

THE McLEAN NEWS

Volume XXII.

McLean, Gray County, Texas, Thursday, December 3, 1925.

No. 49.

ODD FELLOWS ELECT OFFICERS; INITIATE 30 NEW MEMBERS

The Odd Fellows elected officers for the ensuing year Tuesday night. L. Rogers was elected Noble and, Allen Wilson vice grand, W. Haynes secretary, and C. E. Perrett treasurer.

A class of 30 took the initiatory degree at this meeting. The work was put on by the McLean team in a very exemplary manner.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY

A party was given at the Joyner home Tuesday afternoon in honor of Miss Josephine Turner's 13th birthday. The young folks were entertained by various games, contests, etc. Refreshments were served to the following: Fern and Edna Landers, Lillian Carpenter, Marie Lou Grigsby, Odessa Kunkel, Vera Pearl Gatlin, Pauline and Edna Muncie, Irene McCoy, Edna Anderson, Josephine and June Turner and Miss Theima Gatlin.

LADIES BETTER CARD CUSTOMERS THAN MEN

The News has sold several numbers of exclusive cards, printed to order to different ladies in McLean, but so far the men have failed to show much interest in the matter. Several men have spoken to us about cards, but so far have failed to make up their minds as to the style card they prefer.

The time is getting short now in which to secure the choice of our fine card line, and we urge you to make up your minds as soon as possible.

To those who have not seen what we have to offer, we extend a cordial invitation to visit the News office any day and look over our sample book. You will find new cards of unusual beauty at very reasonable prices.

Letters to Santa Claus

Dear Santa Claus:
I want you to bring me some ink-benches, a sandy sandy, stopper gun, a story book, a mule and wagon, a rubber ball, and apples, candy, nuts and oranges.
Bye, bye, Santa Claus, come to see me.
ELDRIDGE CHILTON.

Dear Santa Claus:
I have been a good girl and I want some story books, some house slippers size 13, old rose, and a tiny baby doll and a doll trunk.
Thank you, dear Santa Claus.
JUANITA CARPENTER.

Dear Santa Claus:
I want a trip on a cap pistol and caps, a ball and a little saw.
CLYDE CARPENTER.

Messrs. Wallace and Brady of Clarendon were in McLean Wednesday. Mr. Wallace has bought W. Stuehler's interest in Wallace and Company's stores, and I. A. Brady and Miss Ethel Gammon have been added to the Clarendon store's force. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Reid are in charge of the McLean store. Mr. Wallace expressed himself as being well pleased with his business at McLean and Clarendon.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Rice attended the Sunday School rally at Alameda Sunday.

C. C. Bogan went to Wellington Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Bentley made a trip to Clarendon Tuesday.

A number of the younger set enjoyed a party in the T. A. Landers home Saturday evening.

T. B. Roby is a new reader of the News.

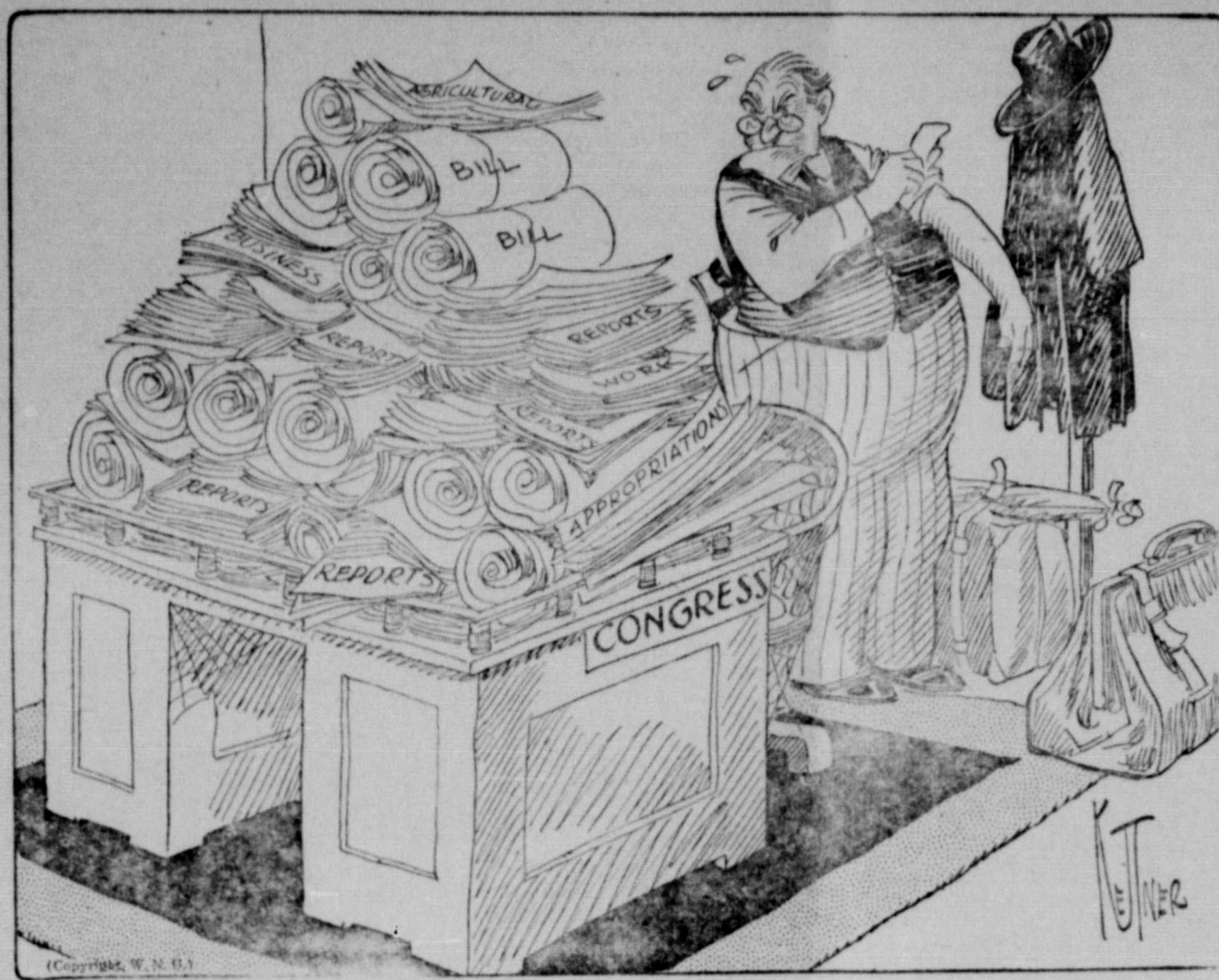
J. H. A. Hartman of Alameda was a McLean visitor Tuesday.

C. H. Harbison was in town with Cotton Wednesday.

B. T. Harris of Altus, Okla., is visiting in McLean this week.

C. L. Spelling orders the Star-Telegram at our bargain rate.

Back on the Job



STATE TEACHERS DENOUNCE COMMERCIAL SCHOOL ATHLETICS

Resolutions were adopted denouncing the commercialization of organized school athletics in Texas and teachers cautioned to check "this evil tendency" at the meeting of the State Teachers Association which met at Dallas last week.

Two resolutions were passed, one denouncing commercialized athletics and the other stating that athletics is being over-emphasized.

An adequate physical program for all school pupils, instead of intensified training for a few stars was advocated.

News from Liberty

Mrs. Luther Petty called at the Homer Abbot home last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Morgan called at the R. O. Cunningham home Thanksgiving night.

Ford Bell fell and hurt himself last week. Dr. Ballard said no bones were broken, and he is all right at present.

Jason Morgan came home from Clarendon Friday night and returned Sunday evening.

Bob Bell and family of Wellington visited in the Frank Bell home last week.

Mrs. Luther Petty and sons attended preaching at the McLean Methodist church Sunday and called at the Mitchell Johnson and John Johnson homes on their way home to see the new babies.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bell and children took Mrs. Mattie Bell to Wellington Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Messer of Porter visited in the Louis home Sunday.

J. F. Corbin and family of McLean called at the L. L. Morgan home Saturday night.

The Democratic Baptist held services at the school house Sunday, a number from Shamrock, Wellington and other places were present.

Miss Elizabeth Wilkerson of McLean visited in the Burr home Sunday and attended Sunday school.

Miss Ozella Burr attended Sunday school Sunday.

Mrs. Dexter Glenn and children visited in the H. C. Nelson home Sunday.

Mr. Hardin and family, Watt Hardin and family of Clarendon and Miss Geneva Corbin of McLean visited in the Hardin home Sunday.

Four track loads of casing for the oil well came in Sunday. Other loads came Monday.

John Lively went to Shamrock Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Petty and children were dinner guests in the Loyal home Monday.

A. L. Morgan called at the J. F. Corbin home in McLean Sunday afternoon.

REGULAR MEETING C. OF C. MONDAY

Monday night is the regular monthly business meeting of the Chapter of Commerce.

Matters pertaining to the coming banquet will probably be discussed and several committees should have reports ready for this meeting.

REBECKAHS HOLD BANQUET

The Rebeckah Lodge held a banquet Monday night after the initiatory exercises, in which the Shamrock degree team exemplified the floor work for a class of 15 candidates.

MRS. DISHMAN ENTERTAINS

Mrs. E. E. Dishman entertained the members of the Senior Sunday school class of the First Baptist church at her home on Friday evening of last week.

The evening was pleasantly spent in an informal manner playing games, and other forms of amusement. Refreshments were served at a late hour.

3,817 BALES OF COTTON GINNED HERE

Up to this morning, 3,817 bales of cotton had been ginned at the local gins.

