

THE MCLEAN NEWS

The Oldest Newspaper in Gray County — — — The Paper That's Read First

McLean, Gray County, Texas, Thursday, December 26, 1935.

No. 52.

Watkins' Observe Golden Wedding Anniversary Here

One of the prettiest social affairs held this season was the golden wedding celebration held at the basement rooms of the First Presbyterian church Sunday afternoon, in honor of the fiftieth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Watkins.

The long line of guests was met at the door and presented with miniature golden wedding bells, and all signed the bride's book, and greeted the bride and groom before the program began.

The mock wedding principals were grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. Watkins.

Following is the program:

Song, "Because"—Mrs. Geo. Heinson.

Mendelson's Wedding March—Miss Ethel McCurdy.

Wedding participants: bride, Jean Watkins; bridesmaid, Donald Watkins; flower girl, Patay Jones; ring bearer, Bobby Watkins; minister, Albert Earle Jones.

Address—Rev. W. A. Erwin, minister First Presbyterian Church.

Rev. Erwin told of the hardships suffered by the pioneer settlers here that were shared by the Watkins family, and congratulated them on the good example set by their lives in this community.

Song, "The Day of Golden Promise"—Mrs. Geo. Heinson.

Musical reading, "Their Yesterdays"—Mrs. W. E. Bogan.

Cornet solo, "When You and I Were Young"—Donald Watkins.

Vocal duet, "Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet"—S. D. Shelburne and E. L. Sitter.

Cornet solo, "Love's Old Sweet Song"—Donald Watkins.

Accompanists—Miss Ethel McCurdy and Mrs. S. D. Shelburne.

Chas. A. Watkins and Miss Harriet Hodges were married at Jonesboro, Ill., in 1885, and moved to Texas, settling in the McLean community, in 1895. They have been identified with the community's interests every since.

Mr. and Mrs. Watkins made short talks of appreciation and the big wedding cake was cut and served with delicious punch to all present.

Many beautiful gifts suggestive of the occasion were on display.

Among those present were:

Children: Everett and Winfred Watkins of Borger, Alma Watkins Glass and Leona Watkins Sitter of McLean, Mabel Watkins Jones of Lubbock.

Grandchildren: C. A. Jr., Walter Charles, Harold, Donald, Jean and Bobby Watkins, Leonard Glass, Albert Earle and Patay Jones, Spencer, Dorothy and Frances Sitter.

Mrs. Leona Bell, Miss Alice Bell, Spencer Bell, Miss Ethel McCurdy, Courtney Kingsland, Mrs. Nell Hodges, Mr. and Mrs. Witt Springer, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Wharton, Mrs. Eva Rogers, Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Erwin, Miss Juanita Carpenter, Margaret, Ruth, Paris and Mary Hess, John Byrd Gull, Miss Texola Harlan, Mrs. Alma Turman, Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Story, Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Batson, Rev. and Mrs. S. R. Jones, Mrs. J. T. Glass, Mrs. J. C. Kingsland, Mrs. F. E. Hambright, Miss Marie Watt, Mrs. Joe Hindman, Mrs. D. M. Graham, Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Ballard, Mrs. Ella Crabtree, Gordon Wilson, Wanda Estes, Miss Mittle Jones, Mrs. J. B. Kibler, Miss Margaret Glass, Mrs. Tom Blake, Mrs. Sam Hodges, Mrs. S. W. Rice, Mrs. McDonald, Geo. W. Bean, Billy White, Mrs. Lizzie Miller, Mrs. Ella Cubine, Mrs. E. E. Watkins, Mrs. W. T. Watkins, Miss Frances Noel, James Noel, Mrs. Ruby Hall, Mrs. Willie Boyett, Mrs. W. T. Wilson, Mrs. R. S. Thompson, Miss Ruby Cook, Dr. L. M. Jones, W. A. Glass, E. L. Sitter.

Messrs. and Mesdames D. C. Carmer, Earl Stubblefield, J. L. Hess, and Gull, Chas. E. Cooke, J. M. Carpenter, Roy Campbell, J. E. Lynch, C. Colebank, D. E. Upham, C. S. Rice, W. W. Boyd, J. A. Sparks, Sherman White, W. B. Upham, R. S. Jordan, W. H. Robertson, Geo. W. Sitter, John B. Rice, Creed Bogan, Luther McCombs, C. A. Ostlin, Rish Phillips, T. J. Coffey, Leslie Jones, Kid McCoy, D. A. Davis, Travis Stokes, Geo. Heinson, T. A. Landers, Vester Smith, O. G. Stokely, W. E. Bogan, Jim Beck, D. N. Massay, John B. Vannoy, W. C. Cheney, K. E. Windom, J. S. Howard, J. A. Ashby, J. M. Noel, John Harris, J. W. Butler, Karl Estes, T. A. Mearns, Donald Neall, Allan Wilson, Leo Wilson, Arthur Erwin, Jess Kemp, Dewey Campbell, J. S. Morse, John Haynes, S. B. Morse, R. L. Appling, A. B. Christian, R. R. Rivers.

Children See Santa Land Show Last Friday

Hundreds of children and many grown people saw the Santa Claus Land show given by The McLean News, in cooperation with the American Theatre, last Friday.

The show gave actual pictures of the arctic regions, many parts of it being educational; however, the smaller children enjoyed the talk and antics of old Santa Claus more than the life in the frozen regions.

The show was free to all children under twelve, and only 15c to adults, making it possible for a great number to enjoy the show.

The picture began a day of furious Christmas activity, climaxed by a visit of old Santa himself, who arrived in an airplane and distributed gifts from a big tree erected on the vacant lots near the News office.

Boyd Meador, president of the chamber of commerce, met old Santa at the airfield and escorted him to the big Christmas tree, with the base piled high with fruit, nuts and candies for the children.

The McLean boy scouts assisted in preserving order in the big good-natured crowd gathered to see the fun.

The children were lined up for several blocks long before the expected arrival of the old saint, and the whole affair was one of the most enjoyable affairs of its kind ever held in Leans.

Music was furnished by the high school band directed by Prof. C. H. Leeds.

ONLY FOUR DAYS LEFT FOR BARGAIN

In only four more days the chance to get the home paper for just one-half price will have ended.

This offer will close at midnight, December 31. All bargain offers on daily papers will close at the same time.

It will pay anyone to take advantage of this offer now, as the paper is being furnished below the cost of production. Everything that is used in the newspaper business has advanced in price, and further advances are promised early in the new year. Newsprint is expected to advance \$10 per ton in January.

Right now is the time to subscribe. This is one time when it will be better to be safe than sorry.

The following are among those who took advantage of the bargain offer the past week: Herman Hunt, M. F. Corbin, Mrs. J. W. Kibler, H. R. Trimble, Jenkins Shaw, R. M. Gibson, W. L. Hancock, John B. Vannoy, W. E. Rainwater, J. W. Fulton, Hoses Biggers, A. R. McHaney, C. A. Myatt, E. G. Wood, L. A. Kalka, T. F. Phillips, J. W. Grogan, Mrs. H. C. Nelson, E. A. Dennis, C. J. Cash, J. R. Phillips, Mrs. Wheeler Poster, J. E. Susie Bidwell, Marje Fowler, J. E. Kirby, R. T. Dickinson, O. L. Tibbets, Kid McCoy, F. E. Hambright, T. A. Crockett, T. H. Andrews, J. L. Andrews, Mrs. Eva M. Rogers, J. F. Ledbetter.

Misses Juanita Wade and Moselle Glenn of Canyon are spending the holidays with home folks here.

Coach and Mrs. Bill Allen are visiting relatives in Amarillo during the holidays.

Miss Ima Jo McKinney of Dodsonville visited in the H. R. Trimble home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Dennis and little daughter visited in Shamrock Saturday.

Jason and Miss Nora Lee Morgan visited in Lubbock Saturday.

W. T. Lindsey of Pampa was in McLean Friday.

J. N. Bays of Fort Worth visited here over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Paige of Lefors spent the week end in McLean.

S. T. Greenwood of Alanreed was in McLean Saturday.

C. C. Bogan, W. F. Grant, D. C. Regal, Frank Bidwell, D. M. Davis, B. M. Folger, S. D. Shelburne, J. R. Glass, J. S. Davis, C. O. Greens, C. O. Myers, W. W. Shadid, Vernon Rice, R. L. Harlan, Rev. and Mrs. R. R. Rivers.

Fire Destroys Smith Bros. Gin Thursday Night

Fire destroyed the Smith Bros. gin in the south part of town, Thursday night of last week.

The fire had made such headway when the alarm was turned in that the firemen could do little to stop the destruction.

The fire smoldered in the wreckage for several days.

It is understood that insurance to cover about 30% of the loss was carried.

According to reports, the gin will be rebuilt before next season.

LARGE CROWD ENTERTAINED IN KING HOME

Mr. and Mrs. Harris King entertained the employees of the Texas Station Thursday evening with a dinner at their home.

A Christmas night scene in blue and silver furnished a beautiful setting. Christmas flowers decorated the rooms. In one corner blue lights shone on a silver tree, from which each person received a gift. In the dining room was a scene of lighted castles on a hill, with Santa Claus in his sleigh coming around the snow covered mountain.

Dinner was served at 7:30, followed by the centerpiece on the dining table was a beautiful mirror lake surrounded by snow and a reindeer drawn sleigh in which was old Santa. Around the lake were miniature Christmas trees and animals.

Dinner was served at 7:30, followed by a few hours of 42.

Those attending were Messrs. and Mesdames George Bailey, Kenneth Brodie, Chester Lander, Amos Williams, Booth Woods, Miss Wanda Ballock, Arnold Sharp, Dorothy Bailey, Martha Joyce and Frankie Sue King.

BANKER COOK WRITES

The News editor is in receipt of a letter from Reuben R. R. Cook, former McLean banker, now at Eastland, where he has liquidated the affairs of the Texas State Bank at that place.

Mr. Cook says he will be transferred to Abilene on a similar mission, after the first of the year.

Mr. Cook asked to be remembered to his friends at McLean, and sent a check to move his News subscription figures ahead.

BOYS CATCH BIG EAGLE

Ernest and Lloyd Erwin, who have been trapping on the Howard Hudgins land, caught a big eagle last week. The traps were set Monday, and they visited a trap Sunday that had been baited with half a jack rabbit, and found the eagle dead. The bird had a 6 1/2 foot wing spread. It was given to Peb Everett, Jr., who sent it to Amarillo to have it mounted.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Kinard and daughter, Miss Annie Belle, of Lubbock visited relatives here over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleo Edwards visited the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Edwards, at Lubbock during the holidays.

Mrs. A. A. Christian has returned from Amarillo, where she has been at the bedside of her daughter, Mrs. Carl Ince.

Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Reagor of Amarillo, LeRoy A. Landers of Dimmitt and Miss Fern Landers of Vega spent Christmas with relatives here.

Mrs. B. W. Johnson of Childress visited her daughter, Mrs. Harris King, Sunday.

Miss Valeta Barnes of Skellytown is spending the holidays with Miss Georgia Stratton.

Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Dickinson visited the lady's mother in Shamrock Christmas day.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Crooks of Amarillo visited the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Gergory, this week.

Clyde Magee and Kid McCoy, Jr., are spending the holidays in New Orleans.

Mrs. D. C. Regal of Amarillo visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Rice, during the holidays.

REHABILITATION OF CROPS IN GRAY COUNTY

According to A. Monroe of Wellington, county supervisor of the Re-settlement Administration, he expects to be in McLean on Friday, Jan. 3, to assist the farmers in the rehabilitation program.

Mr. Monroe says that tenants should have their landlords present so contracts can be made. Landlords do not have to sign waiver, except on the tenant's part of the crop.

Several kinds of loans with various conditions are offered, and interested persons should contact Mr. Monroe as early as possible.

CULTURE CLUB HOLDS CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

The Culture Club met on Dec. 12 at the home of Mrs. Harris King.

Roll call was answered by "How Christmas is kept in other lands."

Those assisting on the program were Mrs. Leeds, who gave the history of Christmas hymns and Mrs. Cook, who told a Christmas story.

The club joined in singing Christmas carols, and Mrs. King read "Why Doesn't Santa Come to Me?" Mrs. Lochridge and Mrs. Thomas sang "The Holy Babe," accompanied at the piano by Mrs. Floyd.

All members were present to receive gifts from a tree beautifully decorated with silver, and softly lighted in blue.

The club will not meet again until Jan. 9, at which time an opera program will be presented.

MCLEAN CONTRIBUTES TO ROGERS FUND

A contribution to the Will Rogers memorial fund was sent from McLean memorial fund, amounting to \$10, was sent from McLean Saturday.

The fund was raised under the local committee, Thurman Adkins, W. E. Bogan and T. A. Landers.

FIREMEN MEET AT GROOM

The district meeting of volunteer fire departments was held at Groom last week with the McLean department in charge of the program and registering 100%.

Ed Spann, city fire marshal of Amarillo, was the principal speaker.

There were 79 present as compared with 82 present at the last meeting in McLean.

COTTON REPORT

According to R. H. Wilson, special agent for Gray county, there were 1727 bales of cotton ginned here prior to Dec. 15, as compared with 1227 bales for the same time last year.

Mrs. Henry Hopkins and baby, accompanied by Mrs. Russell Giles and baby, were in Pampa Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Coffey, E. L. Sitter and Dr. Lear M. Jones attended the Kagawa services at Amarillo Sunday night.

Mrs. B. M. Stevens of Oklahoma City is visiting her mother, Mrs. C. E. Anderson, and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Morgan and son, Charles, are visiting relatives in Mannington, W. Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Giles and little daughter were in Pampa one night last week.

Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Stokely visited their daughter, Mrs. McDonald, in Pampa Christmas day.

Mrs. Jewel Cox of Shamrock visited her sister, Mrs. R. T. Dickinson, last week.

Mrs. J. C. Payne was in Shamrock Thursday.

Van Webb and mother of Miami were in McLean Friday.

Charlie Smith was in Shamrock on business last week.

Mrs. Jeannie Chapman of Alanreed was in McLean Friday.

Neil Jackson of Abilene is spending the holidays with home folks here.

J. T. McCarty and family are visiting relatives at Dallas during the holidays.

Mrs. W. J. Ball Dead; Funeral at Alanreed

Funeral services were held at the Alanreed Methodist Church Monday for Mrs. Eunice Adella Ball, wife of W. J. Ball, who died at Amarillo Saturday, Dec. 21, 1935, at the age of 69 years.

Services were conducted by Rev. W. B. Gilliam, pastor of the church, and Rev. S. T. Greenwood, Baptist minister. Burial in Alanreed cemetery.

Active pallbearers were J. T. Blakney, C. T. McMurry, Lovett Noble, E. B. Reeves, Foreman Stubbs and W. W. Whitsitt. Honorary pallbearers were: Mrs. J. T. Blakney, Mrs. Wilson Blakney, Mrs. C. T. McMurry, Mrs. W. W. Whitsitt, Mrs. E. B. Reeves, Mrs. May Moreman, Mrs. Foreman Stubbs, Mrs. Jeannie Chapman, Mrs. Enloe Crisp and Mrs. Harriet Greenwood.

Besides her husband, other survivors include: a son, Dr. Wm. L. Ball of Amarillo; two daughters, Mrs. Leona Anderson of Amarillo, and Miss Juanita Ball of Alanreed; three brothers, George and Chester Tallant of Oklahoma City, L. G. Tallant of Chattanooga, Tenn.; three sisters, Mrs. Grace Rutledge, Oklahoma City, Mrs. T. A. Millstead, Shawnee, Okla., and Mrs. Clara Standifer, Chattanooga, Tenn.

The deceased, with her husband, was a pioneer settler of this section. Mr. Ball being a pioneer merchant of Alanreed.

RADIO PROGRAM HONORS BILL ERWIN, SUNDAY

A program over WGN, Chicago, was given last Sunday afternoon honoring the late Bill Erwin, American ace flyer, and son of Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Erwin of McLean.

