

THE MCLEAN NEWS

The Oldest Newspaper in Gray County — — McLean's Home Paper Since 1904 — — The Paper That's Read First

FIRST IN:
LOCAL ADVERTISING
FOREIGN ADVERTISING
COMMUNITY SERVICE

McLean, Gray County, Texas, Thursday, December 25, 1930.

No. 52.

This Is Annual Good Will Edition

No. 5
tion, Road
Bonds Called

was the date set by
ers court last Thurs-
lection to determine
0,000 worth of road
be issued in district
er, before setting the
eed that the whole
have a chance to vote
side proposition before

the district plan de-
in the meeting, dele-
resent from all parts
all agreeing that the
an is preferable, and
will be made to carry
way, but failing, No.
of the \$1,000,000 issue.
of precinct 3 stated
the voters are again
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he said. "I circulated
on, and I'm sorry for
ward said: "We ought
the Denver is built,
at and farm products
Sterling states his
-building. This is en-
ng time for a bond
ho testified from pre-
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at the present time
necessary to vote one
a county-wide issue.
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not to call any elec-
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vote a road bond with
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in the majority you
paved roads. But the
for instance, is not
back—the people here
vote bonds some day.
majority of the wealth
es in Gray county, and
matter of time when a
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in favor of good road-
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up that they're going
roads. As far as put-
tion off is concerned,
sooner you get it over
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ent from McLean were:
an, M. D. Bentley, C. S.
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as of Hettley is visiting
this week.

Bird of Pampa was in
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RESULTS COUNT

Glass found a lady's
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hed in in The News,
ad about noon Thurs-
soon as Mrs. A. B.
read the paper, she
found it was her purse.
pell tried the class-
to sell a hog the week
sold it as soon as the
out.
in our classified col-
cheapest investment
ake, results considered,
er anything you want
sell.

"O Little Town of Bethlehem"

IT was on a night nearly two thousand years ago that shepherds, watching their flocks by night, saw in the east the star which led them to the humble structure in the little town of Bethlehem where the Prince of Peace was born. Since that time there have been many examples of how Destiny often picks one of these 'little towns' for the scene of events which change the course of human history.

AS the time comes 'round again to celebrate the event which took place in the little town of Bethlehem so long ago, one cannot help feeling that nowhere is the true spirit of Christmas so much in evidence as it is in the 'little towns' which dot the map of America—in the small communities such as this one. For the people who live in them are a home-loving people; they are a friendly people; they are a neighborly people. Unlike those who live in the great metropolitan centers, they are closely associated with each other in their everyday lives; they share with each other their joys and their sorrows; their trials and triumphs, and what affects one, to a large extent, affects all.

IT has been our fortune to have charge of an important institution in such a community—the Home Paper. We are happy that such has been our fortune, that we are permitted to have a part in building up such a community as this, a community where friendliness and neighborliness are the essential elements in giving the phrase 'peace on earth, good will to men' a real meaning.

SO in this season of brightness and laughter in our homes, of joy of living and joy of giving in our hearts we bring to you this friendly and neighborly greeting "Merry Christmas!" and with it the sincere good wishes of —THE PUBLISHER.

Mid-Term School Faculty Conference Held Thursday

The mid-term school faculty conference was held at the high school auditorium Thursday evening, with the faculty, their wives and husbands; the trustees and their wives, and a few close friends of education as invited guests.

Supt. G. C. Boswell acted as chairman and said that the old style faculty meetings have given way to more or less of get-together affairs. Mr. Boswell presented the different entertainers of the evening with appropriate remarks.

Rev. Jno. H. Crow, pastor of the First Methodist Church, offered prayer, after which Sybil Graham made a book report on "The Man in Gray." The following students of the high fifth grade gave the "Tribute to the Flag": Deslie Bernard, J. D. Back, Owynne Carpenter, Peb Everett Jr., Marie Landers, Burnis Walker, Anna Mae Rice, Verne Harris, James E. Cooke, Arlie Barnard and Mavis Brewer.

Helen Boswell of the low 6th grade gave a book report of "Silas Marner." Mrs. Cecil G. Goff sang "Glory to God in the Highest," playing her accompaniment on the piano.

Supt. Boswell praised Mrs. Goff's work with the girls Glee Club, and insisted that every parent with girls in the proper grades see that they have the benefit of voice training at no cost to themselves. Mrs. Goff training the class as a matter of loyalty to the school and community.

Irene Smith of the low 7th grade gave an interpretation of the poem, "Mrs. Lofty and I."

Helen Boswell and Irene Smith's parts in the program were given by a process of elimination, competing with many others in their grades. These girls are the first to complete 15 accepted books and have been awarded state certificates in their class.

Lola Ruth Stanfield played a piano solo, and Fern Landers gave a book report on "The Clansman."

Mrs. L. Silgar reported on a recent trip to the Panhandle school made by four teachers of the grade school, stating that many new ideas in teaching were learned. This was followed by a book report, "A Christmas Carol," by Charlie Mae Carpenter.

After the completion of the program, all were invited to the domestic science department, where refreshments were served.

Merchants and Others Greet Readers

Appreciation and Best Wishes for the New Year

This issue of The News contains the annual expressions of appreciation and good will from the merchants, professional men, institutions and organizations of McLean.

This issue contains twenty pages, the largest edition ever published in McLean; being two more pages than last year, which was the record up to that time.

Everyone in McLean was given a chance to express his appreciation in this paper, and the results have been most gratifying, proving the contention of the editor that home folks are not in business for profit only, but they think of their customers and patrons as neighbors and friends.

We all like to do business with friendly firms who appreciate our business. We fight shy of the cold-blooded "take-it-or-leave-it" place just as we draw away from a cold, austere individual personality—and whenever there is a choice, as there always is, we place our business with a friendly firm; and that McLean firms are friendly is amply evidenced by the expressions of good will placed in this paper every year.

These advertisements are not calculated to bring business to the merchants, but solely as an expression of gratefulness to patrons who are considered friends and neighbors. The thoughtfulness of the various organizations of the town can also be appreciated by all of us.

The News receives many compliments on this edition every year, and we are glad to present our readers with one of the best editions in the history of the town.

REPORT ON FINANCES OF POULTRY SHOW

By D. A. A. Tampke

The second annual poultry show has just been held, and unusual interest was shown, having 410 fowls on display and 28 merchants of the city purchased booths to advertise their goods and furnish funds for prize winners and defray expenses of the show.

Entry fees and the 28 booths brought \$175, and \$68 was the actual expense, leaving a balance of \$108 to be distributed among the prize winners.

Since there were many more birds in the show, there were 130 cash prizes awarded, which made it necessary to reduce the cash prizes more than was expected. However, plans are already being discussed for providing a larger building and larger prizes for next year's show.

The agricultural department and chamber of commerce hereby wish to express their appreciation to everyone who aided in any way to make the show a success.

Dr. C. B. Batson was in Amarillo Monday.

NEWSPAPERS
"Newspapers," says a writer, "are the most unique institutions in the history of the world. The newspaper is the only business enterprise, conducted upon business lines and a perfectly legitimate manner, that actually serves the progressive life of the state more than all other institutions of the country put together, and this service is rendered without cost to the public or state. It is still more peculiar in that, regardless of the profit it makes its owners, it returns even more profit to the community."

FIRE DEPARTMENT ELECTS NEW OFFICERS

At a meeting of the fire department Thursday evening, the following officers were elected: Chief, J. A. Sparks; assistant chief, Boyd Meador; secretary, T. N. Holloway; treasurer, John C. Haynes; captain engine No. 1, Ercy Cubine; captain hose company No. 1, Jess Ledbetter. L. L. Rogers is fire marshal, being employed by the city council.

The need of gas masks, boots and lickens was discussed, and it is hoped that the city may supply them at an early date.

The need of keeping the general public out of the way at fires was mentioned, and ways and means of enforcing the law governing such cases discussed.

BAILEY-GREEN

Married, Saturday, Dec. 20, 1930, at Sayre, Okla., Miss Willie Lee Bailey and Mr. Woody Green.

The bride is a popular young lady formerly of the Heald community, but now of Wheeler, and is a graduate of the McLean high school.

The groom is a prominent young business man of Wheeler, being employed at the Wheeler Hardware and Furniture Co.

The young people will make their home in Wheeler.

J. S. Wilson of Amarillo was in McLean Tuesday.

Groceries and Markets Will Close Sundays

An agreement has been reached by the grocery stores and meat markets in McLean to close all day Sundays during 1931. It is expected that all customers will supply their needs on Saturday. Following is the agreement signed by the merchants:

McLean, Texas, Dec. 22, 1930.

We, the undersigned firms engaged in the grocery and market business in McLean, agree to keep our shops closed to business at all hours on Sundays, beginning Sunday, Dec. 22, and continuing throughout the year 1931.

"M" System, Peters and Graham Market, Piggly Wiggly, Russell's Market, McLean Mercantile, Puckett's Grocery, Ayer's Grocery, McLean Meat Market.

PUCKETT AND SERVICE SHOE SHOP BOOTHS

Dr. A. A. Tampke reminds us that in our write-up of the merchant booths in the poultry show last week, we overlooked mentioning that the booth containing his fine chickens was furnished by Puckett's Grocery.

We also failed to mention the booth of the Service Shoe Shop that had a display of fine shoe repairing that attracted quite a bit of favorable comment.

T. W. Gilstrap was in Amarillo Monday.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES BY SCHOOL PUPILS

Beginning in this issue of The News are a series of life sketches of local people made by students of the high school as a part of their school work.

The lives of Mrs. S. A. Cobb, S. R. Kennedy and Sherman White are reviewed in this issue, and others will appear during the coming year.

ALL STORES CLOSE ON CHRISTMAS DAY

Practically every business house in McLean expects to be closed all day Christmas Day, as has been the yearly custom.

YEARBOOK TO BE PRINTED

The yearbook for the county home demonstration clubs will be printed in The News plant, the price quoted by The News being much lower than any other, despite the fact that we did not know we were "bidding" on the job, which is a practice never indulged in by this paper.

The book will be bound in blue "nu-art" covers, and the inside pages will be of India eggshell book.

The book is financed by Gray county advertisers, and will have something like sixty pages when completed.

T. W. Gilstrap was in Amarillo Monday.

WILLIAMS PRESENTS KEYS TO LIONS

Attorney Claude Williams was appointed to present gold keys to Boyd Meador and T. A. Landers at the regular luncheon of the club held at the Baptist parsonage Tuesday.

Lion Williams stated that McLean now has three key members, while four is the greatest number that any club has at the present time, Lion Landers being No. 55 and Lion Meador No. 56 in the United States.

President Meador could not stay through the full session, and Vice President Sitter presided during the closing exercises.

The tall twister was particularly obnoxious and quite a little time was lost in straightening him out; however, the time was spent enjoyably.

The Baptist ladies served a regular Christmas dinner with chicken and all the trimmings.

Mr. Wilson of Amarillo was presented as a visitor by Lion Gilstrap.

Those present were: Boyd Meador, T. W. Gilstrap, O. W. Caussey, W. E. Bogan, Dr. Batson, Evan L. Sitter, C. S. Rice, M. D. Bentley, L. E. West, Claude Williams, Rev. Goff, Dr. Tampke, Reep Landers, T. A. Landers and Mr. Wilson.

Should you like to mail a copy of this issue of The News to the folks "back home," it will take 3c postage, or we will wrap and mail copies for you as long as they last for 8c each. Our supply is limited.

THE McLEAN NEWS
Published Every Thursday

News Building, 210 Main Street
Phone 47

T. A. LANDERS, Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
In Texas

One Year	\$2.00
Six Months	1.25
Three Months	.65
Outside Texas	
One Year	\$2.50
Six Months	1.50
Three Months	.85

Display advertising rates 25c per column inch each insertion. Preferred position, 30c per inch.

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



Member 1930
National Editorial Association

Panhandle Press Association

This issue consists of twenty pages, the largest edition ever published in McLean.

We have tried to give our readers full measure in this edition of the home paper, and we hope there is something of interest to everyone in its pages.

Grocery and meat market clerks are entitled to a day of rest, the same as other people, and customers should cooperate in every way possible with the Sunday closing agreement.

An issue of a paper as large as this one, put out under the strain of the holiday season, could not be published, perhaps, entirely free from error, and we hope our readers will be considerate of the proofreader, should there be a misspelled word or other error.

Some of the churches are attempting to have Christmas trees and programs with only candy, nuts and fruits given the children, without the usual family gifts on the tree. They are to be commended for this, as it will mean that every child will be treated exactly alike, while other gifts can very properly be placed on the home trees.

It is claimed that when Albert Vaughn, blacksmith of Marked Tree, Ark., has to leave his shop to collect a bad account, he charges his customers \$1.00 per hour for his time.

This may be all right when a collection is made, but we wonder what he does when the account stays "bad." Most bad accounts have to be paid for by adding a per cent to the cost of the goods sold to good customers.

We sometimes are prone to complain about Christmas becoming commercialized, but the day never comes around but that sentiment predominates and we have that feeling of loving everybody. No one can absorb the Christmas spirit without being that much better for it. We recall our friends with thankfulness, and think of our enemies with kindness and forgiveness in our hearts. The world owes much to the spirit of Christmas, and no amount of commercialism can take away the underlying goodness of the day.

There is no question but that county-wide road bonds are the best way of financing paving for the best interest of every taxpayer, and it may be true that such projects should be carried on in hard times, but the fact remains that it is much harder to get citizens to vote "yes" in hard times. However, there is a situation in this county that should be thought of before casting a vote in the county election. Road bonds of some kind are pretty sure to be voted in 1931, and the only question to be faced by voters in this precinct is, "Can we afford to be left out?" This question should be settled by real estate owners, but unfortunately the law allows any kind of taxpayer to vote.

The action of the Spearman merchants to protect themselves against donation advertising could well be taken by merchants in every town. McLean tried this rule for a few years and save a great deal of money thereby, and where the chamber of commerce officials have had a chance to pass on outside advertising this year, money has been saved; but sometimes something gets started without proper investigation. More money is wasted in every town every year on worthless advertising schemes than is ever spent on worthwhile advertising. Of course, where there is a local tie-up, a merchant sometimes feels that he can't afford to turn down a proposition, regardless of its lack of worth; but in such cases the

money spent should be charged off to donations and not to advertising.

SCHOOLS HAVE CHRISTMAS TREES LAST WEEK

(Received too late for Tiger Post)
The McLean schools closed for the Christmas holidays at 2:30 Friday afternoon. At one o'clock the high school students and faculty assembled in the auditorium, where a very beautiful tree had been decorated and filled with gifts.

Mr. Boswell called upon the lady teachers, the class presidents, Mr. Tampke and Mr. Bodine to make talks. Names had been drawn the Monday before the program, and each one present received at least one gift.

When the last gift had been delivered to the owner, Coach Rush was asked if he cared to say anything. He was keeper of a very pleasant secret, which he presently revealed in the presentation of the football sweaters to the 1930 letter men. Reed Grogan, past captain, received the sweater with three bars and the captain's star. Reo Heasley was not present, but he received the only four bar sweater. Christal Christian, Mackie Greer, Lavelle Christian, M. H. Kinard Jr., Cleo Heasley, Forrest Switzer, James Burrows, Fred Hunt, Don McCombs, Donald McCracken, Edwin Howard, Marvin Gardner and Allison Cash received sweaters. The last two were said to have extra long sleeves and to be extra long. After Coach Rush had presented these sweaters, pictures were taken of the squad in various poses.

Altogether, this was the happiest occasion of our very pleasant school year. Classes will be resumed Dec. 29, 1930.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY

Little Miss Coleen Burrows entertained a number of little friends on her fifth birthday last Friday, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Burrows.

Various games were played, and while the little folks were enjoying the birthday cake, Santa Claus came in with a sack of candy, much to the delight of all.

The following were present: Doris Coleman, Clarice Harbison, Betty Joe and Ormaleen Gregory, Wynema Lamb, Ercy Glenn Fulbright, Melvin Harbison, Harold Lee and Carl Raymond Sullivan and Marvin Grigsby. The little lady received many nice gifts.

A. B. Bingham was in Clovis, N. M., last week.

C. P. Hamilton Sr. of Mangum, Okla., was in McLean Friday.

News from Liberty

Liberty community held their annual Christmas entertainment and Christmas tree Wednesday night. The program was under the direction of the teachers, Mrs. Tampke and Miss Winnifred Howard. A large number of presents and about 200 bags of candy were received from the tree.

Orville Cunningham, who has been attending school at Lubbock, is spending the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Cunningham.

George Meathenia and Joe Turner were in Shamrock on business Friday.

Grandpa Lovelace and family have moved from Mrs. Francis' place to the Homer Crabtree place just south of town.

Bernie Morgan, who has been attending Alpine Teachers College; and Jason and Roscoe Morgan, who are teaching near Alpine, are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Morgan, during the holidays.

Austin Selby and family spent Sunday in the W. Hickman home in McLean and attended the Christmas tree at the Nazarene church.

Born, Dec. 15, to Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Campbell, a girl.
Mrs. Y. B. Lee of McLean attended the box supper at Liberty last week.

HEALD IMPROVEMENT CLUB

The Heald Improvement Club met Thursday afternoon in the home of Mrs. R. L. Harlan. Officers for the new year were elected. The following were entertained with a Christmas grab box and dainty refreshments: Mesdames Nida Green, Rotenberry, J. A. Haynes, Geo. Reneau, Bob Blair, Ernest Kramer, Oliver Elliott, Walter Bailey, Jack Bailey and Haskel Smith.

CHARIS CORSETEIRRE

MRS. M. A. HAHN

Clarendon, Texas

Phone 407

GREETINGS

We extend best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

Massay and Stokely

Phone 44

McLean, Texas

Season's Greetings



Jno. H. Crow, Pastor

from
First Methodist Church

to

Other Churches of the Town

All Business Institutions

Our School

and Every Private Citizen

Season's Greetings

This season of the year reminds us that everyone should have and express their good will toward their fellowmen

We appreciate the good friendship that has been ours with the people of this community since opening our store in McLean. Your patronage and help in other ways has been very gratifying to us.

We expect to be in better position to serve you in the coming year than ever before, and we want to express to you our best wishes for

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

Across the Street from the Postoffice

The Famous

Across the Street from the Postoffice

Where Your Dollars Have More Cents



We Greet You

THIS CHRISTMAS SEASON

with a wish for your happiness, with thanks for your friendship and good will, with a wish that your disappointments fade to nothing, and your happiness increase a thousandfold throughout the New Year.

McLEAN MARKET
The Home of Better Meats



Marian and Miles on a Christmas Mission
By Helen Gairford

MARIAN BROWN ventured timidly into the poorer district, her arms full of Christmas packages. Under a lamp-post she stopped. Old Mrs. Barton, now that her eyes were failing, had moved to—what was the address? Yes, up this narrow alley.

Marian noticed with a little tightening of her throat the sound of an automobile that came to a stop just behind her. Foolish to be afraid, but she hurried down into the narrow darkness.

She wished now she had brought some one with her, but she couldn't think of anyone but Miles Heywood. And she knew that even if he hadn't left that afternoon to spend the holidays at home she wouldn't have asked him. Miles wouldn't understand. He was too gay, too light-hearted.

The sound of footsteps behind her made her quicken her pace. Sure enough, the man from the car was following her. She stumbled on, looking for numbers on the tightly crowded little houses that almost reached the narrow walk.

At last she found the house, and turning in swiftly, she hid behind the vines that clambered over the porch. Holding her breath, she waited to see if the man would pass by. But as he came opposite the house he gave a far-fetched grin and down the deserted street and also turned in.

Marian crouched back in the corner of the vines, dislodging one of her parcels, which fluttered to the floor. As the man whirled toward her, she screamed.

The door was flung open, sending a shaft of light into the corner. "Miles!" Marian gasped. "Oh, I was so frightened!"

"Marian! You here alone? Why didn't you bring me with you?" "I thought—besides, you're supposed to be out of town."

"I missed my train. I stopped by for you on my way down here, but you had gone. There's an old lady here who needs glasses, so the other day I had my optometrist fit her, and when I missed my train I decided to bring them to her in time for Christmas."

"Oh, Miles," said Marian, "next Christmas let's come together."
(©, 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

Plaint of the Blase
If, as they say, the world is round, I really cannot see why all of it that I have found should seem so flat to me.

Preparing Them
"West Point cadets are forbidden to marry—"
"Till when?"
"Until they have finished their military education."

A Job Wanted
"Hear you're working. What are you doing?"
"Nothing."
"Any chance of getting a job at the same place?"

BILL BOOSTER SAYS:

"WIN YOUR OWN HOME AND BE SOMEBODY" IS THE SLOGAN OF THE REAL ESTATE MEN, AND THEY KNOW THEIR STUFF! THE MAN WHO OWNS PROPERTY TAKES MORE INTEREST IN HIS TOWN—HE IS MORE APT TO ACCUMULATE MORE PROPERTY—HE BECOMES A GOOD CITIZEN!



BULL'S-EYE

"If I were you," he said, during a lull in the domestic storm, "I would have more sense."
"Of course you would," she retorted, decisively.

Uncle Ab says that when you stop having problems you have stopped growing.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Huff of Coleman are visiting relatives here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Phillips and Mrs. Carl Hefner were in Pampa Saturday.

HEARTY GREETINGS AND BEST WISHES

for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year
McLEAN FILLING STATION
C. J. Cash, Mgr.

SEASON'S GREETINGS

We want you to know that your good will and patronage for the past year has been appreciated, and we wish for you a Merry Christmas and joy, peace and prosperity the coming year.

H. C. SHOEMAKER
Jeweler



WE THANK YOU

At this holiday season time we offer to you our sincere thanks for the kindness you have shown to our business. We offer our thanks for the neighborliness and the friendliness of the dealings we have had with you. And it is our greatest wish that this Christmastide will be one of joy, and the New Year one of the outstanding happy years of your life.

CALDWELL BAKERY
"Bread is your best and cheapest food"

SPEARMAN MERCHANTS FIGHT ADVERTISING GRAFTERS

One of the most important moves yet to be taken by any branch of the local chamber of commerce was that of the Retail Merchants Committee recently, when they perfected a tight organization to fight the fraudulent and useless advertising schemes, and grafters in general.