THE COVERED WAGON

At the time this picture was filmed there was published in the humane and general press statement that the author of the historical novel, Mr. Hough, on which the scenario is founded, had protested against needless cruelty to animals in the picture—horses, cattle and buffalo—and had been denied admission to the grounds where the picture was taken. Reports were later published containing a statement from his secretary denying that Mr. Hough ever made such a protest. The Humane Record of Chattanooga, Tenn., prints the following sworn statement of Ellis Cooper which is reproduced from the Christian Science Monitor of Boston:

"About six months before his death, Emerson Hough spent an evening at the apartment of the writer at 41 West Fifty-second St., New York, during which Mr. Hough related several of his experiences. Naturally the subject of the 'Covered Wagon' arose, and Mr. Hough made the statement at that time that he very much objected to the mauling and killing of the animals during the filming of the picture and because of his objection he was refused admittance to the lot during the filming of some of the scenes."

Mrs. Willie Boyett, Mrs. R. S. Thompson, Mrs. Eph Prefontaine and Fred Thompson went to Amarillo for Sousa's band concert Tuesday evening.

REV. THOMAS STARTS WORK AT BROWNFIELD

Rev. J. G. Thomas, newly appointed pastor of the local Methodist church here, called on the Herald Saturday afternoon and got acquainted. He has the appearance of being a hustler in the cause he is devoting his life to, and we are sure Methodism will have no cause for regrets that he has been sent to this town. He gives one the impression that he makes friends fast and holds them, and his invitation to visit him and his services has a genuine ring to it that makes one want to go.

Another thing we like about Rev. Thomas is that he still speaks a good word about the town and people where he came from. This shows he was on genial terms with all the citizens of McLean.—Terry County Herald.

KILLING THE FARMER'S FRIEND

A rural mail carrier shot a hawk on the road the other day and when he went to pick it up, the supposed dead bird took a peck that put out his eye—for which no one can blame the hawk, says the Salem, Ore., Capital Journal.

This Federal employee broke several laws and regulations. It is against the rules to carry a gun on duty, while delivering mail. It is a violation of the state law to shoot on a public highway. A hawk is one of the most beneficial of birds and one of the farmer's best friends, daily destroying its weight in vermin, and as it is useless as food, there is no justification in its slaughter.

As a result of similar wanton slaughter of eagles, hawks and owls, all birds that justify their existence, the balance of nature has been destroyed and a great increase in rabbits, diggers, gophers and mice is causing an economic loss to every farmer in the land. All of these birds should be protected by law to prevent their extermination, which is now threatened.

News from Back

By Special Correspondent.

Miss Carmen Elm went to Amarillo Wednesday to spend Thanksgiving with home folks.

Clyde Holloway and Kenneth Henderson attended Thanksgiving services in McLean.

John Carpenter and family visited his brother, Charles, and family Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Hosea Bigger and children of McLean visited Hosea and the boys from Thursday to Sunday.

C. M. Carpenter was a McLean visitor Saturday.

J. O. Holloway and family of Liberty visited in the Chas. Back home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Edwell were McLean visitors Saturday.

Bud Back and family attended church in McLean Sunday.

Miss Ava Lee Back visited Miss Maudelle Corum from Thursday to Sunday.

W. I. Bacon went to McLean Monday.

Mrs. Scott of Quail visited her brother, C. H. Harbison, and family in the Heald community last week.

J. G. Wingo is a new reader of The News.

Born, Thursday, Nov. 26, to Mr. and Mrs. Gay Hill of Shamrock, a girl, named Betty Sue.

J. A. Ashby tells us to keep The News and Star-Telegram come to his address at our bargain rate.

A. T. Young orders The News and Star-Telegram another year.

R. S. Jackson renews for The News and Star-Telegram this week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Landers of Heald entertained a number of their children and grandchildren at dinner Sunday.

Clyde Ware of Mobeetie was buying boots and shoes in McLean one day this week.

John Mertel orders The Star-Telegram at our bargain rate.

C. of C. Banquet Will Be Held Thursday Night

By M. D. Bentley
The McLean Chamber of Commerce will stage a big banquet on Thursday night, Dec. 10.

The leading feature of the menu will be turkey, accompanied by everything that is needed to make it enjoyable. This banquet will be arranged by the ladies of the Home Demonstration Club, and you may rest assured that nothing will be left out that would make it more complete. The Girls Club will serve the eats under the direction of Miss Seelbach, home demonstrator.

This is the first chance that these girls have had to show their skill and ability in the work of the club. Indeed everyone should be interested in this work to the extent that they would not miss this banquet for any reason.

But do not be misled, for this is not near all that is in store for you. There will be music from various kinds, out-of-town speakers, and many attractions not mentioned.

The program will start promptly at 7 p. m., Dec. 10, and will be snappy from start to finish. If you miss any part you will miss a lot. There will be only 150 tickets sold, so you had better buy early.

News from Ramsdell

By Special Correspondent.

Mrs. Ernest Veatch and children of Shamrock came in Tuesday to visit the lady's aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McCann.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Martin and children went to Shamrock late last Wednesday evening. Mr. Martin's mother and little nephew, Sammie Martin, returned with them to spend Thanksgiving.

Rubert Bradley made a business trip to McLean Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Weiss and Mrs. Rubert Bradley took Thanksgiving dinner in the A. W. Martin home.

A pie supper was given Friday night and the sum of \$33 was made for the benefit of the school.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Jones and son, R. L. Jr., were McLean visitors Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Rubert Bradley, Miss Eunice Fulcher and Charlie Longan were Shamrock visitors late Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Stevens and Edna of Panhandle, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Powell of Heald were dinner guests in the M. T. Powell home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Sublett and children, Miss Mildred Verner of McLean and Miss Velma Bradley were dinner guests in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Rubert Bradley Sunday.

Misses Sarah and Gracie Bolton and Claude Mize of Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Hershey Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Harrelson and children were dinner guests in the W. M. Bolton home Sunday.

Mrs. Ferd Boneg and son, Elmo, Mrs. Pearl Thomas and Miss Edna Pyre visited in the W. M. Bolton home Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Bolton made a business trip to Shamrock Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Pharis and children visited Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Fields at Shamrock Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Jess Grogan visited Mrs. J. I. Bones Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. J. G. Davidson visited in the Rev. J. A. Scroggins home at McLean Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Byvett and children visited in the Ferd Bones home Tuesday night.

A. L. Hibler takes advantage of our bargain rate on The News and Star-Telegram this week.

R. S. Thompson was a business visitor in McLean Wednesday.

Curg Williams, manager of the Williams Motor Company, made a business trip to Alameda Tuesday.

Fred, T. A. and LeRoy Landers were in Amarillo Tuesday night to hear Sousa's band.

A. Smith of Los Angeles, Calif., is a new reader of The News.

Oliver October

By George Barr McCutcheon

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I—Oliver October Baxter, Jr. was born on a vile October day. His parents were prominent in the commercial, social and spiritual life of the town of Rumley. His father was proprietor of the hardware store. The night that Oliver October was born a kooky queen reads his father's fortune and tells him what a wonderful future his son has before him, but after the reading, the kooky queen, in a fit of pique, leaves the house in a rage after telling Mr. Baxter that his son will never reach the age of thirty, that he will be hanged for a crime of which he is not guilty.

CHAPTER II—Ten years elapse and Oliver's father is the owner of a business block in the town. Mrs. Baxter died when Oliver was nearing seven. Josephine Sage, wife of the minister, causes a sensation when she leaves Rumley to go on the stage. She becomes a "star" and later goes to London, where she scores a hit. Her daughter Jane and young Oliver become greatly attached to one another. After finishing college, young Oliver accepts a position in Chicago with an engineering company. He goes to Chicago on an important mission for his firm. Upon his return he enlists in the Canadian army.

CHAPTER III—The war over, Oliver returns to Chicago and is told by his employers that his services are no longer required. He returns home. He hears Jane is in love with Doctor Lansing, Jane and Oliver meet again. Oliver is reprimanded by his father for not getting another position. Oliver threatens to leave home.

CHAPTER IV—Despite Mr. Baxter's pleading to Oliver to remain in Rumley, Oliver decides to accept a position in Chicago. Mr. Baxter accompanies Oliver through a swamp on the way to the Sage home. On the way they quarrel over Oliver's refusal to stay in Rumley. Mr. Sage tells Oliver his father fears the thing the kooky queen predicted and wants his son to stay home, where he can watch over him. Oliver decides not to leave. Mr. Baxter fails to return home and is believed by some to have perished in the swamp. Oliver tells the authorities of the quarrel with his father, but they do not accuse him of having anything to do with his father's disappearance. Oliver takes charge of his father's business. Three months remain of the last year allotted to Oliver by the kooky queen. Uncle Horace Gooch announces himself as a candidate for state senator. Friends start a boom for young Oliver as candidate for state senator against old man Gooch. Jane forces Oliver to enter the race against his shylock uncle.

CHAPTER V—Oliver employs ditch diggers to dig part of the swamp where his father is supposed to have perished. Mr. Gooch accuses Oliver of having dug the swamp. Oliver's business is ruined. Mr. Gooch refuses to quit. Oliver and Jane are happy when his attorney convinces him that she is satisfied for him. Mr. Sage and his daughter go to New York to meet A. P. Mr. Gooch, convinced he would lose the election to Oliver, plans to try and intimidate him by demanding a (hooray) investigation into the disappearance of Oliver's father.

A few paces ahead Sammy was explaining loudly to Mr. Sage, "I guess something important of a political nature must have turned up to keep Oliver from meeting the train. We had it all fixed up to meet you with my car and he was to be here at four sharp. Doc Lansing's up at Harbor Point, Mich., for a little vacation. Won't be back till Sunday week. Murie's out here in the car, Mr. Sage. She'll drive you home while I see about the baggage."

