

THE MCLEAN NEWS

Volume XXII.

McLean, Gray County, Texas, Thursday, June 25, 1925.

No. 26.

MUSIC RECITAL WAS ENJOYABLE AFFAIR

The music recital under the direction of Mrs. S. E. Boyett held last Thursday evening, was enjoyed by a large crowd.

Every number offered, from the beginners to the more advanced pupils, showed the results of careful training, and the program was rendered without a hitch of any kind.

Mrs. Boyett's recitals are looked forward to by McLean folks each year, and this year's offering was fully up to the standard attained by her pupils.

NEW WEATHER PROPHETS ADDED TO OUR LIST

We have two names to add to our list of official weather prognosticators this week. On last Thursday, L. L. Morse of Northfork asked us to say in *The News* that it would rain that afternoon, and the rain came just in time to run a notion of it in last week's *News*. Jim Bryant, who is one of McLean's popular blacksmiths, told us later that this rain was not general enough, and he wanted to predict a general rain for Saturday afternoon. This rain arrived on schedule.

These names will be kept on our list until they make a mistake in their prognostications, and anyone else who would like their name added to the official list, may do so by predicting one rain correctly.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY

Mrs. J. L. Joyner entertained a number of little girls last Friday afternoon in honor of the 10th birthday of little Miss June Turner. After playing a number of games refreshments were served to the following: Little Misses Madge and Fern Landers, Laura Lee Howard, Cleone West, Sarah McMecns, June and Josephine Turner.

J. D. Merriman Jr. and sister, Miss Marguerite, of Wheeler visited relatives in the city Sunday.

Mrs. S. E. Boyett, Mrs. D. M. Graham, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hindman left this morning for a visit at San Antonio.

Mrs. Laura Stratton and little son are spending the week with friends in Amarillo.

Misses Lois Clement, Lucile Stratton and Marguerite Merriman are attending the Epworth League conference in Amarillo this week.

Lee Jackson is in Amarillo this week attending the Epworth League conference.

IT WORKS BOTH WAYS

Almost every week we carry articles giving reasons why folks should patronize their home merchants. We believe in the "Trade at Home" movement and intend to keep on boosting our home merchants.

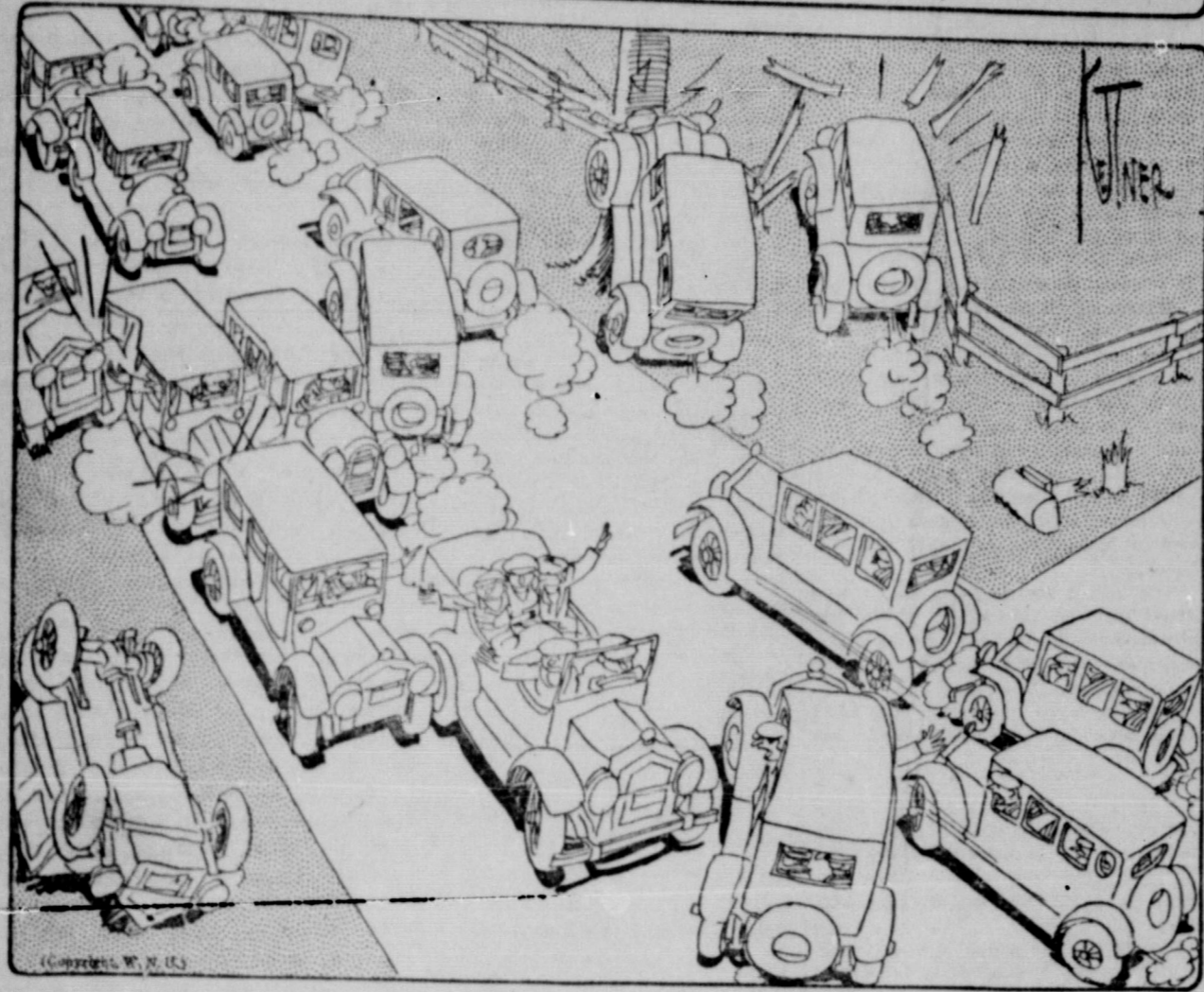
But, it is a poor rule that won't work both ways, and if it is a good thing to buy dry goods, groceries, hardware, drugs, and other daily needs at home, it is also the duty of the local merchant to buy his printing needs at home. Any merchant who buys Government printed envelopes or printed forms of any kind away from home is helping to cripple his best friend.

This is written, not that many McLean business men are guilty of such practices, but in a spirit of fair play, and as a reminder to remember the Home Town Paper when the jobber offers to furnish printed stationery, or some peddler asks for an order.

The more printing we get, the better paper we can put out, which makes a better advertising medium and more people will be attracted to our town.

Think it over, and the next time you need printing of any kind call our number and be assured that not only will the service and job satisfy you, but you will be practicing what you expect *The News* to do under similar conditions.

June Bugs



FINE COTTON GROWING ON CHAS. COOKE PLACE

Chas. Cooke was in town Monday with a stalk of cotton from his place near the Sater ranch. This stalk represented an average sized plant from a hundred acre field and had 19 small squares on it. This field of cotton was planted two months ago, and is fully covered by hail insurance.

HODGES AND CASH FAMILIES ENJOY OUTING LAST WEEK

Messrs. Sam Hodges and Claybourne Cash, accompanied by their families, spent several days last week on an outing trip that included Wichita Falls, Lawton and Medicine Park, Okla.

According to Mr. Hodges, this trip was in the nature of prospecting for good fishing grounds and they think they have found the place, which will probably mean another trip in the near future.

ABBOTT CAR DAMAGED BY FIRE SATURDAY

On last Saturday while Jobe Abbott was filling his father's car with gasoline at the Alnared filling station, the gasoline became ignited for some reason, and the upholstering, top and windshield were burned from the car before it was under control.

The filling station was also damaged slightly by the fire.

PANHANDLE PLAINS HISTORICAL SOCIETY REPRESENTATIVE HERE

J. Everts Haley, field representative of the Panhandle Plains Historical Society of Canyon, and Olin E. Hinkle, editor of the *Prairie*, the official paper of the West Texas State Teachers College, were pleasant callers at the *News* office Saturday of last week.

Mr. Haley is traveling over the country soliciting memberships for the society, collecting antiques and interviewing the old-timers in order to gather information to be used in the history of the Panhandle Plains country.

According to Mr. Haley, the society's collection of antiques, which is on exhibition at the Canyon Normal, is worth upwards of a thousand dollars. Anything that is old and out-of-date is appreciated by the society. Old war relics, etc., may be loaned to the society for the benefit of the public, the owner getting full credit in a brief history of each article thus loaned; the owner of course having the privilege of withdrawing his offering to the collection at any time.

A. P. Rippey of Heald was a McLean visitor Saturday.

Chas. Beck was trading in the city Saturday.

ASSOCIATIONAL B. Y. P. U. HOLDS SUCCESSFUL MEETING HERE TUES.

The B. Y. P. U.'s of the Northfork Baptist Association met in regular quarterly session with the First Baptist church of this city Sunday.

Delegates were present from many of the Baptist churches over the Northfork Association, the following churches being represented: Wellington, Shamrock, Alnared, Wheeler, Fresno, Kelton, Bethel, Lone Mound and McLean.

The McLean B. Y. P. U.'s won the three efficiency banners, the Senior, Intermediate and Junior, for the best record of work for the past quarter. Wellington won the attendance banner, with forty members of their various unions present at the meeting.

Lunch was served at the church by the local B. Y. P. U.'s at the noon hour.