The current issue of an aviation magazine has a long article on Bill Erwin's exploits as a flyer. He was lost on the Dole flight to Hawaii and was never found.

Rev. Erwin contemplates a book of his famous son's life, in the near future.

HENRY BOY INJURED

Word has been received here that T. W. Henry, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Henry of New Mexico, former McLean resident, was run over by a car Sunday, both legs being broken.

The injured boy was taken to an Albuquerque hospital, and it was thought that one leg would have to be amputated.

Mrs. T. W. Henry of McLean, grandmother of the boy, left Tuesday for Albuquerque, accompanied by her son, William.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Davis and children visited the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Kellison, at Newlin during Christmas.

Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Erwin and Peb Everett, Jr., attended the Kagawa lecture at Amarillo Sunday evening.

L. C. Morgan visited relatives in Florida and West Virginia during the holidays.

Buell Ellison of Abilene is spending the holidays with his grandmother here.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris King were in Amarillo Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hindman visited at Vega last week.

Kelley Newman of Abilene is here for the holidays.

Mrs. T. N. Holloway and daughters were in Pampa one day last week.

Mrs. May Watson visited in Pampa one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bird were in Pampa one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Palmer of Alanreed were in McLean Thursday.

Mrs. C. S. Rice and daughter were in Pampa one day last week.

John Quattlebaum of Amarillo was in McLean last week on business.

Mrs. Ben Page was a Pampa visitor one day last week.

William E. Haynes of Las Vegas, Nevada, visited friends here this week.

Merchants and Others Greet Readers

(Editorial)

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

Everyone in McLean was given a chance to cooperate in giving expression of his good will toward his customers in this edition, and the results, despite the general conditions faced by all of us, have been most gratifying, proving the contention of the editor that home folks are not in business for profit only, but do think of their customers as neighbors and friends.

We all like to do business with firms who appreciate our business. We fight shy of the "take-it-or-leave-it" place just as we draw away from a cold, austere individual—and where there is a choice, and 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 in this issue of the home paper.

These advertisements are not calculated to bring business to merchants, but are solely expressions of gratefulness of the organizations of the town that can be appreciated by all of us.

The News receives many compliments on this edition every year, and while this year's edition does not compare favorably with other years in the number of pages used, yet you will find most every firm represented in a space of some size. We hope our readers will be thoughtful enough to thank their favorite merchant for his cooperation in helping keep up the morale of the community, by expressing his good will to us at this holiday season.

BOSWELL LIKES NEWS

G. C. Boswell, former McLean school superintendent, now dean of McMurry College, and chief exponent of Nerve, writes the following letter to The News:

Abilene, Texas, Dec. 21, 1935.

Mr. T. A. Landers,
Editor News,
McLean, Texas.

Dear Mr. Landers:

I am sending check for \$1.00 since this is the rate for The News in the McLean trade territory, and I believe in this case that Abilene is in the McLean trade territory. We enjoyed the paper so much that you sent us today. Mrs. Boswell said that I spend more for cigars in one week than The McLean News would cost for a year, so to keep peace in the family I am wanting it sent to us.

It makes me homesick to get the paper. I know the best and most progressive people anywhere to be found in your town. I notice where Bill made a speech but I did not see a word about D. A. I am wondering if he is keeping up with Lum and Abner since they are in politics.

Well, here's to the whole town good luck for the year 1936.

With kindest regards, I am,
Sincerely,
G. C. BOSWELL.

Just watch you expiration date, Mr. Boswell, and see if you get by with this.

Miss Lois Kirby of Wheeler is visiting home folks here during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Puckett visited in Sayre, Okla., Thursday.

Miss Margaret Hess of Lubbock is visiting home folks here.

D. V. Biggers of Alanreed was in McLean Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Clifton of Alanreed were in McLean Saturday.

Vick Back was in Amarillo Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. James of Denworth were in McLean Saturday.

Bill Salmons of Shamrock was in McLean Friday.

Christal Christian of Abilene is visiting home folks here.

O. W. Bogan of Abilene is home for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Dickinson of Shamrock visited in McLean Friday.



FLOYD GIBBONS

Adventurers' Club

Hello, Everybody!

"Maniac in School"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter.

SUPPOSE, for the sake of argument, that you had to choose between being confronted in a lonely spot by a ruthless, crafty murderer who hated you, or an armed irresponsible maniac who didn't even know you. Which would you choose?

Man fears the unknown and, not knowing the mental processes of a lunatic, I think I would prefer to go up against the known danger of the most cunning murderer. Don't you?

Mrs. Fannie M. Foot didn't have that choice, as this true adventure will show.

When Fannie was only sixteen, she taught in a little district school in the mountains of Vermont. The school-house stood in a lonely hollow at the foot of a towering mountain in a wild and isolated spot.

Ten pupils were in her charge, all young children who lived over the mountain. The children came to school in an old buckboard wagon pulled by a gentle old horse and driven by the oldest boy.

School-Marm Learns About Bears.

Fanny lived a mile from the school-house and walked morning and afternoon through the woods to her furnished room.

At noon children and the teacher ate their lunches from dinner pails by the side of the brook and laughed at stories of bears that ate up little Red Riding Hoods and Goldie Locks. "A bear won't hurt you," the mountain youngsters told their teacher from the city, "unless you pester him."

There was nothing in those wild woods, Fannie says, that frightened those nature loving kids and soon she began to feel the same way.

But one day, while the sun shone brightly overhead, something came out of the woods that sent the cold chills of horror and dread to the young teacher's heart.

Bears Weren't the Only Frights Around Here.

It was during the recess period after lunch. The children were romping and playing in the yard. Fannie sat at her desk preparing the next lesson.

Suddenly one of the girls rushed into the schoolhouse and pointed excitedly to the edge of the woods. Fannie glanced out and her heart, she says, came into her mouth.

A strange man stood staring at the children in a way that alarmed her.

Tattered rags draped his tall, powerful form and a shock of long, unkempt hair hung down on his shoulders. He was bare-footed and in his hand carried a heavy knotted club.

The man watched the children playing for a moment and then with a silly laugh bounded among them as though to join in their play. Despite his



Without a Word He Shuffled to an Empty Desk.

size he was as active as a cat. He giggled as the frightened children ran from him and swung his club wildly about him, just missing their little heads.

Fannie says that she could see at once that the man was either drunk or crazy. With fear clutching at her throat, she rang the school bell for the children.

And with them—marching as though he were one of the pupils—came the strange man!

Fannie didn't know what to do. She was trying hard not to show her fear to the pupils but a close view of the man, she says, simply terrified her.

Teaching "Book-Learnin'" to a Madman.

She could see now, by the wild light in his staring eyes, that he was not drunk. She had a maniac on her hands and prayed to God for strength to protect her charges.

The children went to their seats, their little faces pale and tense. The man stood looking about him in a dazed way. Without a word he shuffled to an empty desk and squeezed his huge bulk into it.

And then began the strangest class ever taught by a school-teacher!

Fannie realized that the ragged stranger's diseased mind had gone back to his school days. He clutched the club in his hand still, but sat staring at her like a little boy of six. The teacher decided to humor him and at the same time try to quiet the fears of her charges. She picked up a book and holding its pages with both hands to hide their trembling she read a story.

As she read, Fannie listened hopefully for the sound of horse's hoofs along the country road. If someone would only come. But no one did come.

At last it was time to go home. She dismissed the class as though nothing was wrong. The children hurried nervously for their wraps. And, as they did, the thing the teacher dreaded happened.

The insane man started to leave too! This would never do. The children above all, must be protected. Fannie never hesitated. She walked right up to the man's desk and pointed a stern finger at him.

"You must stay after school," she ordered.

Well, sir, it worked. The deluded man hung his head and the children, wasting no time, were soon rattling off.

Her charges were safe, but Fannie was now alone with a maniac!

Madman Proves Just One More Unruly Pupil.

She waited until the buckboard was out of earshot. Should she run and trust to her heels? No, the man could easily catch her. Better keep up the delusion of school days. The man's eyes still bored hers with that awful stare.

What if he should suddenly change and become violent? She pulled herself together and picking up a first reader walked right up to him.

"Here," she said sternly, "Go home now and study your lesson for tomorrow."

Mechanically the man took the book and stood up. He towered over Fannie and clutched his club. And then, by golly, he walked right out the door like a dutiful little boy and disappeared into the woods.

Wow! Fannie was fit to be tied by the time the mountaineers came and got her.

They took her home and then scoured the woods for the cause of it all. They didn't find the stranger for a whole month, Fannie says, and when they did, he was dead.

And in his rigid hand—clutched in death was the little first reader!

©—WNU Service.

Swiss Cow Bells Musical;

Play Notes of the Scale

Switzerland is noted for rugged scenery, Swiss cheese, cattle, and beautiful cow bells. From mountain top to mountain top, reverberating from peak to peak, echoing through green valleys, cow bells and yodels mingle in harmonious melody, says a writer in Hoard's Dairyman.

Swiss cow bells are a work of art as well as a necessity. They serve the practical purpose of keeping track of roaming herds in fenceless pastures. They are also a romantic tradition. Cow bells become wedding bells when given to the bride for a wedding present.

Made in many sizes, from a metal of secret formula that is handed down from one generation to another, Swiss cow bells are tuneful musical instruments playing different notes of the

scale with melodious effects and in perfect pitch. Mixing music and work is inherent among Swiss farm folks.

Artistic designs, dates, names, and pretty sentiments are hammered on the Swiss bells by special craftsmen. Bells vary in value according to size and design from \$8 to more than \$100 per bell.

Slaves Freed

Public Christian feeling, at a very early date, held that the freeing of one's slaves was a good method of expiating one's sins, and many so distinguished themselves, particularly in the Fourth and Fifth centuries. As late as the Thirteenth century, when slavery in France had practically ceased, on certain festivals a number of pigeons would be solemnly freed from captivity in commemoration of this ancient religious act of enfranchisement.

EVERYDAY NEW YORK

BY G. O. MCINTYRE

NEW YORK—Thoughts while strolling: Who remembers when a fellow could build up an estate for his family?

Skid on-a-banana-peel name: Yasha Bunchuk. And the name of the English author Warwick Deeping suggests an armored knight guarding the bridge over a castle moat.

Study in animation: Buff Cobb. Everything is "midnight blue" in men's evening dress. Anna May Wong always pivots the sidewalk crowds. A stiff sudden breeze and away would go Joe Weber. How Dave Stampler can pick 'em up and lay 'em down. Crack muffer wearer: Whitney Warren.

Top in salty ribaldry: Peter Arno. The town's No. 1 Laugh: A. Robin, the clown in "Jumbo." Add fellows who look all right in derbies: Roland Young, Major Bowes and Billy Seeman. The editor writers rarely see: Fulton Oursler. They're certainly stuffing George McManus with lunches and dinners.

Democracy 1935: The Marquis de Falaise de la Coudray receiving a commoner's greeting of "Hi Hank." Few ladies look so distinguished as the white-haired Mrs. Walter P. Chrysler. Or express the fragile beauty of Clare Booth Brokaw. Whatever became of money?

Those twins, Lady Furness and Gloria Vanderbilt, look as though they had just "shot the works" in a beauty parlor. You know, glossy, Title for a travesty on success articles: "Worthless Advice of a Failure." Girls holding up Gen. Hugh Johnson for autographs. Something about a soldier!

They buried Ralph Barton's brother Homer the other day. Long a player of small roles, he was one of those dependable actors who never achieved a spectacular role. But attained a contentment rare among stage folk. All his New York years he lived in a typical theatrical hotel hard-by the Palace but was little interested in the capers of Broadway. He was one of the town's most indefatigable explorers. There was scarcely an inch of the island he had not been overfoot. He knew it from the Battery to Spuyten Duyvil as few men of his time.

The so-called "Algonquin crowd" recently came in for this pot-shot fired by Time. In speaking of two volumes of the collected work of F. P. Adams the magazine observed: "... his association with the tight little group of egocentric characters... think they do New York's journalistic thinking."

Think is high in understatement. The boys know they do.

Harry Lehr was first of the dandies publicly to boast using perfume. He would exploit some new scent by dashing it plentifully on his "uffed kerchief and flirt it under the noses of ladies at dinner parties. Many thought it an additional gesture in his chronic boredom, but it was a publicity stroke for a Parisian perfumer. Incidentally, there are now 32 different perfumes, toilet waters and colognes designed especially for men.

The widow of Clare Briggs and her blonde daughter Clare II have purchased an estate in Virginia near that of the Percy Crosbys. The daughter has shown unusual talent for art, specializing in landscapes and the new home provides many satisfactory vistas for her brush. Mrs. Briggs also paints a little.

Zoe Beckley is farthest north among the clock athletes. She abhors them. To her every clock is a horological horror. She once fled a London hotel in the middle of a foggy night because of the hourly booming of Big Ben. In her Connecticut home the only time-piece she permits is in the kitchen. When traveling the first thing she does in reaching her hotel room is to order the clock, if any, removed.

Edgar Wallace or Wallace Eddinger—I'm always mixing them. Anyway one or the other as the story went, always carried a biscuit-sized hunting case watch that closed with a snap. The tick could be heard a foot away. It was a 21st birthday present and without it the owner simply felt lost. And could not sleep.

Few metropolitan characters express the egg-shell brittleness of those pitch men in shiny serge who hold their 'ally bazaar along the library wall. They have a philosophy and acerbity entirely their own. Today one, having worn himself to a whisper after a no-sale pitched, flipped his cigarette gutterward and observed to no one in particular: "All the choice rats are not in the sewers."

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Doubt as to Cloth

British archeologists are not agreed as to whether the Britons made cloth before the Romans came to the country, or whether animal skins were regularly worn.

Blouses Gain New Fashion Heights

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



They are worn without hats or with absurd little evening hats that are mere twists or dabs of silk tulle, silk lame or silk velvet.

For luncheon in a swank restaurant, for afternoon tea, there is nothing more flattering than a blouse of delectable silk satin, softly draped or shirred at the shoulders, with a new version of the high cowl neckline after the manner of the Schiaparelli model illustrated to the left below. This stunning silk satin blouse is it Kelly green.

The sheer silk blouse, new this season, is attracting favorable attention. It can be worn with a dark woolen or tweed suit or as a separate costume with a contrasting skirt. Silk chiffon and silk georgettes are the featured fabrics. Fine pleating or tucking, shirring around yokes or under necklines give such blouses softness and femininity.

The tailored blouse for sports wear or with a tailored suit is done in varied moods. There are youthful blouses of soft silk crepes in pastel colors, with simple club collars, and perky bows for trimming—correct for wear with plaid woolen skirts or with tweed suits. Then there are shirtwaist blouses of delicate silk crepe de chine, with jabots and frills trimmed with fine lace, perfect to wear with a perfectly tailored suit.

Colors are new this season, too. Gold and silver vie for favor in metallic. Strong blues and reds and greens are favorites in less formal blouses of satins and chiffons. The dusty pastels or strong vivid tones, both register for tailored blouses. Of course classic white is as important as ever. It is the rule for the blouse to provide the color accent for the ensemble, sounding the basic note of the costume, which makes it more than just a mere costume accessory.

© Western Newspaper Union.

BLACK AND WHITE IS SMART AS EVER

That, the Parisian black and white is just as smart as it ever was is proven by the winter collection of Chanel, who trims with white touches almost as lavishly as in the summer collection.

Outstanding is the sheer black wool, which looks like a silk crepe. The dress is in two pieces, with a shorter, straight skirt whose fullness comes from box pleats at the side seams. The top is high at the neck with a white band and crisp bow the similar to that worn by a man. The long sleeves are full above the elbow, and have white wrist cuffs. The bow tie at the neck is repeated at the front of the belt.

Full and Slim Silhouette Now Agree for Evening

Both the slim silhouette and the very full one appear in the evening mode. Mainbocher, the clever young man from Chicago, who has become one of the leading designers in Paris, favors slim frocks with all the fullness gathered in the back. For instance, a slim frock of black matelasse silk taffeta has a vast bustle that puffs out just below the low graceful V of the black décolletage. In contrast is a dress of plain black crepe done on very slim lines. The frock is worn with a black satia cape on which there are seen horizontal strips of monkey fur. A frock of purple-red and silver brocade has fullness only in the back. The fullness is held out with stiffened net.