Mr. Sage had recovered his composure by this time. He leaned close to Sammy's ear and said gravely: "Luggage, Sammy—luggage."

"Sure—I get you," said Sammy, winking. "But just the same I'll call it baggage till I've got it safely out of the hands of Jim O'Brien, the baggage master. Here we are! Hop right in, Jane. Permit me to introduce myself, Mrs. Sage. I am—"

"I remember you quite well," interrupted the great actress (pronouncing it "quaint"). "You are Sammy Parr—little Sammy Parr."

"I say, Herbert, old thing, you can't make me believe this is Rumley. You are deceiving me. I don't recognize a single— Oh, yes, I do! I take it all back. I would know that man if I saw him in Timbuktu. The old Johnnie in the car we just passed. It was Gooch—the amiable Gooch—and my word, what a dust he was raising!"

Oliver, pedaling furiously, arrived at the parsonage ten minutes behind the Sages. The minister greeted him as he came clattering up the front steps. "Sh!" he cautioned, his finger to his lips. "Don't make such a noise, Oliver—if you please. She's—she's resting. Sh! Do you mind tiptoeing, lad?" "Where is Jane, Uncle Herbert?" broke in Oliver, twiddling his hat. He was struck by the dazed, hostile, and yet harassed expression in the minister's eyes.

of him? I hope I haven't been standing on him. I should have squashed him— Ah, I remember! The hat-rack!"

He dashed into the hall, followed by Oliver, and there was Henry the Eighth suspended from the hatrack by his leash in such a precarious fashion that only by standing on his hind legs was he able to avoid strangulation.

"I am so absent-minded," murmured Mr. Sage, rather plaintively. "Poor doggie! Was he being hanged like a horrid old murderer? Was he—"

"Possibly," said the other. "Come along, doggie—let's romp a bit."

Meanwhile, Jane, having brushed her mother's hair, was now employed in the more laborious task of rubbing the lady's back.

"You have a great deal of magnetism in your hands, my dear," drooned Mrs. Sage, luxuriously. "As I say, my mind always did it for me in London, but she never had the touch that you have. The right shoulder now, please."

"I think Oliver is downstairs with father," began Jane wistfully.

"She was my dresser, too," went on Mrs. Sage drowsily. "Really, I wonder now that I endured her as long as I did. And I shouldn't if she hadn't been so kind to Henry the Eighth. I do hope your father is giving him a nice little romp in the front—"

"Shall I run down and see, mother?" broke in Jane eagerly.

"Presently, my dear, presently. I shall be taking my tub in a few— you say we have a bathroom now? Dear me, how the house has grown. How many servants have we?"

"One," said Jane succinctly.

"One?" gasped Josephine. "I never heard of such a thing."

"One is all we need, and besides one is all we can afford. I am afraid you will have a lot to put up with, mother dear."

Josephine was silent for a long time. Suddenly she lifted her head and looked up into her daughter's face.

"My dear," she said, with a very little twist at the corner of her generous mouth. "I've come home to stay. I

wasn't her brother. That's what you've been doing for two or three weeks. If you had the least bit of gumption, you'd up and tell her you can't stand being a brother to her any longer and you'd like to be something else—if it isn't too late."

"Gee!" exclaimed he ruefully. "But suppose she was to say it is too late?" "That's a nice way for a soldier to talk," said Mrs. Grimes scathingly.

Oliver saw very little of Jane during the days that followed Mrs. Sage's return. Her mother demanded much of her; she was constantly in attendance upon the pumpered lady. Oliver chafed. He complained to Jane on one of the rare occasions when they were alone together.

"Why, you're nothing but a lady's maid, Jane. You've been home five days and I haven't had a chance to say ten words to you. Now, don't misunderstand me. I'm fond of Aunt Josephine. She's great fun, but hang it all, she's right smack in the center of the stage all the time. It isn't fair, Jane. You can't go on being a slave to her. She—"

"She has always had some one to wait on her, Oliver," said Jane. "I don't mind. I am really very fond of her. And she is just beginning to care for me. At first, I think she was a little afraid of me. She couldn't believe that I was real. The other day—in Chicago—she suddenly reached out and touched my arm and said: 'It doesn't seem possible that you ever spat and made the night hideous for me and your poor father. I can't believe that you are the same little baby I used to fondle and spank when I wasn't any older than you are now.' Besides, Oliver, I like doing things for her. It makes father happy."

"But it doesn't make me happy," he grumbled. Then his face brightened. "Wasn't she great last night when she got started on Uncle Horace and— and all this hullabaloo he's stirring up?"

The fourth day after his wife's return to Rumley, Mr. Sage blurted out the question that had lain captive in his mind for weeks.

"If it is a fair question, my dear, would you mind telling me just why you came back to me?"

used to lay the matter before the grand jury, as requested by Horace Gooch, but had grudgingly acceded to his demand that an official investigation be instituted and carried to a definite conclusion by the authorities.

"I want you to understand, Oliver," explained the sheriff, "that this is none of my doing. Gooch has obtained an order from the court, calling for a search of the swamp and your premises, basing his affidavit on the suspicion that his brother-in-law came to his death by foul means and—er—so on. He agrees to pay all the costs arising from this investigation in case nothing comes of it. On the other hand, if your father's body is found, and there is any evidence of foul play, the county naturally is to assume all the costs. The old man has hired two detectives to come down here and take active charge of the work. I hope you won't have any hard feelings toward me, Baxter. I am only doing my duty as ordered by the court."

"Not the slightest feeling in the world, sheriff," said Oliver warmly. "I wish you would do me a favor, however. The next time you see my uncle, please remind him that my offer to give \$5,000 if he finds my poor father—dead or alive—still holds. You can start digging whenever you are ready, sheriff. If any damage is done to the property, however, I shall be obliged to compel my uncle to pay for it. Don't forget to tell him that, will you?"

The sheriff grinned. "I wonder if this old bird knows how many votes he's going to lose by this sort of thing."

Oliver frowned. "His scheme is to throw suspicion on me, sheriff. That's what he is after. It is possible that a good many people will hesitate about voting for a man who is suspected of killing his own father."

"Don't you worry, Oliver," cried the sheriff, slapping the young man on the back. "Things are coming out all right for you!"

Fully a week passed before a move was made by the authorities. The newspapers devoted considerable first page space to the new angle in the unsolved Baxter mystery, but not one of them took the matter up editorially.

Notwithstanding the reticence of the press, the news spread like wildfire that Horace Gooch was actually charging his nephew with the murder of his father. The town of Rumley went wild with anger and indignation. A few hot-heads talked of tar and feathers for old man Gooch.

And yet deep down in the soul of every one who cried out against Horace Gooch's malevolence lurked a strange uneasiness that could not be shaken off.

The excitement over the return of Mrs. Sage was short-lived on account of the new and startling turn in the Baxter mystery. Acute interest in the pastor's wife dwindled into a mild, almost innocuous form of curiosity.

Ladies of the congregation, after a dimmed season of hesitation, called on her—that is to say, after forty-eight hours—and were told by the servant that Miss Judge was not at home. She would be at home only on Thursday from three to six. Some little confusion was caused by the name, but this was satisfactorily straightened out by the servant, who explained that Miss Judge and Mrs. Sage were one and the same person, and that she was married all right and proper except, as you might say, in name. Mrs. Serepta Grimes, being an old friend, was one of the first to call. And this is what she said to Oliver October that same evening:

"You ask me, did I see her? I did. I told the hired girl to say who it was, and in a minute or two she came back and told me the barefacedest lie I ever heard. She said Mrs. Sage wasn't at home. Well, do you know what I did, Oliver? I just said 'Pooh' and walked right up the stairs and into her room. She got right up and kissed me five or six times and—well, that's about all, except I stayed so long I was afraid I'd be late for supper."

"Did you see Jane?" broke in Oliver.

"Certainly. Do you want to hear what Josephine said about you?"

"No, I can't say that I do. By the way, Aunt Serepta, there is something I've been wanting to ask you for quite a while. Do you think Jane is pretty?"

Mrs. Grimes pondered. "Well," she said judicially, "it depends on what you mean by pretty. Do you mean, is she beautiful?"

"I suppose that's what I mean."

"What do you want to know for?"

"Gee?"

"I mean what's the sense of asking me that question? You wouldn't believe me if I said she wasn't pretty, would you?"

"Well, I'd just like to know whether you agree with me or not."

"Yes, sir," said she, "fixing him with an accusing eye. 'I do agree with you—absolutely.'"

"The strange thing about it," he pursued defensively, "is that I never thought of her as being especially good-looking until recently. Funny, isn't it?"

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(Continued next week)

GOSPEL FISHERS UNION

Subject—Some Chinese Stories. Group No. 1 in charge. Lenten program. Introduction—Doris Corbin. The Story of the Mandarin—Elizabeth Wilkerson. The Story of the Mandarin's

JEWELER

Watches, Clocks, Phonographs, Sewing Machines, etc., Repaired. All Work Guaranteed. Watches for Sale or Trade. N. M. Balwin, McLean, Texas.

- Wife—Marie Browning.
- The Story of the Teacher—Lloyd Hunt.
- The Story of an Opium Smoker—Kent Carpenter.
- The Story of the Blind Boy—Josephine Vannoy.
- The Story of the School Girl—Naomi Hunt.
- The Story of a Chinese Preacher—Floye Landers.
- The Story of a Lady Missionary—Laema Holloway.
- The Story of the Missionary—Annie Lou Grigsby.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our sincere appreciation and thanks to all our dear friends who have been so kind and thoughtful of us in this hour of our deepest sorrow. You will always have a warm place in our hearts and we invoke God's richest blessings to rest upon each one of you. Mr. and Mrs. John M. Carpenter and family.