The "pop" meeting at the close of the program was enjoyed by all, and a number of appropriate songs and yells were practiced to be used at the Panhandle Baptist Assembly, which meets near Happy on the Palo Duro canyon, in July. A large number of the members of the various unions over the association are planning to "camp out" and attend this meeting.

Miss Hazel Patty returned Sunday from a visit with relatives at Wheeler.

Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Alexander of Hemphill county visited the Lefors encampment last week.

Among the county agents present at Lefors last week were: Parker D. Hanna of Canadian, T. R. Brown of Wheeler, and N. R. Tisdale of Panhandle.

D. C. Carpenter and W. P. Rogers returned Friday from a trip to the North Plains.

J. A. Haynes of Texola, Okla., spent Saturday and Sunday with home folks.

H. E. Camp of Shamrock was a business visitor in McLean Tuesday.

Murray A. Wolfe of Los Angeles visited his father, Judge T. M. Wolfe, Saturday and Sunday.

Orin Thompson of Plemons visited relatives here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Thompson and children attended the celebration at Mobeetie last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Bentley and Vines Bentley visited friends at Canyon Sunday.

Mrs. Bethel Christian and children returned to their home at Amarillo Friday after a visit with relatives here.

RIPPY BARN DESTROYED BY FIRE TUESDAY NIGHT

A. P. Rippey's barn in the Heald neighborhood was completely destroyed by fire Tuesday night. Lightning caused the fire to break out, and in a very short time the whole structure was a mass of flames. Mr. Rippey heard the report and felt the jar when the lightning struck, and got up and went out in the yard to see what was hit, but was not able to see anything. In a very short time neighbors saw the flames and rushed to the scene.

The barn had several partition walls, and the lightning struck the studding boards in these walls and ran down them, starting fires under the barn floor, making it very difficult to get to the flames.

The loss was heavy, although the barn itself was covered by insurance. Included in Mr. Rippey's loss was all his harness, a saddle, buggy, grain forks, etc. He also had a fine mule killed by lightning on the same night. About three hundred bushels of corn and several tons of maize were badly damaged by the fire and the heavy rains which fell during the night.

Miss Margaret Glass returned Saturday from a visit with her sister at Oklahoma City.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wilson of Clearendon visited in the city Sunday.

W. D. Sims of Tulsa is visiting his son, Charlie.

Mr. and Mrs. Terry Hudgins of Erick, Okla., visited relatives here Sunday.

Little Misses Charlotte and Rosalie Cousins returned to their home at Amarillo Friday after a visit with relatives here.

Chester Lander and Misses Fern Upham and Gladys Holloway were Amarillo visitors Sunday.

W. L. Haynes and A. A. Ledbetter returned Sunday from a trip to Plainview.

Miss Alta Sherrod of Alnared was a McLean visitor Saturday.

Hugh Miller of Heald was in town Saturday.

Mrs. E. A. Wilmoth of Wildorado spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Wingo.

Bruce Bull of Lefors was a McLean visitor Saturday.

E. S. Boggs of Lefors was in the city Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Collier, Mrs. Ethel Hodges and son, Kenneth, and Clyf Crump visited relatives in Groom Sunday.

Lefors Encampment Best Conducted in Panhandle Section

HEAVY RAIN FALLS TUESDAY NIGHT

One of the heaviest rains of the season fell Tuesday night. This, added to the rains that fell last Thursday and Saturday, insures an abundance of moisture for late planting.

Tuesday's rain was general all over the Panhandle, averaging about an inch over the section.

EMBROIDERY CLUB ENTERTAINS

The young married women's Embroidery Club entertained their husbands and a number of their friends with a seven o'clock supper Wednesday evening. The supper was spread under the trees in the city park. After the meal a social hour was pleasantly spent playing games, singing popular songs, etc.

FIRE WHISTLE BLOWN TUESDAY NIGHT

The fire whistle was blown as a storm warning Tuesday night, but it proved a false alarm, as nothing but a heavy rain came from the cloud.

Due to a misunderstanding of the signal, several men braved the downpour to man the hose carts for a fire.

Two long blasts from the siren is the storm warning.

LIGHTNING KILLS COWS AT HINTON FARM

Last Thursday's rain storm resulted fatally for two fine Jersey cows on the Hinton farm east of town, when lightning struck them. Several other cows and a number of chickens were knocked down by the force of the bolt and Mrs. Troy Hinton, who was trying to get some chickens under shelter, felt the effects of the stroke for some time.

It is thought that the lightning struck the wire fence first, as the dead cows were near the fence.

A FISHING PARTY

A crowd of young folks enjoyed a fishing party and moonlight supper northwest of town Tuesday evening. Among those present were Misses Gladys Holloway, Lena Sparks, Martha Stokely, Lura Fay and Grace Ivey, Minnie Morse, Juanita Massy, Sallie Campbell, Floyce Jordan; Messrs. Vernon Johnston, Floyd Phillips, Roger Powers, S. B. Morse, Victor Back, Hansel Christian, John Haynes, Vernon Rice, Fred Bentley, Dwight Ugham, Harold Clement, Donald Beall, Buck Campbell, Ercy Cobine; Messrs. and Mesdames O. G. Stokely, Norman Johnston, Ed Lander, Jack Cooke and Roy Campbell.

COOK BUYS BUSINESS LOT

A deal was consummated recently whereby C. C. Cook became the owner of the vacant lot between the Star Filling Station and the McLean Blacksmith Shop.

This lot is one of the most desirable locations for a business building in the town, and while it is not Mr. Cook's plan to build just at present, building operations will probably begin just as soon as conditions justify.

R. L. Howard, bookkeeper at the American National Bank, handed us \$150 today for *The News* a year, with the remark that he wanted to be a good citizen and take the home paper. It is a fact that most good citizens take their home paper, and we are glad to have Mr. Howard on our list.

C. E. Stone of Pampa was in the city on business Wednesday.

Jenkins Shaw of Pampa visited home folks here Tuesday.

Robert Roach of Heald was in town Wednesday.

What was said by District Agricultural Agent John R. Edmonds to be the best conducted boys and girls club encampment held in the district this year, was held at Lefors last Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Mr. Edmonds has been in fifty such encampments this year, but at no place has he seen one better conducted than in Gray county.

About 80% of the club boys of the county and a large number of girls attended the encampment. Various interested persons visited the grounds each day from the different communities of the county.

Not the least of the attractions of the encampment was the good food furnished both club members and visitors, which included barbecued beef cooked by County Agent McMears and Jess Ledbetter. Two beebes were furnished for the occasion by J. S. Morse and Geo. W. Sitter, presidents respectively of the Citizens State and American National Banks of McLean. This courtesy was a much appreciated feature of the meeting.

The camp grounds at Lefors were in one of the prettiest natural parks in the county. With plenty of shade and cool water, with swings furnished, convenient swimming holes, and various games indulged in between times, there was nothing left undone that made for the pleasure of those present.

Thursday morning Mrs. Phoebe K. Warner of Claude addressed the club members on "Looking Ahead," stressing the fact that their work is in the future and that their thoughts should always have a forward trend.

Friday morning Mrs. L. Vaden, home demonstration agent of Armstrong county, made a most interesting talk, and in the afternoon Judge T. M. Wolfe presented Attorney Newton P. Willis of Canadian, calling him the best speaker in the Panhandle. Mr. Willis' remarks were in the nature of reminiscences of the early days around Mobeetie and this section of the country. His remarks were humorous in the main, giving some predictions as to the future of this section. The first pioneers in this country were not farmers, and the Panhandle has never been farmed to the extent that it should be.

The speaker recalled an article in the Canadian Record in 1899 in which much fun was poked at a man who said that a living could be made on one section of land in this country. It was the prevailing opinion then that at least four sections were needed, and many were not satisfied with less than sixteen. However, conditions are such now that large pastures do not pay. Gray county could support six times its present population with greater ease than at present, if pastures were cut into farms.

Mr. Willis stated that he came to Mobeetie when there were seven saloons in the town and Mark Husselsby ran a hotel where jack rabbits and watermelons were served for breakfast.

Saturday morning District Agent Edmonds spoke and in the afternoon Rev. Jno. T. Griswold of Clearendon made an interesting address.

Owing to the press of other things, the stock judging planned for this time was postponed to a later date. However, Miss Seelbach held all contests scheduled for the club girls, in which Mrs. Berta L. Vaden of Armstrong county and Mrs. F. C. Quarles of Pampa acted as judges. Following are the winners, all first places winning a trip to College Station:

Bread making—Jessie Cobb first, Clara M. George second, Ruth Palmer third.

Button hole contest—Rachel Stratton first, Corrie Lee Newman second, Dorothy Mullens third.

Clothing contest—Class A, Elizabeth Wilkerson first. Class B, Jollene Vannoy first, Corrie Lee Newman second, Dorothy Mullens third.

Nameless River
By VINGIE E. ROE

CHAPTER I—Kate Cathrew, "Cattle Kate," owner of the Sky Line ranch, on her way to McKane's store at Cordova...

CHAPTER II—Nance Allison, the girl on whom Kate Cathrew had vented her spite, with her widowed mother and crippled brother Bud...

CHAPTER III—Big Basford, Sky Line rider, desperately in love with Kate, picks a quarrel with a fellow rider, Rod Stone...

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

CHAPTER V—Next day Nance returns to the cave with food and makes friends with the dog and the small boy, Sonny...

CHAPTER VI—Selwood is certain Kate Cathrew is the head of a "cattle rustling" gang...

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

CHAPTER VIII—Nance, visiting Sonny and Dirk in the cave, meets "Brand," and is favorably impressed...