This move, which has been advocated by the Reporter and every newspaper in the country for years, will save the merchants of Spearman much time and money. The local merchants have signed an agreement to the effect that every advertising scheme of whatsoever nature must be submitted to the advertising committee of the chamber of commerce, through the secretary of that organization. The solicitor is sent to the secretary of the C. of C. The "graft" committee is at once called together and pass on the proposition. If it is found to be good, sound and feasible, the solicitor is given a letter to that effect. He can then peddle the scheme. If the committee turns down the proposition, it is too bad for the solicitor. He is given no attention whatever.

This advertising matter includes space on programs, bills of fare, sign boards, school curtains, tent show banners, charity solicitors, and what not. Merchants are co-operating in the proposition 100%, states Secretary Ratekin of the chamber of commerce.—Spearman Reporter.

Miss Isabel Baley is spending the holidays in Hedley.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Pepper of Lela visited in McLean Saturday.

RECORD PRIVATE CHRISTMAS TREE

The biggest private Christmas tree ever seen in Britain was one which the Duke of Norfolk had cut from his own estate. It stood 70 feet high, weighed nearly four tons, and bore on its branches presents to the value of £4,500.

Miss Sinclair Rice of Lefors is spending the holidays at her home here.

Norvin Ashby was in Amarillo last week.

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

Dr. Brooks wrote "O Little Town of Bethlehem" while living in Philadelphia. The organist of his church set the hymn to music. The inspiration for the composition came to the organist the night before the hymn was to be used in a Christmas program.

Miss Lucile Harlan of Lubbock is spending Christmas with home folks here.

Mrs. Spurgeon Johnson of Alameda was in McLean Saturday.

BEST WISHES

We are thankful for the patronage you have heretofore given us, and hope to merit a continuance of the same during the coming year. We extend best wishes for a Merry Christmas and for your happiness and prosperity the coming year.

H-H FILLING STATION
B. N. Henry, Prop.

ADVERTISING LIKE BUSINESS MUST BE CONTINUOUS

It is superfluous to say that commercial enterprises must be open every business day to be successful. Still some merchants who keep their doors open figuratively, close them to a vast group of customers, whose index to buying is The McLean News columns, by not advertising weekly. Without advertising that merchant's business is closed for the day to a multitude of potential buyers.

John Wanamaker once said, "Continuous advertising, like continuous work, is most effective. If there is any enterprise in the world that a quitter should leave alone, it is advertising. Advertising does not jerk—it pulls. It begins very gently at first, but the pull is steady. It increases day by day, year by year, until it exerts an irresistible power. To discontinue your advertisement is the same thing as taking down your sign. If you want to do business, you must let the public know it. I would as soon think of doing business without clerks as without advertising."

Though a person may seem to scan the ads weekly, he will be indelibly impressed with the ads that are "always in the paper." Selling is almost altogether a mental process. Purchases are oft made in the buyer's mind before the actual physical sale. The mental buying is of inestimable value to the professional advertiser when his name is associated with the article. This is the first step toward the sale. The value of being known and keeping it known is of utmost importance.

THE McLEAN NEWS
The Paper That's Read First

Granny's Silver Slippers

By CLARISSA MACKIE

GRANDMOTHER RANKIN was not an old-fashioned grandmother, indeed she would resent the insinuation that she was not up to the minute whenever she appeared outside of her big room on the second floor of her handsome house. Mrs. Rankin was small, and very alert, and her snow white hair only added to her youth, as it seemed to erase any wrinkles and lines that dared to invade the rose-tinted face.

On this lovely spring morning Mrs. Rankin was not walking in her garden, because her wonderful Italian garden was in the country. Grandmother Rankin was in a shoe shop trying on gold and silver slippers with tall spindly heels.

She nodded her aristocratic head. "Those will do, Miss Smithers," indicating a small pair of beautiful silver-brocade slippers. If she had any qualms about wearing such high heels Miss Smithers would never know it—no one would!

Mrs. Rankin wore the slippers to the Landers dinner dance, and danced in them until in some way her ankle gave way, and she fell in a painful heap, with one ankle twisted under her. Within fifteen minutes Mrs. Rankin was reposing on her big bed, waiting for the doctor. When he came he went right to work and relieved the pain and bandaged the swelling foot. "How did it happen, Mrs. Rankin?" asked Doctor Clinton. "Fall down stairs?"

"Of course not—you know very well that I was wearing those high-heeled slippers—you've been staring at them for some time!"

The handsome young doctor laughed guiltily. "Of course you shouldn't be wearing them," he advanced.

"Why not?"

"I've been treating you for vertigo—and the high heels are dangerous."

All the sparkle went out of Mrs. Rankin's face.

"Are you in pain?" asked Doctor Clinton.

"Nothing you can mend, Jamie," she said sadly. "The silver slippers stand for the one thing I can do to forget—lose myself in the foolishness of youth—I know I am making an old blot of myself—but, my dear, I'm lonely—a lonely old woman."

"You ought not to be, Mrs. Rankin," protested the doctor. "Not when you have so many grandchildren."

Mrs. Rankin pulled herself to a sitting posture. "Who told you I had grandchildren?" she asked in a queer voice that did not try to be young.

"Why—your son told me—or at least, I know the family."

"My son went against my wishes and married one of the Bralthes—they are a poor family—I disowned Franklin on that day."

"The Bralthes were never well off, but they are nice people, and the happiest family in town," said the doctor pleasantly.

"How many children has my—has Franklin got now? More than he can properly feed, I suppose."

"Four children—two girls and two boys. They live in Rosehurst—in the suburbs, you know. The boys are preparing for college—the girls I don't know—they've been away at school, I believe."

"Wild bob-heads, I suppose," observed Mrs. Rankin, leaning back and closing her eyes. "Do you visit my—Franklin's family?"

"On my way there now—Mr. Rankin has sent for me—some little trouble."

Again she sat up in bed, her eyes wide and frightened. "What is it, doctor—is it serious?"

"Not now, if he takes care of himself." The doctor calmly picked up the silver slippers and put them in his big pocket. "Have you any more high-heeled slippers?" he asked.

"A dozen pairs. Why?"

"I will take those tomorrow. If you need me send for me—I'll come at once. Try to go to sleep." And then his cheery presence was gone.

.....

Mrs. Rankin celebrated her return to activity by going to the shoe shop and trying on some dancing slippers. "With Louis heels, Miss Smithers," she said defiantly.

As she was fitted to another pair of silver slippers she watched a mother and daughter come in and sit down behind her.

"It is Franklin's daughter!" she told herself. "I'd know her anywhere—the very image—and the mother, too. Gentle people—what a fool I've been!"

The girl was whispering a protest to her mother. "But, dear, I cannot afford to shop in here—when father needs medicine and everything! I am sure Doctor Jamie will like me just as well in my gray slippers."

"Bring me some comfortable slippers, Miss Smithers—nice medium heels. I'm a grandmother, you know. You may fit these to my granddaughter here!" And Mrs. Rankin flipped off the silver slippers of youth and settled down into being a real grandmother.

"I've never been so happy in my life," she told her adoring son, when she danced at the wedding of her granddaughter Nancy and Doctor Clinton. "and it began when I wore those ridiculous silver slippers and sprained my ankle."

.....

Optimists
Anybody who wants a clock to be always right wants too much.—Woman's Home Companion.

Grandmother and Her Very Best Christmas

by Myrtle Koon Cherryman

"GRANDMOTHER," said young Alfred, always looking for weirdly dramatic stories, "what was the worst Christmas you ever spent?"

"Oh, dear me!" laughed Grandmother. "What's the use of trying to remember? I don't know whether it was the time your grandfather went to the city miles away and was thrown out of the sleigh and nearly killed on his way back, or the time when all the children had scarlet fever and we feared your father would die."

"Or that time we thought Martin had been kidnapped," suggested Father, unable to keep out of the reminiscences.

"Well, we won't even talk about that!" exclaimed Grandmother.

"I'd rather hear about the best Christmas you ever had, Grandma," said gentle little Alice. "You've told me about your wedding day—that was on Christmas, wasn't it? Was it the happiest one?"

"Well, I don't know," mused Grandmother. "I remember being very well satisfied with my husband, and feeling very grand in my blue 'sural' dress and all that, but there were so many problems of living ahead of us, I hardly think that was the happiest Christmas. Let's see—"

"Well, now!" exclaimed Father. "I'm surprised you should hesitate at all when you remember that my birthday is December 15. I should think having a marvelous first-born son ten days old would have created the happiest holiday for you."

"Yes, dear, I was very happy and proud," said Grandmother dreamily. "But you were a colicky baby, and—"

"Oh, now, don't take all my glory away!" protested Father.

"No, I'll give you the glory by saying that the December that brought your first-born was my happiest up to that time. There's something about being a grandmother—"

"That means me, doesn't it, Granny?" interrupted Alfred.

"Yes, dear, and the Christmas you sang the solo in the boy choir, I thought I'd burst with pride and joy."

"Then that was the best?"

"No, because Alice made me feel the same way, last night, when she acted so beautifully in the play at the church. I guess, come to think of it, the Christmas that's just been is generally the best."

Grandpa Wayback Says

Unless you hide
Is puncture proof,
It's best to live
And tell de troof.

The Difference

Patron—That barber down the street has cut his prices down to 40 cents for a haircut.

Barber (after a withering silence)—Yeah? Well, a good barber cuts hair and a poor one cuts prices.

WISE PROVERBS

Every man hath his faults.

Small faults let in greater.

In every fault there is folly.

One man's fault is another man's lesson.

By others' faults, wise men correct their own.

Everyone's faults are not written on his forehead.

Forget others' faults by remembering your own.

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of The Sun.

"Dear Editor: I am 8 years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says, 'If you see it in The Sun, it's so.' Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?"

"VIRGINIA O'HANLON.

"115 W. 91st St."

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except that they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours, man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! How dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they were not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders that are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God, he lives, and he lives forever! A thousand years from now, Virginia, may ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.—The New York Sun, when Chas. A. Dana was editor.

C. J. Cash, Chas. E. Cooke and Sammie Cubine have returned from a 1900 mile hunting and fishing trip to South Texas and the Gulf of Mexico.

Jim Bryant of Alanreed was in McLean Friday.

MICKIE SAYS—

WHY GET BUNIONS ON YOUR TOES TRYING TO TELL EVERYBODY ABOUT YOUR STORE, MR. MESSHAUT, WHEN A REGULAR AD IN OUR COLUMNS WILL DO THE JOB BETTER & QUICKER?



BECAUSE OF CHRISTMAS

By Violet Alleen Storey
But let a mother's lullaby
Fall softly on wee, curl-brushed ears,
In every simple note she croons,
There is a prayer the Father hears:

"Lord, be unto my child a Song!"
God listens, well remembering when
He bade the angels sing a Child
His "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

But let a mother light a lamp
Beside her drowsing baby's bed,
God sees a prayer in that smooth glow
Enhaloing the little head.

A prayer gold-white as asphodels—
"Lord, be unto my child a Light!"
God sees, for He once lit a star
Above a Baby's crib at night!

—Good Housekeeping.

Miss Joellene Vannoy of Lubbock is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Vannoy.

Miss Irene Hayes is spending the holidays in Denton.

Elmer Ayer was in Amarillo last Thursday.

OBJECTIONABLE ADVERTISING

Too much advertising in radio programs is causing a revolt, according to Ira E. Robinson, member of the Federal Radio Commission. The overdose of advertising on the radio, he says, "is fulsome and eventually will ruin the business of advertising by radio. The excesses of broadcasters in their greed for commercial gain will assuredly bring about a revolution among listeners." He is right, and especially is this true of the advertising of objectionable articles such as cigarettes. Moreover, there is certainly a revolution brewing among the neighbors of radio fans. No longer may one retire to the "peace and quiet" of his own hearthside, for there is, alas! no more peace and quiet. The radio across the street starts with its blaring jazz and announcements concerning piston-rings and breakfast-foods just as one fondly imagines he is settling down to the after-supper peace and quiet of his home. He moves to the other side of the house, only to find that his neighbor to the left also has a radio going full blast. He decides to call on a friend, but the friend's wife meets him at the door with the statement that her husband went down to his office a while ago to see if he could get away from his neighbor's radio. And so on. There should

be a law making it a misdemeanor to operate a radio which can be heard across the street.—Lynchburg Leader.

A gentleman of color, with one of his dusky friends, was out for a Sunday joy ride.

Their ancient auto crashed a filling station. Out popped the driver.

"Ah wants some gasoline with a grandiose air."

There was a delay of several minutes, punctuated by sounds of rattling between the driver and the station proprietor. Finally one of the girls in the car poked her head to see what was the matter.

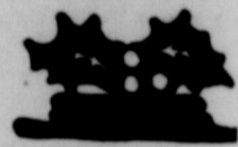
She was just in time to hear the late Lochinvar exclaim: "As for a whole gallon, then!"

Josh Chilton orders The McLean to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Sage of Clinton, N. M., as a Christmas present.

Mr. and Mrs. Terry of Oklahoma, are visiting in McLean week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Noyes of Pampa visited relatives here today.

Mr. and Mrs. Vester Clarendon were in McLean today.



GOOD WILL

The Season prompts us to express to you our appreciation of that intangible and invaluable asset—GOOD WILL—that you have so kindly bestowed on us in the past year, and which we fully reciprocate. We extend to you all the Compliments of the Season wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

MR. AND MRS. SAM M. HODGES



Best Wishes

The old year is almost gone, and a new year is almost here. We hope it brings happiness and joy to you.

May your heart be filled with the blessing of all good things; may your troubles be lightened and your happiness multiplied a thousand times.

McLean Abstract and Title Co.

Merry Christmas

AND A

HAPPY NEW YEAR

We appreciate the nice patronage accorded us the past year, and we want to extend to you the Season's kindest greetings and hope you will have a

Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

American Theatre

Red Coals And Christmas Eve



The children had gone to bed, their stockings were all hanging by the fireplace. They were filled now. And two persons were sitting in front of the fire talking.

"No, we had better not sit much longer. Let's just stay until the coals become dull," she said.

Christmas eve they had sat this when the house was quiet, the stockings had been filled, the tree had been trimmed.

And almost gone out, but their were drawn up before shining and—

always pollen so beautiful for Christmas he said never grow of making thing as loving succeeding

you never tired of ap-ating—per that is why always take an interest," said.

androns with fresh brilliancy each year," said.

our love for each other," she said. And then, for fear he might she was a little too sentimental

whose hair already had many of gray she added: "I make me so sentimental, you

put his hand on hers. has been a hard year—all the have their struggles, but every as I sit with you in front of this it seems as though there is that I want in this world."

were straightening up the now. Everything was in its The presents were under the he small toys were poking their little selves out of the stockings.

link the thermometer will show before morning," he said. "I'll be furnace an extra poke." waited while he went down into

llar, and as he came up, and went to lock the front door—the ing lights from the stars and ght white of the snow gleamed h at them.

so beautiful," he said. "Let's look at it." but her heavy coat around her ers and together they stood cut at of the house for a moment.

always," he told her, "have y guiding star." she put her hand in his and through slightly moist eyes. He willing to praise, so willing to ose things when he thought that it had made her, she knew, t of a person she was.

of them lived up to the praise ve the other gave. glow of the Christmas fire and their hearts throughout all ar.

1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

SALESPROOF

A woman went to a hat shop to buy a hat. The twentieth or thirtieth hat she tried on was very nice and the saleswoman said:

"Splendid! That hat makes you look ten years younger." "I don't want it, then, of course," said the lady. "Good gracious! But why not, madam?" "Because when I took it off I'd look ten years older."

What Does She Mean? Father—This is a nice state of affairs! Here you've got engaged to this young fellow—he's been coming here every night for weeks—and you know absolutely nothing about him! Daughter (dreamingly)—Now you mention it, he does rather like keeping me in the dark!—The Humorist.

GOES BACK ALL RIGHT



Mrs. Blabb—She boasts that her dining room furniture goes back to the early English period. Mrs. Stabb—Bunk, my dear. It goes back to the installment house at the first of the month.

Queer Game He played the market just for fun! The whole works lost. Nobody won!

He Didn't Count Landlord (showing apartment)—No babies are allowed in this building, you know. The Lady—Well, my husband is an awful baby, but he won't keep any body awake nights with his crying or do any damage to the apartment, I guess.

Some Confidence "He has the greatest confidence in his wife." "He has? In what way especially does he show it?" "By seeming to look perfectly at ease sitting by her when she is driving the car."

An Obstacle Judge—If you had a clear conscience why did you sneak out of the back door instead of going out the front? Accused—There was a policeman in front, sir.

His Only Chance Tommy—Pa, why was Adam created first? Father—To give him a chance to say something.—London Answers.

LIKE A CAMEL



Monk—Mr. Camel seems to be a perpetual grouch. Snake—Yep. Always has his back up about something!

And Who Hasn't? Of all the sad surprises, there are none that can compare With treading in the darkness on a step that isn't there.

Food for Goddesses "Even an artist should not quarrel with her bread and butter," protested the patient manager. "No true artist would do so," replied the gifted lady. "A true artist quarrels with nothing less than truffles and champagne."

Don't Vary Much "Are you going to my sister's birthday party?" "Which is it?" "Twentieth." "I was there five years ago."—Arcanum Bulletin.

Promise of Better Fare Mother—Bobby, aren't you going to eat your lunch? Bobby—You said we were going over to Grandmother's this afternoon.—Chicago Daily News.

Lost and Found A man driving his car remarked to his wife, "One of my cylinders is missing." "Well," she replied, "the car has been in the garage all day, with the door locked."

Exception "This steak is tough, and it's not the first time that's happened here, either. Somebody must complain here every day of the week!" "No, sir; we are closed Sundays."

Santa's the Goodest Man



THAT'S AN IDEA

Little Willie—"Mamma, are you going to get that new coat you want from Santa Claus this Christmas?" Mother—"I'm afraid not, dear." Willie—"Have you tried throwing yourself on the floor and kicking with your feet and yelling, like I do?"

Mrs. Newlywed—"We hadn't been married a week when he hit me with a piece of sponge cake." Judge—"Disorderly conduct. Five dollars and cost." Mrs. Newlywed (sobbing)—"And I'd made the cake with my own hands." Judge—"Assault with a deadly weapon—one year."

TRADE IN McLEAN!

HOW TO BUY PRINTING

By Ernest Elmo Calkins

"I have spent years buying advertising printing. Naturally I have some ideas upon the subject, and they are pretty positive ideas. The chief of these is that you cannot buy printing by the yardstick. I have found that there is only one way to get good printing, and that is to find a good printer and trust him absolutely. When I have such a printer I never dream of asking for an estimate."

"When I suggest such a process to a business man he goes up in the air but that is owing to his lack of experience, and not the fallacy of the theory. Of course, it would be very easy for a printer to get the best of me once or twice on this plan, but if he expected to work for me right along, year after year, he would not sacrifice any future orders to any immediate profit."

"In the first place, printing is expensive. When you pare down the price you knock out some essential quality to good printing. Good paper costs money. Good ink costs money. Intelligent typesetting costs money. Perfect presswork costs money. You can take any good job of printing and do it for from one-half to one-fourth the price, but you will not get the same job."

"The whole theory of getting estimates upon printing, if it is to be good printing, is wrong. You might just as well get an estimate on a piece of designing or upon a case of diphtheria. The only question to be answered is, 'What printer can do the work?'"

There are men who have acquired a reputation of being good listeners, when, if truth were known, they are only too polite to interrupt.

SEASON'S GREETINGS CITY DRAY PHONE 213 ROY BIRD

A POLITE SUGGESTION

By Ernest Elmo Calkins

The gallantry of an old-time western newspaper man is recounted in a story which recently reappeared in several publications. It concerns the late great actress, Sara Brenhardt, and the late Sam Davis of the Carson City Appeal.

Mme. Brenhardt and her company were playing in the West when Davis was requested by the San Francisco Examiner to meet her in Reno and accompany her to the then metropol-olis of California, and he did so.

After several days of acquaintanceship, during which Davis naturally showed the actress every attention, the time came to part, whereupon "the divine Sara" expressed her appreciation of his kindness by kissing him on either cheek and then on the mouth, saying:

"The right cheek for the Appeal, the left for the Examiner, the lips for yourself."

Nothing daunted, Davis made the polite suggestion: "Madam, I also represent the Associated Press, which serves 380 papers west of the Mississippi river."

Whether he received the additional expressions of appreciation to which he appeared to be entitled, the story does not state.—Wellington Leader.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

And there cometh the season when any who hath a warm heart and a kin with his neighbor, layeth aside the saw if he be a worker in wood or the mallet if he be a mason, or whatsoever be the implement which is the mark of his craft.

And he gathereth about him those who are of his heart and goeth about amongst all his fellows who habit the same parish, saying with much song and good cheer, to all, "Peace and Good Will."

YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO WRITE IN THE OLD WAY The Remington Portable —the little machine that is changing the world's writing habits. With Case \$60 Terms as low as \$5 monthly

FOR SALE BY The McLean News

GREETINGS

and all good wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

E. W. BRAXTON Plumber

GREETINGS

We appreciate the nice business given us and want to add our best wishes for you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

McLEAN STEAM LAUNDRY W. K. Wharton, Mgr.

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A



As the New Year approaches, we hasten to offer you our most sincere and hearty wishes for a year filled with a super-abundance of good will, happiness and well being. We will still be found doing business on the same corner. Our policy is ever on the square, treating you as neighbor should treat neighbor, and as friend should treat friend. Our aim is to serve you well. Our goal is to merit your good will so that your continued patronage will be assured.

WE THANK YOU Cicero Smith Lumber Co. W. T. Wilson, Mgr.

Phone 3 McLean, Texas

GREETINGS

We thank you for the business given us and express the hope that you may have a Merry Christmas and that the New Year will bring you full measure of health, happiness and prosperity.

SERVICE SHOE SHOP



May you be blessed this Christmas and the coming year with full understanding and sympathy for your fellowman, peace, health and prosperity.

We wish this for you, and extend our thanks for past favors.

McLEAN HARDWARE COMPANY W. B. Upham, Mgr.

UNTED PARAGRAPHS

is an expert beauty slaught... and carpenters are both... hero of today has no title deed... good and you'll be happy—and... light is the bridge that connects... ability is about the only ability... Miller of a ship is different from... instructor of a swimming school... is plenty of room at the top... matter how bad a thing is you... a man gets the matrimonial... AS OTHERS THINK so much easier to be prosper... are many jobs which are dull... experience of life does not at all...