ADVERTISING PAYS

Advertisements in this paper are placed on the most favorable terms. Write for particulars.

Groceries are cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. Advertisement 1/2c

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

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

Banker Service and Bank Service

In addition to the benefits to be derived from ordinary mechanical bank service—which are many, to be sure—we believe every play-fair patron is entitled to the personal interest and personal effort of every officer and employee.

Putting this idea into practice is winning for us good will rapidly.

The American National Bank

Ford

TUDOR SEDAN
\$580

Runabout - \$260
Touring - 290
Coupe - 520
Fordor Sedan 660
Closed cars in color.
Demountable rims and starter extra on open cars.
All prices f.o.b. Detroit.

To anyone familiar with closed car values, it is amazing that such quality and workmanship can be had at this low price. Everyone admires the smart lines and the cozy interior, with its strong, hand-built seats and attractive upholstery. Windows and windshield are of fine plate glass. Inspect all the new features at any Authorized Ford Dealer's showroom. Any Ford car can be purchased on very easy payments.

Ford Motor Company
Detroit, Mich.

"Sh! The Windows Are Open, Oliver."

dare say you will find me capable of taking things as they are. I did it once before, and I can do it again."

The express wagon with Mrs. Sage's trunks arrived in Oliver, in despair, was preparing to depart as he had come on Marmaduke Smith's bicycle. He took fresh hope. Here was a chance to see Jane after all.

"Where do you want the trunks, Jane?" he shouted from the bottom of the stairs. There was no answer. "Where shall we put them, Uncle Herbert?" he asked, his hands jammed deep in his pockets.

"Bless my soul, I—I haven't an idea," groaned Mr. Sage, passing his hand over his brow. "Unless you put them in my study," he suggested brightly.

Fifteen minutes later, the trunks being piled high in the pastor's little study, Oliver moved his brow and expressed himself to Uncle Herbert from the bottom of the porch steps.

"Uncle Herbert, I think Jane might have been allowed a minute or two to say hello to a fellow. Good Lord, sir, is—is this to be Jane's job from now on?"

"Sh! The windows are open, Oliver."

"Is she to be nothing but a lady's maid to Aunt Josephine?"

"We are so happy to have her with us, my dear boy, that—er—nothing—er—"

CHAPTER VII

Oliver Is Worried

Three days later, the sheriff of the county served papers on Oliver October. The prosecuting attorney had re-

Upon Christmas Day

By WILLIAM LUFF, in The Christian

A STAR peeped forth upon Christmas Eve. And told of that other Star: whose beams shine bright, through the world's dark night, and scatter the shadows far.

A snowdrop bloomed upon Christmas Day. And told of that spotless flower: whose perfume pure, should all frosts endure, and brighten Earth's wintry hour.

A bells rang out upon Christmas Day. And their message came a call: worship the Son of the Highest One, who came with good will to all.

A holly berries on Christmas Day. Hushed red in their faceless green: their coral red, showed the blood-drops shed. As they shone the barbed leaves between.

A feast was spread upon Christmas Day. And mirrored the feast He spread. He was born that He might our banquet be. The True and the Living Bread.

A son came home upon Christmas Day. A son from a far off land. He had held once more, of God's open door. The kiss and the welcoming Hand.

A babe was born upon Christmas Day. And the speechless infant told. The manger Child, that in beauty smiled. On that first glad day of old.

Christmas Giving and Being Happy

How Yuletide Problem Was Solved in Most Satisfactory Manner.

By KATHERINE EDELMAN

JOHN WARNER and his wife sat talking in the living room of their little bungalow until the clock on the mantel struck the midnight hour.

"Good gracious John!" Ellen said, "I had no idea that it was so late."

"That's because you were so interested, dear," John answered; "when it comes to making plans for Betty you forget time and everything else."

Ellen reddened ever so slightly. She knew that what John said was true for ever since Betty had come to them, now nearly six years ago, her whole life had been wrapped up in the child. There was such a passion of mother-love that sometimes she grew almost frightened at its intensity, and often when John had laughingly teased her about forgetting him for Betty her conscience smote her.

And now she had talked John into letting her buy the big doll that had been in Harwell's window since the holiday season opened. John had tried to tell her that the small gifts they had already purchased would be enough for Betty, but finally he had given in to her pleading. She agreed with him that twenty dollars was a big sum to spend for a doll, but Betty was Betty and deserved it.

For the Warners were poor—not poor in the utter, abject poverty that haunts its face to the world unnumbered—but poor in the poverty that means worn and threadbare carpets, clothing grown thin and shabby from long usage, and a careful pausing before the spending of an unnecessary penny. Somehow, since Betty came they had never been able to get ahead; there was always something needed for Betty and she had always gotten it.

Next morning Ellen left the house early, with the wonderful twenty dollars in her purse. Betty had been left next door, all unconscious of the errand her mother was on. Half way to town two women entered the car and sat back of Ellen. They were of the loud, overbearing type of woman, overdressed and contemptuous of those who possessed little of material things. Scraps of their conversation came to Ellen at times through the haze of her busy thoughts.

"I think it's perfectly awful, I do," one of them was saying, "the way some women do. It's really stuffy in these days to be dowdy. A woman's got to wear good clothes to be anybody, and believe me, it's the dowdy women who walk alone."

"You've just said it," her companion answered. "As I tell George when he talks about the bills, a woman has got to dress nowadays or get nothing out of life."

The words sank into Ellen's brain as her eyes were scanning an advertisement at a counting: "Be fair to yourself, buy your millinery at Madam Courteuse's." And as other words of that ilk floated back from the women who began to stir up a queer feeling inside of Ellen Warner.

Her glance traveled to her dress, her shabby, mended gloves, and her face began to burn as she thought of the little hat she was wearing. She tried to shake off the feeling that was upon her and to get her mind back on her mission, but somehow everything seemed different now in the light of the strange unrest that was filling her heart. "Was she a little fool as these women had said. Was she fair to herself? Had she, in the little mean things that were her everyday portion and which until now had seemed to her veritable things of delight, cheated herself out of all that meant so much to other women? Had she really been fair to herself in sacrificing so much for her child?"

The car pulled up with a jerk. She alighted quickly and made her way toward Harwell's. Suddenly she stopped short. A sign overhead caught her eye: "Be fair to yourself—buy your millinery at Madam Courteuse's." Then her gaze traveled to the window with its array of tempting millinery. And as she gazed her breath began to come quickly, her hands to open and close with nervous, twitching movements. For a little hat in a dull shade of blue caught her eye. She was gazing at it fascinated, for the sun outlined the stars, so to Ellen did this particular hat eclipse all the others in the window. Somehow, it seemed to her at that moment as if she had been wearing a hat like that all her life. The little pink rosettes that nestled around the crown seemed to call and beckon to her, and almost before she realized what she was doing she was inside the store and asking to see the hat. The saleslady, with all the art that was hers, placed it with a skillful touch on Ellen's head. And as Ellen looked in the great mirror she saw a face that was flushed to a rose-pink with excitement, and above it the much-wanted hat, which seemed to be a very part of herself, so thoroughly becoming it was. She wanted the hat so bad! The soft, lovely colors brought out all the charm of her fair levelness and she thought how much John would like to see her as she looked now. The thought of her husband brought another thought to her, too. Perhaps all these years, while they had been sacrificing and skimping, he, too, had wished for and wanted many things. Surely he must have! Not, perhaps, things like women cared for, but other little luxuries that many of her friends had. She remembered now how longingly he had often looked toward the gold links—what a big thing it would be if Christmas would bring him the things necessary to play the game. The city maintained a free course not far from their hope. And if she wanted so badly to spend twenty dollars for a hat, surely John, who was seeing and hearing things every day, must often have wanted something pretty badly, too. She thought now how wonderful he had always been—never a word of complaint, but always cheery and happy. She realized now, with a bitter feeling at her heart, that she had not been fair to him—she had given their child more than her share of the little they had. But from now on things were going to be different—John must have the best. Betty had many years ahead to enjoy things, and besides she realized now it did not take expensive gifts to please children.

With hands that trembled Ellen reached up and took the hat from her hand and, not daring to look at it again, hurriedly left the store.

That Christmas was a very happy one for the Warners. For, although Betty did not get the big doll, she seemed just as pleased and happy as a child could well be. And Ellen felt a new glow at her heart when she presented John with his Christmas gift, for he was as jubilant as a boy about it. Her sacrifice had been indeed worth while—what did a becoming hat matter when put beside the happiness she felt just now?

But the good Christmas fairy must have been watching all, for an hour later John's boss called up to wish him a merry Christmas and to tell him that Old Man Jinson was going to resign and that John would have his place. A wonderful Christmas surprise it was, for it meant an extra five hundred a year to the Warners. Which made it probable that Ellen got her much-wanted hat, after all.

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE MISTLETOE

"NO MISTLETOE is needed if the heart is in the right place," people say. But neither is there any real need for a Christmas tree, a special Christmas dinner, a worn-out feeling from doing too much around the Christmas season. There is no actual need of all this. Yet if it were not for all these there would be less happiness and more and more happiness is always needed.

So do not discard the mistletoe. There may be love without it, but it lends a romance, a charm of its own that no heart can dispense with.—Mary Graham Bonner.

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

Mrs. J. W. Kahler has our thanks for renewal subscriptions to The News and Star-Telegram.

See me for all kinds of stamped goods for embroidery. Mrs. Laura Scott. Advertisement 1c

Jewelry auction sale at Shell's Pharmacy all next week. Advertisement 1c

A number of friends enjoyed a pop luck dinner in the Stratton home Thanksgiving Day.