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

CHAPTER X—Fair sees Sud Province, one of the Sky Line ranch riders, in Blue Stone canyon...

CHAPTER XI—A few nights later cattle are turned into Nance's cornfield and the crop destroyed...

At the cabin door Bud stared with open mouth when they rode up, but Mrs. Allison, who had been watching them come along the flat far down...

"I figured it wouldn't be so long before you brought him home," she said, "a child is what we do need in this here cabin. What a fine little man! An' supper's all hot an' waitin'."

"I knew you'd understand, Mammy," said the girl gratefully, "you've got the seventh sense, all right, and one or two more. No wonder our pappy loved you all his life."

And so it was that Sonny Fair came into the warmth and comfort of fire and lamp-light, of chairs and tables, and beds with deep shuck-ticks, and to the loving arms of womankind...

And, faithful as his shadow, like the collie, sat on the floor that formed the doorstep and refused to budge until both Nance and Sonny convinced him that all was well, and that this was home.

When Nance sat to her gracious hour with the Scriptures that night it seemed a very fitting coincidence that the Book should fall open at the Master's tender words, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

CHAPTER XI

The Ashes of Hope.

It was dark of the moon and Sheriff Price Selwood sat on his horse a little distance from McKane's store at Cordova, his hat pulled over his brows, his hands on his saddle horn.

Inside the lighted store four tables were going. A bunch of cattlemen from the Upper country were in and most of the Cathrew men were down from Sky Line.

The nine or ten bona-fide citizens of Cordova were present also, and McKane was in high fettle. The few houses of the town were dark, for it was fairly late. All these things the sheriff noted in the quarter hour he sat patiently watching.

When he was satisfied that all the families were represented inside, that the dogs of the place were settled to inaction, and that no one was likely to leave the store for several hours at least, he did a peculiar thing.

He tied his horse to a tree near where it stood and went forward quietly on foot, stopping at the rack where the Cathrew horses stood in a row. They were good stock. Cattle Kate would have nothing else at Sky

Line. Selwood took plenty of time, patting a shoulder here, stroking a nose there, and finally stopped in between a big brown mare and the rangy gray gelding which Sud Province always rode. He fondled the animal for a few moments, then ran his hand down the left foreleg and picked up the hoof. It was shod, saddle-horse fashion. He placed the foot between his knees, very much after the manner of a blacksmith, and taking a small coarse file from his pocket, proceeded to file a small notch in the shoe.

Then he put the file away, gave the gray a last friendly slap, got his own horse and rode away. He intended to have a good night's sleep.

Several days later Kate Cathrew came down to Cordova and held a short private conversation with McKane.

"McKane," she said, "who gives you the heaviest trade in this man's country?"

"You do," said McKane promptly, "far and away."

"Do you value it?"

"Does a duck swim?"

"Then give me a moment's attention," said Kate Cathrew, "and keep what I say under your hat."

"I'm like the well that old saw tells of—the stone sinks and is never seen again. Confession in the heart of a friend, you know."

"Thanks. Now listen." When the woman rode away a half hour later, carrying another of those letters from New York which the trader had come to hate ever since Selwood's suggestion concerning the writer, his eyes had a very strange expression. It was a mixture of several expressions, rather—astonishment, of personal gratification, and a vague, incongruous regret.

If he had been a better man that last faint seeming of sorrow might have denoted the loss of an ideal, the death of something fine.

But he looked after Cattle Kate with a fire of passion that was slowly growing with every interview.

Life at the homestead on Nameless took on a new color with the advent of Sonny Fair. Mrs. Allison, an epitome of universal motherhood, looked over the scant, well-mended belongings of the family and laid out such articles as she judged could be spared.

Those she began expertly to make over into little garments.

"When did Brand buy you these pants, Sonny?" she inquired, but the child shook his head.

"I don't know," he answered.

"H'm. Must be pretty poor," she opined, but Bud scowled in disapproval.

"Pretty darn stingy, I'd say," he remarked.

"Hold judgment, Bud," counseled Nance, "when a man travels for two years he don't have much time to make money. We're poor, too, but that don't spell anything."

Bud held his tongue, but it was plain he was not convinced.

"What makes him so contrary, I wonder?" said the girl later.

"He's jealous," said Mrs. Allison calmly, "because you champion th' stranger. It's natural."

The field of corn was beautiful. Its blades were broad and satiny, covering the brown earth from view, and the waving green floor came well up along the horses' legs as Nance rode down the rows on the shakily cultivator.

For three days she had been at it, a labor of love. She had many dreams as she watched the light wimpling on the silky banners, vague, pleasant dreams that had to do with her canceled debt at the store, with the trip to Bement about the carpet, and with the new blue dress she hoped to get with the surplus.

Bud must have some new things, and her Mammy needed shoes the worst way.

All these things the growing field promised her, whispering under the little wind, and she was happy, deep in her innocent heart.

She wondered if she dared ask Brand to let her take Sonny on that trip to Bement, then instantly decided she should not.

There might be someone from Nameless in the town, and Brand was particularly insistent on his staying out of sight.

She never ceased to wonder about that.

What could be his reason?

What could there be in the Deep Heart country to whom a little child could make a difference?

But it was none of her business, she sagely concluded, and could wait the light of the future. Maybe Brand would some day tell her all about it.

So she worked and planned for two days more. At their end she drove the cultivator to the stable and stood stretching her tired shoulder muscles while Bud unharnessed the team.

She looked back at the field with smiling eyes.

"Can only get in it about once more," she said. "It's growing so fast."

"Pretty," Bud said, "pretty as you, almost. Do you know you're awfully pretty, Sis?"

"Hush!" she laughed. "You'll make me vain. Pretty is as pretty does, you know."

"Well, the Lord knows you do enough," returned the boy bitterly. "If I was only half a man—"

"Bud!" cried Nance quickly, "you're the most sure-enough he-man I know. You've got the patience and the courage of ten common men. If it hadn't been for your steady backing I'd never be on Nameless now. I'd have quit long back."

"Gone—destroyed—wiped off the

"Like the dickens you would!" said Bud, but a grin replaced the shadow of bitterness on his face.

Supper that night was particularly pleasant.

There were new potatoes and green peas from the garden down by the river, and a plate of the never-falling cookies, of which Sonny could not get enough.

"He's hollow to his toes," said Mrs. Allison. "I can't never seem to get him full."

"The little shaver's starved," said Bud.

"Not starved, but he ain't had regular food—not right to grow on. I can see a difference already."

Nance reached over an investigating hand to feel the small shoulder. It bore proudly a brand new shirt made from one of Bud's old ones. To be sure, there was a striking dissimilitude of colors, since part of the fabric had been under a pocket and had not faded, but Sonny wore it with the air of kings and princes.

"Yes, sir," she said judicially, "he is gaining, sure as the world!"

It seemed to Nance that night that all was well with the world, very well. There seemed a wider margin of hope than usual, as if success, so long denied them, was hovering like a gigantic bird above the homestead, as if their long labor was about to have its reward.

She fell asleep thinking of the whisping field, of the trip to Bement, and of Brand Fair's quiet, dark eyes, the look of the chin-strap on his brown cheek.

She laid a loving hand on Sonny's little head on the pillow of the improvised crib beyond her own big bed—and the world went swiftly from her consciousness. She slept quickly and deeply, as do all those who work hard in the sun and wind—the blessed boon of labor.

It seemed to her that she had hardly lost consciousness when Old John announced from his rafter perch the coming of another day and she saw the faint light of dawn on the sky outside.

She dressed as usual, looked lovingly at the small face of the little sleeper in the crib, and went out, soft-footed, to start the kitchen fire. That done, she took the pail and went out to the well. She rested the bucket on the curb a moment, lifted the well-board, and stood looking at the faint aureole of light that was beginning to crown Rainbow cliff.

The cliff itself was black, blue-black as deepest indigo, its foot lost in the shadows that deepened down Mystery ridge. She could hear the murmuring of Nameless, soft and mysterious in the dawn, feel the little wind that was beginning to stir to greet the coming day. Then, as was her habit, she turned her eyes out across the waving green field of her precious corn.

It must be earlier than she thought, she reflected, for there was not the shimmer of light which usually met her gaze.

She looked again at the eastern sky. Why, yes—it was light as usual there.

Once more she looked at the field—then she leaned forward, peering hard, her hands still lying on the bucket's rim. Her brows drew down together as she strained her sharp sight to focus on what she saw—or what she thought she saw. For a long time she stood so. Then, as realization struck home to her consciousness, the hands on the bucket gripped down until the knuckles shone white under the tanned skin. Her lips fell open loosely. The breath stopped for a moment in her lungs and she felt as if she were drowning. An odd dizziness attacked her brain, so that the dim world of shadow and light wavered grotesquely. Her knees seemed buckling beneath her and for the first time in her life she felt as if she might faint.

Her Mammy had fainted once—when they brought John Allison home. . . . But she gathered herself with a supreme effort, closed her lips, wet them with her tongue, straightened her shoulders and, taking her hands from their grip on the pail, walked out toward the field.

At the gate she stopped and gazed dully at the ruin before her.

Where yesterday had been a vigorous, lusty, dark green growth, fair to her sight as the edges of Paradise, there was now the bald, piteous unsightliness of destruction.

Of all the great field there was scarcely a dozen stalks left standing. It was a sullen mass of trampled pulp, cut and slashed and beaten into the loose earth by hundreds of milling hoofs.

Far across at the upper end she could dimly see, in the growing light, a huge gap in the fence—two, three posts were entirely gone. It had taken many head of cattle, driven in and harried, to work that havoc. It was complete.