Hats for Country Outfit

There is lots of choice for the hat which completes one's country outfit. The suede or chamouls can be matched in a beret trimmed with a bright quill, or the sweater and jacket lining can be matched with a soft, perky woolen hat, while still a third choice is a sports felt the same shade as the skirt and trimmed with a quill of the same color as the sweater and jacket lining.

Massive Jewelry

Bracelets and necklaces apparently have taken a tip from the barbaric splendor of Byzantine jewelry and appear in massive designs sometimes set with stones as large as bird's eggs. So large and blazing is the jewelry, which a number of designers display for wear with the frocks of Persian and Egyptian inspiration, that only one or two pieces can be worn at a time.

Black Supplants Pink

Black satin with a silvery brocade design, reputed to be scratchproof, is the latest material for foundation garments. On display in many Paris shops was a radical departure, white and flesh-colored undergarments. The newest are sleek, streamlined wisps of shimmering black satin and elastic.

Vanity News

Clothes may make the man, but make-up makes the woman. Make the eyes as dramatic as possible. Keep eyebrows faint and unobtrusive. Use rouge lightly to leave the emphasis on the eyes.

"Rag-Rug" Tweeds

New wools called "rag-rug" tweeds are being shown in Paris. They are woven with bits of multi-colored fabric among the threads, to resemble rag rugs.

Gold and Jewels

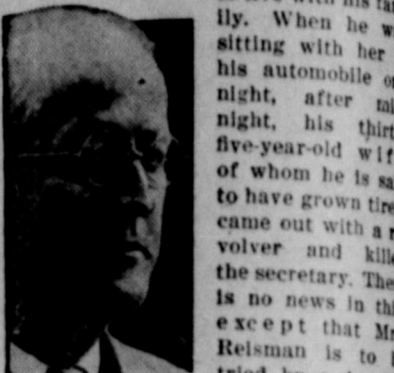
Day dresses this fall will be accented by embroideries, gold braiding, velvet trimming and jeweled ornaments.

BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

11 Husbands, 1 Bachelor
Fish at 12,000 Feet
Measuring Beauty
Homes and Automobiles

In New York Mr. Reisman took his young twenty-three-year-old secretary to live with his family.



Arthur Brisbane

When he was sitting with her in his automobile one night, after midnight, his thirty-five-year-old wife, of whom he is said to have grown tired, came out with a revolver and killed the secretary. There is no news in this, except that Mrs. Reisman is to be tried by a jury of 11 husbands and one bachelor. It would seem that one or two women might have been placed on the jury; if a man were tried by 11 wives and one spinster, he might complain. However, if all 11 husbands should read their consciences frankly they might make the best possible jury for the accused woman.

The highest navigable body of water on earth is Lake Titicaca, 12,000 feet above sea level, belonging to Bolivia and Peru.

Uncle Sam has agreed to send experts and show those countries how to stock the lake with fish.

Some physicist might answer this question:

"Will the fish be affected by the high altitude as human beings are affected, or would the fact that water (with its ball-bearing molecules) is not compressible keep the fish from knowing whether the atmospheric pressure is great or slight?"

An English professional beauty, Rosemary Andree, convinced that her figure is the world's most beautiful, is challenged by an American girl named Mardee Hoff. Miss Hoff's friends say her figure is better than any since the Venus Accroupie was cut out of marble. Mardee Hoff's figures might interest you: Age twenty-one; Titian hair; bust 34; hips, 36; waist, 24; thigh, 19½; ankle 8.

Nothing is said about what is back of the forehead, or the size of the head, but both are probably satisfactory. Science says, "Intelligence goes with beauty," and that is probably true, except when intelligence is spoiled by flattery.

You read with horror about the number of deaths by automobiles on highways, and then read with surprise the report that 34,500 persons were killed in their homes by accident last year, making the home about as dangerous as the highway. The real danger is carelessness. The fault is with human beings, not with automobiles.

Men that work in crowded rooms, travel in crowded trains, sleep with their windows closed, may learn something from the sad fate of vast schools of salmon crowding in to spawn. Their great numbers exhausted the oxygen in the water and they floated on the surface dead.

An ancient Jewish writer said: "The blood is the life." He might have added: "Oxygen is the life of the blood."

Children should be taught that from the cradle.

Members of congress are bothered by thousands of letters from advocates of the Townsend plan, asking:

"Will you vote to give everybody past sixty \$200 a month pension, or will you not?"

Doctor Townsend says many congressmen have promised to support the bill. You would ask: Have they told how to get the \$8,000,000,000 that the Townsend plan would cost every year?

The Republican party decides to hold its 1936 convention in Cleveland, casting 54 votes for Cleveland, 39 for Chicago and 6 for Kansas City. Each city had offered \$150,000 as its contribution to convention expenses. The delegates will spend more than that, and then there is the glory.

Republican delegates will see a beautiful city on a beautiful lake, and find themselves in a congenial Ohio atmosphere that has produced Presidents.

In Peking, Chinese students, young men and women, "stormed through the streets" demanding that China defy Japan and fight to prevent further seizure of Chinese territory. Many students were wounded, 10 killed. 29 Chinese girls in the front rank defied bullets.

Students shouting "Down with Japanese imperialism!" cannot do the work of airplanes, tanks and explosives. No use in shouting if you are not prepared for war.

Those who have doubted that this earth is round, including one colored clergyman in the South, who writes frequently on the subject, would be convinced by photographs of the earth taken in the stratosphere, 72,000 feet up. Forty thousand square miles of the earth's surface appear on the photograph as a section of the sphere.

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WHY I SHOULD SUBSCRIBE FOR MY HOME PAPER

There are a few things which every good citizen should make a point to do and be. He should be a member of and regular attendant at church. He should take a keen interest in all matters of public concern, particularly in schools. He should be prompt in paying taxes and should interest himself to know that the money he has paid for public purposes is wisely expended. He should make a study of the persons seeking office and should vote for the one best fitted for the position, regardless of his own personal likes and dislikes. He should so thoroughly inform himself on all public questions that his influence and his vote would be based on knowledge of conditions and of candidates. Summing up, he should be a good husband and father, a good neighbor and a good citizen.

And he should be a regular subscriber to his home paper.

Let us think the matter over and consider just what it is we buy when we pay for the home paper. We buy information concerning our friends at home and away from home. We buy the record of public happenings in the town and county, so that we are kept in touch with public affairs of interest. We buy information concerning the improvements going on in the towns and the country and thus keep posted on the progress and prosperity of the county in which we live. We learn (or should) in the advertising columns, what the merchants of the town have for sale and at what price. In short, the home paper is the distributing agent for information of all kinds and descriptions and contains matter of interest to every individual.

Now the newspaper is unlike any other kind of business in the world. Although it may be privately owned it is in fact a community institution. It is not merely the property of the publisher, but is, in fact, the representative of the entire community. It touches the life and the activities of every individual in the county. It prints the news of your birth, carries your name in the "honor roll" when you enter school, tells of your graduation from the grades into high school, and when you have finished high, records that you have gone on to college. It congratulates you when you are married and when your children are born. It sympathizes with you in sickness and disaster and rejoices with you when prosperity comes to abide with you. It mentions the names of your friends who have come to pay you a visit and tells of the improvements you are making on your property. It is a weekly letter from home to folks away from home.

All the way through life, from birth to death, the home newspaper is your friend and counselor. It is more than merely a record of the comings and the goings of the community; it tells how to make the hens lay more eggs and how to raise more corn and cotton on an acre of ground. Recipes inform you how to cook new forms of food and make old forms taste better. It instructs on the latest methods of canning and on how to build the best silo. It warns when the confidence man is abroad in the land and tells what the preacher is going to talk about next Lord's Day. And when death's cold hand the curtain draws, it tells at length of the good deeds of a lifetime and mercifully forgets the faults.

It is not possible for the home paper to compete with the big city daily. It would cease to be the home paper if it even tried. It is the home paper because it is "homey," because it tells me about my friends and neighbors and the people and things in which I am interested. And just as certainly as the city daily with its dozens of pages and its manifold articles (most of which hold little or no interest for me) has a place in public life, just that certainly does my home paper hold a place in the life of the community in which I live.

In order to be a success, in order that my home paper shall be able to measure up to its possibilities and its opportunities, it is entitled to and should receive my best support. I should be a constant subscriber and I should go out of my way to inform the editor any item of news which I feel would be of interest to the community. It is only by complete cooperation that an enterprise such as a country newspaper can give the degree of service to the community that is expected of it and which it strives to render.

When I subscribe for my home paper I am helping to build a bigger, a better and a broader future for myself, for my neighbor, and for my community, and am helping to promote the best interests of my town, my county and my state. In short, I am making an investment in the progress and prosperity of the community in which I live. And, as a good citizen, I consider this an obligation and a sacred duty.—O. O. F. in Terry County Herald.

ATHLETE BACKFIRE

The case of the star halfback who wants a college education has come up for discussion, due to the action of Southeastern Conference colleges in removing restrictions on the giving of financial aid to athletes.

This action is both simple and logical. Hereafter, an athlete in any of the 13 colleges comprising this conference can receive scholarship funds on the same basis as a non-athlete. And when the belligerent sports fans hiss his jowl out and demands, "And what's wrong with that?" the only possible answer is, "Not a thing in the world."

Not a thing in the world—except that it contains the seed of an injustice which is usually visited on the head of no one but the athlete himself.

Back of it, of course, is the simple fact that colleges are competing for football players. College authorities may let this, that, or the other scholastic department slip into sad disrepair, they may permit laboratories to go unequipped, and let their wisest professors go to other faculties; but if the football team falls below par and stays there, the authorities are immediately in hot water. So they go out after the athletes.

Consider all this, now, from the viewpoint of the high school lad who happens to be a fine football player. At the age of 17 or 18 he finds exalted educational institutions bidding for his services. He selects one of them, and finds himself a favored person.

His expenses are taken care of, his health is looked after, he is put in a way to make many friendships, and he is given the best possible instruction in his chosen game.

He has four pleasant years on the

campus, and if he is unusually good he can win nationwide fame.

But while all this is going on, does the college make an equal attempt to give him the education he is supposed to be getting? In all too many cases it does not.

The whole set-up tends to give him the idea that he is in college to play football, primarily, and only secondary to get an education. He is drilled ceaselessly in football; he is merely exposed to an education.

Sooner or later it ends, and he goes out into the world. What then? Unless he chooses to become a professional athlete—which is a sorry justification for a college career—he leads from the top of the heap to the bottom.

From being a hero, he becomes just another young man starting out to make a living, and he is likely to find himself less well equipped for it than his classmates who were not athletically inclined.

In other words his college experience is apt to do him as much harm as good and it is almost certain to do him less good than it should. He starts under a handicap; a handicap imposed by the very subsidization program that was supposed to benefit him.—Childress Index.

A GOOD RIDDANCE

The marble machines are gone... A good riddance.

A majority of them were an out and out lottery, most of them were against all fair business practices and they literally starved several families.

We have seen small children playing the machines, often spending the hard-earned money of their parents. Again, we have seen relief people who do not make enough money for a decent living "throwing away" money on the machines. Quite often this money would have gone to buy food or clothing—something the family was in sore need of.

"If only those who could afford to 'throw away' money played the machines, it would be different," said County Attorney Elmer East, who was instrumental in shutting down the machines here. "But the man or child who played them usually could not afford it."

"Usually, they reasoned, they could make a nickel or so and took the chance. And usually lost."

County Attorney East is right. He did an excellent job in closing down the machines. Let's help him keep them out.—Editorial in Childress Index.

HERE, ROVER, HERE!

"Please, miss," he called out, proud of his knowledge, "colle-flowerst!"

"Yes," the teacher explained, "quite a number of plants and flowers have the prefix 'dog.' For instance, the dog rose and the dog violet are well known. Can you name another?"

There was silence, then a happy look illuminated the face of a boy at the end of the class.

Mrs. J. I. Hall of Boise City, Okla., visited her sister, Mrs. Ella Cubine, last week.

Mrs. Enloe Crisp and Mrs. Robert Crisp of Alanreed were in McLean Saturday.

BEST WISHES

for the
NEW YEAR

C. J. CASH, Agent
Magnolia Petroleum Co.

Greetings

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 so, on the eve of a New Year, we extend to you our hearty wishes for a



CITY DRUG STORE
More than a Merchant
Witt Springer, Prop.

THANK YOU

for the nice business given us. We extend Best Wishes for a Happy New Year Hill's Ice Cream Co.



THE Remington Portable
Smallest Lightest Strongest

of any standard, four-row keyboard typewriter. Only 4 inches high in its carrying case. Carries its own desk. Takes long envelope. Paragraph key for indenting paragraphs. Moulded, Stream-line body. Several smart color combinations. Complete visibility of writing line. The typewriter for home, school and traveling use.

For Sale By
The McLean News

GREETINGS

We appreciate the business given us the past year, and want to assure you of our best wishes for a
HAPPY NEW YEAR
CREED BOGAN
Insurance

GREETINGS

and Best Wishes for the
NEW YEAR

We appreciate your business and wish for you a Happy and Prosperous 1936
D. M. DAVIS
FEED STORE

SEASON'S GREETINGS

It has been our pleasure to serve you through another year. We deeply appreciate the business relations, and have done our utmost to serve you in such a manner as will merit further business in the future. We wish to take this means of wishing each of you a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

BUTLER TIRE STORE

We Make Tires a Business, not a Side Line

WE APPRECIATE

the cooperation afforded us in our efforts for community betterment the past year, and extend to you the greetings of the season.

- W. E. Bogan, President
- W. W. Boyd, 1st Vice President
- Creed Bogan, 2nd Vice President
- W. B. Andrews, Lion Tamer
- T. N. Holloway, Secretary-Treasurer
- W. K. Wharton, Tall Twister
- Directors: T. A. Landers, Witt Springer, John W. Cooper
- Clifford Allison, W. S. Bacon, C. B. Batson, M. D. Bentley, Paul M. Bruce,
- H. W. Brooks, Jesse J. Cobb, C. A. Cryer, Cecil G. Goff, Boyd Meador,
- E. L. Sitter, Vester Smith, Lee Wilson



THE FEATHERHEADS



Metal Literature



CHOOSY THIEF

A milk thief can push a milkman too far and make him pretty mad, Fred Allen, in Flint, Mich., took the complaints of his customers...

SMATTER POP—Has His Appetite Spoiled Three to Five Times Daily!

By C. M. PAYNE



MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY

So That's The Trouble?