Coaster wagons, all sizes, will make the kiddies happy on Christmas morning. McLean Hardware Co. Advertisement 1c

WOMAN EARNS MORE AT HOME THAN IN BUSINESS

"If a housewife actually paid \$1000 in dollars and cents what she saves her family in restaurant prices and doctor bills, she would be a high-salaried woman," Mrs. J. J. Johnson, director of the home service department of The People's Gas Light and Coke Co., Chicago, told members of the American Gas Association at their recent convention in Atlantic City.

"Teaching this fact is one of the big jobs that gas companies do in their home service work," she said. "We show a woman who feels she must work to work out of the home, that home work pays big dividends. We actually show her in figures what she can earn by her efforts in the different branches of the home. We have found that wholesome cooking is the most lucrative field for woman's feet in the big home partnership."

S. Goldberg conducts another big jewelry auction sale at Shell's Pharmacy every day next week. Advertisement 1c

WANTS

FOUND.—Fountain pen. Owner may have same by proving property and paying for this notice. If

See the Truck. Call Riley Scott. Advertisement 1c

FOR SALE.—640 acres 4 miles north of McLean. Will sell all or part to suit buyer. Price and terms very attractive. Come quick if you want it. S. B. Past, Owner. 1c

MATTRESSES renovated and recovered. Will call for and deliver at McLean once each week. Leave orders at News office or write Economy Mattress Co., P. O. Box 171, Shamrock, Texas. 40-9p-1c

GROCERIES ARE cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. 1c

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

BARGAIN DAYS on The News and Star-Telegram are here. \$8.45 for The McLean News and the Port Worth Star-Telegram one year, with the Star-Telegram from now until December 1st, free. Subscribe now.

FOR SALE.—One 9-foot galvanneum pipe, at a bargain. T. J. Coffey. 1c

BOOKKEEPING supplies, ledger sheets, journal and cash book sheets for high school commercial class at News office.

GARBAGE and trash hauled from any part of the city at reasonable rates. Phone 40, 2. Frank Haynes.

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

MATTRESSES renovated and recovered. Will call for and deliver at McLean once each week. Leave orders at News office or write Economy Mattress Co., P. O. Box 171, Shamrock, Texas. 40-9p-1c

FOR SALE.—378 acres of land 10 miles northwest of Alanreed, Texas; price \$9 per acre. Has \$1500 loan, running water. Or will trade for cattle. Roger S. McConnell, Pampa, Texas. 47-4p

LET ME butcher your hogs. Will call for and deliver in city limits. T. B. Roby. Phone 182. 1c

CHRISTMAS will soon be here. Better order your Christmas cards now. Exclusive selections, printed to order, at the News office.

THE "ORIGIN OF SPECIES"

A story is told of Bishop Wilberforce of Winchester, who, at a dinner, had to listen to a talkative young man across the table who had much to say of Darwin and his "Origin of Species."

"I can't see," said the young fellow, "what difference it would make to me if my grandfather was an ape."

"No," returned the Bishop, "I can't see what it would. But it would have made an amazing difference to your grandmother."

FOOTBALL WRECKS

The football season will leave wrecks behind it. Why on earth should this game be looked upon as sport when so many men get mangled up and some are killed because the game is so rough. Something should be done to make football a safe game for boys to play so else the game should be banned from our schools.—Higgins News.

LAWYER ALMOST LONESOME FAT FEE FROM DARKY

In a Missouri town there resided a lawyer who had become rather unpopular in getting people out of trouble. H. K. Ford tells us in the Pocket. Most of his clients were white people and those who were in good circumstances would be charged "all the traffic would bear." But occasionally an impetuous white person or darky whose feet had become entangled in the meshes of the fragrant of the law, would call on him and seek his professional services in getting the clogged feet extricated from the hospitable surroundings. From these people he sometimes received very small fees, but he went on the theory that "half a loaf is better than no bread at all," so he accepted their business, and collected what he could from them.

One day an elderly negro, plainly clad and humble looking, entered his office. The lawyer told him to be seated and inquired: "What can I do for you?"

The old darky said: "Boss, dey's got my boy in jail. What will you charge to get him out?"

The lawyer, sitting up his prospective client as one who was not

very prosperous, replied: "Oh, ten dollars."

Thereupon, the negro, who had been away from the community for some time, and who had without the home people knowing anything about it, accumulated a little money, pulled out a large roll of bills, and commenced turning them over presumably in an effort to find one of as small denomination as the fee demanded.

The lawyer saw the bills and hastily said: "What hell is it where they have your boy?"

"Why, boss, it's de county jail, dey call it, up heah on de hill."

"Do you mean he is in the big stone jail up there, with steel bars on all the windows?"

"Yes, sah; jus sah; dat's de place, boss."

"Oh, well, when I answered your first question, I thought you meant he had him in the little wooden building down here that they use as a hold-over. If he's in the stone jail, with the barred windows, it will cost \$250 to get him out."

The old darky slowly counted out the required amount, the while muttering: "Dat pestifious boy can't be satisfied wid no little wooden jail; seems lak he alius picks out dem 'sensitive places.'"

Fine watches, pearls, diamonds and silverware offered at auction every day next week at Shell's Pharmacy. Advertisement 1c

Try our gas and oil service. Williams Motor Co. Advertisement 45-2c

When gift buying see the hand-made articles at Shell's Pharmacy. Mrs. Earle Shell. Advertisement 1c

FURNITURE

New and Secondhand Furniture Bought and Sold See Us First

W. C. Dunnaway Walker Building

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

WHISKEY

no, not whiskey, but GOOD ALCOHOL. 188 proof.

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

Free to Girls

A free prize will be given to the girl who guesses the name of the doll in our window Saturday, Dec. 5. It costs nothing to guess. JEWELRY going at half price for the next 10 days.

Cobb's Variety Store

Welcome Welcome

No appeal is so international as that to the humanity of every people. The sum of \$1.50 from a Japanese boy in Tokio to the Santa Barbara relief fund speaks a world of friendship, engendered by the American Red Cross.

When the mariners on the high seas enroll 100 per cent. in the American Red Cross, should you lag behind?

Join the American Red Cross whose work is your expression of your human impulses.

A 12 plate, 80 ampere hour Ford battery will work in your car and give you good service. Guaranteed for one year. Adjustments made here. Williams Motor Co. Advertisement 45-2c

LEDGER paper for the book-keeping class in stock at the News office.

READ THE ADS

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

REPAIRING

Shoe and Harness Repairing Modern Machinery Modern Methods Reasonable Prices.

Bible Shoe Shop Shoe and Harness Repairing

V. H. Moore Auctioneer

Wheeler, Texas

Dates made at News office or call me collect.

TEXHOMA OIL & Refining Co. For Value and Service Use TEXHOMA PRODUCTS

Amalie Motor Oils 100 per cent Pure Pennsylvania.

L. L. ROGERS Agent Phone 131 McLean, Texas

CAFE SERVICE

We endeavor to give our customers the kind of service they have a right to expect in an up-to-date cafe. Good food cooked and served in a clean, sanitary manner. Give us a trial.

The Texas Cafe

Jewelry Auction Sale

Starting Mon., Dec. 7, 1925

Continues All Next Week

S. Goldberg, who had charge of the sale last March will conduct this sale.

2:30 p. m. Two Sales Daily 7:30 p. m.

Ladies Are Especially Invited

Shell's Pharmacy

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.

We notice many towns have the street light poles protected from careless drivers by a concrete ring around the base. Something of this kind is needed in McLean, judging from the many drivers who attempt to knock the poles down with their cars.

The News had a chance at some \$50 worth of advertising from a firm in a distant state, whose name, our foreign advertising agents tell us, cannot be found in any directory. We asked the company to give the order in the regular manner, and have never heard from them. However, we see this same advertising being run in some of our neighbor papers, and we wonder just how they succeeded in getting the schedule properly placed.

Some weed cutting on North Main street has been done by the city street department this week that was badly needed, not only from a fire danger standpoint, but from sanitary reasons. If some vacant lot owners could be made to see their duty in the matter of cutting weeds each year and the city keep weeds down in streets and alleys, we would have a much better town in which to live.

The Chamber of Commerce banquet can be a success only with the co-operation of everyone. When a full program is offered, there is little reason why anyone should fail to attend. Good speaking, good music and plenty to eat should attract most all of us, and at the same time the proceeds will go to a worthy cause—one that is for the interests of the whole community.

The resolutions adopted by the State Teachers Association in regard to athletics in Texas schools are very much to the point just at this time. There is no question but that physical training is needed, but it should be in such form that every pupil could take advantage of it, and at the same time it should be directly under the control of the school authorities without outside interference of any kind. The commercializing of school sports, with the attendant evils of gambling, etc., should not be tolerated in any community.

An advertising scheme was offered several McLean business men by some outside parties last week, but no one was interested. The time seems to be about past in our town when a high-powered salesman can come in and put over just any kind of scheme. A good share of our business men will not talk to this class of gentry until they get the sanction of the publicity committee of the Chamber of Commerce. That means that the vast majority of them leave town without interviewing the committee, as publicity is not what they desire. If every merchant would require the endorsement of their local committee before falling for things of this character, much money would be saved each year.

SENIOR B. Y. P. U.

Subject—Trials and Triumphs in the King's Service.
Opening exercises.
Ours on Daily Bible Readings.
Leader—Merle Grigsby.
Topic No. 1—Robert Mathis.
Topic No. 2—Lee Wilson.
Topic No. 3—Archie Grigsby.
Topic No. 4—Ernest Abbott.
Topic No. 5—Versie Grigsby.
Topic No. 6—Mildred Landers.