For a long, long time Nance Allison stood and looked at it. Then with a sigh that seemed the embodiment of all weariness, she turned away and went slowly back to the cabin.

At the open door she met Bud and pushed him back with both hands. Her mother was at the stove, lifting a lid.

At sight of her daughter's face she held it in mid-air.

"Hold hard, girl," she said quietly, "what's up?"

Nance leaned against the door-jamb. Every fiber of her body longed to crumple down, to let go, to relax in defeat, but she would not have it so.

Instead she looked at these two, so greatly dependent upon her, and faced the issue squarely.

"It's the cornfield," she said with difficulty, "it's gone."

"What?"

"Gone? Gone—how?"

"Gone—destroyed—wiped off the

earth—trampled out by cattle," she said dully, "every blade—every stalk—root, stem and branch!"

"My Lord A'mighty!" gasped Mrs. Allison, and the words were not blasphemous.

"Cattle Kate!" cried Bud. "Oh, d—n her soul to h—l!"

"Oh, Bud—don't, don't!" said Nance, her lips beginning to quiver, "He who—who is guilty of d—n—and damnation shall be in danger—danger of h—l fire."

But the boy's blue eyes were blazing and he did not even hear her. He jerked his sagging shoulder up, for a moment, in line with its mate and shut his hands into straining fists.

"Gimme a gun—" he rasped, "Pappy's gun—"

"No guns, Bud—I've seen feud—in Missouri. There's land an' sunlight in other places beside Nameless. With life we can—"

The boy shook his head with a slow, savage motion.

"Not for us," he said; "I'd die first." Nance straightened by the door. She lifted her head and looked at his grim young face. Some of its grimness came subtly into her own.

"Right," she said, "so would I. We belong to Nameless river—where our pappy left us—and here we'll stay. Only—I pray God to keep me from—"

"from—" she wet her lips again, "from what is stirring inside me."

"He will," said Bud. "But I'm not so particular. We own this land—and we'll fight for our own."

"Amen," said Nance, "we will. We've still got the hogs to sell. Mammy—let's have breakfast. I'm going down to Cordova—it's right McKane should know."

(Continued next week)

Groceries are cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. Advertisement. t/c

J. T. Wilson of Alarreed was a McLean visitor Saturday.

Typewriter paper to fit your notebook, at the News office

LOW RATE SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS

Round-trip tickets are on sale every Sunday to and including September 27th, at reduced rate of one fare plus 25c between all stations on Rock Island Lines where the one-way fare is not less than \$1.75 and not more than \$6.00 One-half fare for children.

Tickets are limited for return to original starting point not later than 9:00 p. m. Monday following date of sale. An unusual opportunity to spend Sunday in the country.

For tickets and information, call on E. J. LANDER, Agent, McLean, Texas. Advertisement 25-2c

W. Sherman White Attorney-at-Law McLean Texas

BLACKSMITHING We are prepared to do your blacksmith, wagon and wood-work 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.

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

GOSPEL FISHERS UNION Subject—The Value of Mountain Schools. Group No. 1 in charge. Leader—Lloyd Hunt. Blackboard talk (leader's quarterly)—Lloyd Hunt. Who Are the Mountaineers?—Vida Colebank. The Land of Do-Without—Elizabeth Wilkerson. The Desire to Learn—Marie Browning. What Baptists Are Doing—Merle Young. What Mountain Men and Women Are Doing—Elizabeth Wilkerson. The Christian School Solves the Problem—Marie Browning. Making Good (leader's quarterly)—Vida Colebank.

Mrs. Jesse Kinard and children and Mrs. Henry Kinard of Dalhart came in Saturday to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Estel Bowen and children of Texola, Okla., visited friends here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie R. Back and children of Lefors visited relatives here Saturday and Sunday.

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INSURANCE Fire, Hail, Tornado Health, Accident You are fully protected when insured in the strong companies we represent. Haynes & Ledbetter Office Theatre Building

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

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

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

Vacation Time Better drive around and let us give your car the "once over" before starting on that vacation trip. The cost is small and it may save you much roadside misery. GRIGSBY'S AUTO SHOP "A Square Deal Always"

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

SERVE and YOU WILL GROW This bank has found that it has grown because it has always made a sincere effort to serve best the community in which it operates. Whatever service this bank can render its customers or community is always done gladly. Our greatest desire is to serve you.

The Citizens State Bank A Guaranty Fund Bank CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$23,750.00 J. S. MORSE, President C. C. BOGAN, Cashier

THE MOTOR YEAR IN REVIEW

Probably everyone knows by now that automobile production for 1924 was about 3,650,000 cars, a decrease of 10%, or about 4000,000 cars from the record production of 1923, but there are many more interesting about the past year than these rough total figures reveal. It was the second best year the industry has seen, though less profitable than it might have been, since manufacturers, in a wave of optimism last spring, increased factory capacity to over five million cars annually, with the result that a third of it was, therefore, idle and not earning profits. This over-optimism resulted in heavy casualties to many of the smaller manufacturers, over 25 of whom disappeared from the market last year, though not all from the same cause, making the year a record-breaker for casualties. These record-breakers include the Bay State, Chalmers, Columbia, Courier, Dorris, Dort, Eagle, Elgin, Fox, Hanson, Hatfield, Keisey, King, LaSalle, Liberty, Labot, Premier, Premcar, R. & V. Knight, Saeyrs, Seneca, Stephens, Tempiar, Washington and Winton. It should be noted, however, that not all of these companies, having given up passenger car production, are out of existence. Some of them continue as makers of other products, such as Winton, which is making marine engines, and Premier, which is specializing in taxicabs. With two old makes revived, namely, Mercer and Stevens-Duryea, and only one really new car, the Hertz (formerly called the Ambassador), there are now only 60 makers in the field, who are making 100 chassis models, the lowest figure yet to be reached in the gradual shrinkage which has been going on ever since 1912, when 200 manufacturers made 380 distinct and separate chassis models. This change is a healthy one and leaves the industry in a sound condition, with fewer small makers than ever before. The year showed steady progress in design, but a comparative lack of novelties and radical designs, which was due partly to the success of mass production in this country, as well as to the fact that, as each company went under, the radical design which it fostered perished at the same time. In the matter of body design, the year will go down in motor history mainly for the triumph of the closed body and the very large displacement of the touring car by the coach type of body with two doors. Many companies report closed car production in excess of 50% of total production, and Ford, the greatest open car maker, has broken all its previous records with closed car production of 40%. Four wheel brakes have also definitely arrived, from a beginning of only two cars, the Ducesenberg and Packard straight eights, which were equipped with them in 1923, their use has spread by new options almost every week, and 67 cars, or almost every car selling above \$1,000, now furnishes them as either regular or optional equipment. The hydraulic type being most popular. As yet four wheel brakes are obtainable on very few cars under \$1,000, where the added expense is the greatest deterrent to more general adoption. Balloon tires have scored an even more complete triumph. At the beginning of 1923, only one make offered them as optional equipment at extra cost. Today they are standard on 68 chassis models, and optional at a small extra cost on 32 more, leaving only nine with no provision for them. Ford is now prepared to equip his cars with balloons at an added cost of \$25, and since the balloon tire shows itself to best advantage on light cars, it is predicted that buyers will avail themselves of the opportunity in large numbers. While on the subject of tires, it should be remarked that the tire industry had one of the biggest years of its existence, one efficiently managed company actually earning 75% on its capital stock. Officials of the industry are looking to even greater prosperity in 1925, as modern tires set on an average about two years, and the four million cars produced in 1923 will be just coming in for their first replacements this summer. In chassis innovations, the most revolutionary change during the year has been the introduction of central chassis lubrication. As long as there are inaccessible points of oil on cars which are bothersome to get at, the average owner will neglect them, and it is not unusual for a car, after five years of service, to have a motor still in good running condition on a chassis so full of squeaks and so worn as to render it obsolete. The Bowen system, used on the Cleveland, which lubricates all chassis wearing points under high pressure from a central reservoir under the driver's seat, is in the nature of a godsend to motorists, and is certain to add years to the life of a car. The Packard sixes and eights are now equipped with the Bijur system, which accomplishes the same purpose by utilizing both pressure and capillary attraction. The valve-in-head type of engine has lost considerable ground, and the L-head type gained correspondingly in the past year. This is in part due to the fact that various makes, such as Oakland, Cleveland, and Oldsmobile, changed over to the L-head construction with the hemi-spherical Ricardo combustion chamber located over the valves. In addition, seven of the makes that disappeared, the Courier, Dort, Elgin, Fox, National, Premcar and Stephens, had the valve-in-head construction. As noted before in this department, the industry has shown a clearly marked trend toward motors of more cylinders. Six cylinder models were found in 74 models, the eight in 19 (nearly double that of a year ago), and the four, which was used in 296 models in 1912 and shown a steady decrease since then, was found in only 16 models. Of course, in actual number of cars produced, the four will always outdo both sixes and eights combined, as long as Ford Chevrolet and Dodge, the three greatest producers, retain the four, but it is significant that this year, for the first time in motor history, there were actually more eight cylinder than four cylinder models on the market—Vanity Fair.

