rolling, tumbling bundle. In the half second which served to make the dog the victim instead of the attacking force, his outlook on the situation was completely changed. He had charged in a fury of rage. Now he fought frantically, but it was to free his mouth from the choking bar that filled it, to get his head out of the vise which held it. But Nance found herself in a dilemma, too. She was afraid to let go. As she rolled over in the struggle she cast desperate eyes up along the wall where she had seen the eerie small figure running in its rags. True enough, it was there, stopped, facing her, bent forward, its little hands clasped in a curiously old fashion of distress.

"Little boy!" she called, "come here! Come and talk to your dog—come quick! I won't hurt you. Come and call him—please come!"

For a moment she lay panting, looking into the dilated eyes so near her face.

"Old chap," she said softly, "what's all the fuss? I'm your friend if you only knew it. Nice doggie—"

She glanced at the child again, who had not moved.

"Come on, sonny," she called coaxingly, "come on—please."

Slowly the child came forward, hesitant, afraid, his small face pale with fright.

He sidled near and put out a dirty hand to the dog's right ear. The little hand closed—pulled—and Nance felt the dog's body twitch in an effort to obey. She knew at once that that was the way they traveled together—the child holding to his ear. Slowly she relaxed her grip, let go the backward pressure. The colt jerked free and backed off shaking his head, and Nance sat up, folding her feet beneath her.

Then she smiled at the two waifs of Blue Stone canyon.

"That isn't a nice way to treat folks who come to see you, is it, sonny?" she asked, "to set your dog on them?"

"I didn't set him on," said the child in a high treble, "he set himself on you."

"I guess you're right," answered the girl, "but don't let go of him again. Go over there and pick up that package and bring it to me."

She pointed to the package of bread and meat which had been flung wide in the recent trouble, and the child obeyed, dragging the colt along, who went unwillingly, his distrustful and baffled eyes turned back across his shoulder to keep her in sight.

The child, too, was wary, reaching far out, stretching his small body to the utmost between her hand and his hold on the dog's ear.

Quickly Nance unrolled the cloth. She counted on the aroma which now arose on the clear air.

"I'm hungry," she said nonchalantly, "are you?"

The boy nodded.

"And your dog, too?"

"I spect so," he answered gravely.

She broke the food into sections and handed a portion over.

The dirty little hand reached eagerly this time.

"Feed him some," she said, indicating the dog, but already the child was dividing as best he could without releasing his hold.

The dog grabbed the fragrant meat and bolted it, watching her the while. Quickly she tossed him a bit of her own. He snapped that up also and she fancied the expression of the pale eyes changed. She remembered now the extraordinary lightness of the great furry body, as if there was little beneath the splendid tawny coat save bones and spirit. Plenty of the latter, she reflected, snalling. What! but wasn't he a fighter? But trained to the last degree—though he regarded her as a foe, still at the touch of the small hand for which he had fought he stood obedient. Pretending to eat herself, she managed to give the greater part of the food to the two before her, and they devoured it to the ultimate crumb.

"Where you live?" she asked the child at last off-handedly, but he did not answer. He was picking the crumbs he had dropped from the front of his bleached blue shirt—the pitiful excuse for a shirt, without sleeves, if one excepted the strings that hung from the shoulders, without buttons and all but falling from the scrawny little body underneath. As she watched him Nance's heart ached for his poverty, for his woebegone appearance. She was filled with a cautious excitement. The colt had sat down beside the boy, who had loosed his hold by now. It seemed that hostilities were relaxed, though she took no chances.

"I live down on the flats by the river," she said presently. "I get lots of fish from these pools. They're awfully good, too."

The child nodded.

"I know," he said, "we do, too."

"Who catches 'em?" asked Nance.

"Not you?"

He shook his head.

"No, Brand does."

"Who's Brand?" she followed quickly, but once more the child shook his unkempt head.

"Just Brand," he said.

Nance saw that further questioning would not do, therefore, she fell back on the wiles of woman, the blandishments of sex.

She rocked on her heels, holding her ankles in her hands and smiled with the winsome sweetness which so few in the world knew she possessed.

"I like little boys," she said, "and I haven't any. But I've got a pony. Name's Buckskin."

"Brand's got one, too," said the child.

"Only Diamond ain't a pony—he's a horse. He's a big horse. Brand has got to swing me pretty high to get me up. When we ride—"

But again some inner warning



From the Far Bend She Looked Back, and This Time It Was to See the Two Strange Denizens of Blue Stone Canyon Watching Her.

stopped him, some stern habit closed his mouth.

Nance held out a hand.

And so it was that after a while Blue Stone canyon saw the miracle of friendship grow like a magic flower in its pale light, for the girl talked low and sweetly to the child in her lap—and strangest of all, the savage colt sat gravely on his plummy tail beside the two, accepting the turn of fate.

When Nance made ready to go away at noon she knew that Brand was coming at night, that these two had always ridden on Diamond, and that they would ride again some day, whily Dirk, the colt, would run beside them. She knew that Brand was always gone in daylight, and that the cave by the rock below was home.

But that was all she did know, or could find out, except that the child's name was Sonny and that he was seven.

Perhaps it was due to the fact that she had inadvertently called him that, that she owed the success of the hour.

Be that as it may, the yearning pity which she felt made Nance use the last and greatest of feminine wiles to win him to her.

"I'm going away now," she said smiling into the grave brown eyes in the little face, "but if you'll kiss me—and won't tell Brand a thing about me, I'll come again tomorrow—and I'll bring you some more goodies. How about it?"

The promise, the kiss—these completed the downfall of the lonely wail, and Nance's heart ached anew at the pathetic grip of the weakened arms about her neck.

From the far bend she looked back—and this time it was to see the two strange denizens of Blue Stone canyon watching her in the habitual repression and silence of their unnatural lives, but without so hungrily that the mist swam in her eyes again.

"What'd you find, Nance?" Bud queried when she rode in at home.

"I found a mystery I'm going to unravel," she answered grimly, "or my name's not Nance Allison—and I made love to a half-starved little kid—and got all cheved up by a dog—and I heard of a man who's going to get a piece of my mind some day—now, mark me!"

"Land sake!" said Mrs. Allison in the doorway, "what are they—campers?"

"No—and it looks mighty mysterious to me. Mammy. As soon's Bud puts Buckskin away I'll tell you all about it."

(Continued next week)

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.

Jack Bailey has renewed his subscription to The News.

J. T. Litchfield has our thanks for a subscription to The News.

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

Texhoma Oil & Refining Co.
For Value and Service Use
TEXHOMA PRODUCTS
Amalie Motor Oils 100 per cent Pure Pennsylvania.
W. D. WILES
Agent
Phone 131 McLean, Texas

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

AT THE BAPTIST CHURCH

W. C. Garrett, Pastor
A large crowd was present at the Mother's Day service last Sunday morning, despite the inclement weather. The pulpit was filled at the evening hour by Supt. D. E. Dean of the McLean schools, on account of the pastor leaving Sunday afternoon for Memphis, Tenn., as a delegate to the Southern Baptist Convention.

No preaching service at the church next Sunday morning. Rev. S. A. Cobb will preach Sunday night. All other services as usual.

Early gin-run cotton seed, 75c per bushel. McLean Gin. See C. C. Bogan at Citizens State Bank. Advertisement. 19-2c

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

K. E. Windom was a visitor at the News office Friday and gave us \$1.50 to move his subscription figures up a year.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our deep appreciation for the many acts of kindness shown by our friends and neighbors during the illness and death of our son. We also wish to thank the friends of Alan Reed, McLean and Amarillo for the beautiful floral offering.
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hill and family.
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hill and family.
Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Woods.
Mr and Mrs. R. D. Hill and family.

Are You Hungry?

If so, follow the crowd to

J. A. Meador's

Waffles, hamburgers, coffee, pies, roasts, steaks—you give the order, we fill it in record time.

W. Sherman White
Attorney-at-Law
McLean Texas

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

V. H. MOORE
Auctioneer
Get your date at the News office or phone me collect.
Wheeler, Texas

Graduation Gifts

In our attractive array of articles suitable for gifts you will find many suggestions for graduation gifts.

Our prices are very moderate for the quality of each item offered.

Erwin Drug Co.

Have You an Emergency Fund?

Are you prepared to weather a season of uncertainty—rainy days—lean years?

A reserve bank account, added to during days of productiveness, will insure an emergency fund for your protection against the uncertainties of the future.

You will have nothing to regret later if you begin to build a reserve at this bank today.



The American National Bank

THOUGHTS OF A COUNTRY BANKER

(Continued from page 5, column 2) Their vitality, their enthusiasm is refreshing. They make us forget the crowding years and take us back to our own boyhood days.

My, how I should have worked to win a prize of a hundred dollars for growing the most corn on five acres, or two hundred for the most cotton. No prizes offered when I was a boy on the farm.

This year our bank has loaned over \$5,000 to boys and girls, on their own notes, so far as they know, though for the sake of the bank examiner their fathers guarantee the notes, for the purchase of calves, pigs and chickens.

Of course, every farm has some of these, of a sort, but we want them to have better bred livestock so loan them the money to get really good ones.

These notes will all be paid, too, and we shall have a generation of farmers coming on who are better business men than their fathers.

See that boy in a new flivver raising the dust as he drives the speed limit.

That's old Jed Stokes' son. The old man worked hard all his life and at his death left a good farm, well stocked and out of debt. The boy spends a dollar where his father parted with a dime reluctantly. He'll get all the fun out of life that he can as he goes along.