Don't fail to see the nifty needlework and hand painted goods at Shell's Pharmacy. Mrs. Earle Shell. Advertisement 1c

Don't miss the nifty needlework and hand painted goods at Shell's Pharmacy. Mrs. Earle Shell. Advertisement 1c

WATER SPORTS SAFER FOR RED CROSS WORK

Expert Life-Savers and Many Thousand Swimmers Reduce Annual Water Toll.

Water sports in the United States have never been so safe as they are today, a survey of the work done by Life-Saving experts of the American Red Cross in the past year indicates. Thousands of adults and young people were taught to swim proficiently by these experts during this period. In addition, 5,631 men, 4,187 women, and 13,024 juniors successfully passed the rigid tests of the Life Saving Service of the Red Cross. The total thus trained during the year—22,892—is 5,041 more than last year's results. The total membership of the Life Saving Corps of the Red Cross on June 30 was 72,810 persons.

Meeting the demand for qualified instructors and councillors in these camps, are the college men and women of the country, many devoting whole or part of their annual vacation periods to this field. Meeting the need of standardized instruction in Life-Saving, First-Aid, and kindred subjects, the American Red Cross conducted nine First-Aid and Life-Saving Camp Institutes this year with a total attendance of more than 600, in Maine, Massachusetts, New York, North Carolina, Indiana, Wisconsin, Oregon, and California. Representatives of Red Cross Chapters, summer camps, life guards at municipal pools and beaches, directors of physical education in schools, and others of this calibre made up the student body.

A number of city or regional institutions were conducted also during the winter at indoor pools to develop local experts. The aquatic school conducted by the New York Chapter was especially successful. It is stated. Inspired by this system, many camps, pools, bathing beaches, etc., have adopted in whole or in part, the Red Cross Life Saving and water-safety program. In the New England states alone, more than 180 camps employ councillors trained in these methods. A partial survey indicates more than 80 cities using the Red Cross senior test as a minimum requirement for their municipal life guards. Educational institutions have turned to it with enthusiasm.

This widespread instruction besides creating unprecedented numbers of expert life-savers, is developing a vast body of Americans who are at home in the water. All contributes to safety the year-round, for swimming is a recognized all-year sport today, records show.

The danger from water accidents is ever-present however where proper safeguards are not taken and to broaden this valuable Red Cross Service is one of the reasons why increased membership in the Red Cross is urged. The Annual Roll Call, during which the opportunity to assist all Red Cross work in many lines of endeavor is extended, will be held from Armistice Day to Thanksgiving, November 11-26.

Try our gas and oil service. Williams Motor Co. Advertisement 49-2c

A TOBACCO MILLIONAIRE

A little more than two weeks ago a multi-millionaire died. His name was Duke, and he made his millions by manufacturing and selling Duke's Mixture and Bull Durham. He professed great piety, but his business was one that only cursed the world. Because of his great wealth he had his countless flunkies, those simple-minded people found in every community who like to be thought well-to-do when they are not, or who disdain to associate with good ordinary folks but seek their associates among the wealthy. When Duke died he was given a pompous burial. The multitudes attended the funeral. An eloquent funeral oration was spoken over his casket. The people said that a good and mighty man had fallen. But Duke was twice married. Twenty years ago he divorced his first wife to marry the second. Before his death he had written a will. By this will he bequeathed the bulk of his millions to his second wife. He gave not one cent to his first wife. He had not given her one cent since he divorced her twenty years before. On the day that the contents of Duke's will was made public, his first wife was stricken with cerebral hemorrhage, superinduced, the papers say, by malnutrition, or in plain English, by starvation. Last Saturday night she died a pauper. Until a few years ago she had wealth, when a New York banker swindled her out of all she had. Since then she has been teaching music for a livelihood. She struggled against Fate and Poverty until they won the victory, and she went to her grave unhonored and unsung. But was she less worthy than her honored husband? As she less worthy of praise than he? If he had been an ordinary gentleman he would have had compassion on her in her distress, and at least saved her from starvation. She was doubtless a thousand times better than he. A plain slab will mark the resting place of the broke and broken-hearted little wife that he divorced for another woman. A great marble monument will tower above his tomb. For one, we refuse to honor the scoundrel. We even refuse to show his tobacco. We are against his sort. We are for the little woman. Away with snobbery. Away with this slobbering over the wealthy. Only character merits our praise.—Lynn County News.

A 13 plate, 80 ampere hour Ford battery will work in your car and give you good service. Guaranteed for one year. Adjustments made here. Williams Motor Advertisement 49-2c

Handpainted goods and art needlework for Christmas gifts at Shell's Pharmacy. Mrs. Earle Shell. Advertisement 1c

WOMEN'S VS. MEN'S STYLES

Some of our writers are wasting much valuable time and space in continually harping upon the methods of dress adopted by the women. We are frank to admit that some of the feminine styles look a little odd to us, but we are as frank to say that when it comes to styles we think the modern pants worn by our really "stylish" men are a joke. There is no more shape or beauty to them than a tow sack tied around the middle with a string. There is enough cloth in one pair of Boston Bags to make a suit of clothes for an ordinary sized man, and the things could be reversed, and the legs used to sit down in as well as the place originally provided for this procedure. Some of our sensible writers and critics of feminine wearing apparel say the woman would not follow certain modes of dress if fashion did not so decree it. We believe, and sincerely hope, that this is the reason why some of our masculine fashion plates are wearing the breeches of huge proportions and some dimensions—both top, bottom and middle—that they are. We would hate to think they really thought them pretty. We have never seen a person yet who expressed it in that kind of terms. First the trousers were so tight they looked like they were painted on the wearer; now they are so loose a fellow who indulges has to obtain a search warrant when he desires to scratch a chigger bite on his manly limb. We know the ladies go to extremes all right, but believe one who looks from afar off, they have never yet rigged out in anything that can excel the Boston Bags. The said bags and mother

hubbards, we think, would make a swell combination. There is plenty of vacancy in each garment.—Paducah Post.

NOT LESS WORTHY

She—"Before we were married you called me an angel."
He—"I know it."
She—"But now you don't call me anything."
He—"That shows my self-control."

Kiddies' aluminum toys at McLean Hardware Co. Advertisement

Patronize Advertisers

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

Cut as You Like It

We do not tell you how you should have your hair cut, unless you ask our advice. We will cut it the way you specify.

Elite Barber Shop
Everett & West, Props.

THAT BROWN CRISPY LOAF

There are so many good points about our bread that about the only way to find them out is to try a brown, crispy loaf. Tastes just like homemade—only a little better.

McLEAN BAKERY

AT THE LEGION THEATRE

"The Lucky Devil"

Friday and Saturday nights, Dec. 4 and 5. It is a good one. James Kirkwood in "TOP O' THE WORD" Monday and Tuesday nights, Dec. 7 and 8. One of the best.

These pictures are the beginning of a series of Paramount's latest releases, and from now on we will show a picture every week day night.

PRIZES. \$10 in gold as first prize and \$5 worth of show tickets as second prize, to the man or boy under 21 years old who kills the greatest number of hawks between now and January 1, 1926. These prizes courtesy Herbert L. Murphy, Amarillo.

Legion Theatre

W. L. HAYNES, Manager

STOP HERE!

When you need anything in the filling station line, do not fail to stop at our station. Gasoline, oils, accessories and SERVICE.

SNAPPY SERVICE STATION
E. L. CUBINE, Mgr.



Hello,
Everybody!

Here we are again. We have something else for you.

We have a very very good line of Christmas toys on display. The boys and girls should begin to write Santa Claus a letter. We have a box in our store for your convenience; you can mail your letters right here.

We have suitable gifts for big brother and sister, also mother and father—they must not be forgotten. And, too, we have a dandy stock of furniture, rugs, stoves and dishes, including cut glass and oven ware, also silverware.

Remember, make our store headquarters while in McLean. We want you to feel at home.

We Furnish the Home Complete

Hamilton-McGowen Hardware and Furniture Company.

Claud McGowen, Mgr.

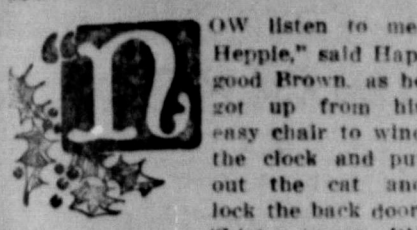
A Gift that Inspires Gratitude
for Father or Mother
for Son or Daughter
for Teacher or Pastor
for Dearest Friend

This Christmas Portable may be had in our handsome Christmas package without extra charge.

News

Turning Over a New Leaf

By W. H. Pierce



Now listen to me, Hepple," said Happy Brown, as he got up from his easy chair to wind the clock and put out the cat and lock the back door.

"Listen to me. It's two days now till Christmas. Look at that lot of packages over there on the shelf that I've got to play Santa Claus on. Think of the piles and piles of bundles we've sent out already; big bundles and little bundles, to Jim's folks and John's folks, Sairy's folks and Mandy's folks, the preacher, the nephews' home, the old cobbler, the ashwoman and the newsboy. It's got so that Christmas is a nightmare.

Accordingly the next morning Hepple and Happy Brown started out on their last shopping tour before Christmas. As they turned the corner of the main street they came upon two children, a boy and a girl, poorly clad, who stood with their noses pressed against the window of a small shop, where in were displayed a few cheap dolls and toys. They were so engrossed in their inspection of these articles that they did not notice the man and woman who stopped behind them and listened to their childish prattle.

"There's a Noah's ark," said the boy. "The baby could play with that a lot. There's animals inside, and if she'd play with one at a time it would seem like new toys all the time."

"Yes, but there ain't no dolly in there," said the girl. "She wants a dolly. How much money you got, Billy?"