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin

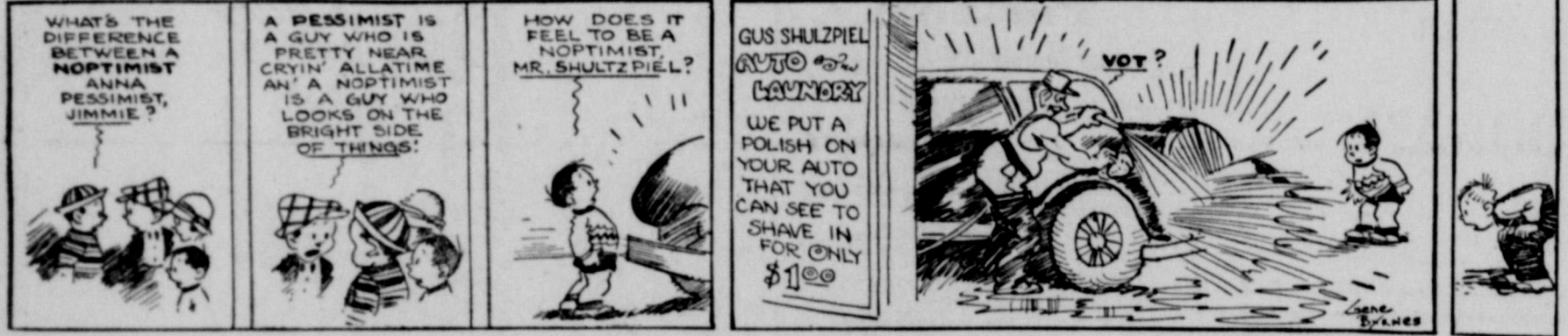
Lost in the Fog



"REG'LAR FELLERS"

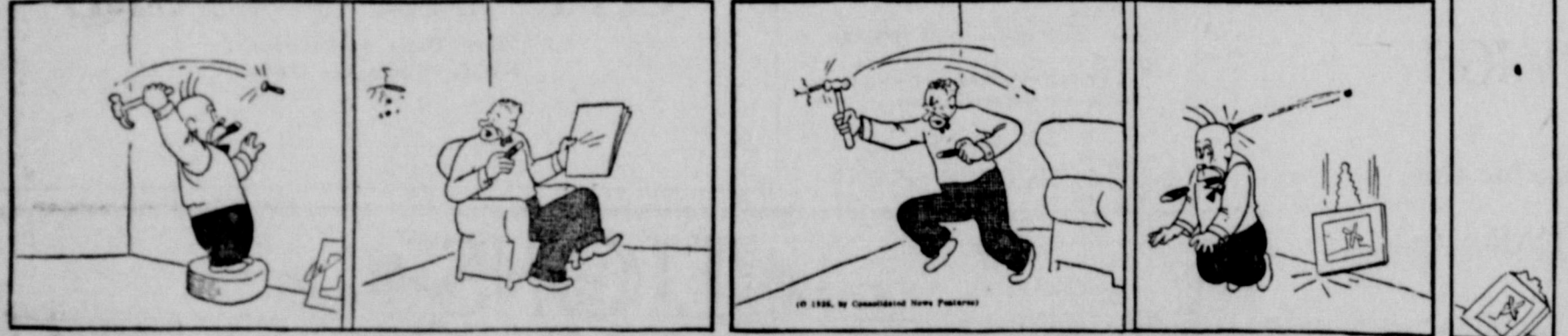
By Fred Harman

A Bright Remark



ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES Take Back Your Nail

By O. JACOBSSON



BRONC PEELER Close Call for Pete

By FRED HARMAN

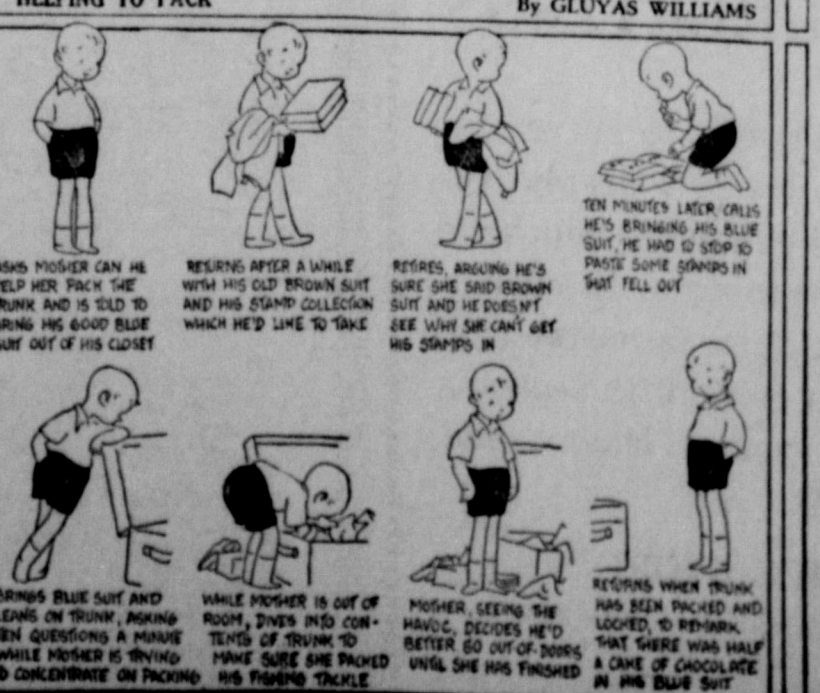


EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR - WRIGLEY'S SATISFIES



HELPING TO PACK

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



ONE WAY ONLY

Teacher was telling the class about the conquests of Alexander the Great. "When Alexander had conquered India," she said, "what do you think he did? Do you think he gave a great feast to celebrate his triumph? No he sat down and wept."

TOODLE-OO!



"Why didn't you return Charles' ring and presents?" "I regard them as spoils of war taken in my first engagement."

Quite Safe "Henry, dear," remarked the invalid's wife, "I'll have to run away for an hour or so. I've got the material for a new dress for the dressmaker."

Try Making Faces Minister—I do wish I could think of some way to make the congregation keep their eyes on me when I'm preaching such good sermons.

Vague Valuations "How much is land worth in Crimston Gulch?" "We can't tell," answered Bronco Bob. "There's nobody in the place with political nerve enough to assume responsibility as the assessor."

Vanity "Did you convince the gangster you arrested that crime doesn't pay?" "Easily," said the detective. "He asked for a photograph and said that art meant more to him than any profit motive."



A Little Too Good Jane—Elsie gets purple in the face every time anyone mentions that new boy friend she dated with. What's the matter? "Fayne—He told her he would take her out for a good time—and he took her to church.—Cincinnati Enquirer."

Weighing the Evidence "I sent my little boy for two pounds of plums and you only sent a pound and a half." "My scales are all right, madam. Have you weighed your little boy?"

The Vain Thing! "Yes," said the boastful young man, "my family can trace its ancestors back to William the Conqueror." "I suppose," remarked his friend, "you'll be telling us that your ancestors were in the Ark with Noah?" "Certainly not," said the other. "My people had a boat of their own."

Oil to the Bad Mother—Why are you crying, Henry? Henry—We were playing South pole explorers and I was the Eskimo and had to drink Earl's cod-liver oil!



Be sure to ask for a Ladies Birthday Almanac before they are all gone. At your nearest dealer's. Correct calculations and almanac facts for 1936. Weather forecasts. If the dealer's supply is exhausted before you get one, write to The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

No Need to Suffer "Morning Sickness"

"Morning sickness"—is caused by an acid condition. To avoid it, acid must be offset by alkalis—such as magnesia. Why Physicians Recommend Milnesia Wafers

These mint-flavored, candy-like wafers are pure milk of magnesia in solid form—the most pleasant way to take it. Each wafer is approximately equal to a full adult dose of liquid milk of magnesia.



He'll Reciprocate Brag about another man's good deeds. Somebody ought to do it for him.

Women Who Have Pains Try CARDUI Next Time!

On account of poor nourishment, many women suffer functional pains at certain times, and it is for these that Cardui is offered on the record of the safe relief it has brought and the good it has done in helping to overcome the cause of womanly discomfort.



FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists, Hiacox Chemical Works, Pathegoe, N. Y.

WANTED SEEDLING & SHELLS PECANS AND BLACK WALNUT MEATS. Wood City Nut Co., 1282 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo.

Rid Yourself of Kidney Poisons

Do you suffer burning, scanty or too frequent urination, backache, headache, dizziness, loss of energy, leg pains, swellings and puffiness under the eyes? Are you tired, nervous—feel all unstrung and don't know what is wrong?

DOAN'S PILLS

Household Hints

By Jean Mueller

Here is a suggestion for you table if you are going to have a New Year's party.

Place as many horns in a bowl, as you have guests. Just as you would a bunch of flowers. Place a flower in each one, and then tie a ribbon to each horn, and extend the ribbon to a guest's plate. The horn to be blown at the hour of twelve.

Use small five or ten cent horns, purchasable at any novelty store.

ITALIENNE FLANK STEAK

Here is a truly Italian meat dish that many of you will be glad to have.

Split the flank steak into three parts. Spread a little parsley, chopped fine, on top. Sprinkle with cheese and a little red pepper and a few raisins. Then roll up and tie.

Heat olive oil in a pan, fry meat until brown. Cut up about two small onions, fine, one small clove of garlic. Add one can Italian tomatoes, salt, and a few leaves of parsley. Cook over a slow fire. Serve on spaghetti.

BREAD PUDDING

1 1/2 slices bread (buttered).
2 eggs beaten slightly
1 quart milk
1/4 cup sugar
1/4 teaspoon vanilla

Pour mixture over the bread, which has been cut into pieces about an inch square. Shake a little cinnamon over the top.

Bake for half an hour.

POUND CAKE

1/2 cup butter
1 cup sugar
2 egg yolks
3/4 cup milk
About 1 1/2 cups flour

2 slightly rounding teaspoons baking powder
Almond flavoring, raisins and nuts
Pour boiling water on the raisins to wash them. Dry them well and flour.
Bake in a medium oven.

DO YOU KNOW THAT:

1. By sprinkling a little salt in the frying pan before placing fish in it to fry, it will not stick to the pan?
2. A tomato being sliced lengthwise will be firmer and less of the juice lost?
3. An excellent way to tell whether or not a cake is baked is to listen to it and if you can hear a bubbling noise in it, it is not done?

INDIRECT

"And now," asked the teacher, "will anyone give me an example of an indirect tax, please?"
"The dog tax," announced the pupil.
"Why do you term that an indirect tax?"
"Because the dog doesn't pay it."

W. W. Boyd was in Amarillo Saturday.

FAKE ADVERTISING

One of the easiest ways of getting money dishonestly is the advertising racket. Almost any business man will give money for almost any kind of a so-called advertising scheme that has a local accent. Directories, editions of sheets that have no circulation, restaurant boards, billboards that nobody reads, charts of various kinds, calendars, any kind of church sheets, church fans, bills-of-fare, and dozens of other tricks that have no advertising value at all. Any of these are easy to sell to the business man who feels blackmailed and intimidated into patronizing the scheme—not because he thinks it is good advertising, but because he feels that the local institution may need the money.

Why is it that fake advertising is so easy to sell? Simply because the local newspaper has labored so many years to give the word "advertising" a good name. Because the home paper is really and truly a good advertising medium, made so by the years of labor by the publisher, the merchants feel that they owe something more for advertising than they have paid the local paper, and therefore are liberal spenders for any kind of a scheme that is called advertising.—Archbold (Ohio) Buckeye.

WHEN MEN ACHIEVE

"We all have a tendency to collect slogans and catch words which, if we are not careful, may become more or less meaningless. 'Achievement' is a high-powered word but if it becomes ambition without attainment it will be just so much excess weight. If by achievement we mean belonging to a club without a plan or a program there will be little gained. If we mean by achievement the winning of blue ribbons in competition with others there will be some value in our effort and activity. If by achievement we mean the learning of correct processes and practices, the value will be still greater. But if by achievement we mean the gaining of useful information which one can use in later life, and learning how to work with

other folks in the community and the training of ourselves for lives of greater usefulness and for positions of greater responsibility, our project will be of very great value"—Chris. L. Christensen in the University of Wisconsin Press Bulletin.

House Buyer—"Look here, you swindler, when you sold me that house for \$5,000 you vowed to me that in three months I wouldn't part with it for \$10,000.

Real Estate Agent—"Yes, that's exactly what I said. You haven't parted with it, have you?"

Vester Smith was in Amarillo Saturday.

PERFECT

"I envy the man who sang the tenor solo."
"Really? I thought he had a very poor voice."
"So did I, but just think of his nerve!"

American cigarettes cost just half as much in China as they do in North Carolina where they are made.

Four-wheel brakes on a car don't save the fellow who has no brakes on the wheels in his head.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Willis of El Paso were visitors here last Friday.

Uncle Sam orders rouge, eyebrow pencils, mascara, cold cream and powder puffs for WPA theatrical performers.

News advertising pays.

BEST WISHES
for a
Happy New Year

AMARILLO
GREENHOUSE

Amarillo, Texas

HAPPY
NEW YEAR

Landers Shoe Shop
Reep Landers, Prop.
On Same Street as P. O.

Friendship
in Business
Counts for Much
AND WE ARE
GRATEFUL FOR YOURS

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 favored and we are striving to be more and more worthy of this confidence and trust.

We extend to you the compliments of the season.

Farmers Gin

J. E. Lynch, Mgr.

A Happy New Year
from
McLean Public Schools

1. Offers live, wide-awake course in both ward and high schools.
2. On Southern Accredited List of Secondary Schools and Colleges.
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 to have personal supervision by teachers.

BOARD OF EDUCATION

J. E. Lynch, President
Sammie Cubine, Secretary
A. B. Christian D. C. Carpenter Dr. H. W. Finley C. A. Cryer, Superintendent
Geo. Colebank H. W. Brooks

Season's Greetings

The city officials are glad to join others in expressing best wishes of the season. We appreciate the cooperation 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.

D. A. Davis, Mayor
W. E. Bogan, Secretary
E. J. Lander, M. T. Wilkerson, J. M. Carpenter
Lee Wilson, Dr. C. B. Batson, Aldermen
J. A. Sparks, Marshal Pete Fulbright, Water Supt.

Appreciation

AND

Best Wishes

We want to express appreciation to our friends and customers who have helped us maintain our standard of service to the motoring public; a service in keeping with the high quality of the Chevrolet car, the supreme value in the low priced field.

We extend greetings of the season and hope that the New Year will bring better times for all of us.

Cooke Chevrolet Co.

Sales



Service

S. S. LESSON

By Rev. Cecil G. Goff
Pastor First Baptist Church

**REVIEW
SIGNIFICANCE OF THE EXILE
AND RESTORATION**

Lesson texts Isaiah 53:5; Jeremiah 1:7, 7:23; Proverbs 20:1, 14:34; Rom. 14:12; Psalms 126:3, 122:1, 119:11, 103:17; Ezra 8:22; Nehemiah 4:6; Malachi 3:1.

Golden text. "The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto children's children." Psalms 103:17.

We come for this lesson to the last one of this series. We have studied for many lessons now the period of Hebrew exile and restoration. We turn now to take a retrospective view of this period, and compare it to our own modern situation. It is in this type of study that we find the lessons to be applied in our own lives and to govern our relationships to our fellowmen and government.

The lesson text for this lesson is made up of the golden texts for the quarter. They are noted above. There are three of the group upon which we shall spend this brief word for this week. The first is found in Prov. 14:34: "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproof to any people." Had the children of Israel kept this scripture in practice in their own lives there would never have been an exile. There are none of us that do not recognize that fact. Then why are we not keeping it as a practice in our own lives and as a material principle in the life of our nation? The righteousness or sin of a nation ascends before God, not as a great act of a government so to speak, but it rises to the face of God as a result of the aggregation of the individual thought and action of the separate people that make up that nation. A government, especially a democracy such as ours is more or less the will of the people. That will shows our thoughts, beliefs and actions.

The key to this situation is found in this question: "Who is it that shall set the standard of righteousness?" Righteousness is the doing of that which is right. But what is the measuring stick by which we shall judge whether a thing is right or not? If a thing is not right, it is wrong. That which is wrong is sin, in one form or another. We in these modern days have made the same mistake as the people of old made. We have felt that our government, our thinkers, politicians, promoters, universities, educators, have the right to either set up or discover new standards of right whereby we may find righteous ways of living. This is not true. God is the only one who is completely righteous, and is able to set a standard of right. Yet many of the aforesaid agencies have read God completely out of the modern standards of living. Others feel that there are two standards. One for a man's religious life and the other to make a living on or to operate his corporation on. This is again false. There is but one standard. God made it and no man has a right to attempt

to alter it, for it is unalterable. Likely far less than ten per cent of the citizens of our nation recognize the unalterable, unchangeable, everlasting standard of right created by God. This standard is found in God's Word alone.

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whoever is deceived thereby is not wise." One statement here is sufficient. Any person who votes for the legalization of liquor in any form, condones its licensed sale for any beverage purposes, is lenient in the least with any person violating liquor restriction laws, or uses it in any way, is placing his approval upon the starvation and freezing and deformity and suffering of drunkards' children, and is partly responsible for each individual situation of suffering. Is it any wonder that the wise man of God said such a person is not wise—and the word wise as used here in the Hebrew carries a more grave condition of the mind than the word wise signifies in modern usage.