Most folks think he will run through with what his father left him in a year or so at the pace he goes.

I do not think so. He works like a man. He works with more intelligence than his father, too, so the farm will continue to produce, and enough for his needs. He is well educated, too, for with all his close economy, the old man believed in educating his children. Young Jed spent two years in A. & M. College, but could not complete the course, for he had to come home and manage the farm for his mother and sisters.

I've rather grown up with most of the older farmers in the community and know pretty well what they are doing and how they have made it these score of years. They drop in and talk things over with me, naturally, when they may want to make a loan or have some specific business in mind.

I learn from them and, when their sons come to me with their business problems, I am better prepared to give them good counsel, and to make loans when needed.

The banker is a trustee for others' money, but more especially is he charged with an oversight of the business of his community. Nor is it always easy to say just when and how much credit should be given or withheld.

Nor do I know of any other business that gives such a broad view of human nature. Here in the country towns, where most of our business is with the farmers, and the rest of it with those who have not been away from the farm many, many years, I know that we see the best of our fellows, and know them most intimately.

On the whole I'm glad the rosy visions of twenty-five years ago did not materialize, and I'm just a plain country banker. —Southland Farmer.

A LONE HAND

There is a glory in the old second reader which we dog eared in the district school that I attended, of a lark which had her nest in a wheat field. When she came home one evening, her children, who were too young to fly, were very much excited. The owner of the field had been looking things over during the day and had decided that the field was ready to be harvested and that he would call his neighbors the next day to help him.

"Don't be excited, my children," the lark said to the little frightened birds. "We shall not be disturbed."

Early the next morning the lark went off in search of food and when she returned she found the children again excited. The farmer had been back, but had found none of his neighbors there to help him. He announced that next day he would call in the relatives.

"Don't worry," the lark said to her little ones; and the relatives proved quite as unreliable as the neighbors had done.

The third day the farmer announced, "Tomorrow I will set at work myself."

"We had better be moving," the lark announced. "When a man decides to do his own work, something is likely to be accomplished."

I've been a member of a good many committees, but one man usually did all the work.

usually did all the work. If we win our game, we are pretty likely to have to play a lone hand—Thomas Arkie Clark in The Prairie.

CITY COUNCIL CONTRACTS FOR NEW ENGINE

We are informed that at a recent meeting of the city council a new 100 horse power engine was contracted for at a price of \$5,448.25. The new engine will take the place of the cast engine at the power plant which has been disabled for some time. Repairs for the disabled engine have been shipped here, but it is not known just what disposition will be made of the old engine.

The contract for the new engine is contingent upon the sale of warrants, we are told.

Misses Bernice and Thelma Ball of Alabreed were in McLean Saturday.

Just received car niggerhead nut coal. Best coal for cooking. Cicero Smith Lbr. Co. Advertisement 1c

Ed Turner of Heald was in the city Saturday.

Buck Campbell went to Alabreed last Thursday.

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

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.

Call Cheney & Callahan for your requirements in coal, feed and flour. Advertisement 1c

Ebert Rudolph of Lakeview is visiting relatives here this week.

See our sheet rock for ceiling your rooms. Clean, sanitary and attractive. Cicero Smith Lbr. Co. Advertisement 1c

Cardboard for any purpose at the News office.

Typewriter paper to fit your notebook, at the News office

ERRORS IN PAPER

"The editor does not want anyone to send him any more copies of his paper in which they find mistakes," complains a Missouri exchange. "If they find a perfect copy, however, he will pay a big price for it. If the fool critic who hunts for mistakes in newspapers would find them all he would be kept busy. We will be pleased to find a merchant who never makes a mistake in putting up an order; a lawyer who never lost a case through his own error; a doctor who never diagnosed a case wrongly; a druggist who never made a mistake; a postoffice official who never put up mail in the wrong box; a woman who will never forget to put tea in the teapot before putting in the water or put in salt while she was cooking. Bring in some of your mistake paragons who find it so easy to criticize the newspapers and we'll give them the chance of their lives to find out if they are really human." —Oklahoma Odd Fellow.

THE DEVIL AND TOM WALKER DON'T BOTHER US

No, don't come in and disturb us, the town is just as big as we want it; ain't no room for any more houses, lots are all sold, why we have just walked around and looked at them until they have become sacred, and it would be sacrilegious to deface them. You know, that this is the condition of China, her hills and her mountains and valleys are all sacred, hence they build no railroads, neither do they dig any coal mines. She is big enough, and so they keep the heathen out. Same way out in this country, cut into about four or five big corrals, and there ain't no room for anybody else, one family, all kinsfolk, and by doggies, we don't want our family relations disturbed. Talking to a prominent ranchman the other day; why if you don't know it, most of the farm land has been turned out here, and we suggest that we advertise for renters. Shuckins, he got all over us what in the devil did we want a lot of tenants in this country. No, we are, got a little stir in business, and quite a number folks are coming in, want to rent houses, and want to stay all night.

Wilson Compton



Wilson Compton, lawyer, economist and lumberman, who as manager of the National Lumber Manufacturers association has been a leader in practical forest conservation, is a prime mover in the nation-wide lumber standardization movement, which is estimated by the United States Department of Commerce will save a hundred million dollars annually to the American public.

have to stay in the wagon yard, or bring a tent and sleep on hay. Need a good fifty room hotel, but talk to the fellow who ought to be interested, fellows who own the town and county, and they will give you the horse laugh. "Can't be done, Dick, and for God's sake don't disturb us with your boost propaganda. Nothing doing, town's big enough, ain't going to grow anymore." And it durn sure don't.

Best little town on earth; best folks, trade with each other, borrow meal from each other, marry among each other, don't allow any migratory folks to come in, for fear that we will become contaminated, might teach us a new trick, suggest something new, make us travel a little faster, or maybe make us in our afternoon naps. Yes, now for "nigh" onto forty years we have been doing things just a certain way, got habits of our own, and if some Smart Alex was to come and put his mouth into our family affairs there would be trouble in the old town. Yes, big enough, no room, don't park here, land claims have all been filed on, and by God if some man dared to build a new house, there would be a riot in the old home town. Go along, stranger, and don't bother us.—Albany News.

Sixty per cent of our national lawmakers at Washington are lawyers.

The word "shek" in Arabic means "an old man."

What he thought: "Gosh, but she has a face that would stop a clock."

What she said: "I think you are adorable. Your profile is so classic."

What she thought: "Gee, but he's a swell fella."

What he said: "Ah, Mr. Ball, do you really think so? You are so flattering."

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ing down their collars. The girls threaten a sympathy strike against the order to roll up their stockings. This is The Leader's idea of "much ado about nothing." There is nothing wrong with girls wearing rolled stockings and there is nothing amiss with boys going with their shirts open and without ties, but it is quite foolish for a whole school to become perturbed over such a disturbance. Anyway, it gives an interesting sidelight upon human nature, and it shows one of the tendencies of modern youths. Can it be that the boys are getting better than the girls, or does it mean that all of them need some good old fashioned spankings?—Wellington Leader.

THIS DAY AND AGE

Proud Dad—"I never fail to kiss my children good night. Do you?" Plain Guy—"Believe me, I ain't going to lose all that sleep waiting up for them."

BEFORE AND AFTER

Before marriage—a man may rave about a woman's eyes—her hair, her lips—but sooner or later he will notice—and pay attention to her chin.

THEIR THOUGHTS

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In the parlor there were three—girl, the parlor lamp and he. Two is company no doubt that is why the lamp went O U T. —Clarksville Times.

Japanese girls are bobbing their hair. They have formed a society in Tokio to which only women are admitted who have discarded the elaborate traditional hair arrangements of Japan for the modern bob.

The advent of radio has added approximately five thousand words to the English language.

About three and one-half times as much of our cultivated crop land is devoted to growing feed for our farm animals as for producing crops for human consumption.

THE AGE OF SPECIALISTS

My nose and throat were troubling me. I called on Doctor Denty. He said, "I'm only chest and lungs."

Then to the X-ray went he. Gazed at my innards, shook his head, And sent a bill for twenty.

And relayed me to Doctor Pond, A surgeon of renown, Whose specialty was eyes and ears. He told me with a frown, And pinched and poked me once or twice, Suggesting Doctor Brown.

For my peccoliar trouble, But sent me chasing Doctor Gray— Another costly bubble.

He took two hundred iron men Without an eyelash quiver,

This visit cost me fifty bucks, And Doctor Brown's was double, And yet no cause he seemed to find

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To pay the rent the following month I had to sell my flivver. I suffered still. You see his work was (stet) the gall and liver.

So clearly marked, their separate fields! Now don't you think it funny That each one was a specialist In probing for my money? A wiser man, I went back home And cured my cold with honey. —Blanche D. Small in New York Evening Sun.

ORIGIN OF THAT TRADITION

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed the cub reporter of the Morning Papyrus (with which the contemporary Munsey had merged the Alexandria Scavenger, retaining the best features of both). "Oh, sir! The asp has bitten Cleopatra!"

"How many times," growled the grizzled city editor, "have I got to tell you that that isn't news? Now if Cleopatra had bitten the asp!" —Life.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

Oh merchant in thine hour of eec, If on this paper you should see, Take this advice and be you yyy, Go straightway out and advertize. Be wise at once, prolong your daaa, A silent business soon d-kkk. —Elgin (Ill.) Daily Courier.

