





NOW EQUIPPED TO SEARCH HEAVENS

Largest astronomical observatory in East, and one which is superior by observatories in Germany and the United States, has just been completed in Sanaka, a small town in Tokyo.

SHAWAY CLIFFS FOR PRECIOUS TIN

Of the most extraordinary ways of procuring metals from the body of the earth is that to be seen in the tin mines of the Malay States.

Sports by Television Near

Football, baseball, cricket and other sports may be projected by television, according to Sir Ambrose Fleming.

"Passing the Buck"

Things got so noisy in the flat up last night that I finally went and knocked on the door.

German "Luggies" See Scots

Royal Scots are perturbed over the imitation of "luggies," miniature luggies used for porridge dishes.

Only 25 Minutes Married

It is easy to get divorces in Russia, according to Time magazine.

Just Getting Material

American Tourist (in Shakespeare's play) — But, say — Shakespeare has to have slept in all the cottages and here.

Time for Haste

John, the paper says the Jenkinses back from their vacation in Yellowstone park.

Ready for Food

Waiter—Haven't they given you a yet, sir? Angry Diner—Yes, but I finished 15 minutes ago.—London Ad.

How News Travels

—Eard your foreman fell from scaffolding yesterday. —Shut up, yer fool, it can't happen tomorrow!—Smith's Weekly.

Superintendent

(Continued from page 1) The school should be an active and progressive, forward-looking organization. Teaching, within itself, is not more than seventy-five per cent of the job.

Suggestions for Efficiency

Know accurately what you want to teach. Prepare work in advance. Robert Houdini, the great French conjurer, ascribe three reasons for his superlative skill—first, practice; second, practice; third, PRACTICE.

It will help to save time if, just before she begins the recitation, a teacher will stop and ask herself this question: "Just exactly what do I expect to accomplish in this recitation?"

A poor reading class is not excusable in any grade or school. If you find that the text book assigned for reading is too hard, use some easy supplementary reader before it, and plan the work so that there shall be ready interest in the thing read.

FARM WRITERS

But few farmers write for the good of their country these automobile days. In the old days farmers were not as well educated as today and yet they used their county papers more in expressing their opinion for the good of all.

TREES with a Reputation

We know Panhandle conditions. Our trees grow. Let us landscape your place. Bruce and Sons Trees with a Reputation Alameda, Texas

YOUR CHILD'S HEALTH

depends largely upon the food he eats. You can be assured of pure ingredients in every product of our bakery. And the price is reasonable. Let us help you with the school lunches.

Little Girl, 10, Eats so Much Mother Amazed

"My 10-year-old daughter had no appetite. Then we gave her Vinol, and now she eats so much we are amazed."—Mrs. W. Joosten. Vinol supplies the body with important mineral elements of iron, calcium and cod liver peptone.

Highway Meeting

(Continued from page 1) M. D. Bentley reported for Gray county that the route was held up in two places, but a good spirit of co-operation is shown otherwise, and an early hearing is expected in the case in court.

ARMSTRONG PROMOTED TO PAMPA PLANT CHIEF

According to T. W. Gilstrap, manager of the Southwestern Public Service Co. at McLean, W. E. Armstrong has been made plant chief at Pampa.

HONK! HONK!

"Mamma," begged Betty, "do sing that automobile song again, please." "Automobile song?" her mother asked. "I don't know any automobile song."

TOUGH LIFE

"You look all tired out; what have you been doing?" asked her dearest friend, who had dropped in for a little gossip.

PAGING MR. FORD

Britisher—"So, you're from Detroit, eh? That's where they make the automobiles, isn't it?" Proud Yankee—"Yes; but then, of course, you know we make other things in Detroit, too."

LET THERE BE LIGHT

Flapper (to cop at busy intersection) —"What's the idea, no lights here?" Guardian of the Law—"I'm the light at this corner, lady."