"With His stripes are we healed." Isaiah 53:5. Who has seen a perfect man? God says, "There are none righteous, no not one." But Christ us. By His stripes, sufferings, are we came to be made righteousness for healed from our iniquities. It is of Christ that God said—"whosoever believeth on Him shall have eternal life." and it is of Him that God said those of us who believe on Him are not condemned, but those who believe not are condemned already because they have not believed on Him. Theories will do no good. Christ and His teachings alone are the salvation of mankind and nations. We cannot evade it. In doing His will in following His commands alone in daily walks of life, will men be found doing

right. We have no right to set our own standard, God has set one for us in Christ. By the flow of blood from His broken body are we healed in everlasting salvation.

SHOULD LOVE COUNTRY EDITOR

The editor of the Tonganoxie (Kan.) Mirror recently wrote in his weekly newspaper that for better than twenty years he has watched the world go by, through the windows of country-town print shops.

"The things one sees from this vantage point would fill many books, and what one writes in that time would fill an average library. Country editors rarely get rich, but they have a mighty interesting time."

Commenting on the Kansas editor's philosophy, the Kansas City Star assails one point by mentioning that what the country editor does not print would fill several libraries. The Star's commentator goes on to state that residents of the smaller communities should love their country editors for what they do not write rather than for what they write. Country editors discard a lot of what they see and hear, and print what they believe their people would "like" to read about themselves, says the

Star. It is a glowing tribute the Star pays the rural press, and we believe it is not overdone. The only thing that may be overdone about the tribute is the title for the editorial, which reads, "Country Editor Deserves a Halo." That is a matter for someone else to decide, but we are pleased the Star feels that way about it.—Canadian Record.

Mr and Mrs. W. W. Boyd visited the former's parents at Henrietta during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherman White and son of Pampa visited relatives here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Lester and baby visited the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Kinard, at Lubbock this week.

Witt Springer and Paul Dowell made a business trip to Dallas Friday.

Mrs. Dewey Campbell and son visited relatives at Lubbock during the holidays.

Miss Florence Merriman of Wheeler spent Saturday night with Miss Georgia Stratton.

Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Upham visited at White Deer Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Newt Barker visited the former's parents at Seymour week.

Miss Jewel Shaw of Pampa visited home folks here over the week.

**GREETINGS
and Best Wishes**

for a Happy
New Year

E. L. PEIRCE

GREETINGS

and every good wish
for a
Happy New Year

**CALHOUN &
WILLIAMS**

Amarillo - - - Texas

Greetings

It has been our privilege to serve the people of this community for many years, and it is not in the sense of custom, but with a genuine appreciation of our pleasant association during the years, that we express the hope for a continuance of the same, and extend to you our best wishes for a

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Cicero Smith Lbr. Co.

W. T. Wilson, Manager

**Compliments
of the Season**

We trust the coming year will bring
forth better business relations in
Happiness and Prosperity.

**McLean
Chamber of Commerce**

Boyd Meador, Pres. Witt Springer, Vice Pres.
W. E. Bogan, Sec. Thurman Adkins, Treas.
Jesse J. Cobb, C. O. Greene, M. T. Wilkerson
W. K. Wharton, E. L. Sitter, C. A. Cryer, Directors

**Season's
Greetings**

Come Worship with Us

Church of Christ

W. B. Andrews, Minister

**Wishing You a
Happy New Year**

We extend our heartiest wishes for a very
Happy and Prosperous New Year.
We assure you of our sincere appreciation
of the cordial relations which have
existed between us during the
past year, and of our earnest
efforts to the end that
the same friendship and
good will may be
continued throughout the
coming year.

American National Bank

SERMONETTE

By Rev. Stephen M. Tuhy
Lutheran Pastor, Oviedo, Fla.

Vol. 2 No. 50

Text: "And on earth peace
good will toward men." -
Luke 2:14

PEACE ON EARTH

When the words of the angel, "and on earth peace, good will toward men," are sung, preached and discussed at this time of the year we often hear sneering denunciations of the sanity of such a statement and the futility of its probability. "How can these words of peace and good will be truthful," we hear, "when more money was spent for armaments during the seventeen years after the World War, the war to end war, than during the seventeen year period before the world-butcherer spectacle?"

As we glide over the globe with news reporters we cannot help but shudder at the gathering black clouds of unrest, animosity, and war on the world's horizon. Why is it, that this war-weary world still stands for such butchering mania and poisonous anesthesia of war? Is it because the news of the heavenly messenger were not truthful? Did the angel really mean, "and on earth peace," in spite of the surly of sin? Are the bloody horrors of war—the perverted bravado of medal-wearing enthusiasts, the loss of sight and limbs, the broken hearts sobbing for sons and husbands who failed to return—an answer to this "peace" message?

Not Contrary to the expectations of those who think that "war will disappear of its own weight," the past and present wars do not disprove the meaning of the heavenly message: "Peace on earth!"

This message was delivered to mankind for mankind, without exception. This "peace" primarily refers to spiritual peace. Who can deny the truthfulness of the inspired words? Did we not receive peace of soul by Christ's coming in the flesh? Did we not receive forgiveness of all sins by Christ's vicarious atonement? The horrors of war are a mere scratch when compared with the horrible gashes of sin, hell and eternal damnation.

"Peace on earth." The Babe of Bethlehem, the Prince of Peace, has brought us the desired spiritual peace. Are we really thankful for this spiritual gift? Or must our Lord Jesus be ashamed of our unthankful attitude to Him for this peace?

Where there is spiritual peace, world peace will follow. Why not? The peace-less condition of this world of ours is due to sin. We must blame ourselves and not God for this deplorable condition. The fact that there is no world peace reveals to us that many are still ungrateful to the Christmas Child who brought spiritual peace in person. It also shows that there is little faith in this bullet and bomb filled world.

Are you among the faithful? Are you a good spiritual soldier of Christ? Whoever accepts the spiritual peace offered by Christ Jesus will really enjoy it, for it is the kind of peace that the world cannot offer. Let us accept this Christmas benediction coming from God Himself; live according to the principle which He has

All Over, But—



set forth; and then we shall experience both spiritual and temporal peace.

(This Sermonette was also published in The Courier of the Slovak Luther League).

LET'S BE FAIR

"Your son is a college graduate, isn't he?" asked the stranger.
"Yes," confessed the honest farmer, "but in justice to the college, I'll have to admit he didn't have no sense beforehand."

Rastus and Miranda were strolling through the cemetery, when Miranda called to Rastus, "Oh Lordy! come here see what that says! 'Not dead, but sleeping!'"

Rastus—"Sleep on, big boy, you ain't fooling nobody but yourself."

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Kibler and children of Oklahoma City are visiting Mrs. J. W. Kibler and Mrs. J. T. Glass during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Gray and daughter, Thelma Jo, accompanied by Jessie Mae Lynch, were in Amarillo Saturday.

Mrs. Walter Taylor and daughters, Miss Irene McCoy of Lubbock and Mrs. Maurice Snell and daughter of Lamesa came Sunday to spend Christmas with their parents and grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Gray.

Miss Clara Pearl Gatlin of Pampa visited home folks here last week end.

Bruce Graham of Roswell, N. M. is spending the holidays with home folks here.

Mr. and Mrs. Gene Davis of Phoenix Ariz. are visiting the lady's mother, Mrs. Ollie Ayer, during the holidays.

Mrs. Roger Powers visited home folks at Byers last week end.

Jack Bailey and family Bill Bailey and family visited at Hedley Sunday.

THANK YOU

for the nice business given us since our opening in McLean. We extend best wishes for the New Year.

MILLER PRODUCE

WE THANK YOU

for your patronage the past year and extend

Best Wishes for a
HAPPY NEW YEAR

**BROOKS SERVICE TAILORS
AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS**

H. W. Brooks, Prop.

**WE EXTEND TO YOU
THE SEASON'S
GREETINGS —**

**A MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A
HAPPY NEW YEAR**

**Southwestern
PUBLIC SERVICE
Company**

With the Churches

CHURCH OF CHRIST

W. B. Andrews, Minister
Bible study begins at 10 Sunday morning, preaching at 11. The sermon subject will be "New Paths." Young people meet at 6 p. m., preaching at 7.
Bible study at 7:30 Wednesday.
Ladies' meeting Thursday at 3.
Men's meeting Thursday at 7:30.
Let's be ready to start the new year right.

CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE

E. L. Bonine, Pastor
Sunday school 10 a. m.
Preaching 11 a. m. Subject, "What Is It All About?"
Evening services: N. Y. P. S. 6:30, evangelistic service 7:15. Subject, "The Close of the Year," heart to heart talk by pastor.

Carl Carpenter made a business trip to Amarillo Thursday.

Mrs. John Hildreth and Mrs. T. R. Garrett visited in Pampa Saturday.

Mrs. Bill Kelley and daughter of San Angelo are spending the holidays with Mrs. Kelley's parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Gray.

Some people get an education late in life, and others have no children to bring them home-work.

She—"How old is Professor Bolling?"
He—"Quite old, I imagine. They say he used to teach Caesar."

Mrs. E. J. Windom, Mrs. H. R. Trimble and Mrs. R. Garrett were in Pampa one day last week.

Charles Ashby of Lubbock is spending the holidays at his home here.

BEST WISHES

for a
Happy New Year

**HIBLER'S DAIRY
Grade "A" Milk**

WE APPRECIATE

the nice business given us the past year and extend greetings of the season with best wishes for the New Year.

ELECTRIC ICE CO.

M. T. Wilkerson, Mgr.

LAST CALL!

to get your Home Paper a full year at

1/2 PRICE

This offer closes at midnight

DECEMBER 31, 1935

DON'T DELAY!

hand or mail us your subscription today!

The price goes back to \$2.00 per year, after this deadline. You might as well save the extra dollar.

This offer applies only to the McLean trade territory.

Bargain rates on daily papers also close at the same time.

Let us save you money.

THE McLEAN NEWS

The Paper That's Read First

Best Wishes

It is our sincere wish that the
New Year

may come to you like a treasure ship
of old — laden with all the
precious things of life that make
for your

Happiness and Prosperity

**LANDERS BEAUTY
SHOPPE**

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

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

MEMBER

National Editorial Association
Texas Press Association
Panhandle Press Association

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

Resolutions, obituaries, cards of thanks, and items of like nature charged for at line rates.

Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation, which may appear in the columns of this paper, will be gladly corrected upon due notice of same being given to the editor personally, at the office at 210 Main Street, McLean, Texas.

The man who does not need to advertise, is the man that does a credit business.

The News force appreciates all who cooperated in giving us early copy for this edition, for it would not have been possible to publish on time, otherwise.

It is strange how we sometimes let the animosity of one person disturb at times, when there are millions who have never said an unkind thing about us.

The News sold more printed Christmas cards this year than ever before, which may be taken as a hopeful sign, or may not. However, we ran out of cards the last two days and had to disappoint several customers.

Maybe we have been wrong all this time. We have been waiting for prosperity to come around the corner, when we should have gone around the corner from this side to meet it.

The day after Christmas with the New Year just ahead should fill one with the joy of living. The uncertainty of life, with the promise of better things is what gives it zest, and whatever resolutions we may have in mind for the New Year, they should help us to better living.

The drunken car driver has become public enemy No. 1, and we are reminded of the old days when medical science insisted that when a man was "one dram drunk" his mental processes were slowed to an extent that he was uncertain in emergencies.

Several years ago a movement was begun among church folks to discourage the use of the abbreviation Xmas for Christmas, and the result of their efforts were very apparent this year, as we saw the word very seldom in print. The News has not used the abbreviation in the news columns for over 15 years.

We have never heard a Christmas sermon that explained the fact that homes in those days had stables adjoining and forming a part of the house, as they do in some countries even today. The fact that the parents of the Christ Child were in that part of the house probably occasioned no comment at that time, for it was a common practice when the house was crowded with visitors.

The best part of gardening can be carried on right now. A dime invested in postal cards and mailed for catalogs will give anyone enough material to make garden plans for several evenings.

Nursery stocks are low all over the country and early orders are indicated. Now is a good time to plant evergreens, while you can enjoy them all winter, and they will be in better shape to grow in the spring.

Wise and Otherwise

STRENUOUS

"Gosh, bo, I sure am overworked these days."
"What are you doing, bo?"
"Oh, this and that."
"When?"
"Now and then."
"Where?"
"Here and there."
"Well, you sure do need a vacation."

SCHOOL DAZE

Teacher—"Johnny, what does six and four equal?"
Johnny after some thought—"Eleven."
"No, guess again."
"Twelve."
"No. Why don't you try ten?"
"Aw, that ain't right. Five and five is ten."

SPEAKING OUT OF TURN

"I told my wife straight up and down she couldn't henpeck me anymore."
"Bravo! Now you can hold your head up."
"Yes, but it's still pretty sore and bruised."

NO USE

Patsy—"You say you want to reduce? Why don't you try golf?"
Fatsy—"I tried that once, but it's no good. When I put the ball where I can see it I can't hit it, and when I put it where I can hit it I can't see it."

ALL'S WELL

He—"Honey, would you love me just as much if I told you I was broke?"
She—"You aren't, are you?"
He—"No."
She—"Certainly I would, darling."
Wife—"You dare make fun of me? Why, listen, you've got the face of a baboon."
Homely Husband—"Yeah? Well, at least I haven't got the brain of one."
Wife—"I'll say you haven't!"

"Do you know the difference between a fellow like you and Lawrence here?"
"I haven't any idea."
"No, and Lawrence has lots of them!"

He (after being turned down)—
"I'm not worrying; there's a lot more fish in the sea."
She—"Yes, and if nobody's got a better line than you have they'll all stay there."

"Is your husband careful about crossing streets?"
"Yes, he never crosses until he's sure none of his creditors are on the other side."

"Now that we're engaged, dear, how do you think I'll strike your mother?"
"Oh, Victor, won't you wait until we're married, at least?"

"There's a lot of electricity in my hair."
"Sure. It's connected to a dry cell."

"Do you believe in evolution?"
"No, sir. Where I came from doesn't bother me. It's where I'm going."

Mus—"What purpose does that bridge serve on your violin?"
Jean—"Oh, that's to get my music across."

"You're too conceited about your beauty."
"Why not at all. I don't think I'm half as good looking as I am."

"Where did you learn to sing?"
"In a correspondence school?"
"Well, some of your lessons must have been lost in the mail."

An optimist is one who falls from the top floor of a twenty story building and at each story shouts, "All right so far!"

"Jack's a good fellow, but rather loquacious, don't you think?"
"Yeah, and besides he talks too much."

Alice (just introduced)—"I think I've seen you before, somewhere."
Alec—"Perhaps you have. I've been there."

If all the people who sleep in church were placed end to end they would be more comfortable.

"I hate stubborn people."
"Me, too. I make it a point never to give in to that sort of people."

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

W. A. Erwin, Minister
Sunday school 10 a. m., Arthur Erwin gen. supt., Mrs. Chas. E. Cooke primary supt.
Morning worship at 11.
Evening worship at 5.

The News is in receipt of a copy of The Courier, published in the interest of the Slovak Luther League Societies, courtesy of Rev. Stephen M. Tuhy, author of our weekly Sermonette. Rev. Tuhy is associate editor of The Courier.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Massay and son, James, have gone to Wichita Falls to spend the Christmas holidays. Mrs. Massay will go from there to Gainesville, Fla., for an extended visit with her daughter, Mrs. Jack Bohannon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Sherrill and Mrs. Ethel Cantrell of Amarillo, and Mrs. Annie Davis of Lamesa visited Mr. and Mrs. Will Green Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gray and children of Tucumcari, N. M., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Gray over the holidays.

Bill Bentley of Clarendon visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Bentley, over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Wilson of Alanreed were in McLean one day last week.