News from Ramsdell

By Special Correspondent. C. H. Lowrey made a business trip to McLean Wednesday afternoon. H. Longan made a business trip to McLean Thursday. Miss Pearl Lowrey spent Thursday night with Miss Donah May Exum. Sam Harrelson and W. T. McCann made a business trip to McLean Friday. Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Lowrey and daughter, Pearl, moved to McLean Friday. Mr. and Mrs. Ferd Bones and son made a business trip to McLean Friday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Bones went to Shamrock Saturday afternoon. Sam Harrelson went to McLean Saturday. Rev. J. J. Baird of Shamrock filled his regular appointment here Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Pharis and children and little Miss Juanita Exum visited in the W. A. Lankford home Sunday. Rev. and Mrs. J. J. Baird were dinner guests in the H. Longan home Sunday. Miss Zella Mae Lankford visited in the E. Exum home Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bradley visited in the H. Longan home Sunday. Mrs. Carl Anderson and baby returned Sunday from Blooming Grove, where they have been visiting. Mr. and Mrs. Ferd Bones and son, Elmo, visited in the C. H. Lowrey home at McLean Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Phillips visited in the Perry Shipman home Sunday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Freeman visited in the M. T. Powell home Sunday. Mrs. W. E. Freeman and son, Clinton, were McLean visitors Tuesday. Mrs. Mollie Flowers left Tuesday for Byng, Okla., to visit relatives. Mrs. Nida Green went to Amarillo Monday to attend the Epworth League conference. Henry Barrett of Charendon was a McLean visitor Wednesday. Groceries are cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. Advertisement. If 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. BOTH WRONG An argument accomplishes one thing. It convinces both parties of the foolishness of the other fellow.

A TEATISE ON WOMAN BY A WOMAN

If I were a man I would think I understood women; but being a woman, I am sure I do. There is only one way to approach her. Don't try to make her fall in love with you. If she's going to interest her, and she'll find you perfectly fascinating. Be just as inebriated as you can, and she will exalt you to unmeasured heights. Don't flatter a woman; she'll think you are hypocritical and insincere. Don't try to make love to her, or she will cease to interest her. She is curious to know how long you can withstand her blandishment. Wait just long enough to pique her pride and then sweep her off her feet. Woman loves admiration, but she loves indifference more. Never agree with a woman, not even if you are forced to sacrifice every principle you hold most dear. Woman adores man when he dares to contradict her. She loves to imagine herself weak and helpless and to fancy man big and strong, and capable, firm as a rock, invincible, unconquerable. Never believe anything she tells you. If she declares she loves football heroes, give up athletics forever and spend your time lounging about in lavender pajamas and a quitted pink dressing gown, not forgetting a heavy oriental scent and several gold-tipped cigarettes. If she tells you she hates sports, never appear in her presence in anything less startling than a track suit, football cleats and a baseball glove. She will go into raptures over your very pervasiveness. Don't show a grain of sense or she will think you are intellectual and boring. Don't always be silly and dumb or she will always give you credit for having a line. Don't be old-fashioned or she'll think you're slow; don't be modern or she won't understand you. In other words, be yourself, or she will love you for your worthless, existenceless, pointless existence.—College Humor.

LUCK

Fate plays some queer pranks. Rich one day, poverty may be known tomorrow, and vice versa. With a roar heard five miles away, an old oil well came in near Beaumont, Texas, dropping the owner of the land, a poor negro, and his eleven children, some of whom played gleefully in the dark heavy fluid which has taken them to wealth at the rate of \$2,000 daily.—Terrell Tribune. "The luck of some people! In addition to his eleven children, a fortune in themselves, the South Texas colored man above mentioned is now owner of an oil well. Some folks have neither children nor oil wells, yet this man has been blessed with superabundance of both. There is a divinity that shapes our fortunes, rough back them as we will. Brigham Young, who died bewailed by a score of wives and half a hundred children, married his fortune. He never had the aid or assistance of an oil well. Others have oil wells and remain until death nothing more than withered bachelors. To contend, in face of such obvious facts, that there is nothing in luck is to carry on only for the sake of being contentious. Miss Abby Rockefeller, daughter of fortune, is to be married in a dress that has no

ADDS TO BENEFACTIONS

George Eastman of Rochester, N. Y., camera manufacturer, has announced new gifts of \$12,500,000 to institutions of higher education. This brings his total known benefactions to \$55,000,000.

sleeves. The reporters tell us so. This proves that in addition to her she has pretty arms. Some of us have neither wealth nor beauty of limb. Miss Abby, moreover, is to marry her childhood's sweetheart. Some girls must be content to marry somebody else's sweetheart. Is it right that some should find all the nuts in one tree and some others never find a nut at all, or find one only to discover it is wormy? Luck is the motive force of fortune. Without it man would still be what Darwin said he was.—State Press in Dallas News.

APPLY THIS TO McLEAN

Outside of the railroad drive, the best news given out in Lubbock recently is that a concerted effort to make house-to-house peddlers pay a peddlers' tax in this city. There really should be no use for a peddlers' tax in Lubbock. If people would only stop to think, they wouldn't patronize these parasites on the legitimate merchants. Then, the peddlers, seeing that business in Lubbock was not profitable, would move to more fruitful fields. But many people do not stop to think when approached by a peddler.

They listen to a glowing "sales talk" and, not taking into consideration that they are buying a low grade of material in almost every instance, think that they are getting good goods at low prices, will buy from these door-bell pullers.

Who helps in railroad drives—on Boy Scout campaigns and Red Cross funds? Who antes up when the girls want to be sent to Austin and when the library board sends out its annual call for finances? Who is it that backs Lubbock to the last ditch and with moral and financial support helps push this city onward?

Is it the itinerant peddler—the man who sells too often an inferior brand of goods from Hong-Kong? Not much. It is the men who operate legitimate business houses—men who own homes here and who pay taxes. Men who are always on hand when something is needed for Lubbock. Not the fly-by-nighter who comes in on one train and out on the same train the next day taking his money with him.—Lubbock Plains Journal.

GROUND-HOG DAY MAY BE OUT OF DATE SOME DAY

Because of its burrowing and feeding habits, the ground hog is considered in most localities an underground omen, and to make matters worse, its "weather predictions" on the second of February are no longer taken seriously. "Ground-hog day" thus bids

Wants

GROCERIES ARE cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. 1c STORAGE.—Clean dry storage under daily supervision. Inquire at News office. MILK! MILK! MILK! The best grade of Jersey milk delivered anywhere in town. A. L. Hibler. Phone 61. 1c THESE little ads bring results. Try one. 25 words for 25c. RUBBER STAMPS. Order rubber stamps, daters, etc., at the News office. Prompt service and the best of work. GARBAGE and trash hauled from any part of the city at reasonable rates. Phone 112 111. Frank Haynes. 1c LOST—Liver and white female pointer. Finder please notify Perry Everett. 4c TO MAIL your parcel post packages, they must be properly tagged. You can get printed tags in any amount at the News office. 4 TONS good alfalfa, \$20.00 per ton, or \$22.00 in less than ten lots. A. T. Wilson. 26-2p FOR SALE.—Furnished colbie puppies, \$3.00 and \$4.00 each. A child's best companion and farmer's best friend. Phone 66, 111. Maudelle Cotum. 26-2p FOUND.—Small sum of money. Owner may have same by proving property and paying for this notice. Inquire at News office. 1c TIME for iced tea. We have the best on the market. Foiger's Golden Gate. Cobb's Grocery. 1c

fair to disappear in States where the habits of this rodent run counter to the interests of the summer, and in such places, ground hogs, woodchuck or marmots, as they are variously termed, will face forcible ejection if necessary. In places where they do little harm they may be allowed to live in moderate numbers for use as game and food.

Ground-hog control campaigns in Indiana and Illinois have been popular this spring, and the Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture has been called on to co-operate with State officials and individuals in conducting them. Four county-wide campaigns just completed by the representative of the survey in the eastern district have proved successful and have resulted in requests for similar work in 20 other counties in the district. More than \$6,000 has been raised by county commissioners for the purchase of fumigation material, which will be distributed in next cases without cost to the farmers.

DON'T TALK—TELEGRAPH

A traveling man went into a railway restaurant and gazed discontentedly at the profusion of pies and cakes on the counter. "Haven't you got anything solid to eat?" he asked. "Shall I give you some beans?" asked the proprietor with his most persuasive smile. The traveler assented and, making short work of them, asked: "How much?"

"Twenty-five cents," was the bland response. "What!" cried the dummer, "twenty-five cents for a spoonful of cold beans?" The proprietor continued firm in his price, the man paid it and departed. But late this afternoon a telegram was handed in to the restaurant keeper for which he paid 25c. It ran thus: "Don't you think your price a little high on beans?"

Cardboard for any purpose at the News office. Buy your unruled notebook paper at the News office.

Your Vacation Firestone gum-dipped Balloon tires will make your vacation trip a real pleasure. We have them in stock. STAR FILLING STATION "Headquarters for Service" L. L. ROGERS, Prop. Phone 131

RHEUMATISM The powerful, healing warmth of Hunt's Lightning Oil gives instant and positive relief from throbbing, nerve-racking pains of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sprains, etc. No need for bottles. Sheil's Pharmacy

Belgium Aids France in Paris to New York Non-Stop Flight



Belgium will cooperate with France in the non-stop flight from Paris to New York. Lieut. M. Tarascon (left), French ace, will attempt. Lieut. Thucify (right), of the Belgian air corps, who recently flew from Brussels to Africa, will accompany Tarascon.