T. N. Holloway Reliable Insurance

I insure anything. No prohibited list. I represent some of the strongest companies in the world.

H-H Filling Station

Gasoline, Oils, Greases, Tires. Try our service. You will like it. Tubes and Accessories. B. N. Henry, Prop. Phone 33

YOUR CHILD'S HEALTH

depends largely upon the food he eats. You can be assured of pure ingredients in every product of our bakery. And the price is reasonable. Let us help you with the school lunches.

CALDWELL BAKERY

Bread Is Your Best and Cheapest Food

Lions Governor

(Continued from page 1) by the communities they serve. More than 1300 community projects were fostered the past year by the Lions clubs of the United States.

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CHOWDER — CHOWDER — CHOWDER

the laying mash that produces the most eggs per bag. Don't forget that there are 239 eggs in each bag of Chowder. Now is the time to begin feeding egg mash for winter eggs.

REAL ESTATE

Whatever you may be interested in—land or city property, we have many bargains in our listings. Let us show you. Massay and Stokely McLean, Texas Phone 44

INSURANCE

Life Fire Hail. I insure anything. No prohibited list. I represent some of the strongest companies in the world. T. N. Holloway Reliable Insurance

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Grade School

(Continued from page 1) co-operate with them in every way for the benefit of the pupils. Supt. G. C. Boswell followed Mr. Howard, and stated that patrons should feel free to call on any member of the faculty at any time.

SENIOR B. Y. P. U. SOCIAL

Members and friends of the senior B. Y. P. U. enjoyed a social entertainment on the church lawn last Thursday evening. Games of various kinds were played and refreshments of sandwiches and watermelon were served.

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P. T. A. Reception

(Continued from page 1) Hayes, Martin, Kendall, Baley, Simmons, Cousins, Coleman, Ferguson, Seal, Mitchell, Kennedy, McCarty, Cummings and Turner. Others present were: Mesdames Boswell, McHaney, Henry, W. E. Bogan, C. C. Bogan, Davis, Koons, Roberts, Cooke, Sitter, Christian, Smith, Girard, Wilkins, Wilson, Colebank, Erwin, Goff, Johnson, Bourland, Tampke, Lynch, Barnes, Rice, Finley, Watkins, McCoy and White; Misses Ruby Cook and Fern Upham.

MODERN TAILORS

Modern Machinery, Modern Methods, Expert Workman mean you must be satisfied with every job intrusted to us. Ladies work a specialty. Modern Tailor Shop Floyd Phillips, Prop.

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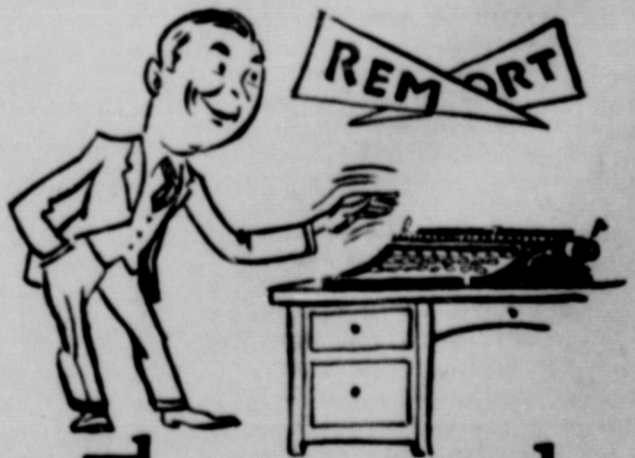
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Bread Is Your Best and Cheapest Food



The best kind of Roommate

Rooming with a Remington Portable adds to the enjoyment of college life. It is always ready to help with your work. Long reports and theses can be turned out in far less time, as compared with laborious long-hand methods. Then, too, think of the greater neatness and legibility of type-written work! Any prof, being human, will have a tendency to give this kind of work better marks.