COULDN'T TELL BY LOOKING

A woman visited an asylum and displayed great interest in the inmates. One old man particularly won her compassion.
"And how long have you been here, my man?" she inquired.
"Twelve years," was the answer.
"Do they treat you well?"
"Yes."

After addressing a few more questions to him, the visitor passed on. She noticed a smile broadening on the face of her attendant, and, on asking the cause, heard with consternation that the old man was the medical superintendent. She hurried back to make apologies.
"I am sorry, doctor," she said. "I'll never be governed by appearances again."

BARGAIN PRICE

on this paper closes Dec. 31

Subscribe now for only \$1.00

Cash—no trades

BEST WISHES

for a
Happy and Prosperous NEW YEAR

BRUCE NURSERY
Trees with a Reputation
Alanreed, Texas

GREETINGS

for the New Year

We extend appreciation for the business given us the past year, and wish for you and yours a Happy and Prosperous New Year

WESTERN LUMBER AND HARDWARE CO.
Roy Campbell, Mgr.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

May you be blessed this coming year with full understanding and sympathy for your fellow man, peace, health, and prosperity.

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

McLEAN HARDWARE CO.
W. B. Upham, Manager

Miss Gorda Lou Haynes of Woodward, Okla., is spending the holidays with her mother, Mrs. Callie Haynes.

Misses Marie and Pansy Watt were Amarillo visitors Friday.

Will Harlan and family of Skellytown visited Mrs. Harlan's mother, Mrs. J. W. Kibler, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wade were in Amarillo and Canyon Friday.

THANK YOU

for your patronage during 1935, and may 1936 bring you happiness and prosperity.

66 SERVICE STATION

W. K. Wharton, Mgr.

APPRECIATION

The holiday season presents a pleasant opportunity to express our appreciation of your friendship. May our service prove to be a factor in the prosperity we wish for you during 1936.

CITY TAILOR SHOP

H. H. Darnell, Prop.

APPRECIATION

and
BEST WISHES

We appreciate the friendliness and good will you have shown us the past year.

We extend to you thanks and best wishes for a
HAPPY NEW YEAR

DOOLEN HDW. CO.
C. S. Doolen, Prop.

BEST WISHES

for a

HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS

NEW YEAR

We appreciate the cooperation given us the past year and are glad to extend greetings of the season.

SOUTHWEST TELEPHONE CO.

IT'S POSSIBLE

Building A Skyscraper - Silently!
THE RAT-A-TAT OF THE RIVETER BUILDING A SKYSCRAPER WILL NOT BE HEARD IN THE FUTURE - ALL CONNECTIONS WILL BE ELECTRICALLY WELDED.

X-RAYING THE WORLD!
THE BAFFLING MYSTERY OF WHAT LIES AT THE EARTH'S CORE, MOLTEN GLASS, ETERNAL FIRE OR WHAT HAVE YOU, MAY SOMEDAY BE SOLVED BY SCIENTISTS USING A GIANT X-RAY MACHINE.

CHANGES IN WOMEN'S SHOES
WOMEN'S SHOES WILL CHANGE FROM THE HIGH HEEL TO THE SANDAL TYPE. THE HIGH HEEL SHOE WILL BE LOCKED DOWN UPON THE SAME AS THE BINDING OF THE FEET BY THE CHINESE IS NOW.

INDIA FREE!
GANDHI DID NOT LABOR IN VAIN - INDIA WILL BE FREE WITHIN TEN YEARS!

A letter from Mrs. Ben H. Bryant of Dalhart, former McLean resident, states that her son, Robert, is working at a radio station in Kansas City, and asks that his old friends write to him in care of the Power and Light Building.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Greene and Miss Fay Wardlow of Corsicana visited her sister, Mrs. R. C. Kennedy, and other relatives here this week.

Mrs. H. H. Nell visited her son and children at Whitt this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Kinard and children spent Christmas at Wheeler.

Mrs. W. M. Meadors and children of Clarendon visited the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Franklin, last week.

Miss Lavern Pettit of Ashtola is spending the holidays with home folks here.

Mr. and Mrs. Cal Weaver visited their children, who are in school at Springdale, Ark., during the holidays.

Clyde Andrews and Lloyd Hunt of Canyon are visiting home folks here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Carter and son of Oklahoma City visited the lady's brother, Lee Wilson, Saturday.

Best Wishes for a Happy New Year

THANK YOU

for the nice way you have treated us since coming to McLean. We extend best wishes for the New Year.

City Steam Laundry
Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Baber

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 New Year that will bring you health, happiness and prosperity.

BEST WISHES

for the NEW YEAR

C. S. RICE
Funeral Director

Cobb's 5c to \$1.00 Store
WHY PAY MORE?

THINGS WORTH WHILE

You can boast your selfish pleasures and may glory in your fame, You may think that there is gladness in the many joys you claim, But you're never really certain that you're doing things worth while Till you've smoothed another's pathway and you know it by his smile; When you've done some deed of kindness under friendship's bond and seal, It's surprising at that minute just how good it makes you feel.
—The Lion's Roar.

A blushing young woman handed the telegraph operator a telegram to be sent which contained only the single word "Yes." Desiring to be of real help to patrons of his company, the operator said: "You know you can send nine more words for the same price." "I know I can," replied the customer, "but don't you think it would look like I am too anxious if I said it 10 times?"

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Landers, Mrs. H. W. Finley, Mrs. J. E. Lynch and Miss Eunice Stratton were in Amarillo Sunday evening to hear Dr. Kagawa of Japan.

Mrs. L. L. Rogers and son left Sunday for Los Angeles to make their home, Mr. Rogers having been there some time.

Mrs. J. A. Brawley and brother, G. W. Sullivan, visited in Elk City, Okla., last week.

Mrs. Walter Cash and Mrs. Paul Mertel were in Amarillo one day last week.

Deputy Sheriff L. S. Tinnin made a business trip to Shamrock Saturday.

J. W. Fulton of Lefors was in McLean Saturday.

Mrs. Wheeler Foster and daughters were in Pampa one day last week.

Jason Morgan of Lefors visited home folks here last week end.

O. W. Latson of Clarendon visited his mother over the week end.

Thank You

for the nice business given us the past year. We are glad to extend greetings of the season and wish for you

HAPPINESS AND PROSPERITY
during 1936

McLean Tailor Shop
Dewey Campbell, Prop.

Appreciation

and

Best Wishes

We appreciate the business given us the past year and expect to merit a continuance of the same by giving the best possible service with the highest quality merchandise.

MAY YOU HAVE A HAPPY NEW YEAR

City Food Store

Quality — Service — Satisfaction

Greetings

AND

Best Wishes

We appreciate the business given us during the past year. We know that the Ford V-8 makes friends and we strive to give our customers friendly service.

We invite you to see the new 1936 Ford V-8. It has many added refinements to please the motorist who is satisfied with nothing less than the best for his money.

New 1936 Ford V-8 trucks also on display.

E. L. Turner Motor Corp.

Sales



Service

have you met—
THE WIMPUS FAMILY?
The hilarious yet delightfully human adventures of an American family.
Never a Dull Moment in the Lives of These Real Kids
Make the acquaintance of Pop Wimpus and his hard-to-handle but lovable sons in this comic strip which appears regularly in this newspaper.
S'Matter Pop

The Road to Better Health

By Dr. Robert Ambrose Elliott

HOME MANAGEMENT OF LA GRIPPE

Be not afraid. This disease which had such a terrible reputation during the World War, is not nearly as disastrous as it is cracked up to be. When you have a feeling that you are becoming entangled in its grasp, better figure on giving yourself about three days' vacation. To be on the safe side, however, many of you will take less time, while others will take longer. A sensible start in dealing with "the grip" assures you of a brilliant, conquering victory.

How to Treat It

The first rule is to go to bed the first day, and this one day abstain from food except only the most digestible. For instance, the white of an egg in a pint of lemonade, rather tart (sweeten with strained honey), served very hot. Take as much and often as you can, in fact, take a little more than you like and at the same time while you are being subjected to a complete "cleaning out" with gentle cathartics and enemas, stay in bed well covered, inducing as much sweating as possible. This method is weakening, that is why you are to remain in bed, to conserve your strength; that is why you are to consume the white of egg to increase your disease fighting power, to increase the number of your white blood corpuscles which are the fighters at your command. If you cannot increase your phytoctic powers (your white blood count) you are at the mercy of whatever might happen. (That was the fate of many during the World War epidemic who were not fortified with white blood cells to fight the invading influenza germs).

Keep Your Diet Light

The second day, if you have faithfully followed directions, it is pretty certain you are going to feel spent but better. The aches and pains may need some of the usual pain eradicators such as aspirin or sodium salicylate, etc., but if you can keep from taking them, so much the better. The second day your diet will be light, hot milk toast, beef tea gruels, and a soft boiled egg: keep inside and quiet and ease up a little on depending on others for too much attention. Keep a bright outlook and the bowels open. You are better, and able to look after your own necessities. The third day follow out the light easily digestible diet but step out a little for a breath of fresh air. If you have followed carefully these instructions you are ready to be on your feet, unless you were in bad physical condition before the attack came on. Only those below the usual physical resistance succumb to the invasion of any disease or epidemic, so watch your step, keep your feet dry and your bowels open and you will escape the majority of minor ills.

Judge (to witness)—"Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar before?"
Witness—"Never, you honor, but I've often seen him when I strongly suspected he'd been at it."

IT WORKED

Two men in a car went past the red light and were stopped by an officer. "I'm sorry," said the driver, thinking quickly. "But I happen to be a doctor and I'm taking a patient to the asylum in a hurry."

The officer was suspicious and looked keenly at the passenger. But the latter also thought quickly. Looking up at the officer with a seraphic smile, he whispered: "Kiss me, sergeant."

They got away with it.

A Baltimore physician reports several deaths and a number of serious injuries which resulted from pedestrians being struck by pointed door handles of passing autos. Perhaps these handles were made in their present spear-like shape to give the driver a second chance to get any pedestrian he might miss with his bumper.

The Bride's Mother—"What's the matter, darling? What are you crying about, now?"

The Bride—"My husband is such a deceiver! Every time I ask him how he likes my biscuits he changes the subject and tells me what beautiful eyes I have."

Artist—"Here's my latest picture—'The Battle.' I tell you, war is a terrible thing."

Friend—"Oh, I can't believe that it's so bad as it is painted."

If all the depressions since the world began were placed end to end, they wouldn't seem just half as long as the last one.

Smilin' Charlie Says



"The old fashioned girl usta sit back and wait for an invitation—th' modern flapper simply says, 'Big boy, I'm goin' steppin', if you wanta go along—hang on!'"

Ugo—"Have you made up your mind which party you will support in the next election?"

Igoe—"Not yet. I'm trying to decide which party will support me and my family in the best style."

GREETINGS

and every good wish for a Happy New Year
MEADOR CAFE

REDUCING DIET

Mr. Justwed—"This soup seems very thin. What did you use for the stock?"

His Bride—"Why, you see, this recipe says to use the water food has been boiled in, so I used the broth from the boiled eggs."

GOOD OLD P. A.

Neighbor—"So your son got his B. A. and his M. A.?"

Proud Dad—"Yes, indeed, but his P. A. still supports him."

Help keep McLean money in McLean.

Sweet Young Thing—"Darling, do you think of me day and night?"
Timid Young Man—"Sweetheart, I cannot tell a lie. Sometimes I do wonder who the Republicans are going to put up for president."

Dismuke—"They say that man descended from a very old and distinguished family that came over here three centuries ago."

Gooberpea—"Yes, and he's still descending."

The trainer of a pack of hounds was fined only \$10 when the dogs mangled a five-year-old boy so seriously 135 stitches were necessary to close his wounds.

Young Hubby—"There's something wrong with this cake. It doesn't taste right."
Young Wifey—"That must be all your imagination. The cookbook says it's delicious."

GREETINGS

and Best Wishes

for a Happy New Year

PAGE BARBER SHOP

The First Presbyterian Church

W. A. Erwin, Minister

Sends the Season's Greetings to McLean and surrounding country. We invite you to cooperate 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, Gen. Supt.

Mrs. Chas. E. Cooke, Supt. Primary Dept.

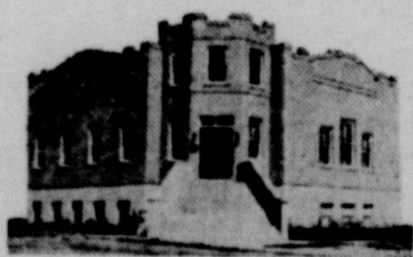
Morning worship 11 a. m. Evening worship 5 p. m.

"Everybody Happy"

Only two words . . . yet we know of no better way to express our sincere New Year's hope for one and all.

We appreciate the cooperation you have given us the past year and hope that the New Year will bring better times for all of us.

O. K. Grocery and Market



Season's Greetings

First Baptist Church

Cecil G. Goff, Pastor

Greetings and Good Wishes

We appreciate the nice business accorded us the past year and are glad to extend the Season's Greetings with best wishes for your success in 1936

PIGGLY WIGGLY

Graham Market

HONEYMOON MURDER

CAROLYN WELLS

Copyright by Carolyn Wells.

WNU Service.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"Tell me, Mr. Stone—you've looked about a bit now—do you think Corey was murdered?"

"Yes, Mrs. Malden, I do."

"But how could it have been accomplished?"

"As this moment I have no more idea than you have. It is probable that I shall learn soon. And I want to say this to you; it may necessitate an autopsy."

"Oh!" Perilla looked shocked. Then she said, "It is all in your hands, Mr. Stone. Discuss any such matter with my parents and then follow your own judgment."

"Thank you, Mrs. Malden, for your readiness to trust matters to me. I admit this is a seemingly impossible case, but I also want to tell you that I feel sure light will break on us soon."

"You have more information?" Perilla's eager eyes flashed into his.

"No; sorry, but I haven't. I'm hoping Bob will bring some. Think once more," Stone said. "You are sure Mr. Malden didn't eat or drink anything questionable that day?"

"He didn't eat anything at the tea place. We had a delicious dinner. Unless his portions were 'doctored' he could not have been harmed. As to drinking, all present drank the same things, for all I know. But this is a possibility. If some one intended to poison him, that was a very good opportunity."

"And I am beginning to think this is what happened."

She looked at him doubtfully.

"I don't know much about such things, Mr. Stone, but is there a poison that could be administered at the tea or at the dinner, which would leave him quite his usual self for several hours, and then bring about his sudden death—death without a sound or a quiver, merely a quick passing?"

"I know of no such poison. I have found no one who knows of such, but what else is there to assume?"

"Why assume anything? Why not get facts?"

"To do that, in this case, would necessitate a post-mortem examination."

"And have I objected to that?"

"Madame Malden objects so strenuously that the question has been dropped."

"Then take it up again. I command it. If I have a right to do so. If not, I regret the necessity. Ignore Madame Malden's wishes, and employ the best talent available for such work."

Perilla was pale but determined, and she did not waver at her own distressing thoughts.

"Then," and Stone's voice was serious, "if a trace of some such poison is found, you know, I suppose, what the immediate reaction will be."

"You mean suspicion will be strengthened against me. I expect so, but I prefer that to this entire lack of knowledge. If we know we have a crime to deal with, then we know

where we stand; we know, at least, we have something to look into. You must know, by this time, Mr. Stone, that I didn't kill my husband. You must know I want his murderer found and punished, and if my going on this trip will in any way retard your work I will gladly call it off."

"No; oh, no. And my notion that we may find some evidence of poison is so slight as to be practically negligible. I am not despairing, you understand, I haven't the slightest doubt of ultimate success, but there are so many obstacles that must be overcome. Go along on your trip. I'd much rather you were already gone when Farman comes, if he does come."

"So preparations for the journey went on. Perilla brooded more or less, but not when it might distress others. Bob came home. Stopping only to

see his mother in Philadelphia, he went straight to Fleming Stone with his report.