Carefully drawing his hands from his pants pocket, the boy opened his fingers and slowly counted the few pieces of change in his palm. "Thirty-two cents, Sissy. I haven't lost any of it."

"Thirty-two cents! My, that's a lot of money! A lot of money, Billy, and it took a long time to earn it and save it. But—somehow it isn't going to buy much, is it, Billy?"

"No, but thirty-two cents is better than nothing."

"Well, then, you could get the Noah's ark; that's only twenty-five cents. Then you'd still have money left—how much, Billy?"

"Fifteen and ten, that's twenty-five," carefully separating a dime and three nickels from the rest of the little pile.

"See, Sissy, that leaves only seven cents to get something for you."

"For me? Ho! Never mind me. I don't want anything. I can dress the dolly, you know, and play it's mine when the baby's asleep. Maybe we can find something for mother. Oh, Billy, if we could get one of those green wreaths with the red berries—wouldn't it be lovely?"

"Mother needs stockings more than anything else. Besides, the green wreaths cost more than seven cents apiece, I'm afraid. Come on; let's go in and see what they have got."

"Wait a minute," said Happy Brown, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Where do you children live?"

The boy's hand closed tightly on the few pieces of money.

"Back on the next street, near the elevator. Why, mister? Where are you going?"

"Back on the next street, near the elevator," said Happy, as he took the boy's hand. "I want to see your mother and the baby."

"It ain't much of a place, mister. And mother's washing, I guess. She most always is."

"Never mind that. Come on, Hepple," turning to his wife, who was just behind, with the girl's hand in hers.

Their stay there was not long, but was momentous for Billy's mother and her little brood. Happy Brown had made Billy wildly happy by placing a dollar bill in his hand and another in Sissy's, and telling them to go on with their Christmas shopping. He had left a yellow-backed bill on the table under a plate. As he and Hepple turned the corner he pulled out a notebook and noted down as he muttered to himself: "Coal, blankets, potatoes, canned goods, apples—here. Hepple, take this money and get things for those children. You know what they want. I'm getting a few things the mother needs."

"Yes, but, Happy, I thought you'd sworn off."

"Hepple Brown, this doesn't count. This is an investment."

"An investment?"

"The safest and most satisfactory investment there is, Happy. He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank all our friends and neighbors for their many acts of kindness and words of sympathy during the illness and death of our dear son and brother. May God bless each of you.

F. E. Durham and family.

THROWING AWAY THE JUNK

Always I have loved old things. Chairs that generations have sat in are my delight. Old quilts that are pieced together from a hundred dresses and fragrant with a thousand sacred memories, I love.

Well, the result of it is that my wife, now and then, lends me to the basement or attic and helps me to throw away a lot of things which she calls "junk."

Junk. I will have to admit that the premises look better after each of these wifely ultimatums, though the junk man hauls away half of my heart now and then.

Junk. We all like it. I have seen farm lots cluttered up with rusty machinery, three-wheeled wagons, decrepit hay tools and harrows, until I swear that the farmer's wife must have screamed even when she had to look towards the barn.

There are back yards to many homes that see the abiding place of old churns, hen coops, incubators and other bric-a-brac that have only one mission left in the world, namely, to be burned up.

Back yards and yards are not more unsightly, at times, than our minds when piled high with junk.

The memory of an ancient insult or wrong is mental garbage. It is like the furtive slights that tole them away in the corners of the soul.

Every family, church or community has such vast stores of these unpleasant remembrances of evil deeds that we now and then a big social bon-fire of good will to get rid of them.

Hate, whether they are personal or international, become junk piles that may catch fire at any time. It is safe only to destroy them.

All institutions accumulate outworn opinions that clutter up the earth and endanger its peace and safety.

When Jesus was living, religion had gotten to be a matter of keeping a great number of little laws. He saw that the sacred dust needed to be brushed aside. He taught that "whoever loves God supremely and his neighbor as himself" had within him the essence of spiritual religion. Whatever obscures or makes more difficult this love religion between man is of the nature of junk.

We progress, mentally, by outgrowing many of the thoughts of our childhood. We enlarge, socially, by turning up the junk piles of selfishness and suspicions that seem so natural to us. We advance, morally, by junking the lower habits which we were foolish and weak enough to form. We climb, spiritually, by prayer, love, and service, all the while casting aside the ideas that have gotten to the junk stage.

There was once a woman who had saved, among her keepsakes, the broken nursing bottle of her infancy. One day, while hunting through some old boxes, she cut her finger on that bottle, and almost died of blood poisoning.

There is danger in every junk pile, whether it be a back yard, a cellar, or in the mind and soul.—Dr. J. W. Holland in Oklahoma Farmer-Stockman.

WHY! WHY! WHY!

The San Francisco Bulletin brings up the question of irresponsible automobile drivers being allowed to cruise on crowded streets and highways. It cites the case of a local accident where a child of two years lost his left arm almost to the shoulder. His mother had a fracture and dislocation of her ankle. The driver of the machine said "I have not paid for the car, have no insurance, and am in debt."

The question then arises, why should such an irresponsible driver be allowed on a public highway with as deadly an instrument as a motor car? If a man cannot afford to get a public liability insurance on his car, he should not be permitted to run it. When it is suggested that such a policy be required by law, agitators for public ownership of industry immediately demand that such a policy be furnished by the state "at cost." This means "at cost of taxpayers," for the state cannot write an insurance policy which will pay expenses of writing it, cover losses, and taxes which should be collected, for any less than a private com-

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

Why should the general taxpayer have to run the risk of being assessed even a single penny in order to try to furnish state insurance "at cost" to an irresponsible automobile driver who doesn't own his car, who can't afford to buy insurance, and who is in debt? Why should such a person be driven in as expensive a piece of machinery as an automobile? Why should he endanger the lives of the public or why should the taxpayers be involved in furnishing him insurance?

NOW THEY'RE DIVORCED

Wife—"What kind of shoes should I get to look best with the new style dresses?"

Hubby—"Hip boots."

VIEWPOINTS

Wife—"This wonderful view leaves me speechless."

He—"Er—shall we stop here a nice long time, dearest?"

A GAMELE IN CREDITS

An individual laborer who has only 100 days work a year.

A professional man without an income, depending on chance business.

A man who appeals for credit who has always paid cash.

A person who takes no care for tomorrow.

A person who cannot hold a job or position on account of watching the clock.

Charity credits.

People trading in the Cod Fish Aristocracy class.

The shiftless young man without a bank account.

A man who asks for credit on his supposed christianity.

Advancing credit after broken promises.

A swell head when asked for reference.

A professional dignity man, who likes to use dignity as an asset when asked to pay, or for reference.

Credit to minors without a written order.

Credit to irresponsible heads of the household who are feeding working sons and daughters who do not pay for their food.

People who hold out on food money to pay on installments.

People who are loaded down with installment goods.

A love nest on credit is not a love nest, it's a hell of a nest.

A man who is not willing to tell you of his financial condition and his ability to pay, giving you a check for his statement.

A man who cannot refer you to his former creditors.

A man who will ask credit from the grocer before asking the proper authorities the same as he could the grocer.

A salaried man who is thirty days behind on his expense account.

This applies to all classes of salaried men up to \$150 a month.

People with a house full of installment goods is more than a gamble. It is a scream.

A salaried man at \$150 a month with \$1.50 to \$3.00 a day car overhead.

A salaried man at \$300 a month with a \$3 to \$5 a day overhead.—Radford's Grocer.

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

Get meat scraps preparation for your hens at the Feed Store. Advertisement tfe

Yukens Best and Southern Star Flour is better and cheaper at Feed Store. Advertisement tfe

LIFE INSURANCE

FARM AND RANCH LOANS

LANDS FOR SALE

Improved farms or unimproved raw land suitable for farm or stock-farm purposes. Reasonably priced with attractive terms.

O. G. STOKELY

McLean, Texas



ADVERTISING GRAFTERS

Advertising grafters are working Northwest Texas with a vengeance. "It costs only a little to get on this card or menu, and just look what you are getting," is the plea. This "what you are getting" consists of a few cards that no one is interested in, a few dollars for the printer, and the 90% goes to the man who is supposed to be selling advertising, but who in fact is doing nothing.—Randall County News.

NO WONDER ADAM FELL

Sir John Lavery, a famous painter, tells a story about an old Scotch farmer in the employ of a friend of his, who went one day to an exhibition of pictures in London. Among them was one labeled, "The Fall." The gardener surveyed this so intently that his employer was forced to ask him his opinion about it. "I think no great things of it," was the reply. "Why, sir, Eve is tempting Adam with an apple of a variety that wasna known until twenty years ago."—Baptist Banner.

SHOULD INCLUDE ALL ISMS

"What we want," cried the speaker, "is to annihilate Socialism, Radicalism, Bolshevism, Communism, Anarchism—"

"Aye," chimed in the bent old party, "and don't forget Rheumatism, too."

TIRESOME SPEECHES

I have been to a picnic. I was the speaker of the day. . . . I was preceded on the program (once more; this is the third time) by a greased Poland China. Fifty husky younger athletes tried to catch him. Everybody was sweaty, breathless, talking and standing up when the master of ceremonies announced me. . . . I could support a heavy speech at a picnic.—R. A. H. in The National Stockman and Farmer.

McLean Filling Station

Oils, Gas and Accessories

Sudden Service

Magnolene Ford Oil will make your Ford run better.

Floyd Phillips, Mgr.

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

Ora Oliver Gooch

Graduate Optometrist

Glasses Correctly Fitted

All work first class and guaranteed.

First National Bank Building

Shamrock, Texas

Good Things TO EAT

You will always find a welcome and good things to eat at our place. We cook you anything you want like you want it.