For every man, woman & child who has writing to do Remington Portable THE Remington Portable is a capable, companionable, individual typewriter, built for the use of the man in his business or profession, the woman in her home, the child attending school—in fact for every man, woman and child who writes. It is the most compact of all writing machines. Fits in a case only four inches high. Like every Remington, it is strong, speedy, durable and turns out beautiful work. —and mark this! It has the Standard Writing Key— familiar with which you are acquainted—no shifting for figures. Small as it is, the operation of a Remington Portable is exactly like writing on a Standard machine. Just as easy, just as swift, just as simple. Price, complete with case, \$60 THE McLEAN NEWS

THE McLEAN NEWS
Published Every Thursday

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

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

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

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

The man who used to blow out the gas now has a son who steps on it.

While not everybody can take a vacation during the summer, the fact remains that everyone needs the rest and change that a vacation brings.

With no regular clean-up day this spring, and weeds allowed to grow in luxurious profusion in the streets, alleys and vacant lots, the old town should be looking pretty "sleepy" by the middle of summer.

It is to be regretted that every boy and girl in Gray county did not get to attend the encampment at Lefors last week. Those who were fortunate enough to attend not only enjoyed a pleasant outing, but they learned some valuable lessons.

It is planned to have a screened in place to eat meals at next year's club boys and girls encampment. Such a place can be built for little money, and anyone who visited the encampment last week will admit the need of such a place.

A beggar was in McLean one day this week, that inquiry developed had bought a second hand car in a neighboring town the day before, and he was seen to give a man a nicker to crank it for him in another town. People must be easy marks when professional beggars can buy cars in towns they pass through and hire them cranked. The only thing lacking was a private chauffeur to drive for him.

The Paducah Post editor went into raptures last week in praise of a young lady seen on a train with long hair. It may be that the people in the car were interested because of the modesty and beauty of long hair, but we venture to predict that if the bobbed hair style continues, the long haired sister of tender years will still attract attention, but it will be because she will be considered hopelessly old-fashioned.

G. C. Nicholson of Enterprise was in town Saturday.

Miss Anna Wingo returned last Thursday from an extended visit with her sister at Wildorado.

Mrs. Ed Brock of Vernon is visiting relatives here this week.

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

THE WORM'S SAD FATE
Preacher—"Man is but a worm of the dust."
Listener—"Yes, I notice that some chicken usually gets him."

Wife—"What would you like me to give you for your birthday, James?"
Hubby—"It's very kind of you, dear, but I don't think I can afford it this year."

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

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

Hall's Catarrh Medicine will do what we claim for it—aid your system of Catarrh or Deafness caused by Catarrh.
Sold by druggists for over 40 years
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio

News from Enterprise

By Special Correspondent.
A nice rain fell here Tuesday night. Also a shower fell Wednesday morning.

Rev. C. B. Hock preached at Abra Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dorsey and Misses Lona and Annie Mae Nicholson visited Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Dorsey at Back Saturday and Sunday.

W. H. Mathis and family spent Sunday with J. B. Hart at McLean.
Mr. and Mrs. Evan Sitter spent Saturday and Sunday at McLean.
Miss Oleta Solomon is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Ethel Bush, this week.

Jake Hess and Glen Nicholson were McLean visitors Tuesday.
Miss Vivvie Lee Allred returned to Pampa Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Nicholson, Mrs. C. B. Hock and son and daughter, Fred and Grace, visited in the Mathis home Saturday night.
Bennie Edney and Buster Nicholson left Tuesday for the Plains.

ADULT B. Y. P. U.

Subject—Mountain Missions.
Leader—R. L. Appling.
The Mountain Country—George Colebank.

The Mountain People—Mrs. W. C. Garrett.
Why Mountain Schools?—Mrs. E. L. Minix.
Erroneous Opinions of the Mountain People—G. J. Abbott.

Some Centers of Culture—S. A. Cobb.
Some Primitive People—Mrs. N. E. Savage.

The Religious States—D. L. Abbott.

Happy Lad—"I am to be married tomorrow, and I'm so excited I hardly know my own mind."
The Cynic—"You won't need to after tomorrow."

Dixon—"What's the matter, are you ill?"
Dent—"Yes. My head feels as if it was swimming."
Dixon—"Better see a doctor. You must have water on the brain."

First Knut—"So Brown is dead. Did he leave his wife much?"
Second Ditto—"Nearly every night."

Picnic Lunches

Pickled pigs feet, boiled ham, in fact everything for the ideal picnic lunch, ready to serve. Our bacon is the best to be had and will be just the thing for that bacon roast out on the creek.

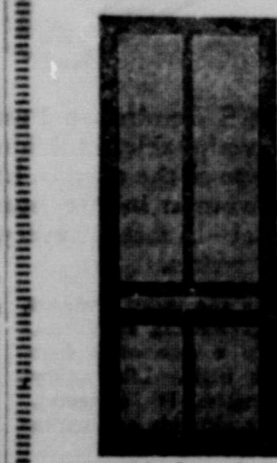
THE CITY MARKET

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE CO.
Hartford, Conn.

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

O. G. STOKELY
Agent

Sheep Dip
Creosote and Fly Poison Is Good



BUT SCREEN DOORS ARE BETTER

We have them in different styles. Come and see them.

Cicero Smith Lbr. Co.

THEY ALL ADVERTISE

By Ellis Hayes
A hen is not supposed to have much common sense or tact, yet every time she lays an egg she cackles forth the fact.

A rooster hasn't got a lot of intellect to show, but nonetheless, most roosters have enough sense to crow.

The mule, the most despised of beasts, has a persistent way of letting folks know he's around by his insistent bray.

The busy little bees they buzz, Bulls bellow and cows moo, The watchdogs bark, the ganders quack, And doves and pigeons coo.

The peacock spreads his tail and squawks, Pigs squeal and robins sing, And even serpents know enough to hiss before they sting.

But man, the greatest masterpiece That nature could devise, Will often stop and hesitate Before he'll advertise.

MORAL—He who hesitates is lost.

ALL-POWERFUL ARGUMENT

The late Gene Stratton-Porter was no believer in high heels. In an editorial written just before her tragic death and published in McLean, she said: "Half of the women in our country today who are going around with vile, tempers, snapping and snarling, impossible for their husbands to live with in comfort, impossible for their children to respect, impossible for their friends to appreciate, are making their troubles by throwing the whole muscular and nervous system of their bodies into a snarl by pegging up their heels from one to two inches higher than nature intended them to be."

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

with the artificial support of high shoes."

As against this indictment of high heels, there appears the undoubted fact that they make ankles appear more slender and make feet look smaller. It will take more than even such a denunciation as Mrs. Porter uttered to get around these thoroughly feminine reasons for wearing high heels.—Star-Telegram.

GETTING RID OF DRUG ILLUSION

London, June 6.—"We are getting rid of the drug illusion," declared Dr. Woods Hutchinson, the noted medical writer of America, at a luncheon given yesterday by the English-Speaking Union to 700 American and Canadian doctors assembled here. The doctor added: "We are willing even to subscribe to the dictum of Oliver Wendell Holmes that if 99% of all drugs we possess were thrown into the sea, it would be a good thing for the human race, but rather hard on the fishes."

Dr. Hutchinson continued: "Doctors are now devoting themselves not so much to the mere desperate holding in check of disease and making our lives almost a meditation on death, but in making health contagious instead of disease."

Sir Arbuthnot Lane, the well-known British doctor, corroborated Dr. Hutchinson's remarks by saying that the future of the medical profession lay in the prevention of disease. They might say, he went on, that he was trying to establish a "suicide club." It practically came to that, because as the public became educated in matters of health the medical profession might disappear. It was

The Better Kind of DRY CLEANING

the kind we do—assures your receiving the garments entrusted to us back spotlessly clean and pressed in the manner they should be.

City Tailor Shop
Merle Grigsby, Manager

in fact an anomaly that a mercantile profession should exist. If people were healthy, there was no reason to have doctors at all.—London Dispatch.

AUTOMOBILE INFORMATION

"Have you heard from Peter during his great motor trip?"
"Yes. I have had two letters from him—one from the police station and one from a hospital."

Bank Manager—"But why do you wish to work in a bank?"
Serious Youth—"I believe there's money in it."

A railroad contractor advertised for 150 sleepers. A clergyman replied offering his entire congregation.

WEARING HIS LADY LOVE'S COLOUR

"Harold, whose knight are you?"
"Wotcha mean, knight?"
"I see you have some lady's color smeared across your face."

HUH?

The teacher was explaining to the class that "the bride always wore white because the wedding

day was the happiest of a woman's life."
"Then why do all men wear black?" asked a precocious little boy.

BALDHEADED!
The way to avoid being baldheaded is to come to our shop regularly and get a shampoo. A good tonic is just what your hair needs.
Elite Barber Shop
Everett & West, Props.

HAILED OUT
and not protected
will that be your condition in case hail destroys your cotton crop? Why not let me better that condition by writing you, for only a small note, an insurance policy that will protect you.
Harold C. Rippey
Office at Citizens State Bank

Vacation Days
The pleasure of your vacation trip will depend upon your car. If you have a new Chevrolet, you'll get a new thrill every time you meet a high hill—or a stretch of deep sand—or a long open road where you can step on the gas.
Let us demonstrate.
It is easy to pay for a Chevrolet.
Smith Bros. Chevrolet

McLean Supply Company
Chas. Lester, Mgr.

"My boy, what is the best cool drink for this warm weather?"
"Iced tea! If it's Schilling's tea, bought at McLean Supply Co!"
There is no better cooling drink for warm weather than iced tea—and Schilling makes the best tea. If you do not say so, ask for your money back. That's how we feel about it.
Buy your picnic eatables here.
Free delivery anywhere in town.