Plenty Of Time For Christmas

By W. L. Gaston



THEY had a good time Christmas at the Mackey home; in fact they had several good times—more good times than needed. Mr. Mackey had a prosperous insurance business down town. His son, Frank, was a deputy in the city clerk's office and his daughter was a confidential clerk in one of the big law firms.

Mrs. Mackey was housekeeper and homemaker. She was president of the Ladies' Aid society and in addition to other duties, was organist for the church choir.

Christmas was coming, in fact was only a few days off. An energetic clock agent was in town selling electric clocks. The Mackeys needed a clock so it was easy to sell Mr. Mackey one as a Christmas present for his wife. The agent inquired about the family, and in a day or two he had sold a clock to the son for his mother, and the daughter bought one, confident that a clock would be just the present her mother would enjoy.

The members of the Aid society were interviewed and a clock was bought for their president, Mrs. Mackey. Of course, the choir wanted to express their appreciation of their



organist and they bought a clock and sent it to the Mackey home marked "Do not open until Christmas eve."

On Christmas eve all the packages were brought in and the family gathered around the tree to inspect the gifts that old Santa had brought. That generous old soul handed Mrs. Mackey five good electric clocks. There was some little tinge of chagrin, but it could not be helped. Mrs. Mackey kissed them all and said playfully that she was going to have the time of her life.

The next morning, as Mr. Mackey was dressing he looked out of the window and saw the clock agent hurrying toward the depot. A hundred yards behind him came one of the Mackey neighbors. Mr. Mackey hailed the neighbor and said: "Stop that man ahead of you; I want to see him, I will be right up." When the neighbor reached the depot, the train was ready to start and the agent was climbing aboard. The accommodating neighbor pulled his coat and informed him that Mr. Mackey wanted to see him. "I can't wait," replied the agent, "but I know what he wants. He wants one of these clocks." "If that is what he wants," said the neighbor, "I can take it to him. How much is it?" "Fifteen dollars," replied the agent.

The exchange was soon made and as the train pulled out Mr. Mackey came running all out of breath. "Has that man gone?" he exclaimed addressing his neighbor. "Yes," replied the neighbor, "but that is all right, I got the clock for you. Here it is, you can hand me the money any time." (© 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

GRANDPA WAYBACK

It's lots easier to apologize to a big man than to a little one.

A young intellectual is one who is always talking about new ideas but never has any.

It must be nice to move in the best society and get your name in the most exclusive advertisements.

They get a better finish on autos by spraying on the paint, and I often wonder why the flappers don't try that method, too.

One thing the matter with the world today is that too many people think it is more important to observe the rules of etiquette than the Ten Commandments.—Pathfinder Magazine.

AMERICANISMS

Stage Scenery.

Commedyuns.

Trajeeduns.

Course Boys.

Bank Robbries.

Law Biding Citazins.

Forn Layber.

In its true sense science is the one proper positive expression of Christianity that the world has yet seen.—Prof. John MacMurray.

The husbands and wives who still devotedly love one another after twenty years or more of marriage are those who live again in their children.—Mr. J. D. Bessford.

INTERESTING ITEMS

Lipstick to the value of \$1,750,000 was imported by Germany in 1929.

A new laundry machine recently shown in London dried and pressed 150 shirts in one hour.

It is estimated that the modernizing of old buildings during 1929 cost more than \$500,000,000.

Some fly sprays now contain synthetic fragrance which counteracts other repulsive odors of the spray.

According to the American Bar association, crime costs the United States more than \$13,000,000,000 a year.

The population of Mexico City is set at about 1,100,000 persons, about 2 per cent of which is foreign population.

An airplane expedition will tour New Guinea to search for varieties of sugar cane that can be raised in the United States.

Blonds suffer less from seasickness than brunets, according to a sea-going doctor who has made experiments along those lines.

Mexico City, the capital of Mexico, dates, traditionally, from the year 1325 or 1327, when the Aztecs settled on an island in Lake Texcoco.

Amplifiers have been installed in the Cologne cathedral to amplify the voice of the preacher so that it reaches every corner of the church.

An army of women in Russia is to be trained in handling rifles and machine guns, and to act as protectors for munition factories in time of war.

EVERYWHERE

From Maine to Porto Rico nearly 500 lights aid navigation.

The first electric transmission system in the United States was at Folsom, Calif. The power lighted Sacramento.

It said that it required 2,000 men three years to carry a single stone from Elephantine to Sias for use in one of Egypt's pyramids.

The hardest and heaviest wood in the world comes from the tropics, while the softest and lightest comes from the temperate.

New "blue-print" paper invented in Germany produces copies of tracings in black lines on white backgrounds instead of the present reversed results.

A perfect pump will lift water 34 feet at sea level, but the practical limit is 22 feet. At 5,000 feet elevation the water lift is reduced about 18 feet.

In connection with a plan to tunnel under the Straits of Gibraltar a shaft has been sunk on the Spanish side and a detailed survey of the ocean bed begun.

SIMILES

As brief as a tap dancer's pauses.

As costly as the upkeep of a palm beach suit.

As tiresome as a nice girl who brags about it.

As full of bumps and detours as the road to happiness.

As hard as dissuading a hen that has become set in her ways.

As hopeless as looking for a compliment in an anonymous letter.

As insecure looking as the shoulder straps of some evening gowns.

As gum as a delicatessen owner at a cooking school for young brides.

As unfriendly as a go-cart manufacturer and a birth control lecturer.—Pathfinder Magazine.

FACT AND FANCY

Water is the best of all drinks, if taken in the proper spirit.

An elephant can carry on its back any weight up to three tons.

Ostrich feathers must be taken from a bird at least three years old.

Some women are so slow it takes them 40 years to reach twenty-five.

Some men make the best time when headed the wrong way.—Springfield Union.

HAPPY THOUGHTS

Money talks most when a man marries it.

The trouble with love at first sight is second sight.

He who laughs first probably told the sunny story himself.

Squishie wouldn't be so precious a thing if we never saw a cloud.

The unpleasant consequence of the sweetest head is the cold shoulder.



'T WAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.

"Now that we are married, perhaps I might venture to point out a few of your little defects."

"Don't bother, dear. I'm quite aware of them. Those little defects prevented me from getting a much better man than you are."

Motor cars are supposed to save time, but it seems to me that people are more hurried than they used to be.—Lord Grey.

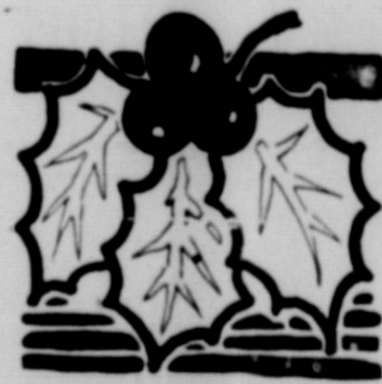
Christmas is another time when women and children come first.—The Pathfinder.

GREETINGS

To you who have made the growth of our business possible, to you whom we have known as good friends and customers—we wish you a

Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year.

BINGHAM'S CAFE
We Never Close



Greetings

Upon the confidence and Good Will of our friends our success has been founded. We greatly appreciate the generous patronage with which we have been so highly favored, and we are striving to become more and more worthy of this confidence and trust.

We extend to you the compliments of the Season, wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Farmers Gin
Hope and Lynch, Owners

RURAL DISTRICTS NOW TURN TO NARROW PAVEMENT

By E. E. Duffy
Since general business and farming are so closely interlocked, both cities and rural communities are watching with interest the trend toward improving local roads.

Rural communities that have developed comprehensive road systems have virtually become new markets for manufactured products which they formerly did without. This means a higher standard of living for the rural community.

On the other hand, the rural community is placed in year round touch with markets and the best price for farm produce is obtained. A study made recently by Cornell University revealed that farmers in one community suffered losses of from \$100 to \$1,000 yearly through inability to market produce, because of muddy roads, when prices were best.

Chief among the steps that a rural community may take is that of hard surfacing highways. Where funds and resources are somewhat limited communities are building nine or ten-foot pavements. These narrow pavements serve the purpose admirably, and carry with them the same economies that go with the 18, 40 and 60-foot widths.

Delaware, one of many states that is building considerable mileages of

these paved local roads, awarded contracts for 100 single lane pavements. In 1929, 100 miles of these pavements were laid. Delaware has found that the cost per mile of these pavements is usually average about \$100, which includes upkeep of ditches, shoulders and so on. This is much less than for the old roads.

At first thought many thought the narrow pavements were for modern traffic. But that there is little traffic on these roads, and that they are designed to give year round with arterial highways, and the width is considered satisfactory.

In this connection, Chief W. W. Mack of Delaware, following story: "In 1929 a petition appeared before the Commission protesting against the award of a single track contract, and the following year the same delegation was with the results that they appeared before the Commission the extension of this type of construction."

Sam—"The doctor says to move my appendix for \$1,200." Louise—"Oh, Sam, I'd like to have a new auto."



The Ole Yule Log

is now replaced by a glowing, radiant gas heater to add the modern touch to the old time Holiday Spirit.

McLean Gas Co.

A. J. Tillery, Mgr.



The
Season's
Greetings

There is a sentiment in business—honest sentiment that makes for friendship and confidence. At this time of the year it is fitting to acknowledge these tributes of character that are so often the real factors in a pleasant business relation.

To you and yours we extend sincere wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Sitter Furniture Co.

Phone 271

McLean, Texas

TIGER POST

Staff
Oleta Holloway
Marguerite Mertel
Lola Ruth Stanfield
Charlie Mae Carpenter
Avalie Back
Cleone West
Lois Kirby
Margaret Hess

For you a very merry
and a right happy New

CHRISTMAS HYMN

By Alfred Dowett
calm and silent night!
hundred years and fifty-three
been growing up tonight,
was queen of land and sea,
was heard of clashing wars;
raged o'er the hushed do-

allas, Jove and Mars
sturb'd their ancient reign,
glemn midnight
ries ago!

the calm and silent night!
ror of naughty Rome
urged his Chariot's flight
ly revel rolling home,
arches gleaming swell
with thoughts of bound-

id the Roman, what befell
province far away,
glemn midnight
ries ago!

at province far away
dding home a weary boor,
of light before him lay,
rough a half shut stable

is path. He pass'd for
t was going on within,
the stars! his only thought:
how calm and cold and

glemn midnight
ries ago!

Indifference! low and high
ver common joys and cares:
h was still—but knew not

ad was listening unawares,
n a moment may precede
shall thrill the world for-

ill moment none took heed,
om was link'd, no move to

glemn midnight
ries ago!

calm and silent night!
ousand bells ring out and

ous peals abroad, and smite
Bess, charried and holy now,
t that erst no name had
it a happy name is given,
at stable lay new born
eful Prince of Earth and

glemn midnight
ries ago!

GLEE CLUB
Club girls met at Mrs.
me Friday, Dec. 12, at 7

o'clock. They played some games
and sang some songs and Christmas
carols. The girls decided to go carol-
ing Christmas morning.

Cookies and hot chocolate were
served and everyone enjoyed the
evening.

TIGERS LOSE

The Tigers of our high school
suffered a crushing defeat at the
hands of the Hedley Owls Tuesday
night, in a basketball game, the
score being 38 to 6. The Tigers were
unable to score until the third
period, and all during the game the
defense failed to click.

Note—In a defeat of this kind
there can always be some excuses
offered, and we have some.

First, there is not a letter man on
he squad. This was the first encoun-
ter for the majority.

Second, practice has only been in
session two weeks.

Third, this was Hedley's third
game of the season—McLean's first.
Think this over, kind reader, and
do not judge the "green" squad too
harshly.

BAND PLAYS FOR CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

The McLean high school band
played Tuesday evening, Dec. 16, at
Plymouth school house for a Christ-
mas program sponsored by Dallas
Walters, principal.

The band was warmly welcomed,
and all members had a most enjoy-
able evening.

THE ENGLISH WITS

The English Wits met in the
junior English class period Friday
morning. The Christmas idea was
carried out in the following program:
Christmas quotations—Roll call.
Christmas story—Lois Kirby.
Reading—Lola Ruth Stanfield.
Story—Kathryn Hales.

Spice of Life—Joe Dean Gill and
Clara Quarles.
The next meeting of the club will
be the last Friday in January.

COMMUNITY PROGRAM

Our first community program was
planned with a two-fold purpose: to
commemorate the anniversary of the
Boston Tea Party and to bring the
friends of the school the Christmas
spirit and good will. On December
16 a very interesting program was
presented in the auditorium of the
McLean high school. The fine school
spirit of McLean people was evidenced
by the appreciative audience. This
program was rendered:

McLean high school band.
Boston Tea Party—Grade school.
Reading—Marie Landers.
Tontoll, folk dance—Public school
music class.
Reading—Verne Harris.
High school Glee Club.
Reading—Mrs. J. M. Hill.
Instrumental trio—Mr. Harding
Laurence Bourland and Dorothy Lou
Lowe.
Vocal solo—Mrs. Goff.
Christmas Sprit—Rev. Erwin.
Piano duet—Misses Stanfield and
Jones.
High school band.
Among your New Year resolutions,
resolve to be present when a pro-

CHRISTMAS TOYS



gram is given by your schools. Help
us to make the McLean school sys-
tem better than ever before.

REV. HICKMAN IN CHAPEL

Rev. W. Hickman of the Nazarene
Church spoke to the students Wed-
nesday morning. His theme was
"Modern Evils and Temptations."
"Honor thy father and thy mother"
was a message brought to us in a
very impressive manner. We have
one of the ministers with us each
Wednesday morning.

FACULTY MEETING

The members of the McLean board

BEST WISHES
for a
Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year

H. M. COLEMAN, D. C.
Phone 2 House calls day or night

Interpretation of a Poem—Irene
Smith.

Music—Lola Ruth Stanfield.
The Clansman—Fern Landers.
Report of visit to Panhandle—Mrs.
Sligar.

Christmas carol—Charlie Mae Car-
penter.

We were then invited to the home
economics room, where hot chocolate
and wafers were served to about 75.

ENTERTAINMENT

On Thursday evening, Dec. 18, a
crowd of young people met at the
home of Edna Wilson, where they
had a delightful time. Many in-
teresting games were played and en-
joyed by all. At a late hour deli-
cious refreshments were served.

CURRENT LITERATURE CLUB

The Current Literature Club met
Friday morning at the regular En-
glish 4 class period. The following
Christmas program was enjoyed by
the members of the class:

Roll call—Christmas quotations.
Van Dyke, the Story of the Other
Wise Man—Sybil Graham.
The White Christmas—Odessa
Kunkel.

Bits of Fun—Fred Durham.
Auto Contest—Lillian Carpenter.
The next meeting of the club will
be on the last Friday in January.

Additional school news on another
page.

IMPROVING THE MOVIES

The motion picture business is here
to stay. Any effort to put it out of
business would be futile and foolish.
But the movies can be and should
be improved. The immoral and the
indecent and the boldly suggestive
pictures should be driven from the
screen. Any picture that undertakes

to make drinking parties seem re-
spectable or to make the flouting of
the liquor law a smart and clever
thing, to be admired and emulated,
should likewise be outlawed. Scenes
that would glorify the cigarette-
smoking woman or make heroines of
the lecherous and the lewd, should
also be banned. The screen should
be placed on a higher moral plane.
But this cannot be done by railing
at the local showman. He is not to
blame. He is at the mercy of the
higher-ups, absolutely. But such a
protest against the immoralities and
indecencies of the screen should go
up to Washington from every village
and hamlet in America as to compel
Congress to do something to clean out
these Augean stables. The movies
properly directed should become one
of the very greatest educational and
moralizing agencies in this country.
The public should not permit a few
money-loving or sex-mad kings of the
picture industry to prostitute it to
the level of the gilded saloon and
the haunt of the libertine. There
should be a much stricter censor-
ship of the movies, and they should
be made a distinctly moral asset to
every community rather than to the
contrary.—Lynn County News.

Necking and dancing can be dis-
tinguished—one is done to music.

SEASON'S GREETINGS
We wish you a
**Merry Christmas and a
Happy New Year**
D'SPAIN BROS.

APPRECIATION

I want you to know that I appreciate your patronage,
remember your favors, and thank you for the
business given me. I solicit a continuation of same,
and wish you a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

"The Little Store"
MRS. W. T. WILSON

M SYSTEM
"Saves for the Nation"

Appreciation

We appreciate the reception accorded us
since opening the "M" System Grocery
and Market, and we expect to merit
continued patronage by giving the
best of service with quality foods.

**MAY YOU HAVE A
MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A
HAPPY NEW YEAR**

**COLEBANK & COOPER
GRAHAM & PETERS**



We wish for you in the
true spirit of the season,
a gift from God.

First Baptist Church

Cecil G. Goff, Pastor

Billy's Christmas Flowers for Mother

By Martha Banning Thomas

BILLY loved flowers, particularly red ones. From the moment he could toddle around alone, he had gone straight to the poppies in his mother's garden and pulled off all the heads. This was out of sheer love, not naughtiness.

When Billy grew to be three years old he still loved red flowers, but he did not pull off their heads. He kept them tightly in his fist, and smiled with contentment. One afternoon his mother took him shopping with her. There were a few last things she needed before Christmas. Billy was enchanted by the gay stores and happy looking people. He chattered by his mother's side and looked at everything with all his might. Once, when they were waiting to cross a street, Billy's eyes grew rounder than ever, for they were looking straight into a large, red poinsettia in a shop window. He had never seen anything so beautiful.

The policeman's whistle blew. People streamed across the street. But Billy's mother found that her little boy had not come with her. Somehow he had slipped away. She felt a moment of panic and ran back to the policeman before the traffic light changed. "My little boy," she gasped, "I don't know where he is!"

Then she heard a clear call. "Mamma! Here's—a—present—for you!" Billy's voice. She and the big policeman looked toward the other curb. Wedged in between peoples' legs and bundles stood Billy waving a great red flower. His face was all smiles. "A—SSSmas present!" called Billy again.

His mother and the policeman made a dash for him. The lights changed. Traffic roared by. "I found it in a garden," said Billy, "right there!" A surprised clerk was looking out of the flower shop window.

"Lots and lots of pretty flowers," caroled the child, "not dead like our garden."

"Thank heaven!" breathed his mother, "and thank you, Billy, for my present."

The policeman grinned and Billy's mother went in to pay for the flower. "He doesn't know any better. He thinks your shop is a garden," she explained. "I'll try to make him understand."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the clerk. "Merry Christmas, I'm sure!" Billy's mother hugged the child with a prayer of thankfulness in her heart, and shuddered to think of what might have happened. "This is a Merry Christmas!" she smiled, and Billy wondered why she held him so close.

(© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

The race is not always to the state troopers.

Give a man seclusion enough and he'll hang himself.

Higher education fails to give the lowdown on many things.

From the saxophonist's viewpoint, a man is as old as he spels.

The most effective way to kid a woman is to tell her the truth.

When you're married and settled down, dates are forbidden fruit.

For a dumbbell, it's a long time between thinks.—Buffalo Courier-Express.

1930

Christmas Carol

by Dicky, Canary Bird

By Harold L. Cook

MRS. BRIMMER never forgot anybody or anything at Christmas. She made presents for every one of the neighbors' children and she either bought or made something new for every room in the house—a new bath mat or shower curtain for the bathroom, a new dish drainer or towels for the kitchen, new curtains or table covers for the living room, a ribbon for the cat, a collar for the dog—and this year, a new green cage for Dicky, the canary.

Everything was in place the day before Christmas when the children arrived home for the holidays, and Mary Ellen, the oldest daughter, had just finished her tour of inspection of Christmas presents to the house, when she stopped in front of Dicky's new cage and whistled to start him singing. But there was no answer from the cage.

"Well, mother, you don't seem to have forgotten a single thing or a single room," Mary Ellen said. "But what has happened to Dicky? Is he dazed by the splendor of his new palace, or is he too old to sing?"

"I can't make it out," replied Mrs. Brimmer. "He sang all right in the old cage, but he hasn't peeped a note since I put him in this one three days ago. He must be homesick. If he doesn't sing by tomorrow I'll put him back in the old cage, so that he may have a Merry Christmas, too."

Christmas morning the Brimmers found installed in their living room a new radio, and they began the day happily by listening in on that delightful half hour from eight-thirty to nine o'clock which brings daily cheer to so many American homes. The singing of a bird came over the radio as a background of the program, and almost with the first bird notes from the radio, Dicky started hopping around in his new green palace, and finally broke into a full-throated Christmas carol which was a joy to every one. He was saying Merry Christmas to his little brother who was singing a thousand miles away in New York.

(© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

EXTRA COPIES THE NEWS 5c

Christmas Shopping, A Joyous Occasion
by Mary Graham Bonner

THROUGH the street of the town they walked, each with arms filled with bundles. You could have told, had you seen them, just what was in those bundles. There was one huge package wrapped in brown paper. But in spite of its heavy covering it was easy to be seen that a rocking horse was inside. There was no mistaking that rocking horse.

And in another you could tell was an airplane. Each bundle showed its contents by its shape.

There were colored lights strung across the streets and snow was on the ground.

There were no sleigh bells to be heard but the noise from the chains on the automobiles lent a Christmas jingle and crisp sound to the air.

In every window there were wreaths, and all the families could be seen inside.

Now other shoppers were coming out of shops, all carrying bundles. No one minded how many bundles were to be carried on Christmas eve.

In some of the packages you could hear that there were all kinds of toys. Little tinkling sounds came from the bundles, little squeaks and squeals of toys that made sounds when moved or pressed.

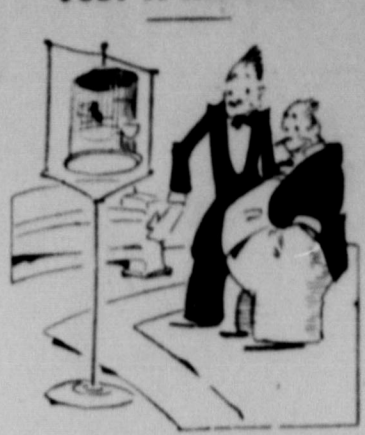
And in people's hearts were little sounds of joy tinkling merrily—the echo of the joy of Christmas eve in the hearts of all.

"A Merry Christmas," they called to one another. There was something very crisp, very cheery, very clear and very delightful about the very sounds of those words.

(© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

- OFTEN HEARD**
- Fourand Neckties.
 - Starcht Collars.
 - Button Oles.
 - Pokkit Hankachiffa.

JUST A HUMMER



"That bird sings, I suppose?"
"No—it's a humming bird."