Remington Portable

for Sale by The McLean News

**THE McLEAN NEWS**  
Published Every Thursday

T. A. LANDERS, Publisher  
Entered as second class mail matter May 8, 1905, at the post office at McLean, Texas, under act of Congress.  
News Building, 210 Main Street  
Phone 47

**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.



Member 1930  
National Editorial Association

The man who harbors hate or malice in his heart injures only himself.

Service clubs represent the most unselfish organizations, outside of churches, that have yet been founded by men.

A little road work, or public work of any kind should prove acceptable to many people this fall.

According to modern accepted standards, no business that is not founded on supplying a needed service has a right to exist, and seldom does for long.

On Monday, August 11, one of the largest department stores in New York City ran a Christmas advertisement in the newspapers insisting that there only remained 112 days before Christmas, and to shop early and avoid the rush. The unusualness of the advertisement attracted attention and brought results.

The billboard nuisance is a problem that confronts the whole world and is demanding the thought of some of the world's greatest men. Numerous laws have been devised in different parts of the world to curb the indiscriminate use of unsightly billboards, and numbers of national manufacturers have discontinued their use, but enough remain to give plenty of cause for thought. Every town owes it to its citizens that the use of billboards in the city limits be restricted to locations that will not damage adjoining property. Most any improved property is damaged when a billboard is erected near it, and property owners are entitled to some protection in the matter.

**AMEN, BROTHER, AMEN!**

The New Era has accumulated a rather heavy exchange list for a paper that has less than a 1,000 circulation, and we are, we regret to say, obliged to cut off a number. We get about two dozen exchanges that never have an editorial in them, and of course they are of no use to us. How an editor can turn out a paper with not a single idea expressed, not even one copied from another paper, is one of the mysteries of the business. Either they are too indolent to write editorials, or they believe such things unnecessary. If they believe that, then we are ready to part company with them, because we believe that the editorial page is the very life of any up-to-date newspaper, large or small. We receive many exchanges that we do not even open, knowing their contents by the wrapper. We simply waste our paper by sending it to editors who do not reciprocate in kind. However, we will say that any paper that has even one idea expressed each week will be left on the list.—Bristol (S. D.) New Era.

Mrs. S. B. Morse and Mrs. John C. Haynes were in Amarillo Friday.

Mrs. Cleveland Johnson visited relatives in Erick, Okla., Sunday.

O. E. Lochridge went to Amarillo Friday.

Roy Campbell was in Hedley Sunday.

**SALESMAN'S INSIDE STORY ON COLLAR BUTTONS**

A friend of mine once told this story:

He said that he stepped into a little jewelry shop to have his watch repaired. On his way out he noticed a box of collar buttons on the counter, set up in a display carton with a sign on them, "25c each." He lingered for a second, but passed on out without buying.

A few days later he happened to run across a corner hawker, high up on a platform before a large and attentive crowd, selling the same identical collar button.

"Now, folks," he cried, "this here little collar button is just what you've been waitin' for fer years. Just watch me, folks. See how nice it lays ag'in the neckband so's to let your tie slip easy? See the head is nice an' smooth so's it won't wear out the neck o' your shirts. And it's square so's it won't roll under the bath tub and make you sore. It's solid gold plated and will last you a lifetime. Greatest little invention in the world! Worth a dollar of any man's money, but as long as my 'tock lasts I'll let 'em go for just half of that! Just 50c! Four bits! Yes, sir! Now, who's the first to buy one? Thanks, friend! And you, and you, and you. Yes, sir, it's—etc."

The same collar button—one at 25c with no buyers, and the other at 50c with plenty of buyers. The difference? One man was selling "price" and the other selling "performance."

**TAKE STOCK**

Am I satisfied with myself? If I am, I am most certainly in a bad way.

Are you satisfied with yourself? If so, we are both in a hopeless condition.

Self-satisfaction has done more to block a man's progress, even to wreck his career, than all other failings.