McLean Filling Station. Oils, Gas and Accessories. Sudden Service. Magnolene Ford Oil will make your Ford run better. Floyd Phillips, Mgr.

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

Latest Oil Range That Cooks As Fast As Gas. Come in and See It. The widely advertised new model New Perfection Oil Range with SUPERFEX Burners that equal the cooking speed and convenience of gas is now on display here. It is the latest addition to the world famous line of New Perfection Stoves used by 4,000,000 women. Come in and see this new stove and its revolutionizing SUPERFEX Burner. NEW PERFECTION Oil Range with SUPERFEX Burners. Ask to see the new style oven. McLean Hardware Company

Summer Economy. It is real summer economy to let us place a refrigerator in your home now. The saving you will effect in your ice bill and the food it saves will eventually pay its cost. Come in and look over our line. Bundy-Hodges Mercantile Co. Phone Fifty

SILK MAID OF SEATTLE



The A... Berton of Seattle, Wash... w silk that is valued at... has become the most... part in the United... CAPING the past three years... the value of a half... ve come through the

Nameless River

By VINGIE E. ROE

Copyright by the McCall Company WNU Service.

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, 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 Allison 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, lances Basford across the face with a quirt.

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

CHAPTER V

What Nance Found.

Nance pushed Buckskin hard and rode in early to the cabin and her mother's counsel. She put the little horse away in the stable and fed him his quota of the precious hay. Buckskin was not turned out to graze. He, along with Dan and Mollie, was too necessary to the life of the homestead to take chances with.

They would miss him sorely should he go the way of the six steers.

She hurried up and pulled open the kitchen door.

"Mamma," she said excitedly to the gaunt woman shelling peas by the table, "I've found something in the canyon. I wonder—should I meddle?"

Mrs. Allison laid her wrinkled brown hands on the edge of the pan and looked at her daughter.

"It's according," she said soberly, "does it need meddlin'?"

"That's what I don't know. I found a collie dog—a savage dog for that breed—and a little child hiding in a cave. I couldn't get near to them, but they act like they know what they're doing—they had watched me from behind a rock and crawled to the cave in line with it when I turned. I only saw the child's foot—but it was a thin little thing—and the old jeans pant-leg was weathered to rags. There wasn't a sign of camp—nothing. What could it mean?"

The anxiety of a universally loving heart was in Nance's voice. "Did I do right to come away—or should I have tried some more to see them? It couldn't be done, though—the dog is on guard. He'll have to be handled slowly, I'm sure of that."

Mrs. Allison considered this odd information gravely.

"It means some one else besides the child and dog, that's certain. They never got there by their lone selves."

"But maybe they got lost from some one—and they may be hungry—the girl half rose at that thought, her brows gathering in distress—"though whoever could be in Blue Stone canyon, and what for, I don't know."

The older woman shook her head. "Not one chance in a thousand of that. No—one else is there, that's sure. An' I don't believe I'd meddle."

But Nance rose determinedly. "I've got to, Mamma," she said, "I'd never sleep another night if I didn't. Tomorrow I'll go back bright and early."

The mother regarded her with troubled eyes.

"Let Bud go, too—you never know—might be a trap or somethin'."

"With such bait? No. That little leg was so thin—like its owner was wispy. I wish it was morning."

All the rest of the day and the tranquil evening Nance felt a thrill and stir within her, a trouble. She milked old Whitefoot and her sleek black daughter, Pearly, to the remembered sound of the fairy voices of the canyon, and when she sat to her nightly reading of the Word beneath the coal-oil lamp on the table there intruded on the sacred page the gleaming fangs above that motionless small leg.

With gray dawn she was up and about her work that she might get an early start. Bud was all for going with her, but she would not have it so.

"I'll have trouble enough getting near," she told him, "the best I can do. Another stranger would make them wilder still."

The boy caught her hand as she swung up on Buckskin.

"Be careful, Sis," he said, "look sharp on every side."

He had never forgotten that stretched rope.

Neither had Nance, but she walked bravely in a faith which made her serenely bold.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord," she said smiling. "Trust also in Him. Don't you fret—not let Mamma, if you can help it. I'll be back soon as I

can." Then she was gone down across the flats with Buckskin on thelope, one hand feeling carefully for the package she had tied behind the saddle. This contained a goodly piece of boiled corn beef and two slices of her mother's bread, fresh baked the day before. She was going armed with bribery.

The whole Nameless valley between its great escarpments was fresh and cool with shadow, for the sun was not yet above Mystery ridge and the rimrock that marked the way to the canyon.

The river itself talked to the hounders in its bed, and the little winds that drew up the myriad defiles were sweet with the fragrance of pines and that nameless scent of water which cannot be described. All these things were the joy of life to Nance.

She loved them with a passion whose force she did not comprehend. They were what sweetened her hard and ceaseless toil, what made of each new day in her monotonous round something to be met with eager gladness, to be lived through joyfully, missing nothing of the promise of dawn, the fulfillment of noon, the blessing of twilight. They had stirred and delighted the nomad heart of her father before her, they had filled her own with contentment.

Eager as she was to be in the canyon she did not miss the pale pageant of light above rimrock, or fall to watch the golden halo come along the crest of Rainbow cliff.

But she soon crossed the river and entered the mouth of the great cut, leaving behind the miracle of burgeoning day, for here the shadows were still thick, like gray ghosts. She pushed on up for an hour or so, listening to the voices which were still talking, while the shadows thinned between the dusky walls.

At the point where she had left the pony the day before she dismounted and dropped his rein.

"You wait here, old nuisance," she said, darkly, rubbing his restless ears, "for I may have sudden need of you. If you see me come flying out, with a streak of tawny fur behind me, don't you dare break when I jump. So long."

She took the bread and meat from the saddle and started on foot. She went carefully, picking her way, eyes scanning each turn and boulder. At the pool's edge she stood a long time, watching, listening, but there was nothing to be seen or heard.

She went to the mouth of the cave and peering in cautiously, called softly. She waited, but there was no answering growl, no whirlwind rush as she had half expected. The shallow cave was empty, save for some ashes of a dead fire and blankets. She cried the rock and began hunting for tracks in the white sand of the canyon bed—and presently she found them—small tracks of childish feet, set close beside the padded narrow prints of a dog—and they were going up the canyon, deeper into its fastnesses. She trailed them easily for a distance, then lost them in the foaming shallows of a riffle, and search as she would she could not find where they came out. There was a flat lip of rock on the other side, to be sure, but beyond that was sand again, and it lay clear, unruffled. Above the riffle was a long deep pool, swift and flowing, and she stood for a time contemplating it.

It hardly seemed possible that the two outcasts could have swum it, and yet—where were their tracks if they had not?

She circled the pool and went on, trailing carefully, but the bed beyond was composed of shale, blue and sharp—hard going for a child's bare feet. She thought compassionately—and gave no sign of a crossing. For another hour she went on, scanning the walls, the fallen stones, the stream itself and every nook or corner where anything might hide. She was far in Blue Stone canyon by this time and wondered at the endurance which could have brought a child so far. Or had some one come and taken it away? That was possible, of course, and yet a grownup person would have left marks in the soft sand assuredly. She would—but at this point in her train of thought, she came around a sharp jut in the wall—and face to face with her quarry, or at least with part of it.

Startled, the dog she had seen the day before was crouching in the narrow way that led around the jut, his body half turned, one foot raised, tail lowered, and the face he turned back across his shoulder was the most vicious thing Nance had ever seen. He was crouched to spring, and the fury of his snarl, audible above the sound of the stream, made that odd clutch close her throat which always accompanies sudden horror.

Nance Allison was a brave woman, but she was scared then.

She stood rooted to the spot and could not tear her eyes from the dog's pale flaming orbs to look at the little creature which she knew was running with a flurry of rags and naked arms up along the canyon wall.

For a long moment they eyed each other, then, without other warning than a flicker of those flaming eyes, the collie sprang.

He came high, sailing up and forward, his forepaws spread, his head thrust out and downward, his jaws gaping.

In the second that followed instinct acted in Nance, not reason. Instead of recoiling, she surged forward to meet the onslaught, her right arm raised before her like a horizontal bar.

The faded denim sleeve was down and buttoned at the wrist, where the gannet of her cheap leather glove made a cuff.

Into that gaping mouth went the arm, jamming hard, while she fung her left arm around the ruffed white throat like a clamp.

But she was surprised at her own in-

stinctive and prompt action, the collie was more so. Down on the sand went girl and dog, a rolling, tumbling bundle. In the half second which served to make the dog the victim instead of the attacking force, his outlook on the situation was completely changed. He had charged in a fury of rage. Now he fought frantically, but it was to free his mouth from the choking bar that filled it, to get his head out of the vise which held it. But Nance found herself in a dilemma, too. She was afraid to let go. As she rolled over in the struggle she cast desperate eyes up along the wall where she had seen the eerie small figure running in its rags. True enough, it was there, stopped, facing her, bent forward, its little hands clasped in a curiously old fashion of distress.

"Little boy!" she called, "come here! Come and talk to your dog—come quick! I won't hurt you. Come and call him—please come!"

For a moment she lay panting, looking into the dilated eyes so near her face.

"Old chap," she said softly, "what's all the fuss? I'm your friend if you only knew it. Nice doggie—"

She glanced at the child again, who had not moved.

"Come on, sonny," she called coaxingly, "come on—please."

Slowly the child came forward, hesitant, afraid, his small face pale with fright.