Educ Fun C
There every mo character opinion founder tal L and aut Child's F ducity o work, tr erence a Of the ings is Lynch, v that it round a tures in beauty. Miss I children age at I tis from de fray th hobby—a mothers. Miss ning th compose mother plies. "The Lunch's character in sign be seen fifth. Every that th derly in of 7 is useful, simple s thrown make h be worth home. today is Miss short Ireland
Now officer and put overwork went e pardone burglary up, she all over ill.
Ge Co
Back noted through Peru German be rest moraine. Card News

Educator States Fundamentals in Child Training



Ella Frances Lynch

There are six rocks upon which every mother must build her child's character and education, in the opinion of Ella Frances Lynch, founder and director of the National League of Teacher-Mothers and author of "Beginning the Child's Education." They are simplicity of surroundings, obedience, work, training in observation, reverence and a good vocabulary.

Of these, simplicity of surroundings is most important, says Miss Lynch, who believes, for instance, that it is not necessary to surround a child with beautiful pictures in order to foster a love of beauty. There is always the sky!

Miss Lynch conducts a school for children of from six to ten years of age at Bryn Mawr, Pa. The profits from this school are used to defray the expenses of Miss Lynch's hobby—a correspondence school for mothers.

Miss Lynch's new book, "Beginning the Child's Education," is composed of real letters from one mother and of Miss Lynch's replies. "The home's the thing" is Miss Lynch's slogan. The foundation of character laid in the home is first in significance. Schooling should be second or third or fourth or fifth.

Every home should function so that the child is made a good, orderly individual, who by the age of 7 is obedient, reverent, actively useful, observant, a lover of good, simple poetry, and who, if he were thrown out into the world, could make himself sufficiently useful to be worth his keep in someone else's home. I think our greatest danger today is our super-educated loafer.

Miss Lynch recently sailed for a short vacation trip to England, Ireland and Scotland.

TOO BAD!

Now comes some smart clex officer down near Wichita Falls and puts more work on the already overworked governor of Texas. He went and arrested one of her pardonees, who is held for another burglary stunt, and if he is sent up, she will have to turn him out all over again.—Terry County Ehr.

Germany's New Colonization Plan



Back of the trip A. T. Perl, noted German explorer, is making through unsettled regions in Brazil, Peru and Ecuador, is a new German colonization plan intended to restore some of German's commercial prestige.

Cardboard for any purpose at the News office.

SHIRT PEDDLER GIVEN THIRD DEGREE BY INQUISITIVE REPORTER

He called himself the traveling representative of a tailor-made shirt manufacturing company, but—he was just a shirt peddler.

He breezed into the editorial rooms of the Globe, pushed a busy reporter's notes aside, placed his hand on the typewriter in order to stop its manipulations and introduced himself.

"I represent the best shirt manufacturing company in the United States. I see that you need some shirts and I came equipped to fit you better than any store in Amarillo. I can sell you shirts cheaper than anybody in Amarillo, I have the best guarantee given by any manufacturer—look at these samples."

He spread a conglomerate mass of rags all over the reporter's desk scattering the notes for an exclusive story to the four winds and generally messing things up, but he kept right on talking of the wonderful shirts he had for sale and the wonderful bargains he had to offer.

Finally he stopped for air and the reporter, some talker himself, asked a few questions. The conversation that followed was something like this:

"Where are your shirts made?"

"Oklahoma City."

"The factory is located away from Amarillo and I suppose all of the assets of your company are invested there?"

"Yes, of course."

"Where do you live?"

"I am stopping in Amarillo for the present."

"Have you an automobile?"

"Yes."

"Where did you buy it?"

"Oklahoma City."

"That is a good suit of clothes you have on, where did you get it?"

"I bought this from——— and company. Their salesman struck me on the street the other day."

"Say, out that is a good watch. Where did you get it?"

"I ordered it from——— and company. They will send you one like it on approval and it is guaranteed forever."

"Then you haven't anything that is bought in Amarillo from Amarillo merchants and a part of the cost of which remains in Amarillo to help pay our taxes, keep up our streets, educate our children, and a hundred other things?"

"Of course not. But what has that to do with me selling you some shirts?"

"Say, my church is fixing to build a new building, do you suppose your firm would give us a little donation?"

"Why, no. Why should they help build a church in Amarillo?"

"Well, I like your shirts and I may buy some of them, but I don't get paid until the first of the month, and I guess you will credit me until then?"

"No. We take part cash with the order and you pay the rest when the shirts come, as they will be sent C. O. D."

"Well, suppose I get sick, or my wife gets sick before the shirts get here, will it be all right to wait a few days before paying you?"

"No. You must pay for them when they come or lose your deposit."

"Now, in the event these shirts go to the bad, what do I do?"

"Well, you write the company about them and they will fix that, all right."

"Well, you don't pay rent in Amarillo, you don't pay any taxes, you don't have any money invested here, you don't own any property here, you buy our automobiles in another state, you get your clothes from a mail order house, your watch is of the same kind, your toilet articles come from another mail order house, you won't help my church, my credit isn't any good, and you don't care if I do get sick, so why should I buy your shirts?"

"Well, well——"

"Say, you have heard of the printer's devil, haven't you?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, suppose you try going to his home and take your shirts with you."—Amarillo Globe.

BE PLEASANT

Never grant a favor ungraciously. It is better to turn another down than to make him sorry he asked your help.

Jim Simmons' children came in last week from Tipton Okla., to make their home with him.

News from Back

By Special Correspondent.

Louis Morse and Jesse Cobb were trading in McLean last Thursday. C. M. Carpenter returned Friday from Amarillo, where he served as a juror in Federal Court.

R. H. Corum had business in McLean Friday.

Bud and Chas. Back were McLean visitors Saturday.

R. H. Corum and family, Mrs. Bud Back and children went to the Bailey lake fishing Saturday.

Judge W. R. Ewing and Oliver Elliott of Miami were casting bait at the finny tribe at Bailey lake Saturday.

Clyde Holloway and Miss Beatrice Back attended a party in the D'Spain home at Gracey Saturday night.

Miss Mattie Mullins of Gracey visited Misses Lelia and Beatrice Back Saturday night and Sunday.

Mrs. E. V. Back returned Sunday from a visit with relatives in East Texas and Oklahoma.

Miss Maudelle Corum visited Miss Lucile Morse Saturday night and Sunday.

Master Arthur Ivey of McLean is visiting in the Louis Morse home.

Mrs. J. S. Morse and daughter, Miss Minnie, of McLean visited in the Louis Morse home Monday.

There was a young man from Mobeetie in our community hunting rabbits (?) Sunday.

R. H. Corum and daughters, Misses Catherine and Maudelle, went to McLean Tuesday.

Miss Naomi Hunt of McLean visited Miss Catherine Corum last Tuesday.

McLEAN GIRLS' CLUB

By Reporter.

The Girls' Home Demonstration Club met June 23 with Faytite Bell Copeland. After the regular business meeting, Miss Seebach showed us how to prune tomatoes.

The next club meeting will be held on July 21, in Joellene Vannoy's home. Salad and custards will be demonstrated at this meeting.

SAME HERE

Nearly all the newspapers of this section are far above the average and as a rule are really ahead of the towns in which they are published. Once in a while, however, one can be found that can maintain its subscription list only by putting on some kind of a subscription contest, in which a Ford car or a sum of money or other prizes are given away. If they depended upon their merits for their existence, they would not live fifteen minutes. The News tries to give its readers their money's worth and to build and hold its subscription list upon its merits. —Lynn County News.

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.

DISCREDITING ATHLETICS

Not a great while ago, the chairman of a school discipline committee told the editor of the Leaguer that one of the main stumbling blocks which his committee had encountered in administering a just punishment to a lot of rowdy students lay in the fact that the athletic authorities of the school made special pleas for mitigation of the punishment of the athletes who had engaged in the disorders. The coach, who happened to be a member of the discipline committee, showed a disposition to trade with other members of the committee to the end that the athletes might be let off lightly. The coach also enlisted the services of prominent "sports" of the town, influencing them to call on members of the committee in behalf of the athletic culprits.

In our opinion, nothing can more surely discredit athletics in any institution than an attempt on the part of those members of the faculty who have the administration of athletics directly in charge to create a privileged class composed of athletes. The average American, inside of college or out, will not subscribe to any proposition which degrades the cherished American ideal of equality before the law; and the surest way to make an athlete an abomination in the sight of a school or college community is to put him above the law. Snotbery, whether based upon the possession of money, athletic prowess, family, artistic talent, or upon anything else, is a stench peculiarly offensive to the American nostril.—Interscholastic Leaguer.

WORTHY OF RESPECT

A conscientious editor does not expect readers to approve of every editorial opinion, but he does expect respect for his opinions as he respects the opinions of readers, although not always agreeing with them. An editor is a lonesome individual. He must speak officially for the whole community, and when "cussed" he must bear his

INSURANCE

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

T. N. HOLLOWAY
Reliable Insurance

SPEED BROS.

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

YEAST

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

McLEAN BAKERY

Herman Lee, Manager

Picnic Eats

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

Quick delivery service anywhere in the city limits.

Bundy-Hodges Mercantile Co.
Phone Fifty

cross alone. He usually does so uncomplainingly, and goes right along boosting his city and the people, often at great financial loss to himself and his newspaper enterprise.—Conway (Ark.) News.

Mrs. Kite, head of the Armstrong Federation of Women's Clubs, attended the Lefors encampment last week.

Alex Chapman of Alanreed was a McLean visitor Saturday.

Dwight Upham and Erwin Rice visited friends at Canyon Sunday.

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

STOP! THINK!

People who think carry life insurance—do you? Call me today and let me write you a policy that will absolutely protect you.