When the average man thinks he has "arrived," or reached the limit of his capacity, the chances are that he has not done more than make a good start—perhaps not even a good start, and on the wrong path at that.

Self-satisfaction is potentially a fatal frame of mind.

The man who kids himself into the belief that he is as much of a success as he ever will be would do well to have a heart to heart talk with some candid, courageous friend who will diagnose his case and show him wherein he might make himself about fifty-one per cent more valuable.

A man may be his own worst enemy—especially if he has erected in his own mind a blockade against further progress by deluding himself into the belief that he can do no better.—Rock Island Magazine.

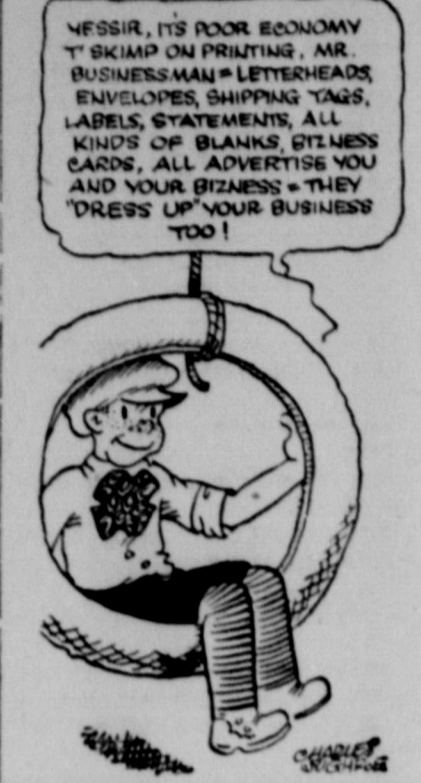
**PASSING THE BUCK**

Dr.—"Tell your wife not to worry about her rheumatism; it is only a sign of advancing years."

Timid Soul—"Would you mind telling her yourself, doctor?"

Mrs. Wallace Hutchinson and little daughter of Mukirk, Okla., visited the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Jordan, this week.

**MICKIE SAYS—**



**NEWSPAPER IDEALS**

Every newspaper publisher wants his newspaper to be the best. The difficulty is in the differences of opinion as to what would make his paper ideal, with this result:

"Cut out the crimes, the murders, the sensational divorce case reports," said the nice people.

"Cut out the accidents, the railway and steamship disasters," said the people who "couldn't bear" to read such things.

"Cut out the politics," said the old fashioned woman. "I don't understand it, and haven't time for it."

"Cut out the so-called funny pictures," said the careful mother.

"Such pictures are not funny, and they are bad, very bad, for the children."

"Cut out ponderous editorials," snapped the man who merely scans the headlines. "Nobody reads 'em nowadays."

"Cut out the woman's page," said the female with the strong mind. "It's mushy, trashy, trivial, and an insult to our sex."

"Cut out the sports and theatres," pleaded the preacher. "Both are pernicious influences, and both have received altogether too much notice."

"Cut out—" began another and still another, but the publisher beat them to it.

"Stop, all of you!" he cried. "On second thought, I have decided to cut out myself. It is no use trying to publish the ideal paper until I come across the ideal reader."—Exchange.

**Bentley Insurance Agency**  
Real Estate  
Loans and Insurance  
Phone 99 McLean, Texas

**A BANK WITH A FRIENDLY SERVICE**

Invaluable — among our resources — is a certain human quality that makes commercial relations with our bank a rare and gratifying experience. Business men of McLean have rewarded us with their loyalty for many, many years.

**THE AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK**

**OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS**  
Geo. W. Sitter, President  
F. H. Bourland, Vice President  
J. L. McMurtry, Vice Pres. Raymond L. Howard, Asst. Cashier  
John C. Haynes, Cashier Miss Nona Cousins, Secretary  
Wesley Knorpp, J. L. Hess, Mrs. Etna B. Clark, E. L. Sitter  
J. M. Carpenter

**DECENT**

How is this for a creed?  
I will be decent—not particularly pious or good nor superior—but just plain decent.