- Lend him money.
- Give him a tip on the market.
- Invite his wife to luncheon.
- Admire his stenographer.
- Beat him at golf.
- How to Lose a Friend.
- Lend him money.
- Give him a tip on the market.
- Invite his wife to luncheon.
- Admire his stenographer.
- Beat him at golf.

"Biggles is a great friend of mine."
"He has been, haven't he?"
"Don't you expect him to be?"
"Can't tell. I have just seen his note."

Courageous
"Are the Americans courageous?" asked the foreigner.
"I should say so!" answered the patriotic citizen. "You should see the average American soldier and his platoon."

Good Neighbors
Mrs. Nott—Do you mind my next door since they moved?
Mrs. Butt—No. They never do anything, so I hardly know Hummel, Hamburg.

The First Presbyterian Church



W. A. Erwin, Pastor



Sends the Season's Greetings to McLean and surrounding country. We invite you to co-operate with us in making our town a better place in which to live and rear our children.

We give you a hearty welcome to all our services.

Sunday school 10 a. m., F. H. Bourland, Superintendent
Morning worship 11 a. m.
Evening worship 7 p. m.
Christian Endeavor 6 p. m.

BEST WISHES
for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

It gives us pleasure to extend to you the compliments of the Season, and to wish you a most Happy and Prosperous New Year

Harold Rippy
Local Representative

The Southwestern Life Insurance Co.

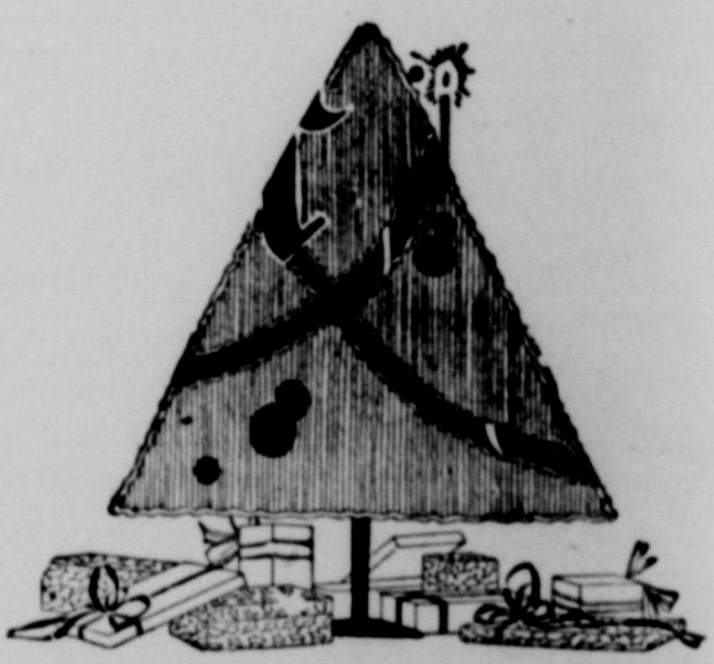


WE APPRECIATE

the co-operation extended us in our efforts for the betterment of the community the past year, and want to extend best wishes for everyone for Christmas and the coming year.

McLEAN LIONS CLUB

- Boyd Meador, Pres.
- Evan L. Sitter, 2nd Vice Pres.
- Secretary-treasurer
- T. W. Gilstrap, Tail Twister
- G. C. Boswell, 1st Vice Pres.
- Reep Landers,
- Sherman White, Lion Tamer
- T. A. Landers, W. E.
- Bogan, Boyd Meador, Directors



Greetings

At this season it is fitting that we express to our friends appreciation of their Good Will and patronage in this, our first year in McLean. We expect to merit a continuation of the same by giving you the best possible ginning service, and we count ourselves fortunate in being among those to wish you the blessings of Christmas and Happiness for the New Year.

Service Gin Co.

D. A. Davis, Manager

THE TIGER POST

Staff
Olleta Holloway
Marguerite Mertel
Lola Ruth Stanfield
Charlie Mae Carpenter
Avalon Back
Cleone West
Lois Kirby
Margaret Hess
Charlie Mae Carpenter
James Burrows
Miss Mitchell

Following biographies were by students of the High School. Different ones will appear from time to time.

OF MRS. S. A. COBB

By Fern Landers

Ashburn, known to the people of McLean as Mrs. S. A. Cobb, was born October 24, 1864, at Quincy, Mo. Her father was a Baptist minister and also a farmer. Most of her life was spent on the frontier.

After having grown up in the frontier, she found it hard to learn to read and write. She worked and cooked the every day. So it befell Addie's older sister to do the most of the work. Addie's older sister's birth, 1865.

Ashburn was the general manager of the family, which consisted of her father, her mother, her three brothers, Addie, the youngest member of this family. From her early childhood she was quite a young woman.

She did the ordinary fruit and vegetable work. She also milked a number of cows. She considered her older sister as the manager of the family. Although this sister left home, Addie was quite young.

Her girl could remember how she "bossed" all the other children. Seven years elapsed between the birth of these two girls, so it was not unusual for her to be the manager of the family.

Addie Ashburn was ten years old when she moved with her family to Jewell, Texas. Addie attended a school, although she was not very educated, and she taught school. She stated that she worked every day of her life.

She learned to apply herself and work hard. She would do anything she wanted to do. Of course, she was better in the lines of which she was fond. She particularly enjoyed mathematics, and she made a specialty of spelling and writing.

Miss Ashburn was twenty years of age when she taught school. She and her sister-in-law made a three days trip to see their kinsfolk. Before Addie packed all of her clothes, she packed all of her clothes, and she covered the wagon in which they were to make the trip.

Cisco, and then they moved to Tuxedo. Here our heroine was the busy wife of a young Baptist preacher. After living at Tuxedo for two years, the young couple moved to Stamford, where Mr. Cobb taught school one year.

The next home of these people was at Aspermont, Texas, where they spent two years with Mr. Cobb pastoring the Baptist Church. Then they moved to Dickens, Texas. After staying two years at Dickens, pastoring two country churches, Mr. Cobb decided to move his family to a farm nearby.

For seven years this happy family remained on their little farm. For the next two years after this they lived at Jayton, Texas, where the father pastored the Baptist Church. At Jayton, there was more opportunity for Mrs. Cobb to take a part in the church activities. She enjoyed this work.

They next lived at Gilpin, Texas. After about six months in this place, they traded their home for a farm near the small town of McLean. They moved to this new farm in May of 1911.

To Mr. and Mrs. Cobb were born eight children. Effie was born Jan. 7, 1892. She went to high school at Jayton, Texas. She attended college one year at Simmons, in Abilene. Effie married, and to her and her husband have been born three girls. She lives at the present time in Livingston, N. M.

The next child to be born was named Eleanor. She was born in October of 1893. She was given her high school training in Tuxedo, Texas. Later she attended the Canadian Academy, which was at that time located in Canadian, Texas. Eleanor is married, and now has four children. She and her family live in McLean.

Jesse James Cobb was born March 7, 1896. He went to school at the Back community school, and spent two years studying at Simmons College. After this he took a business course at Bowie, Texas. Later he farmed the old home place near McLean. He is now owner of the variety store formerly owned by his mother, in McLean. To his wife and him have been born two children.

Steven was the next child of Addie Ashburn Cobb. He was born on Feb. 8, 1898. He went to school at Back, and spent one year in college at Plainview. He is married, but has no children. Brantly Cobb was born Nov. 8, 1899. She went to school at Back, and spent one year studying at Simmons. At the present time she and her husband have three children.

John Cobb was born on Sept. 25, 1901. He went to his school in McLean. Later he spent four years in college at Plainview, and three at Baylor University. He is married, and to this union was born one child. At the present time John is pastor of the Baptist Church at Petersburg, Texas.

Judon Cobb was born Jan. 5, 1904. He went to high school in McLean and later spent three years in Wayland College at Plainview. After three years in Baylor University, he is teaching school. He is married.

Ted Cobb was born Aug. 16, 1907. He attended high school at McLean and was in school at Plainview three years and at Baylor four years. On the first Armistice Day, Nov. 11, 1918, the Cobbs moved to McLean. In the fall of 1921, when two of her boys were leaving for school, Mrs. Cobb proposed that they get some kind of business in order to try to help the boys pay for their education. The only opening at that time in McLean seemed to be a shoe repair shop and grocery store combined. Mr. Cobb did not at all favor the proposition, but Mrs. Cobb contended that she could do the managing of the shoe shop.

This proved to be another instance where Mrs. Cobb found she could do what she wanted to do. This type of work was, of course, all very new to her, but she enjoyed it. Never having before come in contact directly with the public, she soon adapted herself to her new work. Mrs. Cobb had complete charge of the shoe shop, which she soon increased to a shoe and harness shop, while Mr. Cobb took care of the grocery store. For three years the Cobbs remained in these occupations.

It was while she was still engaged in this work that Mrs. Cobb met the man who influenced her to take the next position she filled. This man, who himself was a drummer for the Iren Biscuit Company, helped Mrs. Cobb to get a like appointment. After selling the shoe shop, which she had had three years, Mrs. Cobb became a traveling salesman for the Iren Biscuit Company.

Although the shoe shop work had been strange to her, Mrs. Cobb was embarked upon a no less strange experience. She covered a part of the Panhandle territory, including the towns of Shamrock, Plainview and Amarillo. She liked this different type of work, but her family did not like to see her working so hard, so she did this work only about three months. It was new to her to meet strangers and talk with them every day, and she had many lessons to learn, but she soon found that she liked this new type of employment.

Mrs. Cobb opened a variety store in McLean when she came home. She stayed in this business four years, and was able several times to make enlargements in the business. She sold the store in 1928 to her son, Jesse, who now gains a prosperous living from the store.

Mrs. Cobb likes flowers and enjoys working with them. She likes outdoor life. She does not enjoy work in which there can be no visible results. For the last two years she considers she has been "living only to eat," and she does not feel that she has accomplished anything worthwhile. She thinks her life's work is probably over, because she can see no work ahead, and she does not care to live on with nothing to do. Possibly she feels this way because her former life has been so full of activity.

Mrs. Cobb holds no grudge against anyone, nor against the world in general. She is perfectly satisfied with the way she has been treated by the world. She had a very happy home in her childhood and has done much to make a happy home for her children. If anyone is prone to give Mrs. Cobb a "cold shoulder" it does not bother her, for she keeps her feelings hidden away in a deep inside pocket. She does as her conscience dictates and lets the rest of the world go by.

LIFE OF S. R. KENNEDY

By Audra Anderson

"I was born in Ouchita county, Arkansas, on the first day of September, in the year 1860. I lived here five years. One year after the Civil War, my father, Stephen Kennedy, moved with his wife and children to Hemsted county, Arkansas, and lived there one year. While there my older brother died. During this year I attended my first school. The school house was one and one-half miles from my home. I walked this distance alone. One morning I started to school and had not gone far when I heard the scream of a panther, which scared me and I ran back toward the house. My mother, seeing me running back, met me and asked what was the trouble. I told her that I had heard something in the woods. She turned me toward the school once more and went with me a short distance. On her return to the house, she discovered a large panther which was sneaking away into the wood. That day was the last day that I attended that school, for my mother would not let me go any more.

"We then moved to Stephens county, Arkansas. I was six years old when we moved. My first work, which I did at this place, was driving teams hitched to a power used for running a cotton gin. My father was what was at that time called a planter, and ran a large farm where he used negroes and Choctaw Indians. In this work we had to drive the wagons to White Cliff on the Little River, our nearest shipping point. I was required to drive a team of mules, with my father. I hauled four bales of cotton on my wagon and father hauled eight bales. We loaded our wagon with freight for the farm and Mrs. McKame's store at Ulta Mathule. At the end of four years at this place, we moved to Hunt county, Texas. We stopped at the home of Sam Davis on the 4th day of July, 1870. My father bought a tract of land seven miles southwest of Greenville, the county seat of Hunt county, Texas. On the 20th day of November, the same year, we moved into a log house in the timber on Elm creek, where I grew from ten years of age to manhood. While here, I did much labor assisting my father in clearing the timber off of the land where we made a farm of some hundred acres of land. The first school that I attended was at Antioch, about two miles from our home. I was the oldest boy and I did not get to go to school much. You might say none, until I was 20 years old, when I attended the Methodist high school at Sulphur Springs, in Hopkins county, Texas. While I was in this school a term of ten months, (where I paid my way) on the eighth day of May, 1884, I was married to Miss Mary A. Green. We have six children, four boys and two girls, all living. In 1889 I bought a tract of land consisting of 106 acres which were unimproved. I built a residence on it in which we lived until a cyclone blew it away. It left us out doors for it blew all other improvements away. It left us one span of mules, a wagon, seven shoats, three cows and our three oldest children. After this loss my wife and I had a very hard fight to make a living and pay fourteen hundred dollars, which was a debt caused by the cyclone. After the storm we tried rail-roading at Dennison, Texas. We worked at this

until September in the year 1890. I then went back to Hunt county and borrowed a team and wagon. I then went alone to Harold, in Wilbarger county, where I prepared one hundred acres of land and sowed it in wheat. I thought I could make enough money out of the wheat to get out of debt, but do you know, I did not get as much as one bushel of wheat off of this crop. I next worked with my father on the halves and made enough to buy a team and tools to farm with. Such were the conditions that we struggled with until 1900, when we got the wolf out of our door. There are many things in this area that I will be compelled to leave off of this. Our three oldest children were schooled at Caddo Mills, in Hunt county, Texas. They finished high school there. We sent the oldest to Baylor College at Waco. She obtained an A. B. degree. S. H. Kennedy, after completing the high school at Alameda, went to a Dallas business college.

"I moved to Donley county on December 25, in the year of 1905, where I have been farming and raising stock. I am not trying to do much now. During the last fifteen years I have lived at the following places: Monterey, California, Mineral Wells, Lubbock, and McLean. "During my life I have been engaged in farming and stock raising and buying and shipping stock to market.

"It has been my aim this far to live an honest Christian life, doing unto others as I wished them to do to me. I have always tried to impress upon the minds of my children that truthfulness and honesty was absolutely necessary for the building

of a good name and to be able to display a clean Christian life. To be honest and true is a desirable attainment. One, from my way of thinking, is in accordance with the will of God. My prayer to God is for Him to lead me and mine in the paths of righteousness."

THE LIFE OF SHERMAN WHITE

By Earl Breeding

Mr. Sherman White was born in Erath county, Texas, in 1898, where he lived for several years. He was born and raised on a farm, where he had lots of fun and passed away his happy boyhood. Mr. White went to school at Huckabay high school for seven years. From there he went to Hale and Jennings Academy. After going to school two or three years at the Academy, he started to John Tarrellton College at Stevensville, where he graduated in 1917.

Mr. White taught school for four years and was very successful. He taught one year at Throckmorton, one at Des Demosies and the other two at Huckabay. From the school teaching profession, Mr. White turned to the study of law. He went to the State University at Austin for four years. Here he majored in the law study. After graduating from the

Texas University at Austin in 1923, Mr. White decided to practice law. He started his practice in Austin for a few months, then moved to McLean, where he is now practicing law.

Mr. White married in 1925 to Miss Frankie Mae Upham. There has been one child, a boy, born into the home, who has always lived in McLean. Mr. White ran for County Attorney in the last election of this county. He was elected by an overwhelming majority, carrying every voting box in the county. Mr. White is hoping to make a great success in his present position.

He—"I just saw a horse with a wooden leg."
She—"Where?"
He—"On the merry-go-round."

SEASON'S GREETINGS
CLAUDE WILLIAMS
Lawyer
Theatre Bldg. Phone 66

BAYER ASPIRIN is always SAFE



Beware of Imitations

GENUINE Bayer Aspirin, the kind that doctors prescribe and millions of users have proven safe for over thirty years, can easily be identified by the name Bayer and the word genuine as above. Genuine Bayer Aspirin is safe and sure; it is always the same. It has the unqualified endorsement of physicians and druggists everywhere. It does not depress the heart, and no harmful effects follow its use. Bayer Aspirin is the universal antidote for pains of all kinds. Headaches, Neuritis, Colds, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Toothache. Aspirin is the trade-mark of Bayer manufacture of monoaceticacidester of salicylic acid.



Blake Dry Goods Co.

desires to present to you the compliments of the season and best wishes for a Merry Christmas and for your prosperity and happiness in the New Year.

Blake Dry Goods Co.

One Price Cash Store
McLean, Texas



An Appreciation

The McLean Chamber of Commerce appreciating the pleasant business relations that have existed during the past year, wishes to extend to you the

Compliments of the Season

and trusts that the coming New Year will bring forth better business relations in Happiness and Prosperity.

McLean Chamber of Commerce

- T. A. Landers, Pres. T. W. Gilstrap, Vice Pres.
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Evan L. Sitter, C. S. Doolen, Sherman White
Directors

The Handsome Man

by MARGARET TURNBULL
Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS
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THE STORY

CHAPTER I—Returning to London, practically penniless, after an unsuccessful business trip to South America, young Sir George Sandison takes dinner with his widowed stepmother, his old nurse, "Aeggie." He has not approved of her marriage to his father, but she makes an explanation that satisfies him. There is little left of the estate, and Lady Sandison proposes they go to the United States to visit her brother, Robert MacBeth, a wealthy contractor. With no prospects in England, Sir George agrees.

CHAPTER II—With his young daughter, Roberta, MacBeth is living on his estate, an island. The girl longs for city life, and is dissatisfied. MacBeth is a victim of arthritis and almost physically helpless. Leaving her father, after an interchange of words, Roberta meets Lady Sandison and Sir George, and assumes they are the new cook and butler, who had been expected. She directs them to the house, realizing with some surprise that the man is the handsomest she has ever seen.

CHAPTER III—MacBeth had not been apprised of his sister's coming, or of her marriage, but he is glad to see her and invites the two to stay. Roberta is keeping a "date" with a young man, "Jack" Navarra, about whom she knows little, though she thinks she is in love with him. MacBeth arranges that Lady Sandison take charge of the household, at a salary, and Sir George act as his secretary. Roberta is told of the arrangement and is not cordial.

"Payroll!" Sir George looked at him in astonishment. "Do you mean the payroll for your employees in the city?" Robert MacBeth shook his head. "Not the office. A much bigger thing. The money for the men on the construction job. You will likely laugh at the idea that this has anything to do with it, but though I've tried to, somehow I can't succeed in laughing very hard. I have a feeling these letters have some connection with a gang of men who mean to have a try for that payroll again, if they can't get at me and my money this way." He shook the letter.

"But surely you've taken precautions? Why not pay the men by check?"

Robert MacBeth made a wholly contemptuous gesture with his hand, which still held the letter. "Use your head. I can't pay laborers by check. Lots of the foreigners don't know what to do with checks. No, we've got to make and keep things safe ourselves."

He looked at Sir George, and leaning toward him and in a low tone, said: "It's all right in New York. I can get protection, armored cars if need be, but I've a hunch there's trouble brewing for me and I've got a great many thousands of dollars to pay out on the big piece of construction work being done up the river. It's how to get the money there safely that is puzzling me now."

He passed a moment and said quietly: "I don't mind telling you that I have the sum deposited in the nearest local bank. I'm going to send some one down to collect it from the bank later and that some one may be you." He looked at Sir George questioningly.

"Yes, of course, but when and how?"

"That's what I want you to tell me. I'd like you to go down with Roberta today and look over the lay of the land."

"Can't your man take me?" Sir George asked. "Might find out more that way."

"I don't want the servants to know or suspect anything about it, nor the people in the village. In fact, I don't want anybody to know anything about it, except possibly Roberta."

"Must she know? Why drag a girl into this?"

"Roberta won't be dragged in," her father promised him. "But I want her to take you down the river to the bank and up the river to show you where the money is to be taken."

"By motor?"

"Yes."

"But you surely wouldn't let the girl drive if there was likelihood of danger."

"No, but you could drive yourself, once you knew the way."

"Oh, yes."

"Well, go with her to the village and to the bank, where she will cash a check and introduce you to the cashier. Then tomorrow she'll take you up the river."

"Have you told her this?"

"Not yet. Why?"

"It's barely possible she may have made arrangements of her own."

"She'll change that if I ask her," her father said easily.

"Ah—"

so that the younger man might not see his face. Sir George continued to watch the bronze blur until it took shape and outline and began to look like Roberta MacBeth. Then he started, aware that the silence had been long.

"You were saying?"

"That I'll tell Roberta what I want as soon as she crosses the river. Or will you meet her and tell her I want to see her? And take yourself off for a time."

"Absolutely."

Sir George sauntered toward the river and met the flushed and exultant looking girl.

"Spying?"

His look was enough to make her feel ashamed of herself.

"Oh, I say," she said. "That was unfair and I didn't really mean it."

Sir George did not stop. "It doesn't matter," he said stiffly. "Your father is waiting to see you."

The girl angrily kicked a rock of the towpath into the canal. "Well, if you want to be hateful, be hateful."

He turned. "If you would only get it into your extraordinarily pretty little head," he told her not unkindly, "that I'm here because I have to earn my living and your father has been good enough to give me a post—that's that. As for you and your friends, at the risk of being thought rude, I tell you that I don't give a tinker's d—n whom you meet or where you meet him, and that's all of that."

There had been a quickly drawn breath, and then silence and he had walked on over the canal bridge to the highway, feeling completely ashamed of himself. Why had he lost his temper? His remorse gaining on him, he was about to turn once more when the sound of flying footsteps came to him. He turned to confront an angry and flame-cheeked girl, who told him vehemently: "You've just got to know this. You don't hate me one degree less or more than I hate you."

"Well, since we know it's mutual," said Sir George evenly, "suppose we go on hating each other as much as we like in private, and keep a friendly smile to face the world." He smiled at her now.

"Oh, you're hateful!" the girl cried. "Just when I meant to be decent to you for father's sake, you make it impossible. I promise you I'll do anything I can to speed your return to bonnie Scotland."

"Ah," returned the homesick Sir George, his heart in his voice, "if you only could."

The girl looked at him speechless a moment and yet she did not go. He wondered why, but almost before he had done wondering he suddenly saw the answer to his question. The blue car was some little way ahead of him.

on the tree-shaded cross road to the highway, and its owner was struggling frantically to start it.

That was why she thought he was spying; that was why she would not, if she could help it, leave him alone.

He continued to walk toward the car and to speak so that the man, whoever he was, might hear. "Surely you don't want to annoy your father and have him question you, do you? As for the blue car and its owner," he continued, "it is hardly my affair."