He sidled near and put out a dirty hand to the dog's right ear. The little hand closed—pulled—and Nance felt the dog's body twitch in an effort to obey. She knew at once that that was the way they traveled together—the child holding to his ear. Slowly she relaxed her grip, let go the backward pressure. The collie jerked free and backed off shaking his head, and Nance sat up, folding her feet beneath her.

Then she smiled at the two wails of Blue Stone canyon.

"That isn't a nice way to treat folks who come to see you, is it, sonny?" she asked, "to set your dog on them?"

"I didn't set him on," said the child in a high treble, "he set himself on you."

"I guess you're right," answered the girl, "but don't let go of him again. Go over there and pick up that package and bring it to me."

She pointed to the package of bread and meat which had been flung wide in the recent trouble, and the child obeyed, dragging the collie along, who went unwillingly, his distrustful and baffled eyes turned back across his shoulder to keep her in sight.

The child, too, was wary, reaching far out, stretching his small body to the utmost between her hand and his hold on the dog's ear.

Quickly Nance unrolled the cloth. She counted on the aroma which now arose on the clear air.

"I'm hungry," she said nonchalantly, "are you?"

The boy nodded.

"And your dog, too?"

"I spect so," he answered gravely.

She broke the food into sections and handed a portion over.

The dirty little hand reached eagerly to this time.

"Feed him some," she said, indicating the dog, but already the child was dividing as best he could without releasing his hold.

The dog grabbed the fragrant meat and bolted it, watching her the while. Quickly she tossed him a bit of her own. He snapped that up also and she fancied the expression of the pale eyes changed. She remembered now the extraordinary lightness of the great furry body, as if there was little beneath the splendid tawny coat save bones and spirit. Plenty of the latter, she reflected, smiling. Whew! but wasn't he a fighter? But trained to the last degree—though he regarded her as a foe, still at the touch of the small hand for which he had fought he stood obedient. Pretending to eat herself, she managed to give the greater part of the food to the two before her, and they devoured it to the ultimate crumb.

"Where you live?" she asked the child at last off-handedly, but he did not answer. He was picking up crumbs he had dropped from the front of his bleached blue shirt—the pitiful excuse for a shirt, without sleeves, if one excepted the strings that hung from the shoulders, without buttons and all but falling from the scrawny little body underneath. As she watched him Nance's heart ached for his poverty, for his woebegone appearance. She was filled with a cautious excitement. The collie had sat down beside the boy, who had loosed his hold by now. It seemed that hostilities were relaxed, though she took no chances.

"I live down on the flats by the river," she said presently. "I get lots of fish from these pools. They're awfully good, too."

The child nodded.

"I know," he said, "we do, too."

"Who catches 'em?" asked Nance.

"Not you?"

He shook his head.

"No, Brand does."

"Who's Brand?" she followed quickly, but once more the child shook his unkempt head.

"Just Brand," he said.

Nance saw that further questioning would not do, therefore, she fell back on the wiles of woman, the blandishments of sex.

She rocked on her heels, holding her ankles in her hands and smiled with the winsome sweetness which so few in the world knew she possessed.

"I like little boys," she said, "and I haven't any. But I've got a pony. Name's Buckskin."

"Brand's got one, too," said the child, "only Diamond ain't a pony—he's a horse. He's a big horse. Brand has got to swing me pretty high to get me up. When we ride—"

But again some inner warning



From the Far Bend She Looked Back, and This Time It Was to See the Two Strange Denizens of Blue Canyon Watching Her.

stopped him, some stern habit closed his mouth.

Nance held out a hand.

And so it was that after a while Blue Stone canyon saw the miracle of friendship grow like a magic flower in its pale light, for the girl talked low and sweetly to the child in her lap—and strangest of all, the savage collie sat gravely on his plummy tail beside the two, accepting the turn of fate.

When Nance made ready to go away at noon she knew that Brand was coming at night, that these two had always ridden on Diamond, and that they would ride again some day, while Dirk, the collie, would run beside them. She knew that Brand was always gone in daylight, and that the cave by the rock below was home.

But that was all she did know, or could find out, except that the child's name was Sonny and that he was seven.

Perhaps it was due to the fact that she had inadvertently called him that, that she owed the success of the hour.

Be that as it may, the yearning pity which she felt made Nance use the last and greatest of feminine wiles to win him to her.

"I'm going away now," she said smiling into the grave brown eyes in the little face, "but if you'll kiss me—and won't tell Brand a thing about me, I'll come again tomorrow—and I'll bring you some more goodies. How about it?"

The promise, the kiss—these completed the downfall of the lonely wail, and Nance's heart ached anew at the pathetic grip of the weakened arms about her neck.

From the far bend she looked back—and this time it was to see the two strange denizens of Blue Stone canyon watching her in the habitual repression and silence of their unnatural lives, but wistful so hungrily that the mist swam in her eyes again.

"What'd you find, Nance?" Bud queried when she rode in at home.

"I found a mystery I'm going to unravel," she answered grimly, "or my name's not Nance Allison—and I made love to a half-starved little kid—and got all chewed up by a dog—and I heard of a man who's going to get a piece of my mind some day—now, mark me!"

"Land sake!" said Mrs. Allison in the doorway, "what are they—campers?"

"No—and it looks mighty mysterious to me Mamma. As soon's Bud puts Buckskin away I'll tell you all about it."

(Continued next week)

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

Jack Bailey has renewed his subscription to The News.

J. T. Litchfield has our thanks for a subscription to The News.

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

Texhoma Oil & Refining Co.
For Value and Service Use
TEXHOMA PRODUCTS
Amalie Motor Oils 100 per cent Pure Pennsylvania.
W. D. WILES
Agent
Phone 131 McLean, Texas

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

AT THE BAPTIST CHURCH
W. C. Garrett, Pastor
A large crowd was present at the Mother's Day service last Sunday morning, despite the inclement weather. The pulpit was filled at the evening hour by Supt. D. E. Dean of the McLean schools, on account of the pastor leaving Sunday afternoon for Memphis, Tenn., as a delegate to the Southern Baptist Convention.
No preaching service at the church next Sunday morning. Rev. S. A. Cobb will preach Sunday night. All other services as usual.
Early gin-run cotton seed, 75c per bushel. McLean Gin. See C. C. Bogan at Citizens State Bank. Advertisement. 19-2c
Groceries are cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. Advertisement. 1tc
K. E. Windom was a visitor at the News office Friday and gave us \$1.50 to move his subscription figures up a year.

CARD OF THANKS
We wish to express our deep appreciation for the many acts of kindness shown by our friends and neighbors during the illness and death of our son. We also wish to thank the friends of Alameda McLean and Amarillo for the beautiful floral offering. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hill and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hill and family, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Woods, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Hill and family.

Are You Hungry?
If so, follow the crowd to J. A. Meador's
Waffles, hamburgers, coffee, pies, roasts, steaks—you give the order, we fill it in record time.

W. Sherman White
Attorney-at-Law
McLean Texas

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

V. H. MOORE
Auctioneer
Get your date at the News office or phone me collect.
Wheeler, Texas

Graduation Gifts
In our attractive array of articles suitable for gifts you will find many suggestions for graduation gifts.
Our prices are very moderate for the quality of each item offered.
Erwin Drug Co.

Have You an Emergency Fund?
Are you prepared to weather a season of uncertainty—rainy days—lean years?
A reserve bank account, added to during days of productiveness, will insure an emergency fund for your protection against the uncertainties of the future.
You will have nothing to regret later if you begin to build a reserve at this bank today.
The American National Bank

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.

We failed to find any objection to the sidewalks during the recent wet weather. Walks are worth all they cost to any property owner at any time, but they can be doubly appreciated in rainy weather.

There is a growing sentiment that the old city tabernacle should be condemned as a public nuisance. The question was brought up in a city council meeting at one time, but no action was taken. If you believe that McLean should have a better meeting place, or for any other reason the building should be torn down and put to better use, a word to the city dads might help.

It is time for the various Sunday schools of the town to plan for some picnics this summer. Last year's plans for the first picnic were disrupted by rain, and for some reason no one took enough interest to try for another one. There is nothing against a Sunday school having several picnics during the summer months; older folks, as well as kids, enjoy such things. Let's go! Right soon!

Highway Engineer L. O. Cox told the committee at Groom Wednesday that the patrol system must benefit the roads and that patrolmen must drag the road as soon as possible after each rain, or other arrangements would be made. Mr. Cox said that the patrolman would be tried out for two more months, and if the dragging was not done soon enough after each rain they would be taken off and the dragging done by means of trucks.

The graduating classes that ordered their class pins, rings and graduation dresses from their local merchants and had commencement invitations printed at home, were assured of perfect satisfaction before paying a cent for them, with the added knowledge that they were patronizing their friends who help to make the school a success and their graduation possible.

The News charges the regular advertising rates for obituaries, cards of thanks, and things of like nature. That this is nothing but fair, all right thinking people will admit. We had just as well expect the florist to donate flowers or men in other lines of business to donate goods for your benefit as to ask the newspaper to donate the only thing they have to sell for your special benefit. The News is glad to handle every legitimate item in the news columns, but we must reserve the right to say just how the news item is written.

We have a real menace confronting us as a result of cotton planting in our community and that is the danger of negroes being imported as pickers and becoming citizens here. There has already been a tendency shown toward that end, and it is only by keeping awake to the situation that we may avoid such a condition. There is always trouble, sooner or later, when negroes come into a community where they have not been accustomed to live. There has been plenty of help to gather the crop heretofore, despite the predictions of pessimists, without importing foreign labor, and this will doubtless be the case this fall. We can easily get a lesson from neighboring communities and profit by their experiences.