I don't like dirt.  
I don't like soiled clothes, nor muddy shoes, nor coarse speech.

I am not proper, nor fussy; I am decent.

I like clean things—a white table cloth, a clean plate, a tidy desk.

I like a man who sticks by his legal wife.

There are plenty of unclean and foul things and deeds and thoughts in this world of ours—but why cultivate them? Why not be decent?

I don't like dealers in scandal, ugly hints, "stab-in-the-back" gents.

I don't like anybody who talks about Uncle Sam. If he doesn't like this country, let him go to another.

Nor the fellow who is disloyal to his firm. Let him get out, then talk.

I like clean anger better than a grumpy frown.

I may be poor, but I can be clean. I may be ignorant, but I can be polite.

I may be wicked, but I don't know how to be coarse.

I can put up with almost anything but—dirt.

I will be decent.—Selected.

**SHE WANTED TO KNOW**

Irate Old Lady (at telegraph office)—"Well, if you're so smart and can send flowers, money and photographs by telegraph, young man, I'll be blessed if I can see why you can't telegraph an umbrella."

A well-known editor received the following letter from an ambitious writer:

"In the future I shall have no use for your publication. The manuscript I submitted to you recently was sent as a test. Pages 8 and 9 were fastened together at the edges. My story was returned with these pages unopened, which proved that you didn't take the trouble to read the story through."

The editor replied:  
"Dear Madam: When I am served an egg at breakfast, I do not have to eat the whole egg to find out that it is bad."

M. C. Franklin of Gorman, Calif., visited his brother, J. W. Franklin, this week.

**NOT ENOUGH IN THE FIRE**



First Politician—Does the senator put enough fire in his speeches?  
Second Politician—Oh, yes; but not enough speeches in the fire

**COULD BE**

Lincoln was remonstrating with General McClellan about the latter's military policy. During the talk, McClellan became angry and said, "Sir, do you think I'm a fool?" "Why, no," replied Lincoln. Then, with a dry smile, he added, "Of course, I may be mistaken."

**THE AWFUL TRUTH**

"You look fed up, old man."  
"Yes, I have had a tiring day. That office boy of mine came to me with the old gag about getting off to attend his grandmother's funeral, so just to teach him a lesson, I told him I would accompany him."  
"Was it a good game?"  
"Heavens, no. It was his grandmother's funeral."

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Wilson and baby of Pampa visited here Sunday.

Miss Geneva Russell of Papan was in town Saturday.

**NO FLOWERS**

Brevity is the soul of journalism. A budding journalist told never to use two words where one would do. He carried out his advice in his report of a fatal accident in the following manner: "John Jones struck a match and if there was any gasoline in the tank there was. Age 65."—The Christian Evangelist.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Lamm Perryton bought complete furniture for their new home from the Hodges Furniture Co.

Mrs. Ware of Stillwater, Okla., a guest in the R. S. Jordan home Saturday.

Miss Emma Fenton visited Pampa Thursday.

C. P. Hamilton Jr., was in town, Okla., Friday.

Bill Glass of Alanreed was in town Saturday.

Homer Wilson returns to News another year.

Cleaning, pressing, alterations Merle's Tailor Shop. Advertisers

**CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTS**  
25c

Tonic --- 25c  
Oil --- 15c

**Elite Barber Shop**  
**Acme Barber Shop**

**CLEANING AND PRESSING**

Send us your most delicate garments. Expert workmen and modern machinery. Satisfaction guaranteed. We call for and deliver. Phone 173

**Service Tailor Shop**

**Cotton Pickin' Time Finds Our Gin Ready**

**WE ARE READY TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR FALL GINNING NEEDS**

At this time we want to extend an invitation to every farmer in this territory to visit us and inspect our plant. We believe if you give us a trial, one test will convince you of the profitableness of having your ginning done here.