EUNICE FLOYD
Life Insurance

Skating Rink

Under Waterproof Canvas
Open 10 a. m. to 11 p. m.

Bobby Bumps, professional trick and fancy skater, is floor manager. Come out and let him show you how to skate.

If you can walk, you can learn to skate. It makes the thin grow stout and the stout grow thin.

Near Depot
Shamrock, Texas



Select the Victrola for Your Home

There is a Victrola to suit every taste and purse.

If you want to hear the world's best music, interpreted by the greatest artists you should have a Victrola in your home.

Come in and let us show you our selection of Victrolas.

Erwin Drug Co.

The Rexall Store

The Joy of Living

The joy of living comes from the ability to satisfy simple needs in a wholesome way.

A well managed home contributes to the happiness of a community more than two cars in the garage.

Those who conduct their financial affairs in a systematic, orderly way thru the use of this institution know the joy of living in its very essence.

We solicit your business.



The American National Bank

PATRONIZE THE ADVERTISERS

News from Liberty

By Special Correspondent.

A. L. Morgan and family were dinner guests in the J. B. Pettit home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Petty and children, Mr. and Mrs. John Lively attended the singing convention at Porter Flat Sunday.

Mrs. S. Johnson is spending the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Nelson.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Burdine attended preaching at Liberty Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Messer attended the singing convention at Porter Flat Sunday.

Bro. Cobb filled his regular appointment here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Messer, Mr. and Mrs. Luther Petty and children visited in the John Lively home Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bell and children attended preaching services at McLean Sunday night.

Mrs. John Grogan visited in the John Kibler home Sunday.

Mrs. C. E. Francis returned Sunday from Groom, in company with her son, Robert, of Perryton. Mrs. Francis accompanied him home Sunday.

Mrs. Howard Hardin and children and Mrs. Lee visited in the Morgan home Sunday.

Watt Hardin and family visited in the Hardin home Sunday.

Watt Hardin of Tennessee is visiting his brother, I. G. Hardin, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Pearce and children and Miss Opal Nelson attended the Associational B. Y. P. U. meeting at McLean Tuesday.

SERMONS BY THE DEVIL

Hear about them at the Baptist church Sunday night. The pastor will discuss the texts and themes the devil is constantly preaching to the people of McLean, at 8:30 Sunday night.

The morning sermon will be another of the series of Sunday morning sermons on soul-winning, or getting ready for revival.

There is being some interest manifested in this series of sermons and also in the Sunday school and the good music we are having at the Baptist church.

W. C. GARRETT, Pastor.

SENIOR B. Y. P. U.

Leader—Chester Savage.

Parts 1 and 2—Vivian Landers.

Part 3—Wilma Grigsby.

Part 4—Archie Grigsby.

Parts 5 and 6—Eunice Stratton.

Part 7—Eunice Floyd.

All come and help make our Union one hundred per cent.

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

REGULATE THIS TRAFFIC

Is it that the mendicant profession has grown more lucrative, or have the members of this vocation found Wellington a productive field for their efforts?

If the numbers of this tribe which have made Wellington their one-day headquarters recently is to be taken as an indication, it follows that one of the two assumptions is correct.

Begging is as old as history, but more recent is the development which has resulted in placing this business upon the basis of a systemized, property accumulating, highly remunerative status.

Fearful lest the needy suffer in their midst, the people of the United States contribute thousands of dollars to grafters, crooks and dead beats. What percentage of the money contributed to beggars in Wellington goes to that class is indeterminable, but it should be.

Cities have organized to keep their people from that form of robbery. Wellington should do so.

The Mayor and City Council have it within their power to prohibit limit and license begging upon the square or within the city limits. They would doubtless be willing to take such corrective measures if convinced that such a step represented the desires of the people.

Visitors to Wellington are entitled to protection from hijackers collecting nickles and dimes under the guise of honest beggary.

A little thought will convince everyone that this traffic, although necessary to some extent, should be regulated.—Collingsworth Standard

When critics say that Americans are losing their nerve, have they ever noticed some of the entrants in our beauty contests?

McLEAN ECONOMIC CLUB

Reported.

Mrs. Scott Johnston entertained the McLean Economic Club Monday in an all day session.

Miss Seelbach gave a demonstration on cold deserts in the morning.

A pot luck dinner was served at the noon hour.

Miss Seelbach began a braided rug in the afternoon.

The best was kept for the last, when fruit punch and nectar was served.

About 30 ladies and girls and 17 children were present.

All report a good time.

THE EDITOR'S CONSCIENCE

We note that quite a number of the papers throughout this section of the state have accepted the advertising contract sent out by Sears & Roebuck. While The Post turned it down, yet we do not censure these papers for having accepted it, for it is purely a matter of business. The contract would amount to about \$500 during the year to each paper that accepts it. Advertising space is a paper's stock in trade, but The Post felt unwilling to accept it in direct competition to local merchants, for they are the people who build Paducah and help to build Cottle county. The chances are nine to one that some of our business men will not think of this when a job work peddler comes through soliciting their business, but whether they do or not, our conscience is clear on the matter, although our pocketbook is five hundred dollars loser in the deal. We are here to try to help build Paducah and Cottle county. We believe and preach patronizing home, and until such a time comes that we change our minds, we are going to accept nothing of an advertising nature that will take money away (when the goods could be gotten here) and return none of it. —Paducah Post.

IF MERCHANTS ONLY KNEW

Will H. Mayes, a writer and deep thinker, says that if every merchant will set aside FIVE PER CENT of his total income each month and use that five per cent in newspaper advertising, he will guarantee that the merchant will never be disappointed in the financial results which will follow. Mr. Mayes is correct in this statement. Only six months trial of this would convince any merchant that he is right. Getting the merchants to see the point and believe in it sufficient to do the advertising has kept many a small town merchant in the background while the larger stores who do this advertising take the trade away from the small town merchant. Mr. Merchant, it means money to you to try it out. Why not now, while your business is gradually getting away from you and going elsewhere? — Claude News.

THE SEASON'S ON

It is rumored that a McLean fisherman dislocated one of his shoulders telling about the big one that got away.

THE SUREST WAY

If you are so proud of your fine new merchandise that you want to keep it around to look at during the coming year, then don't advertise.

Typewriter paper to fit your notebook, at the News office

McLean Filling Station

Oils, Gas and Accessories

Sudden Service

Magnolene Ford Oil will make your Ford run better.

Floyd Phillips, Mgr.

Look Your Best

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

Service Tailor Shop

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

SALESMAN OR ORDERTAKER?

A refreshing fact about the business man's attitude has been noticeable in Childress this summer. Some of them have apparently escaped the state of business coma which business men too often expect to descend on them when the mercury begins to rise. The merchant who says to himself, "The time is now at hand when business gets rotten," is unconsciously (surely it is unconsciously!) disqualifying himself as a salesman. How can he expect to sell his merchandise when he does NOT expect to? In schools of salesmanship the instructors drum into their pupils the absolute necessity of confidence when approaching a prospect. They repeat to them over and over, "Self-confidence is a prime requisite to successful salesmanship." Lack of it makes the merchant an ordertaker. And when, by reason of the season of the year, it becomes increasingly harder to sell merchandise, the ordertaker loses out entirely, and the real salesman moves such goods as are sold. The commonly accepted "dull season" spurs the genuine salesman to his supreme effort. And the dull season classifies a merchant as either a salesman or an ordertaker. —Childress Post.

Mr. and Mrs. Ola Bailey of Wellington are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Webster.

MR. MOTORIST

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

SNAPPY SERVICE STATION
Erey Cubine, Manager

Modern Methods

We use modern methods and modern machinery in our shop. Your shoes are rebuilt when you bring them to us. Bring your next job here and see the difference.

Electric Shoe Shop

R. H. BOZHAW, Manager

The Most Amazing Price Making of Ages

For Saturday and all next week we will feature our entire line of Ladies' Ready-to-wear. Linens, Dotted Voiles, English Broadcloth, Princess Ann Cloth, Organdies and Voile Checks at prices far below regular. If you need anything in the above lines, it will pay you to visit the T. J. Coffey and Brother's store and take advantage of the tremendous saving offered. Below we call your special attention to prices on goods on sale:



<p>LINENS</p> <p>36 inch dress linens, \$1.25 value, per yard, 89c.</p>	<p>VOILE CHECKS</p> <p>40 inch voile checks, 50c values, per yard, 39c.</p>
<p>BROADCLOTH</p> <p>36 inch English broadcloth, \$1.00 value, per yard, 69c.</p>	<p>ORGANDIES</p> <p>44 inch organdies, \$1.00 values, per yard, 50c.</p>
<p>PRINCESS ANN CLOTH</p> <p>36 inch Princess Ann cloth, 75c value, per yard, 49c.</p>	<p>OUTING</p> <p>36 inch outing, light and dark colors, just a few patterns on hand, 25c values, per yard, 17½c.</p>
<p>DOTTED VOILES</p> <p>40 inch dotted voiles, 75c values, per yard, 49c.</p>	<p>GINGHAMS</p> <p>27 inch gingham, big assortment, 25c values, per yard, 15c.</p>
<p>SHEETING</p> <p>9-4 bleached sheeting, per yard, 45c.</p>	

LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR
Radical reductions in ladies' ready-to-wear.

The operation of the sale will be handled with every precaution. The crowds will be waited on rapidly. Thousands of people are now planning to attend the sale, that will actually bring down prices of merchandise.

T. J. Coffey & Bro.

The Store Where Your Dollar Buys the Most