"Bad business all round," he said succinctly. "Farman is on the warpath. Madame Malden, of course, is behind him, prodding him if, when and as he falters. She is getting really nutty now, or she seems so to me. The Washington man, Carleton, is the alcoh sort, hard to get at, and unsatisfactory when found. Mr. Carmichael, another friend of Corey's, is much pleasanter, and I wish he'd been an executor instead of Carleton. Now, I've no business to say this, maybe, but I can't help thinking there's some jiggery-pokery going on to reduce the net proceeds due to come to Perilla under that will."

"That's all to the good—what you've deduced, I mean," and Stone looked approvingly at young Coles, "but just now, stick to the rumors about Mrs. Malden and her husband."

"But those are so indefinite. Botted down, they amount to this: she had motive and opportunity, therefore she did the deed; or, she was alone in the room with him, so it must have been her work. They consider the motive settled; simply that Prill wanted the money and not the man; they consider the opportunity perfect; the method they refuse to consider, but hold that it might be one of several. Why, that unspeakable Farman says he thinks Perilla used a hypodermic needle, with poison in it! Now, the devil of that is. It sounds so d—d plausible!"

"What became of the instrument?" asked Stone.

"Elementary. She could have hidden it in a hundred places, or passed it over to Sarah, or to Boynton—by the way, where is Boynton?"

"His whereabouts are not known. Why?"

"Nothing. But the servants at Malden House seem to have something on him."

"Go on; what else?"

"Well, not much else, only that Farman is coming up here next week, and Carleton will come when you advise him to do so. They have nothing to do with each other, outwardly, you understand. But I did a small bit of shadowing and caught Farman trotting in at Carleton's back gate now and again. Then they'd be closeted in secret session, and I, calling on Mr. Carleton, had to wait until he could see me. I didn't talk real business with him—you told me not to—I just made social calls and flirted with his wife. And I like Mr. Carleton; he's merry and bright; but there's a yellow streak in his make-up somewhere."

CHAPTER VII

"And when is Farman to put in an appearance here?" asked Stone.

"Soon. In a few days, I fancy, though I couldn't find out exactly. I think he means to feather his nest right well out of the Malden millions, aided and abetted by friend Carleton."

"Corey Malden was always too fond of his friends," Stone observed; "he could see no fault in them. An admirable trait, but it doesn't always work out for the best. What did you make of Carmichael?"

"I didn't see much of him, but he seemed to me to ring true. He admires Perilla immensely, but who doesn't. He's not on good terms with Carleton, though he pretends to be. He doesn't like Tony Gaskell, either. And he has a grudge of some sort against Mr. Garth. That side of him I didn't like so much. As you say, Malden was too lenient toward his friends, but Carleton is the other way. He has a down on almost everybody, and I don't understand it. Why, he hardly knows Tony, and Mr. Garth he has never met. Yet, with it all, I trust him—way ahead of Richard Carleton."

"I'm glad to get these hints, Bob. I think I shall go to Washington as soon as Perilla's California party gets started, and what you've told me will be a help. You're going on the trip?"

"If you don't want me here."

"No, I want you there. You're to keep a general watch out and give an alarm if anything is alarming. I fear something may turn up, but I may be over-apprehensive. I'll hold the fort here, and of course, they'll have meetings of the executors, which I shall manage to attend—one way or another. Now, I want that expedition to start as soon as may be. Better run up there and see Mrs. Malden. I'm giving a stirrup-cup party the night before you go, so tell her I'm ready for that when she is."

Bob found Perilla in, and she summoned Mr. Buckle, who was to attend to everything in any way pertaining to the trip. His duties embraced arranging itineraries, telephoning ahead for hotel accommodations, looking after luggage, saying when to go and when to stop; in short, he was the major domo.

They decided to go the next day but one. They would spend the first night in Warren, Ohio, and the second in Columbus. It was decided that Stone's party the next evening should include only those going on the trip, Perilla's parents, and a few others at Perilla's discretion.

The Dunstons, though prominent members of the touring crowd, were

SYNOPSIS

Perilla Fairfax and Corey Malden are to be married the next day at Lovell Terrace, Long Island home of John Lovell, her stepfather. Gathered for the wedding party are Tony Gaskell, best man, a lawyer; Hilda Sheldon, Bob Coles, friends of Malcolm Fairfax, Perilla's brother, ushers. Corey is very wealthy. He is thirty-eight and Perilla twenty-four, but it is a true love match. Everybody is busy, including Jane Lattimer, Mrs. Lovell's pretty and efficient social secretary. There is a dress rehearsal and Malcolm and Bob are sent to get the Tenney girls. When the party is breaking up, Malcolm complains of a headache. Tony produces some white tablets, and nearly every one takes one, including Corey. After the wedding Perilla tells her mother that Bob had repeated his threat that if she ever married anyone except him, he would kill her, the bridegroom or himself. In a Baltimore hotel room Corey tells Perilla, "you won't like my mother. She isn't lovable," then drops to the floor dead as he holds her in his arms. Alone, except for Boynton, the chauffeur, and Sarah, her maid, Perilla has Boynton telephone her father to come by plane with Malcolm. Mr. Lovell and Malcolm arrive. A physician says the death resulted from natural causes. When Perilla arrives at the Malden home she is greeted by Madame Malden with, "you murdered him." That night she enters Perilla's room by a balcony window, and Perilla has her removed. When Malcolm arrives the next day Madame Malden professes friendship after he threatens her with the madhouse. Corey's will leaves the greater part of his fortune to Perilla. She reaches New York, after the funeral, in a state of collapse. Malcolm, arriving later, reports that people in Richmond, influenced by Madame Malden, are gossiping. Perilla consults Fleming Stone, famous detective. He tells her he suspects one of the wedding guests, and asks her to get samples of the handwriting of the wedding guests, and to invite some of Corey's friends to her room. Stone, suspecting poison, obtains Perilla's permission for an autopsy. He accepts Coles' eager offer of assistance. Perilla discusses with Stone a motor trip to California ordered by her doctor.

unable to be with the others, having accepted invitations to another farewelling among some friends of their own. The guests were gay and merry, but it could be easily seen that it was an effort to preserve this mood.

Perilla, herself, began to waver a little as to the wisdom of her plans. She said so to Tony Gaskell. "I wish you were going, Tony," she said; "you're always so dependable and reliable."

"Lots of things I'd rather be called than those two," and Tony made a wry face. "Here, you, Bob! let that bottle alone. I'll give you a highball. Look out for this lad on the trip, Perilla; he's getting too free-handed with the stuff. There, son, that'll do for you now."

Bob grinned and took the modest drink offered him, reinforcing it at first glance.

"You must stay overnight, Tony," Stone said; "you have to be here tomorrow."

"All right, Stone, I mean to stay over. But if you're crowded I'll go to a hotel."

"Not crowded a bit. Nobody here but Coles and you and me."

"Very well, then, I'll stay here, and mightily glad to do so."

Perilla took Jane and Hilda and went home early, and net much later Malcolm and the Lovells went home. The three men left in Stone's apartment sat in silence for a time.

"I do like Mr. Lovell," Stone said; "he's level-headed, and he's as devoted to those two children as if they were his own. Malcolm's a good sort, too, and he sure looks after his sister."

"What a lovely thing she is," said Gaskell, fairly blurring out the words, as if unable to repress them longer.

"We all agree to that," said Bob, with a sigh. "Well, me for bed. Come on, Gaskell, let's leave our host to check up his notes of this evening's doings."

"Wait a minute," Stone held them; "who are these Dunstons?"

"Nobody in particular," Bob told him. "Old friends of the family, going along rather as chaperons, I think. And now, me for bed. No more—er—liquidation, I assume?"

"No!" and his host scowled. "I'll put you in Buckle's care, Bob, and if you hit it up you're to be sent home. See?"

"Yeppy. I'll be good, don't worry." He went off to his room, and Tony said, slowly, "Such a nice chap, but headed wrong."

"Oh, he'll be all right; I've my eye on him. And he's always careful when Mrs. Malden is around. Now, when can you get with us for a real meeting of the executors?"

"Almost any time. Give me a bit of advance notice, and I'll be on deck. Is there much doing yet?"

"Not much, until we get more statistics from the banks. But I want to be ready for this Farman person. You know, I suppose, he means war to the knife? And the circumstances are so—"

"So definite and so incriminating—" "Yes, though I didn't mean to put it so strongly. Yet it's the truth. A really disinterested investigator would pounce on Perilla as the obvious suspect."

the trip—to fight any such investigator."

"You gave up a month's pleasure in the company of the woman you love, to be here on the mere chance of something turning up?"

"Of course," Gaskell looked his surprise. "Wouldn't you? I have loved Perilla for years, long before she knew Corey. But I've no intention of bothering her. And it's all too soon yet. If the time ever comes for me to tell her, very well; if not, then, very well, again."

Gaskell's handsome face looked moody and distressed, but in a moment it cleared, and he smiled.

"Never mind all that," he said. "I did want to go motoring with them, more than I ever wanted anything in all the world, but I had a hunch I could do more for her here. So call on me for anything you want."

"I'll remember that. Now that Bob's gone, have a nightcap."

This program was put over, and the perplexed detective was glad to get to his room, where he could be alone to think; he had picked up some new notions during the evening, and they had to be threshed out.

Bob and Tony were at Perilla's early the next morning. Gaskell drew her aside, and then into a small reception room and closed the door.

"Don't be frightened," he said, smiling at her startled gaze, "I only want to whisper a word of warning. You know I was Corey's best man, now I want to be yours. And I mean only to warn you against one or two things. Don't be too kind to Garth. Oh, I know this sounds like the hubble of a jealous fool, and I don't say I'm not that, but if you want to or mean to smile on Roger Garth, wait till you get home again to do it. There'll be time enough then. And don't be angry with me for saying this—"

"I'm not angry, but I fail to see what right you have to dictate my behavior. You were Corey's best man, but that doesn't mean you are mine!"

"I know. Forgive me, Perilla. I truly meant only to speak for your own good. Oh, darling, if you knew what you mean to me!" and unable to restrain himself, Tony clasped her in his arms.

Just for a moment, though, and then letting her go, he said, "Now you know—and I'm not sorry. I promise never to lose command of myself again and you're going to forgive me this once, aren't you? Tell me—I can't let you leave me in an uncertainty."

"Well, then I forgive you this once, on condition that never again—"

"Come along, Prill," called Malcolm, through the door. "Buckle is here, and you're needed. Hurry! We're bound for California."

Tony followed Perilla from the room, and set himself to work in earnest, helping stow away small bits of luggage and special belongings of Perilla. He could not wait for the actual departure, nor could Stone, who stopped in for a moment to say good-by.

The first car held the redoubtable Buckle, driving, also Sarah, and Mrs. Dunstan's maid. The second contained Perilla, Hilda, Jack Dunstan and Bob. This was driven by Bailey, Perilla's own chauffeur. The other car brought up the rear, with Alice Dunstan and Jane, Malcolm and Roger Garth, driven by Garth's man, Hopper.

About the time the party was emerging from the Holland tunnel into the New Jersey sunshine Gaskell received a telegram from Richard Carleton, saying he would be in New York by noon, and hoped to have a meeting of the executors that afternoon, as he had to return to Washington on a night train.

Tony called up Stone and also Mr. Lovell, the latter advising that the meeting be held at his home. This was arranged, and at 3 o'clock a conference was held for the discussion of Perilla's fortune.

"It seems to me," put in Gaskell, as they looked at the matter from varying angles, "that we are attaching too much importance to details. We, as executors, have no duty to perform except the transfer of Corey Malden's fortune to Mrs. Malden, with the definite exceptions of such bequests as are quite plainly stated in the will. Garth, to be sure, is Corey's lawyer, but as a close friend I feel that I know all about the matter and can help you see it through as well as Garth can, subject, of course, to his sanction and approval."

Carleton stared at the speaker. "Personally," he said, "I admit I prefer to meet with and be advised by the lawyer who drew up the will, and who is also an executor."

"As you choose," and Tony shrugged his shoulders. "I feel it was unwise for Garth to go off on that long trip just at this juncture—"

"He didn't know this was going to be a juncture," said Lovell, in his mild way. "Of course, we want him here at our meetings, but we can do much without him."

"And just why are you here, Mr. Lovell?" Carleton asked. "Are you representing some one?"

"My daughter, yes," and Lovell's dignity was such that Carleton raised no further question.

"Well," began Tony, his voice a trifle harsh, "we can at least find out

where we stand regarding that Richmond lawyer—Farman, isn't it? I'm told he has something on his mind regarding the death of Corey Malden."

There was no response to this, and Stone took up the conversation. "That sort of thing is in my line, I think," he said. "I am engaged, Mr. Carleton, to discover, if I can, the exact cause of Mr. Malden's death. I am told that Mr. Farman has suspicions—I think that is not too strong a word—that Corey Malden was murdered. If this is true—true, I mean, that Mr. Farman suspects that—then he should tell us so plainly. If he has no suspicions of the sort, then he should inform us to that effect. When does Mr. Farman propose to come up here?"

"That I don't know. I am not his confidant, Mr. Stone."

"No, but you might know that. Does

any law we won't enforce, too many criminals we won't punish, too many unjust taxes we won't rebel against—we complain about everything. It's as though a race of eagles bred a breed of worms that turn only to turn the other cheek. I guess we're getting peevishly flabby."

I woke up this morning feeling as flabby as a cold flapjack, and I don't know when I've been peevisher. So I sat down and wrote this.

N.B.—And never mind telling me that a worm hasn't any cheek. I know that as well as you do.

Van Sweringen's Passing.

GRANTED, that in these shifting times there is a somewhat prevalent tendency to regard it this way and be governed accordingly; for a man to have been a success is a crime, but to have been a failure is a profession.

Even so, there's still a thrill, reading of the career of M. J. Van Sweringen. Horatio Alger might have written him. He starts life as a newsboy in Cleveland. Today, at fifty-four, he lies dead there.

How many millions he left, nobody knows. Probably he didn't much care. It must have been the sport and not the size of the game-bag that made him a dominant figure in railroading and finance.

That's one side of the American picture. The other side is that almost every one of us knows, or has heard, of a former reputed millionaire who'd like to get a good job somewhere selling newspapers.

The Source of an Idea.

IRAN across it the other day—this ancient one.

Shipwrecked mariners in crisis. Sea rising, life raft sinking beneath them, no rescue craft in sight. Situation seems to call for professions of faith. But nobody can quote a hymn, nobody even knows a prayer. Desperately, the mate speaks up: "Men, we gotta do somethin' pious—let's pass the hat."

I read that antique wheeze and in a flash the puzzle was solved. Now I know where they got the original idea—those economic wizards in and out of congress, who, in times like these, bob up with various theories, but all aimed at the same purpose; namely, that financial security can be restored not by giving industry a chance to recuperate, but by taking away the previous fruits of industry.

Hollywood's Newest Grievance.

HOLLYWOOD sentiment is that those alleged polygamists recently on trial over at Kingman, in Arizona, should be penalized for breaking the rules. You see, the curious colony up there in the desert favors having a lot of wives all at once, whereas the Hollywood championship team prefers various wives, one at a time, which prevents confusion and works out to the same gratifying high scores in the end.

But no matter how the law may serve those Arizona husbands, I would put in a plea for the female defendants charged with marrying 'em so copiously. For I've just seen some newspaper pictures of the male prisoners. Gentlemen of the Jury, if they be true likenesses, those poor near-sighted women already have suffered enough. Talk about being more sinned against than sinning.

That Banker's Identity.

IF THE President won't name him, I shan't. But I'll bet anything—anything I have left, I mean—that the distinguished banker who told him this country could safely go in debt for quite a lot more billions is the same financial wizard who counseled me about my dainty little investments in the blithe, brown days before 1929. It certainly sounds like the same fellow.

On second thought, maybe not. Because the last I heard of my banker, he was sitting by the steam pipes at a county poor farm back East, telling the other inmates about an infallible system for beating those stock market boys. You see, he was sicker enough to follow his own advice. Can you imagine?

IRVIN S. COBB.

The Black Tiger.