— Both Round and Square Bale —

A share of your ginning business will be appreciated.

**Service Gin Co.**  
D. A. Davis, Mgr.  
Phone 140  
McLean, Texas





**THE MAZAROFF MYSTERY**  
by J. S. Fletcher  
Illustrations by Irwin Myers  
W. N. U. Service  
by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

**SYNOPSIS**

**CHAPTER I**—Mervyn Holt, bachelor and veteran, is engaged, in London, to a girl named Sheila. He is a man of some means, and is on a short tour of the two put up at Woodcock Inn, on Marrasdale moor, near Eccleshare. There, Mazaroff, a man of some means, and later Mazaroff's wife, Mrs. Elphinstone, meet, casually. Mrs. Elphinstone tells Holt that they are his wife's father, who has long believed that Mazaroff's right name, he said, was Mazaroff. He had left her shortly after their marriage, and she had been unaware that Mazaroff had returned to the moor and there is no explanation of his disappearance.

**CHAPTER II**—Holt meets Miss Apperley, a girl who goes to her cousin's (Verner Courtchoppe) box, hoping to learn of Mazaroff's whereabouts. At Courtchoppe's is named Armistrade and a London doctor, Eccleshare. They know of Mazaroff. Police Sergeant Manners and a newspaper man, Brown, are also present. Mazaroff's body is found in "River's den." He has been carrying diamonds worth a sum, and was in the habit of displaying them incautiously. The diamonds, nor anything of value, were found on Mazaroff's body.

**CHAPTER III**—Mrs. Elphinstone at the idea that "Mazaroff" is dead, and produces apparent evidence of his death. Maythorne finds a gun at the scene of the murder, which she identifies as the property of Mazaroff. The diamonds, which had been stolen from Mazaroff, are found on her.

**CHAPTER IV**—Evidence at the inquest. Mazaroff was Merchison. He made a few days before his death, and left a large amount of money to Holt. Mazaroff had in his possession, and it is found, a shifless character named Mazaroff. From Mazaroff's will it is learned that Herman Kloop, a Londoner, has been a close friend of Mazaroff's in South Africa.

**CHAPTER V**—Kloop tells Crole that he had two remarkable diamonds in his possession. It is learned that he had offered to sell these to Lord Locke, and that Mazaroff had one of these stones and traded the other. Maythorne is his clerk, and she comes, as an investigator, Sheila comes, to Holt's rooms, in London. Maythorne is there.

**CHAPTER VI**—The girl has Merchison's missing will, which she has stolen from her mother. Her explanation is to link Mrs. Elphinstone with the murder. Maythorne produces a will, the object he had found at the scene of the murder. Sheila does not like it.

**CHAPTER VII**—Parslave is seen on street and followed to Eccleshare's. A watch is kept on the place, and Mrs. Elphinstone comes to London. The latter refuses to make any statement as to her possession of Mazaroff's diamonds. Armistrade explains he has two rare diamonds from "Mazaroff" at Marrasdale moor, and gives purchase price to Holt, as "Mazaroff's heir." This apparently ends Armistrade's connection with the affair.

**CHAPTER VIII**—Sergeant Manners, a Scotland Yard man, Corkerdale, Maythorne, Manners tells him he was seen, the night of the murder, with Eccleshare, near where Mazaroff's body was found. Eccleshare's explanations completely exonerate himself and Parslave. Both men, however, declare they saw Mrs. Elphinstone at the scene of the murder, that she spoke of leaving England, and, "When?"