The man at the car jerked his head up and nodded to the girl and then quickly turned his back and busied himself with the car again.

Sir George waited for a moment. Surely any decent sort would be likely

to come over and speak—make it easy for the girl to introduce him. The man, however, after that one look hurried back to work at the car, his face resolutely turned from Sir George. The girl, looking first at one and then at the other, slowly turned and went toward her father's house.

Sir George walked away past the car. What sort of cheap and awful person that little devil had elected as hero of her secret romance, he now had a pretty fair idea. The man's face, though good-looking in its way, was an open book to Sir George.

Sir George wondered why the fellow had been so assiduous as to try to hide his face, so anxious to avoid any speech with him. He stopped dead in the middle of the road for a moment as the solution occurred to him. It must have been that he was afraid, since he had seen Sir George first, of recognition. Then the fellow must be some one whom he himself would recognize. He walked on thoughtfully.

Roberta arrived at her father's chair and listened impatiently to his proposal, her eyes blazing with indignation. "Why can't some one else take him down to the village? I don't like him. I think he's the most disagreeable young man I ever knew and I simply don't see why August can't drive him."

He looked at her a little sadly: "Surely, Roberta, even the most modern of daughters would not think it extraordinary if her father, who cannot do it himself, asked her to introduce his secretary at the bank and also take him up the river to show him the viaduct job."

"It isn't that," Roberta said sullenly, not a little ashamed of herself.

"Then what is it?" her father asked, and there was a tired note in his voice as well as exasperation.

"I have an engagement for today."

"That's too bad. I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to cancel it. What I ask won't wait. It's business."

"I can't—" Roberta began and then stopped. "I don't want to cancel it, Father. Can't we manage it some other way? I could get one of the boys down at Green Bend to take him."

He hesitated and then decided to trust her. "There's been a little difficulty about the payroll in the city, and I'm not going to risk any outside knowledge of how much money I have here or what I am asking Sir George to do for me."

Roberta stiffened. "You mean you won't let me off?"

Her father shook his head wearily: "I have explained why."

"No, I don't think you have. You've just given me an order and apparently business comes before anything else."

"It does just now," MacBeth said it slowly. "I wish you could see it as I do, Bobbie. The money isn't just money and the loss of it wouldn't be just the money loss. I have insured the payroll. It's a matter of keeping faith with the men. The money means home and food and clothing for all these men and they depend on me to deliver it to them on the day I've promised it. I can remember when you were a wee thing, Bobbie, how much my weekly wage meant to your mother and to me."

He had used the little old pet name that had been given her as a baby, but it did not soften Roberta. She stood silently regarding him, searching in her mind for some plea that would make him listen. She knew now, by

the look in her father's eyes, that it was hopeless. She must either do this thing or precipitate a final quarrel, that would leave her nothing to do but go away at once. She was not yet prepared for flight. She might have to come to it some day and soon, but not now.

She lifted her eyes and saw the blue car still stationary. She raised her arm and waved twice over her head, the signal they had both agreed upon as "Wait for me," and then turned to her father. "I'll go and break the engagement then. But I shan't forget, Father, you owe me something for this."

She was gone before Robert MacBeth could say anything, and the next minute was running down the beach to the bridge.

By the blue car a very angry young man stood waiting.

"Well!" he snapped, "what do you want me to wait for? Isn't it enough that I'm caught like this here?"

"I can't help it, Jack," Roberta said breathlessly. "It's all off for today. Father wants me to take his secretary to the bank." She blurted it out before she remembered that her father especially wanted no one to know. Oh, well, Jack didn't count! It would tell him nothing, anyway.

But it did interest Jack. He stopped his tinkering and fussing and looked at her.

"What bank and why do you have to take him?"

"It's the village bank, and I don't know why except—oh, yes, I do! Father wants them to know him so that he can cash checks and so forth."

"Hence?"

"Hence?"

"Hence?"

(Continued next week)

WHY NOT A 50,000,000 BALE CROP OF COTTON?

For twenty years or more the leaders of the south have been advocating a reduction in the cotton acreage in an effort to reduce cotton production to where the grower would have a corner on the crop and be able to realize a price for the same that would net him a profit. Evidently this move has been a mistake as it had no apparent results.

After thinking the matter over from every angle, we have decided that the thing to do is just the opposite of what has been attempted. Instead of reducing the acreage, the acreage should be increased to the limit. We are from this date on going to advocate the planting of every available acre in the Southland to cotton.

We want to see the South make

a 50,000,000 bale crop. To accomplish this it will be necessary to eliminate all feed crops, all garden spaces, all pasturage, all small grain crops and plant every acre to cotton. But when we think the matter over earnestly, we must conclude that its the only thing to do. By planting every available foot of land in the South to cotton, it will be easy to make a fifty million bale crop or enough to last the world five years. After doing this we could stop and do nothing for the five years but fish and frolic and visit our wife's relations—providing they were not visiting us. Then think of the glory and honor that would be ours should we make such a crop! All records would be broken. The world would be stumped. We would get millions of dollars worth of free publicity. The entire world would sit up and take notice of the South.

We could sell cotton so cheap that foreign countries that are attempting to grow cotton would be forced out of the business. The only thing to do is to grow, if possible, more cotton than it would take to fully supply the world's demand and make the price as low as none would dare to attempt to compete with us.

Some will ask, "What would we do for something to eat?" That's easy: eat cotton, wear cotton, feed cotton, ride on cotton, sleep on cotton, drink

cotton, pay our taxes with cotton—

—pay the doctor with cotton, —teacher, the preacher, and every one and all things with cotton. Start now and everybody ready, resolute to plant every acre of the South, from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic Ocean, and the Rio Grande to the door of the White House. Let our figures be "Fifty million bales for the year of 1931!"—Jayton Chronicle.

GOOD OLD DAYS

A few years ago a man was sent to the penitentiary for stealing a calf worth a dollar. Now he is a man to jail for thirty dollars stealing a thousand dollar automobile.—Donley County Leader.

ALL FOR LOVE

"My dear, I regret to have to tell you that I am bankrupt."

"Oh, help! Then I must be for love after all."—Everybody.

NOT PARTICULAR

Diner—"Do you serve here?"

Waiter—"Sure, we serve here."

Use printed salesmanship.

GREETINGS

We appreciate the business given us the past year, and want to assure you of our best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

W.E. Bogan and Son
Insurance

We Hope You Will Have a Very



and that the New Year Will Be a Bright One for You

You people who read this greeting have been good to us—good friends and good customers.

It is our sincere wish that you may have a Merry Christmas and that the New Year may bring you health, happiness and prosperity.

COBB'S 5c TO \$1.00 STORE

GREETINGS



At this time of the year when there is a feeling of Good Cheer and Happiness everywhere, we want to express our appreciation to our friends and customers for the nice business given us the past year and wish you

a Merry Christmas, and a New Year of Happiness and Prosperity.

Foxworth-Galbraith Lumber Co

B. F. Gray, Manager

WISHING YOU A MERRY
CHRISTMAS
and a
Happy New Year



May each of us find joy and satisfaction in unselfish service, and with it all mixed enough profit to be comfortable and enough satisfaction to feel our duty well done. May we strive for a better city, a better business, and the spirit of co-operation.

We believe in our city, we believe in our friends, we believe in the future. Let us thank you, one and all, and wish for you the joys of the season and much progress in the direction you desire during 1931.



American National Bank

Citizens State Bank



HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

Unsolved Riddles That Still Puzzle Authorities Here and Abroad

The Wandering Jew

There is little mystery to the story of the "Wandering Jew," so far as the personage himself is concerned, but there is a deep and as yet unsolved mystery about the origin of this legend, dealing, according to the Jewish encyclopedia, with a shoemaker who, taunting Jesus on the road to Golgotha, was told by Him to "Go on forever till I return"—or, according to the more popular version, "Tarry thou till I come."

No one seems to know just how this story started. So far as can be learned, the legend first appeared in a pamphlet of four leaves printed at Leyden in 1602 by Christoff Crutzer, but no printer of that name has ever been located and the real place and printer cannot now be ascertained. The legend spread quickly throughout Germany, no less than six different editions of the pamphlet appearing during the year 1602 and forty were extant in Germany before the end of the Eighteenth century, while the story made its way into England in 1625, and to other European countries about the same time, eventually forming the basis of a number of novels and other imaginative works based upon the same idea.

According to Behauer, one of the recognized authorities upon subjects of this kind, the legend is founded on the words given in Matthew 18:28, which are quoted in the earliest German pamphlets of 1602. Another version of the legend declares that the attendant Malchus, whose ear was cut off by Peter in the garden of Gethsemane, was condemned to wander over the face of the earth until the second coming of Christ.

The action of Malchus is associated by several biblical commentators with the scoffing at Jesus and an actual predecessor of the wandering Jew is recorded in the "Flores Historiarum," by Roger of Wendover, in 1228. Here it is stated that an Armenian bishop, then visiting in England, was asked by the monks of St. Albans about the celebrated Joseph of Arimathea, who had spoken to Jesus and who was popularly supposed still to be alive. The archbishop declared that he had himself seen him in Armenia and that his name was Cartaphilus.

Monsieur D. Conway attempts to connect the legend with those of other "immortals"—King Arthur, Frederick Barbarossa, Don Sebastian of Portugal, Thomas the Rhymer and even Rip Van Winkle, claiming that all are founded on the same belief in the immortality of certain prominent personages, some of whom are notable for their praiseworthy exploits and others for crimes which they must expiate by centuries of bodily suffering. Numbers of persons have presented themselves as the "Wandering Jew" and have gathered varying numbers of believers in their statements during the past three centuries—the most notable of these being Count Cagliostro, the Italian impostor who stopped at nothing in order to attain his ends. In 1542 a man appeared in Hamburg, Germany, who declared that he had been present during the passion of Christ and that since that time he had wandered through many countries and over many lands, as a penance for his voluntary participation in the dragging of Jesus before Pilate.

Another man, representing himself to be the same character, appeared in the Netherlands in 1575, arriving at Straasburg a few years later and, presenting himself before the magistrates, informed them that he had visited their city two centuries before, which is said to be proved to be true by "reference to the registers of the town, wherein the stranger pointed out an entry about himself and also called attention to names which he mentioned before they were shown to him."

The "Wandering Jew" was next heard of in the West Indies and, in 1694, he made his appearance in France, where he caused a considerable sensation. On April 22, 1774, the Wanderer, or an individual who impersonated him, appeared in Brussels under the name of Isaac Laquedem and only a few years ago another claimant to the title made himself known in central Germany—but not one of these surrounded himself with the atmosphere and apparent sincerity of Cagliostro, a confessed impostor, who had so grounded himself in history and languages as to be able to speak with apparent authority about every event of importance which had taken place since the beginning of the Christian era.

Knew One of Them

An old negro, spending last summer in Massachusetts with his "white folks" from the South, believes there is nothing worth knowing that has escaped his employer's mind.

When he heard the cook reading from a paper that only 12 men in the world were capable of understanding the Einstein theory, he said: "Dinah, read dat piece agin and see often it specify who de other seven men is 'sides Kunnel Jackson."—Boston Globe.

Life's Unchanging Law

Blessed is he who gives, not he who receives. This is the universal law of life. The world is a storehouse from which we can take out no more than we put in. The returns we get are measured by the service we give.—Orin.

NO WAY OVER, NO WAY UNDER, NO WAY AROUND THE CHAMPION ROAD HOV.



NEWSPAPER PERSONALITY

Newspapers, like people, have personalities. Vain attempts have been made by wise men to define the vague and mysterious term personality, yet none has ever done so to the entire satisfaction of anyone. One of the most simple, and about the most satisfying to the writer, is the following: "The personality of a person is the more or less unified sum total of his habit system."

Of his "habit systems," mind you, not of his habits. A habit system takes in, not only the habit, but the impelling cause and manner of functioning. Now, newspapers have habit systems just as truly as have persons.

An editorial in the Arkansas City, Kan., Tribune says: "A newspaper to be successful must have a personality that attracts the reader. The newspaper that never takes a positive stand on public questions has no personality. It is a weakling. It is an injury to the community. A paper to be successful must stand for something. It must stand for its home town and its upbuilding, even if it loses a few rings of its cash register."

"No newspaper can mean anything to the advancement of your town that constantly whitewashes the acts of those who are trying their best to tear the town down. No newspaper can continue to be successful that straddles every public question and tries to befog the public mind by misrepresentation and platitudes of words, which no one can interpret."

There are many other strong statements about the personality of newspapers—all of them good, but enough has been quoted to show that the writer believes that a newspaper should be forthright and positive in its attitude. In other words, it should have a backbone, a soul and a mind of its own.

There is more to a good personality than courage, there is more than honesty. Many things or few things may make up a sum total, but the bigger the aggregate or sum total the bigger the character. Nor need a newspaper be large in size and circulation to possess a big personality.

A habit system takes in the cause. Courage is a commendable thing if the underlying cause of it is commendable, but courage to do a wrong is a bad characteristic and such a trait would result in a personality far from strong.

The Record has never posed as a paragon, but it has tried to be honest. It has been fearless of consequences. It has not turned in its utterance to the ring of the cash register. It will continue in the course it has followed in the past. If honest motives and fearless loyalty to ideals of truth constitute personality, the Record hopes to merit the appellation, "A Newspaper with a Personality."—Colfax, Calif., Record.

Lizt—"Ah wants to git a pair o' shoes fo' mah little gal."
Clerk—"Black kid?"
Liza—"Yo' just min' yo' own business an' git de shoes."

"Dose your husband go out much at night?"
"I don't know. I'll have to ask him the next time I see him."

THE GREAT AMERICAN HOME

An exchange, which deals in practical, everyday matters in its editorial columns, has dwelt at some length upon the fact that many men are a monument of courtesy and accommodation when meeting people away from home, but are so cross and crabbed when in their own home as to make the rafters ring with their growls. The wife dreads the hour of his return from town, and the children seek cover under the bed when they hear his footsteps in the yard. This is a peculiar way for a man to act. It looks as though he would be more appreciative of his family than he would of the outsiders, and if there was any difference it would be with his own people. But it is a regrettable fact, this writer went on to say, that too many men are more like hogs around the family circle than they are like human beings. Just why this condition exists, no one can tell. It is a problem which has puzzled the world ever since man designated himself monarch of all he saw. The main thing seems to be a person of the character mentioned

above has a perverted idea of what courtesy is really meant to be. He owes an outsider but little if anything. On the other hand his wife and children work all the time, thinking, planning and doing those things which bring happiness to him. If there was a spark of appreciation in the hide of a biped like this he would give himself a genuine shake, paste himself over the cranium with a sledge hammer and make up to a sense of duty. He may fool him-

WE ARE GRATEFUL

for past favors and extend

BEST WISHES

for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

HIBLER'S DAIRY

GREETINGS

We wish for you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year
E. E. DISHMAN
Confectionery



WHEN BABIES FRET

THERE are times when a baby is too fretful or feverish to be sung to sleep. There are some pains a mother cannot pat away. But there's quick comfort in Castoria!

For diarrhea, and other infantile ills give this pure vegetable preparation. Whenever coated tongues tell of constipation; whenever there's any sign of sluggishness, Castoria has a good taste children love to take it. Buy the genuine—with Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on wrapper.



self into thinking being peaches and cream to the outside world and a demon at home gets him anywhere but it certainly does not. All he is given credit for is being a human misfit in the scheme of life, and when death takes such a character from the association of other fellow beings there is little if any regret. Courtesy costs nothing, but has ever proved to be the greatest asset to any business or individual. And for harmony in the home to exist is the most beautiful picture to be found on earth. Bears are all right for the curious to gaze upon in zoos, but these animals have no place in the great American homes.—Paducah Post.

MAIL ORDER STUFF

The garage man who is careless when he finds mail order catalogues realize how his local printer garage man that was printed in Akron, Ohio, or some other large seaport.—Donley County Leader.

Football for charity is a good idea but another one is to send in own quarters and halves.—The Daily Finder.

EXTRA COPIES THE NEWS

MERRY CHRISTMAS

and a Happy New Year
A. T. WILSON
Feeds

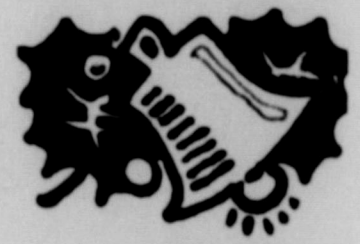
LAST OFFER

He was a shop assistant, in the act of proposing.
"Remember," he said, "this is the last day of this astounding offer."

Steno—"How are you getting along with the typewriter?"
Second Steno—"Oh, fine! I can make twenty mistakes a minute now."

Most cherished among the gifts bestowed by the passing year is the memory of the pleasant relations with those whom we have been privileged to serve. So it is most sincerely that we wish you a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

UP-TO-DATE SHOE SHOP
Keep Landers, Prop.
(On same street as P. O.)



GREETINGS

for Christmas and the New Year

We who make up the personnel of the Erwin Drug Company, realizing how much of our success depends upon your friendship and good will, join in sending you our united and very best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

ERWIN DRUG CO.

The *Recall Store*

A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

from
McLean Public Schools

1. Offers live, wide-awake course in both ward and high schools.
2. Our work is accepted in any INSTITUTION.
3. Investigate our liberal course of study.
4. Our teachers are specialists.
5. Your child is due the best.
6. It costs no more to send the child to a standard school.
7. Large enough to have fine social atmosphere.
8. Small enough for personal supervision by teachers.

BOARD OF EDUCATION

J. S. Howard, President
Jesse J. Cobb, Secretary
H. W. Brooks
G. C. Boswell, Superintendent
John Mertz
J. R. Glass
J. E. Lynch
Geo. Colebank



Related Christmas
Blanche Tanner Dillin

CHRISTMAS should be a happy time for every one, but in Ruth Kenfield's heart there was little cheer. Every one seemed to be receiving gifts, she thought, as she sorted the mail in the little suburban post office. She had received a goodly number her- now, the day before Christ- although there must be tiful gifts in the unwrapped one gift for which she had three years, a letter or just ad never come.



years ago she had been cer- before Christmas Ned would ask her to marry him, mas had come and gone and t spoken. Then she heard ad gone to South America, nday she heard that he was a neighboring city living at ub. been grateful for the work tress that had been given the last few years would ed been lonely. But how t that she might go with the

Peace and Good Will, Ada's Timely Lesson
by Katherine Edelman

"PEACE on earth, good will toward men."

Ada Stratnor bent her head as the words of the preacher rang out. She wished he had chosen some other text; she didn't want to hear about peace this morning; in fact, she hadn't wanted to come to church at all, but the habit of years is not easily broken.

She was sorry now that she had come; it would have been better if she had heeded the impulse and stayed at home. For the service, beautiful though it was, only made her more unhappy. Her heart echoed the truth of the words the preacher was saying: "There is no happiness in the heart that does not hold peace and good will toward all."

For months she had known this; but wounded trust and pride had kept her from acknowledging it even to herself. Never before had days been so long and empty, so full of bitterness and unhappiness. Three months ago her only nephew, whom she had persuaded to study medicine, had told her that he could not go on with that work, and worse, expressly against her wishes, insisted upon taking up the art course that she had made him drop before. For Ada Stratnor felt that the career of an artist was too precarious and held too many threats of poverty. And a still greater reason, she wanted him to carry on the tradition of the Stratnor family—a doctor in every generation. Nor had she relented a particle when he told her that the biggest joy in life was to be able to do the thing one wanted to, no matter how hard the way.

Again the voice of the preacher reached her: "Christmas is a time for reconciliation, for forgiveness, for mutual understanding." Her head bent lower at the words; something seemed to be choking her, and in a moment two great tears dropped on her clasped hands.

But as Ada Stratnor left the church a half hour later, the joy of peace and love was again filling her heart, and her eyes were shining as she pictured the happiness that a Christmas reconciliation would bring.

A Seasonable Reminder
One-half of the work done in the world is done in the United States, according to a Columbia professor. The seasonal reminder expectant youngsters hand to Santa Claus!

NEWNESS OF THE OLD

THERE is nothing new about a Christmas tree. But that only makes it the lovelier.

There is nothing new about children's delight in Santa Claus. But that does not take away from the charm of their belief.

There is nothing new about wreaths hanging in windows. But that does not make them any less a welcome sight.

There is nothing new about children hanging up their stockings. But that does not take away from the appeal of those limp, empty stockings, hanging up so expectantly.

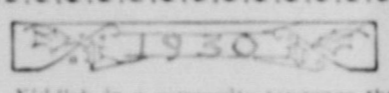
There is nothing new about members of a family being together for Christmas. But that does not take away from its deep joyousness.

There is nothing new about Christmas wishes and greetings. But that does not make them any less cheery.

There is nothing new about giving Christmas presents. But that does not make them any less interesting.

There is nothing new about tinsel and decorations and red ribbon and silver string. But that does not make them any less gay and decorative.

There is nothing new about Christmas. But there is no day like it in all the year.



Yiddish is a composite language the basis of which is German.

The barnacle, belonging to the family of crabs and lobsters, uses its legs to kick food into its mouth.

Forty-eight per cent of the electrical power used in France is produced by water power. Sixty per cent of the remainder is imported.

More than 1,000 feet long and 12 inches wide, the world's largest power belt has been built in California from rubber and cotton fabric.

When a fire-resisting flintstone of English invention is heated it emits a heavy gas that lies close to the floor and smothers all flames.

Walking-leaf insects of southern Asia bear markings and expansions upon their wings and legs resembling leaves, making them difficult to see.

Never before was progress so de-structive.

More and more the first-rate courses into its own.

Self-abnegation should not become self-abdication.

Genius is to bring the unreachable down to earth.

Effective are those who know how to connect their knowledge with needs.

The power to feel is the measure of a man—hence the greatness of women.

Thought's freedom is without limits—save those of its own entirety and consistency.

Past experience applied to the present day is humanity's full bloom, but senility if mere reminiscence.

More portraiture is prose. Unless art gives expression to what lies only in the mind, it fails of its mission.

Our disparagers rankle because we think them right—not wrong; because we think they have seen through us.

Too often with the refinement of life is lost its flavor. The over-embellishment of it detracts from comfort and enjoyment.—Stephen B. Stanton in the Washington Post.

THE EARLY SETTLER

Bystander—"I observe that you treat that gentleman very respectfully."

Garage man—"Yes, he's one of our early settlers."

"Early settler? Why, he's not more than forty years old."

"That may be true, but he pays his bills on the first of every month."