Mr. James, boy scout executive for this district, made this statement in his address to a number of business men Wednesday afternoon: "Every cigarette smoked by a boy in his teens robs that boy of six drops of red life giving blood." If every parent could fully realize the harmful effects of tobacco upon the physical as well as the mental well being of the young, they would do everything they could to prevent their children becoming slaves to the cigarette. Mr. James stated that it is not the policy of the boy scout movement to use forceful methods to get the boys to refrain from harmful habits, but rather to educate the boy and let him quit of his own free will.

Nearly every week several people come in the News office and ask to see a paper from some nearby town. In most cases some remark is made about the appearance of the paper and a guess is made as to the kind of town represented. When a paper has an up-to-date appearance with a clean front page and the advertising grouped in line with the best authorities, with all lines of business represented, they always make some approving remark, but when other conditions obtain—the less said the better. You can't get away from the fact that a town is judged by its newspaper, and it takes the co-operation of everyone to make the paper what it ought to be. When the merchants advertise in the home paper and have all their printing done at home, they have a right to expect a paper that will do justice to the town, but when the traveling printing peddler is patronized, whatever notoriety the paper gives the town is donated by the editor. Every town should strive to help make a paper that everyone can be proud of.

NOTICE TO BIDDERS

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received by the City Council of the City of McLean, Texas, up to 2 o'clock p. m. on Monday, the 25th day of May, 1925, stating price for all excavations and other labor necessary to laying 2600 foot of 2 inch water mains. All bids shall be addressed to the City Secretary of said City and shall be marked "SEALED BIDS," and bids not so marked shall not be considered. The City Council reserves the right to reject any and all bids.
 J. R. HINDMAN, Mayor.
 Attest: E. M. RICE, Secretary.
 Advertisement 20-2c

CITATION BY PUBLICATION

THE STATE OF TEXAS,
 To the Sheriff or Constable of Gray county—GREETING:
 YOU ARE HEREBY COMMANDED, that you summon, by making publication of this citation in some newspaper published in the county of Gray, state of Texas, once in each week for four consecutive weeks previous to the return day hereof, John G. Pollard, whose residence is unknown, to be and appear before the Hon. Justice Court at McLean, Texas, to be held at the Justice's office in said city on the 9th day of July, 1925, at 10 o'clock a. m., then and there to answer a suit filed in said Court, on the 9th day of March, A. D. 1925, in a suit numbered on the docket of said Court No. 540, wherein The McLean News is plaintiff and John G. Pollard is defendant. The nature of the plaintiff's demand being as follows, to-wit: Suit for printing of card index and other printing during the year of 1924 in the amount of \$17.10, which is due and unpaid, etc.
 HEREIN FAIL NOT, and have you before said Court, on the 9th day of July, 1925, this writ, with your endorsement thereon, showing how you have executed the same. Given under my hand at office

A Treat's in Store for You

If you've never had one of our facial massages. Nothing like it to clear impurities from your skin. Removes that muddy look. Four barbers, quick service.

Elite Barber Shop
 Everett & West, Props.

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

GRASSHOPPER NEWS

The Wellington Leader says that its Intertype operator says that she has set so much copy about grasshoppers that she sees hoppers in her sleep. Newspapers over the country are taking a deep interest in the subject of ridding the land of hoppers, and if the people in general do as much toward this good cause as the newspapers, there won't be many of the hoppers left to get the crops. Farmers should profit by this and we hope they may. If the farmer does not raise a crop or only gets by with a half of a crop, then the world feels the pinch as well as the farmer. The farmer feeds the world, that is why the world feels the pinch. But when the farmer raises a big crop and feeds the world, there is no pinch in the world's stomach. So why not save the crops by killing the hoppers? Can't be done? Oh, well, if that is the way you feel about it, don't object if you neighbor does his best to put the hoppers out of business. Your neighbor may think he can, and please do not stop him by making him discouraged before he tries. Perhaps if you help a bit, both he and you may profit by what the papers are trying to do.—Higgins News.

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

M. D. Bentley and M. M. Newman, attended the highway convention at Clinton, Okla., today.

Mrs. J. A. Sparks and daughter, Miss Lena, Mrs. O. G. Stokely and daughter, Miss Martha, Charles Jordan and Russell Grogan went to Childress Tuesday.

Mrs. P. E. McMeans of Canadian visited in McLean this week.

That niggerhead coal now being unloaded by Cheney and Callahan "shore" is fine stuff. Advertisement. 1c

Mrs. Dunwoody of Alanreed and daughter, Mrs. Paul Hardwick, of Lubbock were McLean visitors Saturday.

Ernest Kramer of Heald was a McLean visitor Saturday.

Floyd Andrews and Jesse Johnson of Gracey were in town Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Thompson were in from the ranch Saturday.

Henry Bailey of Heald was a McLean visitor Saturday.

Haskell Smith of Heald was a visitor in McLean Saturday.

Yukon flour is better and cheaper. Call us when you need the BEST in flour. Cheney & Callahan. Advertisement 1c

J. R. Hindman and E. M. Rice went to Wichita Falls Tuesday.

Miss Myrtle Strong of Clarendon visited friends in McLean last week end.

Mrs. J. A. Meador was a Clarendon visitor Thursday of last week.

Frank Bidwell of Gracey was a McLean visitor Saturday.

O. M. Rogers made a business trip to Amarillo Saturday.

S. B. Morse was in from the ranch Saturday.

Temple Rogers of Amarillo spent the week end with his parents here.

Mrs. J. S. Morse spent the week end at the ranch.

Rob Rouch of Heald was a McLean visitor Saturday.

FOOLISH WOMAN

"God made woman both beautiful and foolish," remarks a clever lyric, "beautiful that man might love her; foolish that she might love him."

A STEADY JOB

"When is your daughter thinking of getting married?"
 "Constantly!"

George T. Peneau of Heald was a McLean visitor Saturday.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine

will do what we claim for it—cured your Catarrh or Deafness caused by Catarrh.
 Sold by druggists for over 40 years
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio

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.

DR. J. A. HALL
 Dentist

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

free publicity, he can pull a stool up to a type case and "stick" a galley of boosting paragraphs that would make a real estate promoter seem as dumb as a wax figure in a clothing store window. The country editor is not only a greater part of the salt of the earth, but he is a very necessary adjunct to the development of any section.—Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union.

DON'T BLAME THE EDITOR

If you fail to see anything horrible, startling, scandalous or hair-raising in the Advance-Reporter from week to week, don't jump on the editor about it. He can't help it if Jones don't slope with Brown's wife, or Smith fail to commit suicide, or the two banks escape being robbed, or the court house missus being burned up. Don't blame us. We can't help it. Anyway, you'd better be glad that

THE SUPREME OPTIMIST

Most optimistic editor in the world is the country editor. With the week's supply of paper lying in the express office C. O. D., and no money to take it out, over half of his subscription list behind time in payment and a bunch of letters on his desk a foot high asking for

Made-to-Order Clothes

Made to measure clothes look better and last longer. A wool suits for as little as \$25.00. We guarantee to fit you perfectly.
City Tailor Shop
 Clarence Gray, Prop.

Grasshopper Poison

Furnished at cost, by the McLean Chamber of Commerce. The poison is now on hand. Buy what you need at the County Agent's office McLean, Texas
 Bring containers for molasses.

INSURANCE

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

Does Your Clutch Grab?

If your clutch takes hold with a jerk, try our Ford Special oil. It makes your car run better.
STAR FILLING STATION
 "Headquarters for Service"
L. L. ROGERS, Prop.
 Phone 131

SPEED BROS.

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

RHEUMATISM

The powerful healing power of Hunt's Lightning Oil. It is a potent and positive relief of rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, sprains, strains, and all other rheumatic affections.
HUNT'S LIGHTNING OIL
 Shell's Pharmacy

nothing like the above has happened in our town or county. Likely you'd hate to hear of one of your neighbors and his family all getting killed or horribly wounded while trying to beat the Arkansas Western across the crossing in their tin Lizzie. And because we've had nothing like the above to chronicle so far, be thankful, instead of kicking because of the so-called lack of news. Certainly what happens that's fit to print we'll have it.—Waldron (Ark.) Advance-Reporter.

READ THE ADS

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.

New Line

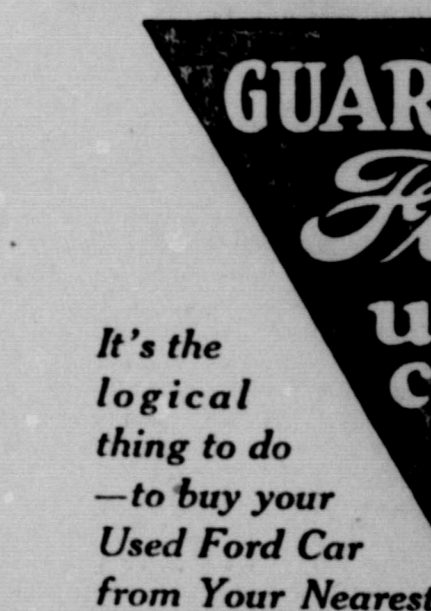
Women's slippers just received. Also men's oxfords, men's dress shirts and men's hats. See my stock before buying. Prices reasonable.
John Mertel

A Roast You'll Enjoy

A standing rib roast of choicest beef, so tender that it will roast to a turn in almost no time. Tell us how heavy you want it, and we will select one that will please you.
THE CITY MARKET

This Label Protects You

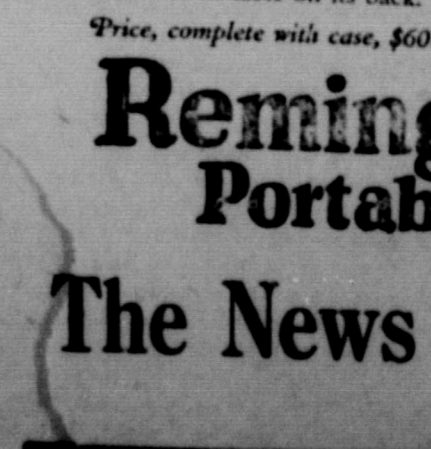
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 It's the logical thing to do —to buy your Used Ford Car from Your Nearest Authorized Ford Dealer



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 of 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



THOUGHTS OF A COUNTRY BANKER

For twenty-five years I, a country banker, have occupied a box seat at the little theatre of life.