He is not quite settled the exact time," replied Eccleshare. "I thought of the end of next week." "Better put it off a bit, doctor," suggested Corkerdale, quietly. "As far as I can see, your evidence will be good—and so will your man's." "I continued, "I suppose Parslave is a native of this place, Marrasdale? Just so—then he's very acquainted with the personal appearance of Mrs. Elphinstone?" "Known her a many years, sir—since she came to live at Marrasdale tower," replied Parslave. "You'd be in the habit of seeing her regularly, Parslave?" suggested the detective. "Most every day, sir—here and there." "And you've no doubt that it was Elphinstone you saw that night, going away from the place where Mazaroff's dead body was afterwards recovered?" "Not a doubt about that, sir! Take my solemn 'davy' 'twas Mrs. Elphinstone." "And you've no doubt either, doctor?" "Oh, you, of course, being, I am, a mere visitor to these parts, I don't know Mrs. Elphinstone so well." "I've no doubt," replied Eccleshare. "Though I was only a visitor, I know Mrs. Elphinstone well enough. My host, Mr. Courtchoppe, is her nephew. He, Mr. Armistrade, and myself dined at Marrasdale tower two or three times during my stay. I often saw Mrs. Elphinstone out on the moor, or in the village. I'm positive it was the woman Parslave and I were coming away that night from her den." "Corkerdale turned to Manners. "I think we'd better go round to the hotel," he remarked. "That's what I think," agreed Manners. "Can't be left there it is." "I'll all got up. There was a brief

silence. Crole was just going to say something when a knock came at the door. Eccleshare's housekeeper put her head inside. "There's a young man outside, sir, wants to know if Mr. Maythorne is here?" she said. "Come in a taxi, sir, with an old gentleman. The young man said—if Mr. Maythorne's here which his name is Pickles." "One of my clerks," muttered Maythorne. "Excuse me!" He hurried out—to return within a minute or two with Mr. Elphinstone. And, for the first time since the beginning of his acquaintanceship with him, Maythorne showed evidence of something close akin to excitement. "Here's a new development!" he exclaimed as he came into the room. "Mr. Elphinstone has been to my office and followed me here to tell me that Mrs. Elphinstone has disappeared!" We all turned on Mr. Elphinstone. He was shaken out of his usual dreaminess; he looked perturbed, dismayed, puzzled, wholly at a loss. Standing there a little within the doorway, blinking at us as if unable to make us out or reckon us up, he nodded automatically at Maythorne's announcement. But he was sufficiently master of himself to confirm it, in words. "Since last night!" he said. "Disappeared—completely! Most extraordinary—and unpleasant—and embarrassing—I really do not know what to think—or do!" Crole, who had given the two policemen a sharp glance on hearing the news, pushed a chair toward the newcomer. "Sit down, Mr. Elphinstone," he said. "Perhaps we can help you a bit. When did Mrs. Elphinstone disappear?" Mr. Elphinstone dropped into the chair, and looked round us again. "Just so!" he said. "The fact is, the whole thing is really most confusing. Last night, of course! We left Miss Apperley's flat and went to Short's hotel. We had dinner on our arrival, in our own private sitting room. It was some little time after that that Sheila came. She—" "Oh!—Miss Merchison came there, did she?" interrupted Maythorne. "Miss Merchison—Sheila—my step-daughter—yes. She came. She and her mother went into the adjoining bedroom—to talk. I heard them talking. I—I went away—downstairs, you know—I thought I'd smoke a cigar in the smoking room. I was down there perhaps an hour. I forgot myself with a man who turned out to be something of an archeologist—interesting conversation. Perhaps I was a little longer away. Then I went up to our rooms again. There was nobody there—nobody at all! I thought perhaps Mrs. Elphinstone and Sheila had gone into the drawing room, and I went there, but they were not to be seen. I waited some time. Then, as they didn't come, I made some inquiry. And I found—really most astonishing!—I found, from the hall porter, that Mrs. Elphinstone and Sheila, and Alison Murdoch had all gone out of the hotel some time before, evidently soon after I had gone down to the smoking room. And—" "Pardon me, Mr. Elphinstone," broke in Maythorne, "but—who is Alison Murdoch?" Mr. Elphinstone looked at his questioner pretty much as a man looks who wonders that anybody shouldn't know as much as himself. "Alison Murdoch?" he answered. "Oh, ah!—you're not a Marrasdale man, of course. Alison Murdoch is a sort of foster-sister of my wife's. Brought up together, as children, you know. Then at one time she was for many years my wife's maid—still acts in that capacity when we go traveling, as in this instance. But for some few years she has lived in a little house at Marrasdale—Birsides, really—on her own means—little competency, you know. An active woman, though—in the tourist season, for instance, she helps them at the Woodcock with their cooking—clever, bustling woman!" "And she went out last night with Mrs. Elphinstone and Miss Merchison?" asked Maythorne. "So I learned from the hall porter. He said that Mrs. Elphinstone and her maid—they know them both well enough at Short's for we are always up, all three of us, two or three times a year, and Miss Merchison, whom, of course, they also know well, all went out together about—I think he said half past nine." "Did he call a cab for them?" demanded Maythorne. "No—he said they turned to the left, down the street—walking," replied Mr. Elphinstone. "Dear me!—I really can't think why they should go walking at that hour of the evening!" "But the point is—did they, or any one of them, return?" inquired Crole. "None returned!" said Mr. Elphinstone. "I waited up till midnight—eventually I retired—very much puzzled. And—I was so fatigued I fell asleep at once, and slept soundly until morning. To my great amazement, I found that neither Mrs. Elphinstone nor Alison Murdoch had come back—nor Sheila, of course, I supposed to be at Miss Apperley's. So, after getting a little breakfast, I drove to Miss Apperley's, and just caught that young lady as she was leaving for her classes. To my still greater amazement she knew nothing whatever about Sheila. Sheila, she said, had suddenly remarked, after sitting in silence for a long time the previous evening, that she would go to Short's hotel and have things out with her mother, and had set off there and then—and had never returned! So," concluded Mr. Elphinstone, waving his silver mounted cane, "there it is! All three have vanished!—in London! I thought of Mr. Maythorne and went to his office—and was brought along