Hamberger Inn

J. A. Meador, Prop.

Good Steaks

Nothing makes a better meal than a good steak. We have them just the way you want them. Include a few pounds of this good steak in your next meat order.

THE CITY MARKET

The Best in Fresh and Cured Meats

Glad to See You

Just any time; consider our front door wide open—step right in and be greeted by the courteous welcome all officials of this bank are eager to extend to you.

We are here to be of financial service to you. To give confidential, friendly advice on any problem that has to do with money, be it on investments, loans or opening new accounts. Come in and get acquainted.

The Citizens State Bank

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$33,750.00

J. S. MORSE, President

C. C. BOGAN, Cashier

Christmas Baking

We have everything needed for your Christmas baking. Of course you will want a fruit cake, and we have candied citron, pineapple, orange peel, lemon peel, cherries, etc., put up in individual boxes, insuring fresh flavor that will please you.

Everything else needed, from baking powder to the best of flour, may be obtained from our big stock of groceries for your Christmas baking.

Buy your Christmas groceries here. You won't be disappointed in the quality or price.

McLean Supply Co.

CHAS. LESTER, Manager



Dr. Montgomery will be in McLean every two weeks on Friday.

If you have trouble with your eyes or need glasses see him at the Erwin Drug store.

Dr. Montgomery & Croft

515 Polk St.

Amarillo, Texas

Advertisement tfe

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BULLDOGGING IS CRUEL

At Pendleton, Chicago, and other places where so-called round-ups and rodeos are conducted, it is claimed there is no cruelty in the stunt called "bulldozing a steer." Quite the contrary is true. "Bulldozing" steers was never a legitimate part of the cowboy's occupation. It consists of twisting the animal's neck, pinning it to the ground and holding it by imbedding the teeth in its lower lip. As a public exhibition, it is commercial cruelty, permitted and performed only by those who are indifferent and insensible to animal torture.

WHY NOT RAISE THEM ALL?

Railroad employees ask that their wages be raised to the war time scale.

Why not raise the price of farm products, wheat, corn, cattle and hogs to war time figures?

Why not raise wages of all labor to the scale that was paid during the great World War, and not alone rail unions?

The farmers who have to raise raw material on small margins in open competition with world markets and pay the freight to market same, would probably vote unanimously for a few hundred million dollars increase in railroad pay-rolls.

TRUE SCIENCE

She—"I've read that men grow bald because of the intense activity of their brains."

He—"Exactly; and women have no whiskers because of the intense activity of their chins."

NOISY PEOPLE

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them, the more noise they make pouring it out.—Pope.

DUNNY

Look the News man square in the eye, even if you cannot liquidate your indebtedness. Don't gaze up at the sky when meeting him on the street. He won't dun you.—Rosebud News.

Editor Warrock is making a doubtful precedent in promising not to dun those who are indebted to him. Much of the commerce of the world is predicated upon the dun. Not to dun is not to collect in many cases. There are a few thin-skinned debtors, of doubtful solvency, who take actual or affected offense at duns. They are poor risks. State Press wouldn't want any business dealings with a person whose delicacy of feeling forbade him to be asked for what he owed. When one makes a debt he makes it under an implied contract to pay it when it is due or be dunned when it is past due. Those whose pride is wounded by "please remit" signs should be extraordinarily careful not to owe anything. Pay cash and you needn't blush.

If you can't pay cash, don't buy if easily offended by your creditor.

Remember that your creditor himself is subject to duns, and if he pays he must collect; if he doesn't pay he must go out of business.

In Editor Warrock's case there is good reason this year for his dunnings policy. Falls county's money crop was painfully short this year. Only nickles were yielded where dollars were needed. In consequence many subscribers will have to be carried another year by the Rosebud News. When crop failure comes, scarcity is not far behind. It wouldn't it be nice if every cotton farmer would save enough out of his good years to tide him over the bad ones! Probably it can't be done, with gasoline costing what it does, but if it were done it would be nice.—State Press in Dallas News.

ADVERTISE NOW

This is the time to advertise your store, your merchandise, your service, your everything. The man who advertises now is like the football player who hits the line hard, because his opposition is stronger, the occasion greater, and the reward better. Below are given some interesting figures which are based on the newspaper advertising expenditures of prospering Wellington merchants during the last year and a fourth and which are corroborated by statistics from trade journals of the nation.

Between now and January 1, 1926, you can spend profitably for newspaper advertising the following amounts:

- Dry goods—\$200 to \$300.
- Drug store—\$100 to \$150.
- Picture show—\$100 to \$125.
- Hardware—\$50 to \$100.
- Variety store—\$100 to \$300.
- Tailoring establishments—\$25 to \$75.
- Grocery store—\$50 to \$100.
- Lumber yards—\$25 to \$50.
- Automobile agencies—\$30 to \$50.
- Insurance agency—\$40 to \$75.
- Books—10c to \$100.

And every other business from two to ten times as much as you sometimes think you can afford to spend. This is not an attempt to tell you how to run your business. This simply submits the facts. These estimates are based on the expenditures of a few of the leading merchants of Wellington have made with a schedule filled out in line with the advertising appropriations suggested for the various retail stores by trade journals. Look up your figure

again and then reserve space in The Leader, for the Leader's quality circulation in Collingsworth county—that means circulation among the people who buy—will make your advertising pay big returns.—Wellington Leader.

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

Graham flour and sterilized bran at the Feed Store. Advertisement

NOTHING PERSONAL

The more a man knows, the less time it takes him to tell it—most good speeches are short.

WOMEN'S WAYS

A woman will wear a ball gown when she doesn't care to dance, a riding habit when she wouldn't even think of getting on a horse, a golf outfit when she doesn't know the difference between a tee and a brassie, a swimming suit when the very sight of water makes her seasick, but when she gets a wedding gown she means business.—Star-Telegram.

WAS TOO HUSKY

Bill (to sad one)—"Cheer up, old man, why don't you drown your sorrow?"

Board—"She's bigger and stronger than I am."

Mrs. Mollie Flowers of Byng, Okla., renews for The News this week.

Meat scraps and tankage at the Feed Store. Advertisement tfe

A farmer leaving for the city with a load of produce asked his wife if there was anything she wanted, and she replied, "I believe not." When about a hundred feet from the house, the wife called to him, "Henry, I was just thinking while in the city you might drop into one of those stores and get me a jar of that 'Traffic Jam' I see advertised."

HUMAN NATURE

Some pert editorial writer and jokesmith wonders why man is so made up and constituted that he cannot see a mazel engine and a flock of forty box cars at a grade crossing while out driving in the open country, and can see a pretty ankle four blocks away in crowded traffic. It is just human nature, brother, and the same thing that causes his sister to see clean through a comfortably fixed business man with a plain business suit on and see a bell bottom jelly bean with only 11 cents between himself and the deep blue sea. Just plain human nature—that's all.—Terry County Herald.

J. M. Carpenter renews for The News and Star-Telegram this week.

HEADS FOR HATRACKS

It is a peculiar fact, but a fact, nevertheless, that many people use their heads merely for hat racks. This statement is not made at random, but after a careful study of the matter. As one means of convincing folks that this is true, take a certain per cent of the people who drive cars. They never exercise any caution whatever, either for their safety or the safety of the other car drivers, or for the pedestrians. On the contrary, they drive at break-neck speed, with eyes averted half the time from the street or road, and if they miss their fellow beings, it is all right, and if they have a smashup, seemingly it is equally as correct, so far as they are concerned. But this matter of recklessness is not confined to the autoists. It is seen on every side. Building big bon fires about night time and leaving flames to care for themselves. Fire is often swept under buildings by high winds, and heavy losses result from this. If there ever was an age when cool, calm and real thinking was needed, it is now—1925. We are living in a period of fast moving—a dare-devil spirit. Too much is left to chance. Many parents leave the welfare of their boys and girls to the tender mercies of this same

gadding star, and as a rule they land upon the rocks of mental and moral ruin. The parents do not think—that is all. Thinking gets sound reasoning, and sound reasoning eliminates the hit or miss way of living. Let us begin to think.—Paducah Post.

VULCANIZING
Tires and Tubes
Soldering Done
All Work Guaranteed
McLean Vulcanizing Shop
L. D. Preston, Mgr.

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

Car Trouble
Do not wait to bring your car around to our shop until you break down; have it examined now and save roadside misery later on. We will give it the "once over" for a very small amount of money and you can be sure of making your trip with pleasure.
GRIGSBY'S AUTO SHOP
"A Square Deal Always"

Watch Repairing
We Pay Postage Both Ways
Quick Service—Reasonable Rates
McCormack Brothers
Shamrock, Texas
Leave Work at Shell's Pharmacy or Send Direct

The Rexall Drug Store
ONE CENT SALE!
Thursday, Friday and Saturday of This Week
Your Opportunity to Save Money
Erwin Drug Company

SALE ON SHOES
Every Pair Guaranteed Satisfactory

Men's Choe Elk one piece work shoes, half rubber heel, regular \$5.00 value, our sale—**\$2.98.**

REAL DRESS SHOES
Men's Russian tan flexible sole dress shoe, regular \$5.00 value, in our sale—**\$3.45.**

Men's out Bal work shoe, regular \$2.50 sale price—**\$1.79.**
Ladies' felt house shoes, all sizes, regular \$1.00 value, sale—**59c.**

O. N. T. Clarks Sewing Thread 6 Spools 25c

Men's blue serge trousers, regular \$7, on sale at **\$5.95.** Men's \$6 value in sale at **\$4.45.**

Come in look over our woolens and silk piece goods.

Men's 2.20 wt. blue overalls in sale—**\$1.19.**
Men's good grade union suits, regular \$2.00 value, sale—**\$1.49.**

Wallace & Company
McLean, Texas
—Service With Pep—