Aside from the heartening fact that Texas voters adopted all the very worthy amendments submitted at the recent general election, in spite of the handicap feeling that amendments always lose in Texas, there is another side to the story that should be cause for widespread jubilation in this state. That is the fact that Jim

Ferguson, political short-change artist that he is, suffered ignoble defeat in his efforts to beat the amendments. Jim figured that amendments always lose, so he jumped out and declared he would defeat all of them, thereby hoping to prove that he was still a figure in Texas politics. But it didn't work. Texas voters are doing some sane and sober thinking these days, which is a hopeful sign in the Lone Star State. When the people think, Jim and his ilk are helpless.—Clarendon News.

"Janitor, you could cool our apartment nicely if you would run ice water through the radiators."
"Can't be done, ma'am."
"What did you have in them last winter?"

BEST WISHES

for a
MERRY CHRISTMAS
and a
HAPPY NEW YEAR

Bruce and Sons
Trees with a Reputation Alanreed, Texas

SEASON'S GREETINGS

To you and all good friends who have done so much to make this a year of pleasant associations, we extend our heartiest wishes for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

T. N. HOLLOWAY
Reliable Insurance

Don't write TYPEWRITE

Remington Portable



IT'S faster, easier, more legible. Social usage accepts the typed personal letter now—ask us to show you a Remington—the personal writing machine!

The McLean News

X
Not
in the
sense of
custom, but
with a genuine
appreciation of our
pleasant association
during the past year
and expressing the hope
for a continuation of the same;
we extend to you our best
wishes for an old-fashioned
Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year

Great Southern Life Insurance Co.
Houston, Texas
W. M. Kennedy, Agent



and a
Happy New Year

Words are too slender to hold the fulness of our message to you as the New Year draws so near. In a feeling of deepest sincerity and the fullest appreciation of you as friends and customers, we offer our Christmas wish for you of Happiness without blemish, of cloudless peace and abundant prosperity during the coming year.

Piggly Wiggly
Russell's Market

The Extra Christmas Plate

By ROBERT J. C. STEAD

ON THE fourth Christmas in succession Nellie Martin set an extra plate. On past Christmases her husband and the two boys had pretended not to have noticed it. But this year Fred Martin, walking into the big dining room just as his wife was adding the finishing touches to her Christmas table, stopped when his eye fell on the extra plate.

"I think you shouldn't set it, Nellie," he said, gently. "It only reminds us of things we would be better to forget."

Mrs. Martin brushed a capable, floury hand quickly across her eyes. Things would go blurry when she thought of Lucy.

"Let me leave it just once more," she almost pleaded. "It is more than four years now since Lucy went, and every day I am hoping for her back. Particularly at Christmas I like to think that her place is set and waiting for her. Oh, Fred, if we could let her know."

Fred's hand found hers, where it had rested a moment against the table for support. "I know," he said huskily. "I was wrong in turning her out as I did. I thought the honor of the family demanded it. I thought perhaps she would write; that is, if she is still . . ."

He left the sentence unfinished. Death might not have been unwellcome to Lucy, and four years of silence left them to draw their own conclusions.

"Lucy is too proud to write," his wife asserted. "And yet, I have always felt that sometime she would come back. Perhaps at Christmas."



That is the time of year when one just can't help thinking of home."

"If that Blake boy had been any good," Fred lamented. "She was just throwing herself away on him. That is why I gave her the choice of giving him up or getting out. I wanted to save her. And she got out."

"I know," his wife agreed. "You meant it for the best. Arthur Blake was said to be wild and useless, but the Blake's are a good family, and I've often noticed that boys of a good family generally straighten up again, even if they do go a little wild for a while. You know, Fred, when I married you there were people who said you were, well, just a little—"

"But I got a wife like you," her husband answered. "That makes all the difference."

"Yes, and Arthur got a wife like Lucy—if he married her," Nellie Martin insisted. "Let me leave the plate once more. I'm not giving up hope—"

At that moment the boys were heard coming in by the kitchen door. There were muffled voices, and a sound as though they were helping some one. George, the elder, appeared in the dining room door, and his face sun-gleamed his mother.

"Some one here to see you, Mom," he said, in an awed voice.

In the kitchen Mrs. Martin found a woman sitting on a chair, her head turned away, her figure enclosed in a



grayed cloth coat. Soberly she crossed the kitchen floor and turned the head to her eyes.

"Lucy!" she cried. "Lucy—"

The girl made as though she would speak, but seemed overcome. Her mother dropped to her knees beside her, chaffing her hands, speaking words of endearment, crying for Fred and the boys.

"We found her in the snow, just between the barn and the house," the boys explained. "She seemed to have fallen there."

But right then Lucy seemed to come to life. She sprang to her feet.

"Mother—Dad—I can't keep it from you any longer. Please help me off with my coat."

Willing hands drew it from her shoulders. "Why, Lucy!" her mother exclaimed, "you are well dressed."

"Well enough, mother. You see, Arthur wanted to be sure how you would receive your erring daughter before he would agree to come in."

"Arthur!"

"Yes, he is in the cutter with little Nellie, just beyond the wind-break. Boys, will you run and tell him?"

The boys dashed off, but Fred Martin seemed the most excited of all. "Two extra plates, Mother!" he shouted. "Two extra plates—and a high chair!"

(© 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

Who Loves Santa Claus?



ORDINANCE NO. 44

AN ORDINANCE AMENDING ORDINANCE NO. 42 WHICH WAS PASSED ON THE 28TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1926, BY THE CITY OF McLEAN, ENTITLED "AN ORDINANCE GRANTING A FRANCHISE TO O. G. STOKELY, ED STOVER AND B. F. HOLMES, SUCCESSORS AND ASSIGNS, TO SUPPLY AND FURNISH TO THE CITY OF McLEAN IN THE COUNTY OF GRAY, STATE OF TEXAS, GAS FOR FUEL, LIGHT AND POWER PURPOSES AND PROVIDING RATES, RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR THE DISTRIBUTION AND THE SALE OF SUCH GAS TO THE CITY OF McLEAN AND ITS INHABITANTS BY O. G. STOKELY, ED STOVER AND B. F. HOLMES, THEIR HEIRS SUCCESSORS AND ASSIGNS, FIXING NEW RATES FOR THE SALE OF GAS TO THE CITY OF McLEAN AND ITS INHABITANTS."

BE IT ORDAINED BY THE CITY OF McLEAN, TEXAS: That the rate for natural gas sold and used for domestic purposes, other than minimum monthly bills, shall not exceed 30 cents per thousand cubic feet of gas, exclusive of penalty, for the first thirty thousand feet of gas and 20 cents for each cubic foot for all gas over this amount of thirty thousand cubic feet.

The rate for gas to the McLean Independent school shall be 25 cents per thousand cubic feet for the first thirty thousand feet and 20 cents for all gas in excess thereof, and the bill for gas in all schools shall be billed on one statement and one billing as though used through one meter, the reason for this being that the public is one customer in fact.

Passed this 12th day of December, 1930.

JOT MONTGOMERY, Mayor

Attest: W. E. BOGAN, City Secretary.

(SEAL)

TIT FOR TAT

Young Scribbler and his bride were alone for the first time in their new home. "Darling," she cried, "I must make a terrible confession to you—I can't cook."

"Aw, that's all right, dearie. I've a confession to make, too. I'm a poet, and there won't be anything to cook."

SCHOOL SMOKING

In England three years ago there was organized the National Society of Non-smokers. Its third annual report recently shows growth in membership and in influence upon public opinion. The society does not deny the right of anyone to smoke, but it does claim protection and freedom for that large section of the public which prefers to travel, eat, and take its enjoyment in an atmosphere free from tobacco smoke.

In a final college examination, so a student reports to us, the instructor, being extremely broadminded, invited those who wished to smoke to do so. Immediately there were a dozen cigarettes going full blast. The instructor himself lighted one. Of course the smokers' nerves were steadied and they doubtless passed better examinations, due to the liberality of this instructor. On the other hand, there were half a dozen or so non-smoking students whose heads soon began aching and whose nerves were upset and who did not do as well on the examination as they would have done in smoke-free air.

This is the kind of situation which the National Society of Non-smokers

SEASON'S GREETINGS

CLAUDE WILLIAMS
Lawyer

Theatre Bldg. Phone 66



OUR WISH FOR YOU THIS YEAR

Some wishes are just for a season,
And many are just for a day,
But the heart full of good things that we wish you
Are blessings that linger and stay.
We wish YOU, not one day of gladness,
But a lifetime of joy and good cheer,
With the promise of God's love and blessing
ON EVERY DAY, EVERY YEAR.

C. S. Rice
Funeral Director
and Insurance

proposes to do with it. He believes smokers and proposes to do what it that the smokers have been running rough-shod over the rights of non- can to remedy this injustice by making the opinion of non-smokers effective through organization—Interscholastic Leaguer.

Critic—"All I have to say is that if that picture of yours is art, then I'm a blundering fool."

Artist—"Then there can be no doubt of its being art."

Mrs. Crabber—"Oh, I wish I had thought twice before marrying you."

Mr. Crabber—"Hub, I'd be satisfied if I'd thought just once"—The Pathfinder.

Miss Oldone—"I wear a switch in my hair, but then you can't tell it." Miss Young—"I can't? Why, I have told it to lots of men."

HAS THE LAXATIVE IN YOUR HOME A DOCTOR'S APPROVAL?



Some things people do to help the bowels whenever any bad breath, feverishness, biliousness, or a lack of appetite warn of constipation, really weaken these organs. Only a doctor knows what will cleanse the system without harm. That is why the laxative in your home should have the approval of a family doctor.

The wonderful product, known to millions as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a family doctor's prescription for sluggish bowels. It never varies from the original prescription which Dr. Caldwell wrote thousands of times in many years of practice, and proved safe and reliable for men, women and children. It is made from herbs and other pure ingredients, so it is pleasant-tasting, and can form no habit. You can buy this popular laxative from all drugstores.

CITATION BY PUBLICATION

THE STATE OF TEXAS. To the Sheriff or any Constable of Gray County—Greeting.

YOU ARE HEREBY COMMANDED to summon J. S. Lumm by making publication of this Citation once in each week for four consecutive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your County, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in the nearest County where a newspaper is published, to appear at the next regular term of the 14th District Court of Gray County, to be holden at the Court House thereof, in Pampa, Texas, on the 1st Monday in January, A. D. 1931, the same being the 8th day of January, A. D. 1931, then and said to answer a petition filed in said Court on the 29th day of November, A. D. 1930, in a suit, numbered on the docket of said Court No. 3650, wherein Lillie Lumm is plaintiff, and J. S. Lumm is defendant, and a brief statement of plaintiff's cause of action being as follows:

Plaintiff and defendant were married in Wyman, Oklahoma, on or about the 15th day of April, 1903,

that they continued to live together until on or about the 28th of October, 1929, at which time the plaintiff by defendant, the most oppressive and threatening the life of her husband, she is unwilling and afraid to live with the defendant.

Herein fail not, but have been writ with your return showing how you have executed said Court, at office in Pampa, on this 29th day of November, 1930.

CHARLIE THUT, Clerk of District Court, Gray County, TEXAS.

(SEAL) By LOUISE MILLER, Sheriff.

SDS49-4c

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Smith Ben, Ind. visited Mrs. Robt. C. Davidson last

M. T. Wilkerson has renewed subscription to The News.

BEST WISHES

We want to thank our many friends and customers for their loyal patronage during the past year, and hope for you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

CHENEY, ASHBY & DAVIS

Greetings

at This Holiday Season

We think of our customers as our friends. We like to feel that in a broad sense our customers are our friends—that our success is but a reflection of theirs. And on the eve of a new year, we extend to you our hearty good wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

CITY DRUG STORE

More Than a Merchant
Witt Springer, Prop.



Season's Greetings

We pause from the thought of business to give credit where credit is due. We gratefully acknowledge that progress comes from the friendship of folks like you. Wishing you all the joys of the Season—a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

McLean Motor Co.

Chevrolet Sales and Service

Reindeer Mischief



BLITZEN had behaved very well until the first of December. Then all of a sudden he decided to go into Santa's workshop. The first terrible thing he did was to lap the paint from a doll's face. Santa had put a great deal of care into making that doll of care into a little girl who was to go to a little girl who in the hospital.

"What Ho," bellowed Santa. "Do you want to upset the sleigh again, you naughty deer?"

All over the world they went, not stopping a place. Blitzen was very tired and as he could think of nothing better to do he snorted and fussed and counted stars. At last just as Christmas morning dawned they found their way home. Mrs. Santa came running out to meet them, and to help Santa unharness the reindeer.

"Blitzen cannot have anything to eat and he must go right into the barn," said Santa rather sadly. "And I fear he cannot go with me next Christmas."

And now indeed was Blitzen a sadder and a wiser reindeer.

Now, my dear children I know that you all love Blitzen. You must, for he is a lovable old fellow. When you hear the deer on the roof Christmas eve it is always Blitzen's hoofs you hear, because he always stamps harder than is necessary. And when you hear the bells you can always hear Blitzen's above the rest, no one knows why. Just because he is Blitzen, I suppose, and likes to give an extra stamp and an extra shake whenever possible. He will be sadly missed next Christmas eve unless—

Let's all write a note to Santa and ask him to forgive poor mischievous Blitzen before next Christmas has a chance to come around. If all the children in all the world should write I'm sure Santa would forgive him.

(© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

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(© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)



A Christmas Box From Home

THE package bearing a holiday label with the inscription "Lois Smith, Arzyle Apts.," signed for and the expressman gone, Lois sat down on the floor to tear off the wrappings. Inside she found a store of gayly-wrapped packages. The first contained a knitted tie.

"Even's sake!" she said, and opened the second one. It contained home-made candy. "That," she thought, "is more like it." The next parcel contained handkerchiefs with a neat "L. S." in the corner, only—they were men's handkerchiefs. The other item, she could tell, was fruit cake and under it she found what she was looking for—a letter.

"My Dear Son Louis," it began. "Even's sake," said Lois. "Of course! It's for Louis Smith."

Now if all Lois Smith and Louis Smith had had in common had been their surname and their choice of an apartment house, it would have been relatively simple for Lois to take the box upstairs and explain.

But they had also shared 51 full moons and 45 other moons, some 30 odd shows, and several Sunday afternoons in the park. They had shared secrets and tea in Lois' apartment; a promise, several kisses, and one quarrel. So now they were mutually miserable, sharing a pride that forbade attempting reconciliation.

Lois put the things back in the box, jiggled the candy to hide that three pieces were gone, and retied the tinsel bows.



Then she carried it upstairs to Louis Smith's apartment, knocked and ran back down, where she locked her door and flung herself across her bed to cry.

A knock at the door roused her. She opened it to a handsome young man. "Lois, darling!" he cried.

"Well?"

"It was so wonderful of you—"

"What was?"

"Oh, don't pretend. I was just coming in and saw you running down. And then of course, I found the candy and the—"

"But didn't you find the letter?"

"What letter?" He stooped down.

"Is this it?"

She nodded. "I must have dropped it."

"Oh," he said. "My mistake. Sorry."

She watched him go and then ran after him. "It isn't your mistake, Louis. I've made some candy, and—"

"I—knitted you a tie long ago."

(© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

CONE JOHNSON OPPOSED TO ROAD METHODS

Cone Johnson, member of the state highway commission, is strongly opposed to one practice now being observed by counties in road construction and planning. That is the purchasing of right-of-ways.

At a recent meeting at Austin of the high way commission, one of the members of a county delegation on being asked what contributions would be made by the county to a certain project, replied: "The county will furnish the right-of-way. Much of it must be bought."

He was immediately criticised by Johnson, who roundly scored the practice and said that any property owner who was not willing to deed holding, ought to have the highway placed as far as possible from his holdings.

"The main thing wrong with the system," Johnson said, "is that every man is trying to get his arm in up to the shoulder in public funds. They don't buy right-of-ways in my county and there is no reason why the county should have to pay \$200 and \$250 an acre for land in other counties. The fact that a county furnishes the right-of-way doesn't mean a thing to me. That is the least they can do, and these delegations

SAY SOMETHING GOOD

don't need to come down here bragging they are furnishing lands for the state to improve with roads. "A paved road through any man's land is of immeasurable value to the property owner and materially enhances the worth of his property. I am vigorously opposed to any county being 'stuck' for something that will be of benefit to the one who is doing the 'sticking'."

DETERMINE AGE BY X-RAY

A press dispatch Dated December 10 from Sandusky, Ohio, states that a high-school athlete's leg is to be X-rayed to determine his age. One side claims he is more than twenty, another that he is seventeen (supported by the family Bible). The X-ray man says he can tell from the density of bones as displayed in the X-ray photo. Science and the Bible again in conflict. If bones just grew in annual rings, like trees, dissections of this sort could be settled by simply sawing off the leg and counting the rings in the bones. If X-ray photos show density, as the scientist claims, how would it do to apply this to the brains of athletes questioned under the scholarship rule?—*Interscholarship Leaguer.*

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY

MY TOWN AND I

My town is where my home is founded, where my vote is cast, where my children are educated, where my neighbors dwell, and where my life is chiefly lived. My town wants my citizenship—not partisanship; friendliness—not dissension; my intelligent support—not indifference. My town supplies me with law and order, trade, friends, education, recreation, and the right of a free-born American. I should believe in my town and work for it. AND I WILL!—Selected.

Miss Irene Hayes is a new reader of The News.

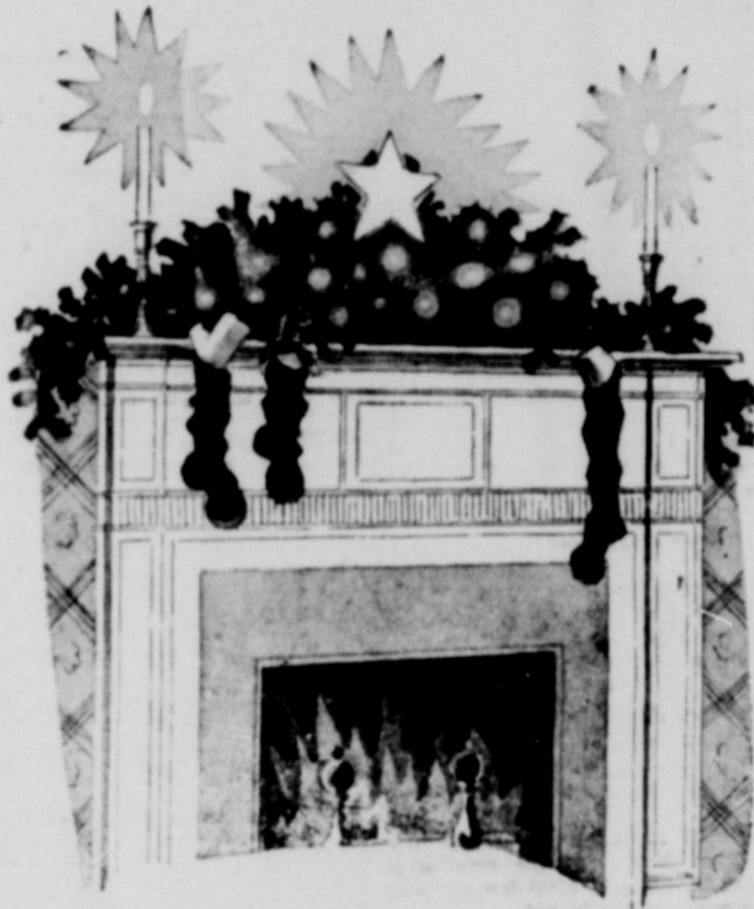
BEST WISHES

for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

DR. THOS. M. MONTGOMERY

Optometrist

in McLean First Friday in Each Month



We Extend to You Season's Greetings,

Merry Christmas

and a

Happy New Year

Southwestern PUBLIC SERVICE Company

T. W. Gilstrap Rachel Stratton Peck Hyer
M. T. Wilkerson Ted Morris

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An Airplane Turkey
by Florence Harris Wells

WHAT do you kids think you're going to do with all those Christmas ads the airplane has been showering over the town every afternoon? Randy Roberts demanded of his small brother and sister at the table a few evenings before Christmas.

"That's what I'd like to know," Eleanor, nineteen, chimed in as she folded her napkin.

The twins, Beth and Bob, aged but seven, looked at each other over their plates and then turned towards their mother.

"Beth and Bob are quite justified," Mrs. Roberts assured her two older children. "Those advertisements are unusually attractive with their holly wreaths, bells, poinsettias and their red, gold and green lettering. The twins are making Christmas cards out of them with the aid of paste, cardboard and a verse now and then clipped from some magazine. It is their own idea and that is what every one is striving for nowadays, you know, unique and original Christmas cards." Mrs. Roberts' brown eyes twinkled.

"I'd say they're original all right," Randy grinned. "But go to it, kiddies. At least you're saving expenses, and that's what we're all trying to do." He turned to his father at the head of the table.

"How about the doctor's bill, Dad? Is it reducing enough so that we can manage a turkey for Christmas dinner, or shall we regale ourselves on something simpler?"

Mr. Roberts smiled wearily: "I don't know, son, you know that incision isn't healing as it should and I've only worked two days this week. Even with your help and Eleanor's the bills just about stand still."

"That's all right Dad, I was just asking. Mother's cooking makes everything taste good." He stopped on the way out to look at the heap of ads piled on various chairs. Suddenly he picked one up and scrutinized it.

"See here, folks. Listen what it says on the Smith Market announcement—'Some of these advertisements are marked. The one turning in the greatest number of marked ads will receive a 12-pound turkey at our market the morning of Christmas eve.' Babies, the turkey's yours! There can't anybody beat a collection like this."

And nobody did.
(©, 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

It Is Easy to Make a Christmas Wreath

Inexpensive Christmas wreaths may be made of cuttings from pine trees, barberry and holly with pine cones wired on. At any florist's a wire circle can be bought with bunches of thin wires, making it the easiest of tasks to build up a wreath that is unusual in its beauty.

WISER AND OTHERWISE

It takes a certain amount of backbone for a man to put up a good front.

You never can tell. Even the hero's reputation isn't safe till he is dead and buried.

A man naturally has his suspicions about the woman who isn't afraid of a mouse.

Stand up for your own rights. If you don't somebody else is going to sit on them.

You never can tell. The fellow who is a mere hanger-on may be the hardest to shake.

A woman may have the greatest respect for old age. That is until it begins to tell on her.