here to him. And I was going to ask you, Mr. Maythorne—do you think it possible they have been kidnaped?" No one laughed! Mr. Elphinstone's simplicity was too apparent. He was very grave, too, in his simplicity, and Crole was equally grave in replying to his ingenuous question. "No, Mr. Elphinstone, no, I don't think it possible for three women to be kidnaped, even in London," he answered. "I think you'll find that they went out on some business of their own, and that they had good reasons—again of their own!—for not returning. But let me ask you for a little more information—when your wife and her daughter went into the bedroom to talk in private, where was Alison Murdoch?" Mr. Elphinstone considered this for a moment. "Probably," he replied at last, "probably in the next room to that—a dressing room, which she used as a bedroom. We always have the same rooms when we stay at Short's. There's a sitting room, a bedroom, and a dressing room; Alison Murdoch always has the dressing room. I should say she'd be in there when my wife and Sheila went into the bedroom." "Did you find out from the hall porter if they took anything away

with them?" inquired Crole. "Any light baggage—anything of that sort. As if they, or one or other of them, meant to stay away for the night?" "I didn't inquire," replied Mr. Elphinstone. "But I'm sure they didn't. The hall porter—an intelligent man whom I've known for many years—told me this morning that his own opinion, when they went out was—well, in short, one that would never have occurred to me." (Continued next week)

Miss Jewel Shaw spent the week end with Mrs. W. P. Rogers on the ranch.

Mrs. H. F. Wingo and daughter of Hammon, Okla., visited in McLean last week.

Mrs. Vester Smith of Clarendon visited relatives here last week.

John C. Haynes visited in Hedley Sunday.

Geo. Thut of Lefors was in McLean Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Morse and little daughter visited relatives in Shamrock last week end.

Miss Doris Meek of Miami spent the week end with her sister, Mrs. Floyd Phillips.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hill visited in Pampa Friday.

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