Just beyond the plate glass of my office window, with Main street as a stage, have played all the puppets of human drama this quarter century.

Twenty-five years ago when I came into the First National as a bookkeeper and general flunkey, I had great visions of myself as a great banker. Since then considerable dust has fallen over my old roll-top desk. My hair has grown thin and gray. I'm advanced from back office to front.

I am still far from being a great banker, but I am intensely interested in the human drama as it unfolds itself before me from year to year. No banker in a great city, however big he may be, can possibly have the first hand view of just plain folks that make up this world. Human nature is a lot more interesting than mere money changing.

There goes George Peabody and his wife, and George Jr. They are going into the general store to pick up some odds and ends of furniture needed and some kitchen ware perhaps.

But for a long talk that George and I had here late one afternoon a year and a half ago, there would not be the neat little cottage, the smiling wife and the pretty kid. George, if he would, could tell you some interesting things about what preceded and followed that talk. Anyhow, I got more satisfaction in remembering that afternoon with him than I could possibly have got from an afternoon trying to mend foreign exchange in some big bank.

There comes Joe Anderson. Perhaps you know Joe's farm, his comfortable home, with every convenience for his wife; his big barn and well kept yard and lots, his good cows and horses, altogether such a farm as you would dream of running if you were a farmer.

Joe didn't have anything but the will to work when he came here about twenty years ago. First as a farm hand, saving his money, then a renter, gradually getting ahead, and finally buying the place he rented for a half-dozen years.

Yes, I loaned him the money to pay for the place, for he had only about enough for a substantial cash payment. But he was making money each year as a renter, keeping the place in good shape, planning good rotations in his crops and accumulating as many hogs and cows as his place would well carry.

Nor did it take him but two or three years to get the money paid. A year or so later I was glad to loan him the money to buy a good eighty next to him. Now it is paid for, too. Just about one of the best managed 160 acre farms that you'll find in the whole country.

Coming along behind him is Jim Stevenson.

Jim is a pretty good farmer, too, but he never gets within anywhere from two to five thousand of getting out of my note case.

About the time he can get on easy street, have some money to spend on his home and for his family, sort of begin to live, he plunges again.

Last year he made a good crop, could have paid up, or nearly so, but just couldn't say no to buying and equipping a farm next to him. I renewed his note for \$6,000, plenty of security, but I rather felt that he was toyng with fortune when there was no real need for it.

Of course, we bankers would not make any money unless we loaned our money out. But we do like to see a fellow get his name off our note ledger now and then, even if it does wipe out his deposit account. Then we are glad to see him come back. He, too, feels better.

There is the Baptist minister on the other side of the street. His own essential words have made many marriages, but it is probable that my counsel and planning has most times made possible the visit he makes.

Last year our bank gave prizes totaling \$1,000, for the biggest yields of cotton and corn on five-acre tracts. Part of the prizes were open to all farmers, but about half the prizes were limited to boys.

Somehow the older we get the more keenly we are interested in what the boys and girls are doing.

J. O. Holloway has renewed his subscription to The News.

Groceries are cheaper at Puckett's Store. Advertisement. Ifc

TIMELY

We are informed that one of the contestants at the Amarillo music festival was penalized in her grades in piano playing because she wore a wrist watch. It is well to make allowances for temperament and other peculiarities in musicians, but it seems to us there might be some rules to go by in things of this kind. A wrist watch might offend the sensibilities of a Pederewski, but we doubt it making so much difference in a school girl's playing.—McLean News.

Possibly there was a rule against wrist watches, since you speak of rules. State Press doesn't know. He merely projects the suggestion as an excuse for his intrusion. But he agrees with the McLean contemporary that a wrist watch wouldn't ordinarily appear to justify a penalty. Indeed, tempo is so important in playing the piano that it might be not only justifiable but commendable for the performer to wear a watch where she could see it easily and thus keep the time. It has been claimed that the wrist watch was invented by an ingenious and prudent young lady who was particular about how long a young man should hold her hand. She could look at the time-piece on her wrist while her hand was being held, and at the end of ten minutes promptly terminate the manual clasp. It is only human beings who wear wrist watches. The lower animals don't need them because the time of a lower animal is of no importance. Few men wear wrist watches, but the few who do are thereby distinguished for the value of their time. State Press has often wanted a wrist watch and put in a requisition for same. Once he thought he had the business manager worked up to the point where he would agree to foot the bill, but the b. m. saw S. P. coming to work one morning at eleven o'clock, and later observed him knocking off at three. This apparent indifference to time knocked the wrist watch appropriation on the head and S. P. consults the clock in the postoffice tower for his hourly guidance.—State Press in Dallas News.

IS IT RIGHT?

My attention has been repeatedly called to a matter that I now in turn call your attention.

In most cities there is an ordinance against promiscuous car riding. That is, overcrowding in a car where there are both boys and girls.

I have observed this thing often myself, and only today a man came to my office and asked if Talia had an ordinance controlling the matter.

This man stated to me that he saw a Ford roadster yesterday (Sunday) with three boys and three girls in it. I need not suggest that six grown boys and girls cannot possibly ride in such small space without disregarding the proprieties.

Parents, please listen. The police department of one of our cities recently gave out the statement that no less than 60% of the delinquents among our young people may be traced to promiscuous automobile riding—late hours and suggestive dress.

Mother—Where is your girl at night?
Father—Where is your boy to-night?

Boys and girls of Talia—Stop-think-and-refrain from things that will, in after life, eat away your very life.—Mayor J. H. O'Neill, in Talia Herald.

GOOD ROADS

A friend argued with us this week that the principal highways of the nation should be paved by the federal government with funds derived from automobile manufacturers' taxes, and from gasoline taxes. As nearly as we can figure it, the auto tax money would finish paving the 15,000 miles of designated highways, now unpaved, in about 70 years. And we just naturally hate to have to wait that long. Anyway, that argument sounds a good deal like that other one: "Let the fellow who has children pay the school taxes." Good roads are public necessities, rather than motorists' necessities; furthermore, the auto is here to stay, and the early destruction of its value, by poor roads or by any other agency, is not only an individual loss to the owner, but is an economic loss to county and state. And in Texas' case, it means that constant flow of money to eastern and northern automobile factories to replace cars which our roads have sent too soon to the junk-heap.—Childress Post.

WOULD HOLD SCHOOL HEADS RESPONSIBLE FOR TRAGEDIES

J. J. Timmins, State Fire Marshal, Mr. Trustee of Public Schools, I want you to read the following article, "Would Hold School Heads Responsible for Tragedies," and let it soak in, because in a broad sense it is true. Since I have assumed the head of the Fire Prevention Department I am prone to say that of all matters taken up with different business and departments, I have had less recognition to my appeals to the heads of the schools than any others in regard to making the necessary improvements to make the buildings safe. In most cases I get no reply, but when I do, it is usually the same old cry, "We haven't the money to make our building safe for our children."

These same men that are at the head of your school and can't see their way clear to make your school building safe for your children, will at the same time support a bond issue to build a fire-proof jail. The day is coming when the mothers of this country are going to take this matter in hand, and well they should, as the men have certainly been slow to act. In other words, too much of their own business on their minds. No time for others.

Chicago, Jan. 19.—That the responsibility for such disasters as that recently at Hobart, Okla., in which 36 persons met death when a school building burned, should be laid at the door of educational authorities, is the opinion of W. H. Weathers of Magnolia, Ill. In a letter to the Illinois Courier, he points out that school authorities who permit such conditions to exist are—or at least should be held—criminally responsible. "Having been a member of the board of education here for many years," Mr. Weathers writes, "such disasters as that of Hobart affect me very strongly, as I could not but feel that I was very materially responsible should anything like that occur in our schools."

GIVES SOME INSTRUCTIONS

"Here is my idea of instructions to boards of education and teachers, which I am going to distribute through Marshall-Putnam territory through the military system of which I am the colonel.

"See that the State law is obeyed as to exits and other safeguards.

"See that all screens over windows are hinged at the bottom with self releasing latches, so that all windows may be used as exits in emergency.

"See that the chemical extinguishers are placed in every room and that the teachers and older pupils know how to use them.

"See that the boards of education supervise the arrangement of Christmas trees and stage settings for entertainments, so far as fire prevention is concerned.

URGES SAFE LIGHTS

"Induce the boards to furnish electric lights for Christmas trees, and storage batteries where current is not available in rural districts.

"Before a Christmas celebration or entertainment starts have the board see to it that they have a representative present who will inspect the chemical extinguishers, and in fact prepare as if a fire was to be expected."