It doesn't take footprints in the sands of time to prove that some of us are going backward.

"Hell is paved with good intentions," quoted the Wise Guy. "Yes, most of us have good intentions to burn," suggested the Simple Mug.

Harduppe—"That fellow Wigwag is always good for a touch. Anybody can get money out of him." Borrowwell—"That's right. Even his wife makes him cough up."

Muggins—"Talkalot positively refuses to join our society for the suppression of unnecessary noises." Bugbins—"Naturally, Talkalot is too fond of the sound of his own voice."

WELL SAID

Clothes do not make the man—unless he is a tailor.

The man who isn't true to himself isn't true to anybody.

If a man is unable to toe the mark he is sure to have a kick coming.

Nature give every man a character, but he must supply his own reputation.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

The great privilege of possession is the right to bestow.

Act well thy part, but let Reason govern thee.—Marcus Aurelius.

Great things are not done, even by great men, without toil or effort.

To see what is right and not to do it is want of courage.—Confucius.

The first thing a kindness deserves is acceptance; the next is transmission.

To know that you do not know is the beginning of wisdom.—Confucius.

The Christian life is not knowing and hearing, but doing.—F. W. Robertson.

To be full of humor, a face must be occupied by more than a vacant smile.

The martyrs to vice far exceed the martyrs to virtue, both in endurance and in number.

Sorrow for having done amiss is fruitless if it issue not in doing so no more.—Bp. Horne.

When a man turns to look at himself that moment the glow of the loftiest bliss fades.

The greatest hero is not he who subdues nations, but he who conquers himself.—J. Jeffrey.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

To detect hit-and-run drivers a German has invented an attachment for automobiles that automatically displays a signal when a person or other vehicle is struck.

A Baltimore scientist has discovered a catalyst that converts deadly carbon monoxide gas into harmless carbon dioxide to rid mines and garages of dangerous fumes.

Sliding panels that a driver can operate from his seat replace doors in a two-seat taxicab that has appeared in London, the invention of a resident of Cape Town.

A chemical preparation has been developed by Chicago police experts to detect numbers on automobiles and other metal articles that have been obliterated by thieves.

For use with electric radio sets a twin lightning arrester has been invented, one side preventing lightning entering from an aerial and the other from it through the light wires.

A tribe that emigrated from China more than a century ago to the Fergansk region of Russia has a language that cannot be written as the sounds are sung in tones of a definite musical pitch.

REFLECTIONS

Genius is mainly an affair of energy.—Arnold.

The man that blushes is not quite a brute.—Young.

An empire is no more than power in trust.—Dryden.

We never are but by ourselves betrayed.—Congreve.

Virtue is bold and goodness never fearful.—Shakespeare.

Reflect that a friend may be made out of an enemy.—Seneca.

A man can't be too careful in the choice of his enemies.—Wilde.

To play billiards well is the sign of a misspent youth.—Spencer.

The talents of a biographer are often fatal to his readers.—Edgeworth.

SAID BY SAGES

The recognition of sin is the beginning of salvation.—Luther.

One's real life is often the life that one does not lead.—Wilde.

He that is overcautious will accomplish but very little.—Schiller.

To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.—Jeremy Taylor.

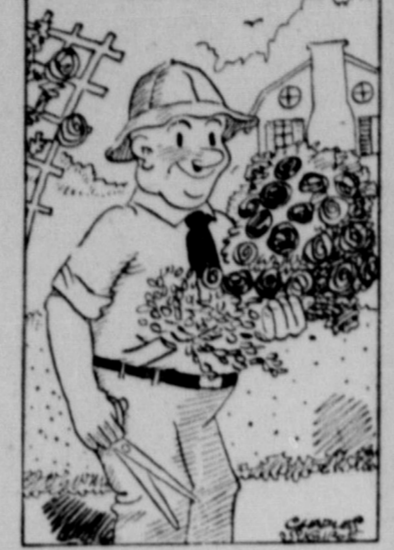
Habit can never conquer Nature, she is forever unconquered.—Cicero.

The greatest men may ask a foolish question now and then.—Volcott.

Virtue itself often offends when coupled with bad manners.—Middletown.

BILL BOOSTER SAYS:

WANT A MAN CHAINED TO A DESK AND A TINY FLAT IN A BIG CITY YEARS FOR THE LIFE OF FREEDOM HE ONCE LIVED IN A SMALL TOWN—THE CITIES WERE BUILT FOR THE WEALTHY, AND EVEN THEY LIVE IN THE COUNTRY HALF THE YEAR.



EVERY DAY

I go to church on Sunday and I listen to de text.

It sho'ly helps my feelin' when my mind is gettin' vexed.

De Sabbath religion puts a calmness in de heart—

But everyday religion needs a chance to do its part.

Dar's Monday religion when you's got to go to work.

An' de Tuesday religion when you musn' stop to shirk.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday an' Saturday as well.

Needs everyday religion 'tbout no ringin' of de bell.

One day a learnin' 'bout de goodness an' de light;

De other six a-showin' dat you got de lesson right.

Sunday brings us comfort wif de beauty an' de rest.

But de everyday religion is what puts you to de test.

Have you heard of the salesman who attributes his extraordinary success to the use of five words, when a woman opens the door: "Miss, is your mother in?"

LOOKING AT 8c COTTON

"We are looking 8c cotton squarely in the eye if we have another normal crop," says Gov. O. Max Gardner of North Carolina. There is no telling whether the yield per acre will be normal or more than normal. But it is pretty likely that the acreage will be cut, as tables prepared by experts of The News show. Even that depends upon the weather. If the spring should be unfavorable to the planting of other crops, extra and late planting of cotton will surely follow.

The assumption is that no farmer can stand 8c cotton. That, of course, is a mistake. A Dallas merchant recently sold handsome cabinet phonographs for \$7.50 apiece, and is still in business. But he couldn't stay in business and sell only phonographs at that price. Neither can an all-cotton farmer survive on 8c cotton. Yet the man with cotton as a side line can stand 8c cotton, provided his main lines are profitable.

But the man who makes sure of his main lines of production as a precaution against 8c cotton is taking a double precaution. In the first place, he is providing a source of revenue to meet a loss on his cotton and, in the second place, he is reducing the acreage of his cotton, with the result that overproduction of cotton is less likely and 8c cotton itself is less probable.

The chances are we won't have 8c cotton in 1931. But, if we do, the bankers and farmers who get pinched by it are the bankers and farmers who are making ready right now to put their fingers in the pinching place. Farmers at this time have almost no prospect at all of getting rich quick. But, as it happens, neither has anybody else much of a prospect in that direction. And of all lines, the farming business is surest of something to eat. We need to be reminded of that once in a while—and we are being reminded.—Dallas Sem-Weekly Farm News.

PLAYING SAFE

Bim—"What's the idea of all the luggage? Going away on a long trip?"

Bam—"No. The church is holding a rummage sale and I'm taking my things over to the office until it's over."

WE THANK YOU

for the liberal patronage you have given us the past year, and sincerely trust that our pleasant relations will continue throughout the new year. Wishing you and yours a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

ELITE BARBER SHOP
ACME BARBER SHOP



OUR SINCERE WISH

Not because it is an honored custom, but because of the sincerity of our appreciation, we take this opportunity to thank you for the part you have played in our business prosperity the past twelve months, and we wish you a Merry Christmas and a good old Happy and Prosperous New Year

SOUTHWEST TELEPHONE CO.

HERE'S A FUNNY ONE

The question of property rights between husband and wife, is one of the domestic questions which has never been answered to the satisfaction of the parties concerned.

Has a wife a right to steam open a husband's letter? Has a husband the right to read the letters that are directed to his wife? The marriage ritual does not touch upon this important question, and decisions by learned Courts carry no weight. Evidently, Mary's ideas on the subject do not coincide with John's. When John came home, he found Mary bathed in tears. "What's the trouble, dear?" he asked.

"Your mother insulted me, horribly," sobbed Mary, as she handed him a letter.

"Insulted you! How's that?" asked John as he slid his pencil into the flap of the envelope, ripped it open, took out the letter and began reading. Mary did not reply. The floodgates in her eyes opened anew. John continued reading. He reached the affectionate closing. Beneath the signature "Mother," was the postscript, without which no letter from home is complete. "Dear Mary," it read, "don't forget to give this letter to John."

Marrying a girl who is as dumb as a brick would only stay that way.

Big Bargain

By a lucky deal the tor is able to offer The Pathfinder in connection with this paper a price which you resist. The Pathfinder published at Washington, D. C. It is the snappiest periodical found anywhere. We commend it to you and urge you not to miss this rare chance.

Two Splendid Weeks
The Pathfinder
and your
Chosen Home Paper
Each 1 Year—2 Papers
Every Week—104 Issues
Both Only \$2.00
The McLean News

WE APPRECIATE

the nice business given us since taking charge of the McLean Cafe, and we extend to you best wishes for Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

McLean Cafe
Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Meador, Props.

SEASON'S GREETINGS

At this Holiday Season we feel deeply grateful for the consideration you have so kindly extended to us since the opening of our business, and we are glad to take this opportunity of wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

MERLE'S TAILOR SHOP
Phone 43
McLean, Texas

THE AMARILLO DAILY NEWS

AND
SUNDAY NEWS-GLOBE
ONE YEAR FOR ONLY \$5.00

During Bargain Days
Subscriptions Taken at News Office

Jerry's Love Affairs

FLORENCE L. ROBERTS

ROBERTS had over- Parks telling one of her all a real estate agent "The Silver around in his could have laughed. Espe- his experience with her. a senior member of their firm, had counseled him to mon of patience and never tempt, and Jerry had advised. But when Mrs. apologetic several opportu- the little house next door he went on the way with. he thinks that we have got low figure," he fumed, "I'd rather think coming. What it, we received seven- and that's 10 per cent what's why she wants it and buy," answered Mr. never quit till I see that said determinately. "at ease of the business." saying" across the father, of keep cool. I'm glad you with her." I would have shown my this last time if it hadn't y. She must have a hard with an aunt like that." rry," called a voice as he ally. . . . Talking of ed Jerry as they walked me?" asked the girl, mis- . . . Say, Betty, does your or what? hat laughed merrily. "But hat house. an't she buy it then?" she won't pay over seven worth the eighty five hun- and I could sell it she would keep out of I've a good notion to sell a picker," Jerry added, while in conference with he became conscious of a and. He laughed aloud. and do you hear anything?" ve got a bright idea. . . . an hour," making a dash ed up and down the street, into a run. " he called at the corner, rks will you drive me over re?" printed the man on the peddler's cart. exclaimed Jerry half turn- sent to watch the cov- from the rope suspended middle of the cart. " are," pronounced Jerry, a stecco house. "Neat, merely lifted his sagging Interested?" admonished ng and gesticulating as he on the seat to make the noisily all the while keep- on the house next door. "In," he told his side part- he saw Mrs. Parks at her ay emerged and drove off, was still looking. next block Jerry paid the him his card and walked office. ve you been up to?" asked us when Jerry appeared, as is frantic. Calling for ated what he had done. the old codger has no in- buying, but let her think he added. ricky." ricky. . . . Every- in love and war; this is . . . Gee whiz! Here she Leave her to me. mid, stepping out into the Roberts! What made you man to look at the house?" ll, of course," answered a rry. Interested?" incredulously. be," Jerry kidded. your rock bottom price?" finally. ve hundred." ns?" all. This is no Jerry built Parks, and you know it. a deal and to escape those " he reminded her, "will it eighty-two-fifty?" thousand? . . . That's way." . . . then, I'm going. . . . as turned to follow Jerry's gaze as a man came into let!" she ejaculated, "Give quick!" Jerry unfolded a bit of the caller had handed rry," he read, "While Aunt Mary your accom- by. If his presence on the doesn't give you the victory, hit your own battles in the decorate him with honors. ked out the window in e Betty and her aunt be crinnest, flourishing a w yourself."

Bee's Jolly Way of Sharing Christmas

Florence Harris Wells

BECK JOHNSON was going to be all alone for Christmas, but she had made up her mind she would not let it "get her," as she put it. She had a good position, a dear little apartment and lots of friends to give to and to get presents from. "I have a lot to be thankful for, even if I am an orphan with no relatives within a Christmas day distance," Bee had said to one of her friends in reply to her Christmas invitation. "No, I don't want to share any family group. Still, if there was only some one I knew situated as I am, I'd invite them in. I shall buy a little tree anyway, trim it, put my presents on it and be my own Santa Claus." "Yes, We'll have it there, Miss Johnson, as soon as you are," the girl at the florist's assured her. And it was, and with it a lovely potted poinsettia with not a line to designate the sender. Bee looked at the tag: "It's Bee Johnson, Monroe Apartments" all right, I'll call the shop." But the girl at the other end of the line did not enlighten her much. "Oh, yes, Miss Johnson. It was a dark young man. Yes, I know he said R. Johnson. I thought he was your brother or something." Bee hung up the receiver. "Brother or something" was good. Naturally it would be a "brother or something" that would send a girl a potted poinsettia. Eve's phone startled her. "Yes, I'm Miss Johnson. Poinsettia? Yes, indeed, All right." Bee hung up the receiver to answer the door. There was a humorous, expectant light in her hazel eyes. She met the same look in the eyes of the man who faced her. "Funny mixup, isn't it? Both of us Johnsons on the same floor? There are more of us, you know, than any other clan except Smiths." "That's what they say," Bee agreed. "But are you R double E E, too?" "No, I'm R. Short for Bartholomew." She liked his wry grin. "I came here a week ago from the West. Got the poinsettia to cheer me up. Get your tree for the same purpose?" His honest brown eyes were eager. He still stood in the doorway. Bee hesitated only a moment. "Do come in. We'll share them together." "This is something like it," he beamed as he looked around the cozy apartment. "There's something in a name after all."

SOME 1930 ANSWERS

The examinations were on, and the school man had added these to her collection of howlers: A brunet is a younger bear. The poll tax is paid by parrots. Mussolini is a kind of goods for dresses. False doctrines means giving people the wrong medicine. All Baba means being away when the crime was done. A chronic disease is something the matter with the chron. The Mosale law orders us to set colored stones in our floors. We know nothing about Jonah's parents because he had none. He was brought up by a whale.—Springfield Union.

MICKIE SAYS—

"JUST BEFORE I KICK A BIT ABOUT BEING A JOURNALIST, DON'T ASK THAT US AROUND THE GUNS ARED ANY FITY-GON, RUMOR! A ABEUSAPRED A A TOWAW FILLED WITH FINE PULASKI. NOT A JOB!"



GIRLS HAVE "PLAY DAY"

Louisville, which, unlike most of the other cities of the country, entirely separates its boys and girls in high school, has inaugurated the interesting experiment of encouraging co-operative play rather than inter-scholastic competition among girls' high schools. At the city's first high school "play day," held at Western high school for girls, 180 girls from the host school, the Ahrens trade school, and the Atherton high school for girls participated. The plan was inaugurated by Miss Anna Voegtle, principal of Western. It was the first time that high school girls of the city had met in any relationship other than that of rivals. "Play day" was inaugurated with a mass meeting and singing of school songs. Then, with girls from different schools as team mates, cage ball and triangle ball games were played and there were contests of basketball and baseball throwing, a rail-walk relay, and other stunts. Members of the winning teams and winning individuals were awarded medals. Louisville educators feel that the experiment will become a permanent institution with regular "play days" at all the schools. A breaking down of sectional and social barriers is believed likely to result.—Interscholastic Leaguer.

HOPES FOR THE BEST

Caught by the wave of enthusiasm among alumni and athletic fans for winning teams, college directors and coaches have found themselves in the midst of over-ambitious building programs which can be financed only by successful athletic teams. Most of them deplore the conditions which they feel have forced them into systematic competition for high school stars. It is not too much to hope that within a few years athletics may be placed upon a basis that will permit the promulgation of a program that will have as its aim the proper training of young men rather than the satisfaction of the public's demand for entertainment through winning at any cost.—The Kansas Athlete.

Say it with printing; flowers die.

SCHOOLS OF JOURNALISM

In recent years schools of journalism have become the fashion and every university, no matter how poor or small, has set up one without any question. But the New York State Society of Newspaper Editors questioned the schools and appointed a committee to study them. The committee of editors reached the conclusion that such schools should limit their work to two-year courses, because there is not enough money in the profession to justify a young man spending four years preparing for it. The editors recommended that the first year be devoted to liberal arts subjects and the second to technical instruction in journalism. It was learned that about 1,000 graduated from schools of journalism last year, and that there are now about 5,000 undergraduates. The committee thought that there was overproduction of graduates and a need of more competent instructors.—The Pathfinder.

CHRISTMAS

There is no day like Christmas With all its warmth and cheer. Because hearts are more tender And Love and Joy so near; Then wouldn't it be splendid To live that Christmas way. And give as much real gladness Every single day! —From "Friendly Fellows" by Sidney J. Burgoyne.

Myrtle Dove—"You are beginning to take some things for granted. I shall have to be a little firm with you."

Fonda Love—"Great! Let us make it a partnership."

"Are you saving money since you started your budget system?"

"Sure. By the time we've balanced it up every evening, it's late to go anywhere."—Hardware Age.

"And you think he will love me even more after we are married?" "Oh, certainly! Why, he's just crazy about married women, my dear."

Mrs. Tom Blakney, Mrs. Wilson Blakney and daughter of Alanreed were in McLean Friday.

Mrs. Evan L. Sitter is in Amarillo for medical treatment.

Mr. and Mr. A. L. Hibler returned Friday from a trip to New Mexico.

THE CHRISTMAS WREATH

With holly and ivy So green and so gay We deck up our houses As fresh as the day.

With hays and rosemary And laurel complete. And everyone now Is a King in conceit. —Old Carol, 1885.

A "BITTER DOSE"

Berlin, Germany—The chief lieutenant of Adolph Hitler has served notice on German editors that when he becomes the Minister of the Interior every editor who criticizes his chief or his party will be given a quart of castor oil. Doctor Goebbels, who makes the threat, is a wholesale druggist.

LARGEST CHRISTMAS CAKE

The largest Christmas cake ever made was ordered by Frederick William I of Prussia as a surprise for his soldiers. It was 34 feet high, 24 feet in breadth, and nearly 3 feet in thickness. Some 36 bushels of flour, one ton of butter, 5,000 eggs, and 200 gallons of milk were used.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Morse and daughter of Clayton, N. M., are visiting relatives here this week.

NO PLACE FOR QUITTERS

"If there is one enterprise on earth that the quitter should leave alone, it is advertising. Advertising does not kick—it pulls. It begins gently at first, but the pull is steady. It increases day by day, year by year, until it exerts an irresistible power."—John Wannamaker.

She—"You have a hole in your stocking." Second She—"I'm not wearing stockings. That's my vaccination."

Kitty—"Poor Alice is 30 years old." Catty—"Yes, and it seems only a few years ago that she was 20!"

Miss Edith Fleming of Amarillo is spending Christmas with home folks here.

Mrs. Vernon Rice and Mrs. Inou McLaury visited in Amarillo Thursday of last week.

Mrs. C. E. Richardson and children of Gayman, Okla., are visiting in McLean.

Miss Frances Kendall is spending the holidays with relatives at Beale.

Mrs. Frank Bidwell and Miss Alice Carpenter visited in Cleveland Friday.

GREETINGS

It is a pleasure to express to you our genuine appreciation for your past courtesies, and to wish you and yours an overflowing measure of true happiness during the Holiday Season and through the New Year.

SERVICE TAILOR SHOP
Eddie Winburne, Prop.



Best Wishes

Among our assets we like to count the only one that money cannot buy—your Good Will—and so at this Holiday Season we extend to you, not as a customer alone—but as a friend—best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

We will be open for business about the last of next month or the first of February, with new fixtures and a new stock of goods.

Montgomery Drug Co.



SEASON'S GREETINGS

Accept a hearty wish for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year and a sincere expression of appreciation of patronage—past, present and future.

Puckett's Grocery



Again we greet the Christmas Season. We have witnessed the passing of another year . . . Not the best in our history, to be sure, but, thanks to the loyal support of good friends such as yourselves, a successful year nevertheless.



We, as an organization . . . and as the individuals who compose it, have much to be thankful for. And it is to you whose good will has contributed to our success that we are truly indebted this Christmas time.

We only wish it were possible for each one of us to grasp you warmly by the hand, look you squarely in the eye and say "Thank you for your good will . . . your loyal support . . . your hearty co-operation . . . for everything that you have done for us."

But since we cannot greet you in person, we are taking this means to tell you of our appreciation, and with it the sincere wish that you will enjoy a Merry Christmas and a bright, happy and prosperous New Year.

The McLean News

McLean's Home Paper Since 1904

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NATIONAL 4-H CLUB ENCAMPMENT

By Paul Griffin
 Dec. 1st, at 8 o'clock, the boys and girls assembled in the main hotel for instructions. Mr. W. H. Palmer at 8:10 a. m. left the hotel for the National Livestock Exposition, led by Major V. V. We boarded an inter-city train for the exposition building at 9:30 a. m. We as-

GRAY COUNTY AGENT EXPRESSES APPRECIATION

By Ralph R. Thomas
 As we close our year's work, it is altogether fitting that we should give a word of appreciation to the ones who have been our co-laborers during the year, and without whose help we could not have accomplished our purposes.

Without the co-operation of the people, both town and rural, extension work can accomplish very little. In fact, one of the purposes of extension work is bringing about the co-operation of the people to make the county a better place to live in. The county agent wishes to take this opportunity to express his appreciation for the fine co-operative spirit of the people of Gray county without whose ardent support the work could have not been carried on successfully.

The county agent especially appreciates the co-operation of the farmers and farm boys, the banks of McLean and Alanreed, the Lions Club of McLean, the chamber of commerce of McLean, the school teachers of McLean and Alanreed, and the business men of both towns. Special appreciation should be expressed for the splendid co-operation and work of Mr. A. A. Tampke, vocational agricultural teacher of the McLean school. The generous space The McLean News has given to agricultural articles, and notices of agricultural meetings was certainly appreciated.

The county agent wishes everyone a very prosperous new year, that we may enter into the coming year with a determination to work together to make Gray county greater agriculturally, and the farms of the county more pleasant places to live.



Annual football banquet at M. E. Church, Dec. 9, 1930
 Photo by Alderson

MCLEAN BAND DIRECTOR EXPRESSES APPRECIATION

By Robt. C. Davidson
 With the realization of another year nearing its close, and reviewing the numerous occasions and events in which the band has been active, we feel appreciative toward all of those who in a material way or by friendly spirit have contributed to the success and maintenance of the present band organization.