The practice is still prevalent in many rural districts of lighting

candles on Christmas trees. The teachers are anxious that the children have the prettiest tree that can be arranged. If the board would buy a string of electric bulbs, and where there is no current, rent an ordinary auto storage battery from a service station, the tree can be lighted sanely and safely, and the lights kept from year to year.

If the life of one innocent child can be saved each year in the United States it will be worth the effort.

THE MOST INTERESTING FAMILY I HAVE KNOWN

The most interesting family I have ever known is one of seven people who live on the farm joining ours. It is a jolly, easy-going, old-fashioned family consisting of father, mother two sons and three daughters.

The first thing noticeable is their courtesy toward each other, but all who enter their home are treated with this same courtesy, the poorest and richest alike.

They work in unison and each one shares the responsibilities as well as the pleasures. I heard the father say one day that he thought several changes about the premises would be good.

"I think so, too," agreed the wife, "let's move the hen house on the south side of that slope and turn—"

"Wait, Mother, we're going too fast. Those youngsters will want a hand in the planning," interrupted the father.

"That's so," said Mother. "We'll wait until after supper when all are together. Then no one will miss the pleasure of helping us plan."

I have often wished I could have been at that family conference. However, I learned a valuable lesson from the part I heard, namely, to allow and expect each member of the family to share the joys, responsibilities and rewards of each problem.

They have all learned business principles together, planned everything together and gone at it systematically. Each seems to expect more of himself than of others and has learned not to criticize the actions of others.

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

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

Are You Protected?

If death should claim you today, would your family be cared for? A Southwestern policy furnishes absolute protection.

EUNICE FLOYD Life Insurance

You Perhaps Don't Know

The precautions a bank must take to protect its depositors' money. Every known method is used—burglar insurance—hold-up insurance—employees' insurance—impregnable vaults. There is no reason why you should keep your money about your home—in the mattress—under the carpet—buried in the cellar—subject to FIRE and THEFT.

"Safety First"—"Safety Always."

The Citizens State Bank A Guaranty Fund Bank CAPITAL AND SURPL'YS \$33,750.00 J. S. MORSE, President C. C. BOGAN, Cashier

You might think such quiet people would have little ambition, but they accomplish more than a blustery family could.

The children have been given good educations, each turning his knowledge back to home and to helping the others. Up-to-date comforts, amusements and means of culture are in the home, for they believe in play as well as work. The girls have been taught cooking and sewing as well as the regular school subjects, which gives them an interest in helping their mother.

The family is one of poise and self control and seems to know the right thing to do and say on all occasions. They take an interest in community affairs as well as home ones, and are good citizens in every sense of the word.

Knowing that family has been a real inspiration to me.—Mrs. George W. Smith, in The Progressive Farmer.

J. R. G. Bird of Pampa was a McLean visitor Tuesday.

Mel Davis of Pampa was a visitor in McLean Saturday.

Mike Mertel of Slavonia was a McLean visitor Saturday.

W. S. White spent the week end in Amarillo.

MAKING A HIT

A pretty young housewife wanted to buy her husband a pair of socks. "How much do you want for those?" she asked as she pointed to an attractive pair.

"A dollar and a quarter," replied the young man behind the counter.

"O, (timidly) don't you think you are a little dear?"

"Well, ah, er, I—" and he blushed as he adjusted his tie.

John Haynes, Hansel Christian and Miss Sallie Campbell were Amarillo visitors Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Earle Shell and Miss Frankie Mae Upham were Clarendon visitors Monday.

Patronize Advertisers

Shoe Shop Moved

We have moved to the building formerly occupied by Cobb's Grocery, where you to do your shoe, harness and will find us fully equipped car top repair work. Give us a trial.

BIBLE SHOE SHOP Cecil Bible, Proprietor

ATTENTION EVERYBODY

I represent the AETNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, which furnishes Life Insurance to men and women between the ages of 16 and 70.

I can supply you with Life Insurance in the AETNA in any of the various forms desired or most suited to your needs. The AETNA is one of the oldest and strongest Life Insurance companies in America. Therefore, it is able to offer policies with more liberal provisions and at a lower rate, than other companies.

If you want more Life Insurance, investigate AETNA policies and compare prices before buying.

O. G. STOKELY, McLean, Texas, Phone 91

CHEVROLET

NOWHERE SO FINE A CAR FOR SO LITTLE MONEY

You need no longer pay a large sum for a car of modern design and up-to-date equipment.

Chevrolet gives you fine car features—streamline bodies in colorful, durable Duco finish—comfort in long, easy semi-elastic springs—a sturdy motor with power to spare. And their economical operation will keep you more than satisfied.

It is easy to pay for a Chevrolet.

Smith Bros. Chevrolet



An ideal gift for graduates Remington Portable

In college, in business, and in professional work a knowledge of typewriting is a great advantage. And the possession of a Remington Portable is a decided advantage.

It has every feature common to the big machines. It is the easiest to learn—the simplest to operate.

The Remington Portable is so light it can be carried anywhere, and so convenient it can be used anywhere.

Price complete, \$60

THE McLEAN NEWS

News From Heald

By Special Correspondent.
 Rain, lots of rain out here Sunday and Monday.
 Everybody is busy planting now. There were not many at Sunday school Sunday afternoon on account of the rain, but the Mother's Day program was well attended Sunday night.
 Mesdames J. A. Haynes and Frank Bailey were in Shamrock Monday.
 Walter and Henry Bailey went to Pampa Monday to attend the funeral of Mr. Cooper.
 Mrs. Reneau and daughter, Miss Clara, were in McLean Monday.
 Mr. and Mrs. Mack Harbison and Mrs. C. H. Harbison visited in the Gracey community Monday.
 Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hinton visited his father's family near McLean Sunday.
 Mrs. W. J. Chilton and daughter, Fay, and Mrs. Lewis Powell visited in the Josh Chilton home in the Gracey community Monday.
 Bill Tedder visited Brice Ladd Monday night.
 Grandmother Haynes is visiting her son, J. A. Haynes, this week.
 Ed Bailey and N. E. Scifres were in Shamrock Monday.
 Several from here attended the play at Gracey Friday night.
 Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Reneau were Shamrock visitors Saturday afternoon.
 Mr. and Mrs. Booth Woods of McLean visited at the J. W. Dougherty home Sunday afternoon.
 W. L. Litchfield went to Wheeler on business Tuesday.
 The school closes with one more week. There will be a play at the close.
 Mrs. T. C. Landers visited her son, Bartow, Tuesday afternoon.
 Mr. and Mrs. Harold Rippy of McLean visited at the A. P. Rippy home Sunday.
 The Epworth League had an entertainment with supper over in the Rippy pasture Saturday evening. All report an enjoyable time.

News From Gracey

By Special Correspondent.
 Everyone enjoyed a party at the Johnson home Saturday night.
 Misses Birdie, Lorena and Cassie Derrick spent Sunday with Miss Leeta Bush.
 Mr. and Mrs. Sam Shelton of McLean visited at the A. L. Lee and E. D. Fondren homes last week end.
 On account of the rain last Friday night, the Gracey school will have their play again this week.
 Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Keilar spent a few days visiting his parents last week.
 Mr. and Mrs. Walter Saye visited at the Elmer Sparks home last week end.
 The singing class met at the W. B. Bush home Sunday night.
 Emette Fondren is working for Mr. Phillips at Heald this week.

News From Liberty

By Special Correspondent.
 Howard Hardin and family went to Clarendon Friday evening, returning Saturday afternoon.
 K. O. Cunningham, who has been sick, is better.
 A large number went down on Skillet creek Saturday night and enjoyed a weenie roast.
 Next Sunday is Bro. Cobb's regular appointment. Everybody come.
 Howard Hardin and family called at the A. L. Morgan home Sunday afternoon.
 Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hefner, Mr. and Mrs. Smith of McLean fished at Sandpar Monday evening.
 J. F. Corbin of McLean was in the community this week.

News From Back

By Special Correspondent.
 Since the splendid rains have fallen, it seems to have created a working spirit among all, and aside from that, news is very scarce this week.
 Clyde Holloway and Ansel Back went to McLean Friday.
 Hosea Biggers was a McLean visitor last week.
 Louis Morse and family were McLean visitors Saturday.
 Floyd Andrews of McLean visited in the Clyde Holloway home Sunday.
 Bud Back was buying supplies at McLean Friday.
 C. M. Carpenter and family were McLean visitors Monday.
 Frank Corum had business in McLean Monday.
 Early gin-run cotton seed 75c per bushel. McLean Gin. See C. C. Bogan at Citizens State Bank. Advertisement. 19-2c

News from Enterprise

By Special Correspondent.
 The farmers have a smile on their faces since the nice rains.
 Several young folks attended the musical at the Sublett home in the Abra community.
 Mr. and Mrs. Evan Sitter went to Childress Saturday to be at the bedside of J. F. Watkins.
 Miss Lillian Burt of Wellington is visiting Miss Urcie Mathis this week.
 George Groves and Hubert Smith visited at Enterprise Sunday afternoon.
 Several young folks from McLean visited Misses Lillie Williams and Florence Arnold Sunday afternoon.
 The Old Maids Convention and a good moving picture will be given Friday night at Legion Theatre. Admission 15c & 35c. Advertisement 1p
 Groceries are cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. Advertisement. 1fc

HOME DEMONSTRATION NOTES

By Reporter.
 The Demonstration Club met with Mrs. Alva Christian Monday, May 11, with a good attendance and interest taken in the garden contest. Several members aim to specialize in certain vegetables.
 The club will meet May 25 at Mrs. Cousins' home, with Miss Seelbach with us.