We especially commend the faithfulness of the band members and the interest and support of their parents. We value greatly the spirit of helpfulness and the good will shown by the band committee, the business men, The News, all school authorities and city officials.

We wish especially to thank all parents, business men and other car owners who have made outside band trips possible during the past year. To all our band friends we wish a happy Holiday Season and a continuity of good will throughout the coming year.

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT EXPRESSES APPRECIATION

By Dr. A. A. Tampke
 To every citizen of McLean trade territory are we grateful and wish to express our appreciation for your loyal support and co-operation in aiding us to sponsor the successful poultry shows, contests, and the many farm programs in the past.

Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, sincerely,
 VOCATIONAL AGR. DEPT.

RED CROSS CHAIRMAN EXPRESSES APPRECIATION

By M. D. Bentley
 As local chairman of the Red Cross, I wish again to thank everyone for their very generous support during the annual roll. I sincerely believe that we will be much pleased with the results that will come from the itinerant nursing service which we will have in our schools during the spring months of 1931.

ROCK ISLAND AGENT EXPRESSES APPRECIATION

By E. J. Lander
 We want to thank you for the satisfactory business relations we have enjoyed from all our customers, and express our sincere wish for your continued health, happiness and prosperity.

Luther Willis of Wheeler was in McLean Saturday.

LIONS CLUB PRESIDENT EXPRESSES APPRECIATION

By Boyd Meador
 I want to thank the members of the Lions Club and all others who have helped in any way toward bettering conditions in our community the past year.

May the New Year bring us many opportunities for doing good and may we all co-operate for a better and larger McLean.

May you have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

POSTMASTER THANKS PATRONS

By John B. Vannoy
 The post office is the most patronized institution in the United States. It is your post office. It was created for your convenience and every one of the (nearly) 1700 regulations governing its operation is important.

A full compliance with the regulations by every postal employee and by every sender of mail would materially speed up the handling of the mail and, therefore, be a benefit to everyone concerned. In other words, a whole-hearted co-operation of the people with the post office department will always give them the best service.

The post office department demands that every sender of mail shall properly pack, wrap and address it before it is offered for mailing. Every piece of mail should have a return address on it, placed in the upper left hand corner of the address side, and both the address and the return address should be plainly written with ink or on a typewriter. Do not inclose writing in the parcel but place it in an addressed envelope and attach it to the parcel.

The postal regulations prescribe exactly how liquids, eggs, fragile and registered matter must be packed; and in all cases they insist that all parcels should be securely packed, wrapped with strong paper and tied with stout twine or cord.

As representative of the post office department at McLean, I wish to thank each sender of mail for his or her co-operation, and ask them to

BEST WISHES

for a
MERRY CHRISTMAS
 and a
Happy New Year

Sandwich Inn
 J. A. Meador, Prop.

please continue same. And on my part, I promise to do my very best to give you good service always.

THE MORE OF THE OLD CUSTOMS, THE MERRIER

The wise mother will try to plan just enough events for the week following Christmas to keep up the holiday spirit without creating weariness. There may be skating, sledding, and "reunion" parties, according to needs. Festivities will certainly include a watchnight party and the passing of sweets on New Year's morning. For this, according to tradition, will sweeten all dis-

positions against the difficulties of the year ahead. The more of the old customs the merrier, for they all have a part in "keeping Christmas" in the fullest sense of the word.—Successful Farming.

Miss Clara Mitchell is a new reader of The News.

O. E. Lochridge and family are spending Christmas in Iowa Park.

S. A. Cousins of Lubbock is visiting home folks here.

Horace Bible of Canyon was a McLean visitor Saturday.

GREETINGS

and best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

DE LUXE CLEANERS

Phone 223



THE SEASON'S BEST WISHES

In extending to you the Season's Greetings, we wish also to express our sincere thanks and appreciation for your many favors and for the cordial and pleasant business relations existing between us.

By serving you faithfully and efficiently we hope always to merit your good will. We shall at all times endeavor to give you the best possible service.

Merry Christmas! Happy New Year! And may the coming year be the happiest and most prosperous you have yet enjoyed, is our wish for you.

WESTERN LUMBER & HARDWARE CO.

Roy Campbell, Mgr.

SEASON'S GREETINGS TO EVERYONE

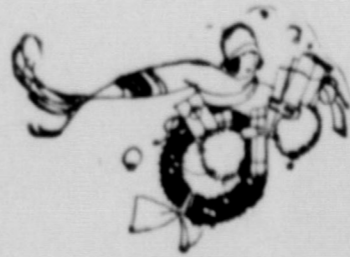
We have tried to serve you well, and believe we have.

BENTLEY INSURANCE AGENCY

BEST WISHES

As the old year draws to a close and the time is at hand when the old, old message of peace on earth, good will to men brings happiness and tranquility to the hearts of men, we wish for you all the joys of the Christmas Season and prosperity in the New Year

STAR FILLING STATION



Season's Greetings

The city officials are glad to join others in expressing best wishes of the Season. We appreciate the co-operation given us the past year in our efforts for the betterment of our city, and hope to have a continuance of the same the coming year.

Jot Montgomery, Mayor W. E. Bogan, Secretary
 E. J. Lander, F. H. Bourland, M. T. Wilkerson
 Evan L. Sitter, Wood Hindman, Aldermen



before the boys and girls... where we were given... of welcome by B. H. general manager of the... Livestock Exposition. Af- had photographs made of groups. We stayed here... then both battalions in front of the club build- boarded motor coaches, immediately for the plant of Co. At 7 p. m. we had entertainment in the Wilson... On the occasion of... Wilson night," we heard given by President Hoover honorary president of the... At 8:30 we took motor back to the exposition. At... in the arena of the building, in charge of Farrell, U. S. A. D. A. champions of the various introduced, after which "America."
 Dec. 2, at 7:15 a. m., we in the main lobby of the alle and then boarded- in for the plants of Swift Armour & Co., under the of Maor G. A. Thorpe. divided, one group going each plant. At 11:35 we special train to Madison streets, where we marched Morrison Hotel and attended given by the National Producers Association. At all attended a banquet in ball room of the Sherman and Randolph streets. a large program, which broadcast over radio station
 ay, Dec. 3, at 9:30 we took plants of the International Company and were shown the factories as guests of Cormick Jr., who is vice in charge of manufactur- banquet was given at 1 o'clock International Harvester Co. us on our way to the building, where we saw see horse show. Music for furnished by the Hamilton wa. band. At 7:30 p. m. a given for us in the ball the Hotel LaSalle.
 ay, Dec. 4, at 7:45 we left LaSalle for the model farm of the Public Service Co. of Illinois, arriving there at... On our way back to we had lunch on the train, of the Public Service Co. at Roosevelt road at 11:40. ed to the Adler Planetar- a special demonstration. After this we were al- go to any place we wished, we stayed with the group, the evening in the Shedd and the Field Museum. ing through this, we went Chicago Coliseum Poultry Ex- At 6 we attended a banquet the railroads which sent gates to the exposition.
 Dec. 5, we were allowed to the hotel, or to do as we At 7:35 that evening we left
 Clara Mitchell is spending days at Grand Prairie.
 W. Ivey was in from the day.
 W. Kibler visited in White day.

With the Churches

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH

Jno. H. Crow, Pastor
 Sunday school 10 a. m., R. N. Ashby, superintendent. The Sunday school is doing a fine work under the direction and leadership of a very fine corps of teachers, but our attendance is not what it should be. With a church membership of 274, we should have an average attendance of 250, and we are way below par. Come Sunday.
 Preaching at 11 a. m.
 Epworth League 6:15 p. m.
 Evening service at 7 o'clock. We have 30 minutes sing song each Sunday evening.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

W. A. Erwin, Minister
 Sunday school 10 a. m., F. H. Bourland, superintendent.
 Morning worship 11 a. m.
 Evening service 7 p. m.
 A Christmas tree and program Christmas Eve, 7 p. m.
 Everyone invited to our services.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Cecil G. Goff, Pastor
December 28, 1930
 "I waited patiently for the Lord, my cry." Psalm 40:1.
ORDER OF SERVICES
 Morning
 Prelude, Doxology, Invocation.
 Hymn No. 21, prayer, offering.
 Hymn No. 200, Scripture reading.
 Prayer, solo—Mrs. Goff.
 Sermon—Pastor—"The Recount."
 Invitation hymn No. 194, benediction.
 Evening
 Song service, prayer, offering.
 Scripture reading, prayer.
 Sermon—Pastor.
 Invitation hymn No. 24, benediction.
 The W. M. S. will meet Monday afternoon at two o'clock in the home of Mrs. Geo. Colebank for Royal Service and work. Mrs. Carl Carpenter will be the assistant hostess.
 The Y. W. C. will meet Monday afternoon at three o'clock in the home of Mrs. Goff for Royal Service.
 Wednesday night will be New Year's Eve. There will be a regular preaching service followed by an interesting watch night and fellowship program. Everyone is invited to be present. It is hoped that many will remain through the watch night service.
 There were 144 in Sunday school last Sunday. As the New Year comes let's make it the best our Sunday school has ever seen.
 Get in the B. Y. P. U. march for the Master. 66 were present last Sunday night.

PENTECOSTAL HOLINESS CHURCH

G. W. Roachell, Pastor
 Services Saturday evening and Sunday, with Sunday school at 10 a. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening. The public is invited to all our services.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE STUDY

The young people's Bible study class met Friday night at the Church of Christ with fourteen present.
 The subject of the lesson was Obedience.
 Topics discussed were:
 Cases where people obeyed, and the result—Corrie Lee Newman.
 Cases where people disobeyed, and the result—Lorine Burrows.
 The lesson for next Sunday is Sin, with the program as follows:
 The Origin of Sin—Catherine Calaway.
 Some Instances of Sin and Results—Claudia Ayer.
 The Reward of Abstinence of Sin—Maudelle Corum.
 Everyone is invited to attend these classes and help with this good work.

BEST WISHES

We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

W. HICKMAN, Pastor Church of the Nazarene.

JANUARY GRAND JURY NAMED

The jury commission appointed last week by Judge Clifford Braly, composed of J. M. Dougherty, Spurgeon Johnson and Irwin Cole, selected 16 names out of which 12 will be appointed by the court for Grand Jury service in the 114th District Court in January.

Following are the names selected: Lon Noel, W. R. Campbell, P. C. Ledrick, Ed Elms, M. K. Brown, F. H. Bourland, Homer Taylor, E. E. Cole, Oscar Frasier, L. L. Stockton, Lee Harrah, Homer Kees, Roy McMillan, W. E. James, Dave Osborne and Lee McConnell.

Mandy—"Whut's de matter, Sam? don't yo' love me no mo?"
 Sam—"So Ah does, honey; Ah's best restin'."—College Humor.

HOME DEMONSTRATION AGT. EXPRESSES APPRECIATION

By Miss Myrtle Miller
 I wish to say "I thank you" for the interest shown and the help given in making the ideal of extension work a reality in Gray county during 1930.
 To the women and girls, you have done the real work. When you sink your buckets, may the wells be deeper during the following year and may the water drawn forth be more sparkling, beautiful and refreshing.
 "Till he shall be free from the bondage to debt and become a toiler for pleasure, for home, for knowledge and for county."
 May the Christmastide be joyful for all, and the New Year a happy one.

SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS IS ETERNAL FOE OF CRUELTY

Much as Christmas has meant to humanity, it has meant no less to those lowlier fellow creatures who share with men life's joys and sorrows. Whatever the burden of suffering that rests upon the animal world today, it is less by many fold than it was before that night when a little child was born in the stable of a Bethlehem inn. The spirit of Christmas is the eternal foe of cruelty. No man who yields to its sway can look with other than kindly eyes upon the least of those living things that have capacity for pain.

ADVERTISING GRAFTERS

"These merchants have a certain amount they will spend on worthless specialty schemes, and if I don't get their money, somebody else will," was the attitude as expressed to The News by an advertising grafter who worked Tahoka last week.
 "I find that a local girl can sell this kind of stuff where I can't even get in at the door. . . . Just because it's a 'church directory,' merchants fall for it who will not buy worth while advertising. . . . Four months ago I had a hospital bill of \$1,000 staring me in the face, and now I owe nothing. . . . I worked hard for years before I found out that I could take business men's money so easy." These were some of the statements made to us by this salesman of high-priced, almost worthless advertising.

For less than one day's work in Tahoka, he secured \$70 for a 11x14 placard, \$30 of which he paid the young lady solicitor and The News for printing—\$40 for a few hours' work, and he makes six towns a week—\$240 per week.

For \$3.50, the price paid for ads on the directory, merchants can get seven times as much space in the Lynn County News, circulated in 1150 homes; or they can get 500 circulars twelve times as large as any of the advertising spaces on the directory; or we will print the placard for one-seventh the amount the solicitor charged.

Tahoka merchants doubtless did not regard the advertising on this directory as being of any great value, but responded to the solicitations for the ads out of a commendable desire to help the churches of the town.

The young lady who solicited the advertising was likewise prompted by the purest and best motives, as she felt that she was rendering a service to the religious interests of the community.

But the "grafter" cared nothing for the religious welfare or the church nor was he concerned about whether the advertising was worth anything to the merchants. He was after the money; and he took advantage of the well-known disposition of business men to be generous in their attitude toward the churches, to work his graft. Thus are the business men of Tahoka and other towns being continually imposed upon by unconscionable grafters, when the home printer could and would do identically the same work at one-fifth the cost.—Lynn County News.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Strandberg of Caldwell, Kans., Mr. and Mrs. Axel Strandberg and son, Earl, are guests in the C. A. Strandberg home this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Hall from Arkansas are guests in the J. I. Hall home.

C. M. Eudy has our thanks for a subscription to The News and the Amarillo Daily News.

Mrs. Claude Lester of Pampa visited here Tuesday.

Mrs. E. B. Gardner and son, Stanton, were Shamrock visitors Sunday.

Miss Jewel Turner was a Pampa visitor Saturday.

B. F. Bulls of Pampa was in McLean Tuesday.

Letters to Santa Claus

Clarendon, Texas, Dec. 16, 1930.
 Dear Santa Claus:
 I just want a few things for Christmas. I want a football, some boxing gloves, some handcuffs, apples, nuts and oranges.
 Yours truly,
 VESTER LEE SMITH.

CANNING CLUB PRODUCTS EXCEED \$7,000 IN 1930

Under the direction of Miss Myrtle Miller, home demonstration agent, the members of the Gray county women's home demonstration clubs canned 14,369 quarts of food in 4-H pantry work during 1930. The total value of the food canned was \$7,160.45, basing the value of the food between 35c and \$1 per quart.
 The quarts of food canned were: fruit, 3390½ quarts, @ 50c, \$1,695.25; vegetables, 5107½ quarts @ 35c, \$1,787.62; cereals, 527½ @ various prices, \$198.43; preserves, jellies and jams, 2337 @ 80c, \$1,898.60; fruit juices, 522 @ 40c, \$208.80; pickles and relishes, 1552 @ 50c, \$776; canned meats, including boneless chicken and turkey, at prices varying from 35c to \$1, \$624.75.

Next year it is hoped to double the amount of work done and food canned in the 4-H pantry work.

The 80 women who made canning reports this year were:

McLean—Mesdames Reep Landers, Mike Perry, R. Phillips, Evan Sitter, Roy McCracken, S. W. Rice, T. J. Coffey, C. A. Strandberg, J. M. Noel, Byrd Guill, Scott Johnston, Norman Johnston, A. J. Tillery, H. S. Leonard, O. E. Lochridge, Blake Gerard, W. W. Wilson, J. W. Franklin, John B. Vannoy, W. J. Bridge, H. C. Shoemaker, G. V. Koons, R. F. Sanders, S. L. Montgomery, C. S. Doolen, Sherman White, Elmo Phillips, C. S. Rice.

Bluebonnet—Mesdames Walter Olinger, E. B. Fee, P. F. Britten, Paul Davis, Gus Davis, T. H. Fee, P. B. Farley, Ed Wagner, Roe Davis, C. S. Drake.

Alanreed—Mesdames W. A. Glass, T. E. Crisp, Ollie Elliott, J. T. Blakney, S. A. Steger, Add Prock, W. W. Whitsitt, R. C. Kennedy, L. S. Prock, Ira Foster.

Wayside—Mesdames L. R. Taylor, E. Balch, E. A. Shackleton, E. W. McJunkin, H. H. Isabell, W. F. Taylor, W. P. Vincent, J. E. Seltz, E. W. Hogan, Tom Clayton, Ralph Thomas.

Grandview—Mesdames George Pinnell, H. G. McCleskey, R. I. Davis, Joe Looper, Roy Ritter, A. S. Parker, E. Vanderbird, Guy Andis, S. C. Jones.

Laketon—Mesdames Tom Breeding, Clyde Carruth, Leo Paris, John R. White, Clyde Beebe, Wheeler Paris, Lawton Hoffer, Clyde Gay, Herman Jones, Charles Talley.

CIRCULAR PEDDLERS

The postoffice department generously permits direct by mail advertisers to reach patrons of rural routes and small postoffices without the formality of including names of recipients in addresses. All that is necessary is to mail to a box number. A while back the department objected to general use of postal facilities by that method of mailing on the grounds that it would make the department a circular peddling organization. The statement was made that the employees take pride in delivering each piece of mail directly to whom it is addressed. Evidently this pride does not extend to employees who serve rural routes and small towns. Apparently it is all right for them to be circular peddlers.—U. S. Publisher and Printer.

TAMPKE AVAILABLE IN FARM TERRACING

Dr. A. A. Tampke states that his services are available this week to any farmer who wants to run terrace lines.

Dr. Tampke established lines for A. B. Christian Tuesday.

Mother—"Will you please keep quiet, son? My head is just about to split!"
 Small Boy—"If I keep quiet can I see it split?"—Life.

A family really needs at least two cars. Ask the man who owns one.—Life.

Mrs. Harold Clement of Amarillo is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Greer.

Little Miss Tennie Roby of Amarillo is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. J. T. Roby, this week.

W. P. Rogers and son, Forrest, are visiting in Branson, Colo.

Bonnie Cohen was in Amarillo Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Barnes were in Shamrock Friday.

News from Ramsdell

Guy Pharis came in Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Carver were business visitors in Wheeler Friday afternoon.

Mrs. W. N. Pharis and son, Guy, and daughters, Misses Mildred and Margaret, were Shamrock visitors Friday. They were accompanied home by Miss Lillie Mae Pharis.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Brown and children were visitors in Shamrock Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Pharis and children of Lone Mound spent Saturday night in the W. N. Pharis home.

Miss Margaret Brown spent Saturday night with Miss Juanita Exum, Milton and Misses Mildred and Violeta Whitley called at the E. Exum home Saturday night.

Miss Juanita Exum and Ernest Burrows were dinner guests in the W. N. Pharis home Sunday.

Mrs. L. C. Pharis and children of Lone Mound spent Sunday with the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Oglesby. Miss Zella Mae Lankford visited in the R. A. Burrows home Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Exum and children and Miss Mildred Pharis visited in the Tom Whitley home Sunday afternoon.

Miss Mildred Whitley spent Sunday night in the W. N. Pharis home. Mr. and Mrs. E. Exum and sons, Dwight and Dana; Mr. and Mrs. George Kibler were business visitors in McLean Monday.

Grandma Longan is very ill at this writing.

Misses Lorena and Letha Ashby, who are attending Trinity University at Waxahachie, are spending the holidays at their home here.

Ralph Caldwell, who has been attending school in Chicago, returned home Monday.

Mr. Robinet of Amarillo visited his daughter, Mrs. N. S. McCanlies, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Burrows of Ramsdell were McLean visitors Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gray and daughter of Amarillo are visiting relatives here this week.

Mrs. J. E. Lynch and Miss Doris Corbin visited in Shamrock Friday.

Norvin Ashby was a Heald visitor Friday.

Jack Hardin of Pampa was in McLean Tuesday.

George Jones was in Pampa Saturday.

Ed Castleberry of Alanreed visited in McLean Tuesday.

Miss Jewel Turner visited in Erick, Okla., last week.

Charlie Richardson of Pampa was in McLean Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Milford Sutton were in Amarillo Monday.

Dr. J. A. Hall of Shamrock was a McLean visitor Monday.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

RATES—One insertion, 2c per word.
 Two insertions, 3c per word.
 Three insertions, 4c per word.
 or, 1c per word each week after first insertion.
 Lines of white space will be charged for at same rate as reading matter. Black-face type at double rate. Initials and numbers count as words.
 No advertisement accepted for less than 25c per week.
 All ads cash with order, unless you have a running account with The News.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE Hegari bundles, 5c. Jersey cows and pair of 4-year-old percheron horses. Bob Ashby, tlc

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—3 rooms in the J. B. Hart residence. See Miss Faye Hart, 61-2p

WANTED

WANTED—Clean cotton rags, 5c per lb. No knit or woolen goods accepted. News office.

WANTED—Sewing, plain or fancy. Phone 178.

MISCELLANEOUS

Only a few more days to take advantage of the sale on your favorite daily papers orders at the News office.

ADDING MACHINE rolls a News office.

TYPEWRITER ribbons, and carbon at News office.

Mr and Mrs. E. M. Cro and Mrs. O. D. Rhodes are visiting their parents, Mrs. R. C. Franklin.

Nugent Kunkel and Amarillo are spending the with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Pettit er were guests in the Log well home Monday.

Miss Mary Joe Jacks of is visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. this week.

Wayland Floyd, L. O. Pigg Biggers and Jesse J. Cobb itors in Shamrock Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. J. spending Christmas with Andrew, in Amarillo.



Appreciative

of the Friendliness and Good Will you have shown us in the past year, we extend to you thanks and Best Wishes for a

MERRY CHRISTMAS

and a **HAPPY NEW YEAR**

HAMILTON-DOOLEN HDW. & FURN. CO.

The Best for Less
 Phone 184 McLean, Texas



The Andrew H. Floyd Post The American Legion

appreciates the co-operation given by the citizens of this community in all efforts for community betterment. We want to join others in expressing our best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

- C. S. Doolen, Post Commander
- T. W. Gilstrap, Vice Com.
- Ed Wehba, Finance Officer
- Homer Abbott, Sargeant-at-Arms
- T. W. Gilstrap, Liason Officer
- B. N. Henry, Adjutant
- Reep Landers, Chaplin