SENIOR B. Y. P. U.

Leader—Eunice Stratton.
 My Church and the Commission—Chester Savage.
 Detained Volunteers — Ozella Hunt.
 Responsibility Measured by Ability—Archie Grigsby.
 Churches Support All of Christ's Causes—Vivian Landers.
 The Church a Channel of Blessing—Loree Kibard.
 Insure the Future Financing of the Kingdom—LeRoy Landers.
 Thoughts on Stewardship—Robert Mathis.

SEARS-ROEBUCK

That the mail order houses of the country would like to reach the people the most inexpensive way, viz, through the newspapers, is indicated by a circumstance which occurred last week. Sears-Roebuck and Co. for many years one of the leading mail order houses of the country furnished the circumstance. This firm offered a large number of "country" papers in Texas a series of advertisements, which would tally in the case of The Hesperian as one of the three biggest accounts, had this newspaper accepted the business.

The old way of direct catalog advertising is apparently becoming too expensive. Styles, desires and needs of the people of the country are changing too fast. A catalog 90 days old is too old to be of value to the reader, who discards it for something newer. This something newer, that most nearly reaches all the homes in the territory is usually the local newspaper. It is a logical medium for a mail order concern. But most local newspapers do not believe in mail order concerns. A natural antipathy to them grows out of the fact that local newspaper people run into mail order competition of one kind or another every day of the world. The local newspaper people know that mail order business carried to its logical end, means a big economic loss. As proof, they point to the fact that if you will find the most backward community in the country you will also find there the largest per centage of purchases through mail order houses, the poorest merchants, the poorest markets, the least progressive and financially able farmers, unpainted homes, lack of civic pride, and most of all the thing that a newspaper man does not want his town and county to be. Not all exactly the result of the mail order business, probably, but hand in hand with it.

So, that so long as the country newspapers of Texas can see a probability of reasonable support from the field in which they labor and the "legitimate" dealer, the latter is going to be protected, so far as the newspaper is concerned, as much as possible from the mail order concern. Naturally, when some lazy storekeeper sits whittling or whistling, as the newspaper man solicits his business, and suggests with a yawn that he has not been convinced yet on the value of advertising, and besides that it doesn't look like rain soon, the newspaper solicitor almost wants to wire Sears-Roebuck to get their

ad ready. But this spell soon passes.
 It takes a long pull, and a strong pull, with all hands working, to build up a community. The mail order concern doesn't fit into that kind of a scheme of things and the newspaper man dislikes to give him the encouragement and the recognition of the newspaper advertising columns.—Floyd County Hesperian.

BETTER OR WORSE?

Is the world growing any better? Are people happier and more content and do they get as much out of life as they did, say, a quarter of a century ago?
 Most persons will agree that the people are not as nappy and that they do not have the wholesome good times they had some years back. Our young people have much more freedom than our fathers and mothers had, but who will say this worldly wisdom they acquire so early in life is best for them?
 Wars have not ceased, and there is no prospect of them ceasing. Certainly there is no improvement in obedience to law.
 Physicians say there is no decrease in the disease of middle life and old age and there is no lengthening of the span of human life, with the exception of infants. There is a great increase in the number of murders and of crimes. Something that does not make for happiness and contentment is debt and living beyond one's means. Most of us have our salaries mortgaged for years and years ahead. Likely we are buying our car, our home, our furniture, our jewelry and even our clothing on the installment plan.
 It is very convenient to purchase on the installment plan, but it does result in over-buying and extravagance, and these do not make for contentment.
 Henry Ford, so it is said, is planning to sell his cars for \$12.50 down and \$5 a week. He is now selling cars under this plan in Detroit as an experiment. Many economists and bankers in the East are trying to dissuade him; they insist it will be bad for the country as a whole. They say our present prosperity, stimulated prosperity, they call it, will result in financial disaster and chaos. They say it is inevitable.
 People are not healthier, they do not live longer, they do not have the respect for law they had, they are committing more murders and crimes, they are filling more rooms in the asylums and certainly it cannot be said of them that they

are following more closely in the footsteps of the lowly Nazarene. Seriously, is the world growing any better?
 If it isn't growing better, it must be growing worse.—Amarillo Globe.

THE NEWSPAPER IN COMMUNITY SERVICE

That newspaper man who only sees in his newspaper pages of ads and reading matter, and a means of a livelihood, is a sorry newspaper man indeed. Of course, ads are necessary to finance the paper, and reading matter is necessary to hold reader-interest. No newspaper can succeed without these. But a newspaper is something more than this to the man who produces it, and who loves his work. It is an opportunity to serve, and a greater opportunity is afforded the newspaper man than that afforded most men. The newspaper, to be representative, must be a community institution. It is not an individual enterprise. Through its pages is reflected the town or community where it is published. The men behind it should be men of vision, men of good judgment and men who are thoroughly imbued with the spirit of progress. If there is anything that is retarding the progress of the community, the newspaper man should be able to discover it and to create public sentiment that will remove the impediment.
 The newspaper may be individually owned, but in it the entire town should take an interest, to see that it is made a true representative of the community where it is produced.—Palestine Herald.

Mrs. W. T. Wilson and daughter, Miss Vera, and Miss Minnie Morse returned Monday from Austin.

Ross Cunningham, J. N. Burr and Frank Reeves were Alanreed visitors Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Campbell returned Tuesday from Amarillo.

Dan Rainwater of Peterson Creek was in town Saturday.

Mrs. C. S. Rice and daughter, Miss Verna, were Clarendon visitors Monday.

BE A BOOSTER

If you live and do business in a town, for heaven's sake be loyal to it. If this town furnishes you with food and shelter, boost it; speak well of it; stand by it, and stand by the industries it represents. If put to a pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a ton of clever knocking. If you must vilify, condemn and eternally disparage, pack your trunk and get out, and when you are on the outside, knock to your heart's content. But as long as you are a part of a community, be a real man; do not condemn it. If you do you are loosening the tendrils that hold you as a part of the community, and when the first high wind comes along you will be uprooted and blown far away; and probably you will never know why."

PLAIN TALK

The Herald tries to do unto others as it is done by. The Herald has always given freely of its columns, and that means our time—and lots of times patience—to boosting the various and sundry organizations, clubs and so-

cities of the town, and at times we have even opened our pockets, book to help in their needs, and gladly did so. And while the Herald does not wish to seem pettish, it wishes it to be distinctly understood that when one of these clubs or societies purposely ignores the Herald when they have some printing to do and sends it to outside shops, they are going to be ignored in turn by us. We hope you got us without us having to make the matter "real plain."—Terry County Herald.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Brown of Alanreed were in town last Thursday.

IT'S FREE

Our service does not cost you a cent. We are glad to see you whether you buy or not. When you need air or water, drive around and let us serve you. It's free.

SNAPPY SERVICE STATION
 Ercy Cubine, Manager

The Best Baked Goods

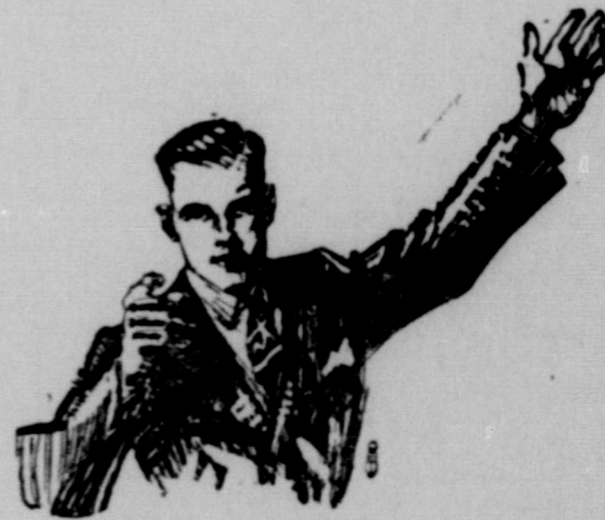
It is a matter of pride with us, as well as good business sense, to make our Baked Goods the best we know how. You will save time and money if you let us do all your baking.

McLEAN BAKERY
 Herman Lee, Manager

DON'T SPOIL YOUR DRIVING PLEASURE

Tune up before you start. Why be worried with roadside misery when a little repair before you start will make driving a pleasure

GRIGSBY'S AUTO SHOP
 "A Square Deal Always"



FREE!

With every 50c purchase at our store, we offer a free ticket good for 10c admission to the Legion Theatre picture shows on Wednesday and Thursday nights. We suggest that you get your tickets early. They are good at the show on the nights mentioned any time until August 1, 1925.

We are giving these tickets as a mark of appreciation of your business, and you will find no increase in prices, but our prices are as low as can be found anywhere in town for quality goods.

Telephone orders receive prompt attention.
 Free delivery anywhere in the city limits.

McLean Supply Company
 Chas. Lester, Mgr.

Better Cleaning

Our new electric cleaner enables us to give you a better cleaning job on your clothes. With a bran new press to press them on, they look like new when we are through with them.

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

McLean Filling Station

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

INSURANCE

Hail Fire Tornado
 The stormy season is now here. Better be safe than sorry when a small cost will make you safe from fire, hail or tornado.

Harold C. Rippy
 Office at Citizens State Bank

INSURANCE

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

Haynes & Ledbetter
 Office Theatre Building