The black tiger is among the rarer of beasts, but the Imperial Gazetteer of India says that a few specimens have been shot.

what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

Us Present-Day Sissies.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—Our ancestors, the men and women who whittled this country out of ramping wilderness—they were different, although perhaps difficult to get along with. They'd fight you over almost any issue—their personal rights, their public wrongs, their national principles,

their private prejudices, their outer boundaries, their internal policies. They fought one another; they fought foreign powers. But, excusing politicians and professional winners, they didn't do such an awful lot of fretting over the painfully primitive conditions of a pioneering life. We, their children, with too

many laws we won't enforce, too many criminals we won't punish, too many unjust taxes we won't rebel against—we complain about everything. It's as though a race of eagles bred a breed of worms that turn only to turn the other cheek. I guess we're getting peevishly flabby.

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Van Sweringen's Passing.

GRANTED, that in these shifting times there is a somewhat prevalent tendency to regard it this way and be governed accordingly; for a man to have been a success is a crime, but to have been a failure is a profession.

Even so, there's still a thrill, reading of the career of M. J. Van Sweringen. Horatio Alger might have written him. He starts life as a newsboy in Cleveland. Today, at fifty-four, he lies dead there.

How many millions he left, nobody knows. Probably he didn't much care. It must have been the sport and not the size of the game-bag that made him a dominant figure in railroading and finance.

That's one side of the American picture. The other side is that almost every one of us knows, or has heard, of a former reputed millionaire who'd like to get a good job somewhere selling newspapers.

The Source of an Idea.

IRAN across it the other day—this ancient one.

Shipwrecked mariners in crisis. Sea rising, life raft sinking beneath them, no rescue craft in sight. Situation seems to call for professions of faith. But nobody can quote a hymn, nobody even knows a prayer. Desperately, the mate speaks up: "Men, we gotta do somethin' pious—let's pass the hat."

I read that antique wheeze and in a flash the puzzle was solved. Now I know where they got the original idea—those economic wizards in and out of congress, who, in times like these, bob up with various theories, but all aimed at the same purpose; namely, that financial security can be restored not by giving industry a chance to recuperate, but by taking away the previous fruits of industry.

Hollywood's Newest Grievance.

HOLLYWOOD sentiment is that those alleged polygamists recently on trial over at Kingman, in Arizona, should be penalized for breaking the rules. You see, the curious colony up there in the desert favors having a lot of wives all at once, whereas the Hollywood championship team prefers various wives, one at a time, which prevents confusion and works out to the same gratifying high scores in the end.

But no matter how the law may serve those Arizona husbands, I would put in a plea for the female defendants charged with marrying 'em so copiously. For I've just seen some newspaper pictures of the male prisoners. Gentlemen of the Jury, if they be true likenesses, those poor near-sighted women already have suffered enough. Talk about being more sinned against than sinning.

That Banker's Identity.

IF THE President won't name him, I shan't. But I'll bet anything—anything I have left, I mean—that the distinguished banker who told him this country could safely go in debt for quite a lot more billions is the same financial wizard who counseled me about my dainty little investments in the blithe, brown days before 1929. It certainly sounds like the same fellow.

On second thought, maybe not. Because the last I heard of my banker, he was sitting by the steam pipes at a county poor farm back East, telling the other inmates about an infallible system for beating those stock market boys. You see, he was sicker enough to follow his own advice. Can you imagine?

IRVIN S. COBB.

The Black Tiger.

The black tiger is among the rarer of beasts, but the Imperial Gazetteer of India says that a few specimens have been shot.

Big Bear, Big Eater.

The Kodiaks, which are the world's largest carnivorous land animals, as well as the largest of bears, eat an amazing amount of food, according to a zoo authority. One Kodiak daily consumes a bushel basket of grass trimmings, including delicacies such as dandelion greens; eight pounds of bear bread, five pounds of assorted vegetables and fruits, two quarts of vrodilated milk and cod liver oil, and two pounds of meat. It is only through his love for salmon that the Kodiak has been trapped in the past. In the spring they leave their shelter in woods and mountains and go to the river valleys. There they catch the salmon which are hurrying upstream after their sojourn in salt waters, in the manner salmon have of returning to the fresh waters in which they were hatched seven years before.

Provincialism.

A provincialism is a term or expression that is current in a certain locality but that is not known in, perhaps, an adjacent locality, says Literary Digest. Peculiarities of expression that distinguish a Scot from an Englishman, a Cockney Londoner from a Sheffielder, or, in the United States, a New Englander from a Midwesterner, a Southerner from a Northerner, a Texan from a "down-Eastern" Maine citizen, are all grouped under the general classification of provincialisms, sometimes referred to as dialecticisms.



Farman Says He Thinks Perilla Used a Hypodermic Needle.

where we stand; we know, at least, we have something to look into. You must know, by this time, Mr. Stone, that I didn't kill my husband. You must know I want his murderer found and punished, and if my going on this trip will in any way retard your work I will gladly call it off."

"No; oh, no. And my notion that we may find some evidence of poison is so slight as to be practically negligible. I am not despairing, you understand, I haven't the slightest doubt of ultimate success, but there are so many obstacles that must be overcome. Go along on your trip. I'd much rather you were already gone when Farman comes, if he does come."

"So preparations for the journey went on. Perilla brooded more or less, but not when it might distress others. Bob came home. Stopping only to

GOVERNMENT CROP CONTROL

Farm and Ranch:

In a recent issue you seemed to take to task a Mr. Casement of Kansas City for a statement made by him that any farmer is a bribe-taker who votes for the so-called corn-hog program.

I think if you could be among the farmers and see how much graft and corruption there is connected with it, you would not blame Mr. Casement so much.

Should a farmer vote for any government measure, no matter what its character, by which he is personally benefited? To my mind, at least in this section, said election was merely to ask the farmers whether they wanted the government to give them money. Of course, the vast mass of them voted "Yes." So far as restricting their hog and corn production, they have none of either. Everybody knows that this section does not produce its bread or meat. Farmers are being paid money here who have never raised any hogs to speak of, or corn either.

You have always supported the government's farm program, but it seems to me the farmer is not getting all this money for nothing. He clears very little out of the cotton program when it is considered as a whole. It is true, he is getting paid to reduce his acreage, but the Bankhead law takes from him nearly all of it. The 12 cents he is getting is merely the old 6 cents inflated with the prices of everything he must buy raised as well.

Another thing. You will admit, I suppose, that all these programs act as a restriction on our freedom. It is no small thing for a man accustomed to doing as he pleases to have to go many times to his county seat, no matter how far or at what expense, and ask a government agent what he should do. Many of us have no cars and must either walk or drive our field teams. Share-croppers even have no teams.

Besides, much has been said about

a farmer selling below cost. There is one thing he is selling of which the cost he does not know—that is his freedom. True, it might be said that he signs a contract with the government. It has that form, but is a contract in form only, at least as far as cotton is concerned. Secretary Wallace has just issued a ukase that no farmer who does not sign next year's contract will receive the 12 cents for his cotton. Is that a contract in which one side is under duress? Is it not rather dictation?

Freedom has cost us nothing. Two generations have passed since our people have found it necessary to vindicate their liberty by force of arms. There has hardly a century passed, for 700 years, that the Anglo-Saxon has not had to fight or submit to oppression, and everybody knows what his choice has been and will be. Maybe Mr. Casement thinks that vigilance is the price of liberty and wishes to stop autocracy before it develops into despotism.—H. D. Bishop in Farm and Ranch.

LOOK OUT!

"Now that you are through college, what are you going to do?" one of his relatives asked.

"I shall study medicine and become a great surgeon," replied the youth.

"The medical profession is pretty crowded already, isn't it?" ventured the relative.

"Can't help that," snapped the youth. "I shall study medicine, and those who are already in the profession will have to take their chances, that's all!"

Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Lindsey and children of Pampa were in McLean Saturday. They were accompanied by the lady's mother and sister from Oklahoma.

Prof.—"What is the outstanding contribution that chemistry has given to the world?"

Freshman—"Blondes."

SIMPLE LANGUAGE

A precocious five-year-old son of a professor asked his father what the exact meaning of the verse beginning, "Jack Sprat could eat no fat."

"In simple terms," said the professor, "it means that Jack Sprat could assimilate no adipose tissue. His wife, on the contrary, possessed an aversion for the more muscular portions of the epithelium. And so, between them both, you see, they removed or did away with all the foreign substances from the surface of the utilitarian utensil, commonly called a platter. Does that make it clear, my son?"

"Perfectly clear," ejaculated the son. "The lack of lucidity in these alleged Mother Goose rhymes is amazingly apparent to one with an intellect above the moronic grade."

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Grogan and baby and the lady's mother, Mrs. J. X. Miller, of Ramsdell were in McLean Saturday.

Mrs. L. W. Wilson returned last week from a visit with her daughter in Oklahoma City.

NOW WHO'S MISTAKEN?

"We made a mistake in last week's issue," says the editor of a weekly newspaper.

"A good subscriber told us about it. The same day there was a letter in our postoffice box that didn't belong to us. We called for 98, and got 198 on the telephone. We asked for a spool of No. 50 thread and when we got home it was 60. The train was reported 30 minutes late. We arrived at the station 20 minutes after train time and the train had gone. We got our milk bill and there was a mistake of 10 cents in our favor. We felt sick and the doctor said we were eating too much meat. We hadn't tasted any meat in two months. The garage man said the jitney was missing because it needed a new timer. We cleaned a spark plug and it's run ever since. Yes, we made a mistake in last week's issue of the paper."

Mrs. Roy Campbell and Miss Robbie Howard were in Shamrock one day last week.

Mrs. F. O. Etchison and son of Pampa visited relatives in McLean last week.

THE INNOCENT CRIME

A neighbor came into our office recently and remarked, "I almost hit a man on the highway this morning as I was driving into town." Then he went on to explain that the sun was shining directly into his face which blinded him until he could not discern an object at close distance.

However, a person hit by an automobile under such conditions would be hurt just as badly and probably killed, as if hit under any other condition. It is impossible to move the sun to a position to accommodate driving in all directions. Light screens can be used on cars which help to cut out the glare of the sun.

In some states the custom of pedestrians walking on the left side of the highway has been adopted. In this position they will be facing the car they meet and can give it plenty of room. There would not be so much

danger in the cars passing them on the opposite side of the road. This might be a good custom to adopt in Texas. If a person walking along the road can see the car approaching he can step away from the main line of travel and avoid danger. At least, it behooves all of us to be careful and not kill anyone in our rush.—Spur Times.

BILLBOARDS

I think that I shall never see A billboard lovely as a tree. Perhaps, until the billboards fall, I'll never see a tree at all.

"My heart is on fire with love for you; my very soul is aflame." "Don't worry, father will put it out."

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Greene were in Amarillo for the Dr. Kagawa lecture Sunday evening.

SEASON'S GREETINGS

to you and all good friends who have helped to make our business pleasant, we extend our heartiest wishes for a Happy New Year.

T. N. HOLLOWAY

Reliable Insurance

BEST WISHES

for a Happy New Year

DR. THOS. M. MONTGOMERY

Optometrist

Amarillo - - - - Texas

BEST WISHES

for a Happy and Prosperous New Year We appreciate the nice business given us the past year and extend best wishes for

1936



BOYD MEADOR, AGT.

GREETINGS

AND BEST WISHES FOR THE NEW YEAR

We appreciate the friendship and custom accorded us the past year and trust that the New Year may be a happy one for all of us.

ERWIN DRUG CO.

WE APPRECIATE

the nice business given us during 1935 and extend

Best Wishes for a

HAPPY NEW YEAR

SERVICE SHOE SHOP

WE APPRECIATE

the business given us in 1935 and we want to join you in striving for a better community, a better business, and the spirit of cooperation that will bring success to all of us.

We extend best wishes to everyone for the coming year. May it be the beginning of better times for all of us.

FOXWORTH-GALBRAITH LUMBER & TRADING COMPANY

B. F. Gray, Manager

Thank You

for the nice business given us the past year, and we expect to merit your continued favor by selling high class merchandise at live-and-let-live prices.

May the New Year bring you happiness and better business conditions.

J. M. Stubblefield

Dry Goods

THE FAMILY NEXT DOOR



Was His Face Red!



The New Year Is Here

By Helen Gaisford

TOM MURDOCK was a thief. For a year and a half he had lived well, mingled in good society, and occasionally baffled the police with a "little job."

He wasn't greedy. He took just enough to keep himself in comfort and to permit the privilege of certain charities.

If the bootblack on the corner needed an operation, he might stumble upon a well-filled purse, and how should he know it had been pilfered from some miser's till?

To Tom Murdock the appeal of his profession was not profit but the ever-present danger. He revelled in that. Until the Morrison's New Year's eve ball. He had gone, not to welcome in the New Year, but because of the opportunity the revelry would afford for a rich haul.

It was by merest chance he met the girl. He might have gone on all evening, dancing with fat old dowagers who gratefully called him "a dear boy," and sizing up their jewels at his convenience. But one of these "prospects" introduced him to her niece. "She's been wanting to meet you, dear boy! I've told her all about you, and she says you sound like just the man she's looking for."

He knew, the moment they met, that he belonged to her. And for the first time, he saw himself, not as a clever rogue, but as a criminal, some one she would be ashamed of knowing. They danced, but his dissatisfaction only increased.

"I'm full of good resolutions tonight," he told her, "all because I've met you."

"I don't take much stock in New Year's resolutions myself," she answered, "but I did make one—not to

Where Does the World Get Its Supply of Oil?

Three Nations Control Output of Industries' Lifeblood.

Discussion of oil embargoes in connection with the Italo-Ethiopian war raises the question: "Where does the world get its oil?" Petroleum deposits have been found in every continent except Antarctica, but well-defined pools are widely scattered. Actually, a very few nations control the supply of this lifeblood of modern industry.

"Three countries produce about 81 per cent of the world's petroleum output," says the National Geographic Society. "These are the United States, Soviet Russia and Venezuela. If all three should cut off their oil supplies, many steamships, trucks, automobiles, armored tanks, airplanes and railroads all over the world would be stopped, as well as industries depending on oil for fuel or lubrication. Great Britain through her control of distribution of oil produced in her dominions and colonies, and in many other countries, also is a powerful factor in the world's oil situation."

Italy Produces Little Oil.

"A general oil embargo would practically threaten Italy's motors with starvation, for Italy, in the entire year of 1934, produced only as much oil as the United States does in about two hours."

"Almost 99 per cent of the world's oil comes from only twelve countries. Italy is but one of the many nations which would have to combine their petroleum resources to make up the other 1 per cent."

"While the three leading nations are making production history by their thundering progress along the oil trail, four others follow them in a group, although many laps behind

—Romania, Iran (Persia), Netherlands Indies, and Mexico. Almost neck and neck, five more follow along: Colombia, Argentina, Peru, India, and Trinidad, which produce less than 1 per cent of the world's annual output each.

Oil Also Found Under Water.

"The distribution of petroleum seems to show a slight preference for the western hemisphere and for the northern side of the equator. Nevertheless, it is found in such extremes as Iraq, where iron-muscled Kurds work in July heat at 128 degrees in the shade, and north of Point Barrow in Alaska, where frozen clods of oil-soaked earth are burned as a substitute for coal."

"Water, as well as earth, may lie above petroleum. Venezuela's Lake Maracaibo, black with oil, is studded with derricks which workmen reach by bridges of narrow planks from the shore, and is supervised from a floating camp on a barge. The Sumnerland field of Santa Barbara county, California, extends beyond the shoreline of the Pacific, so that derricks wade into the ocean to draw up oil from several hundred feet below sea level."

"The United States leads the world in oil production. Recently a diamond jubilee marked the industry's seventy-fifth anniversary since Col. Edwin Drake sank the country's first oil well 70 feet into the rich Appalachian field at Titusville, Pa. Oil is still produced in Pennsylvania, especially for the manufacture of lubricants."

Texas Fields Date From 1901.

"In 1901 the rich Texas oil fields were brought in, starting a branch of the industry which in 1934 produced \$36,000,000 worth of oil, more than the combined production of the two next richest areas, Oklahoma and California. The latest spectac-

ular development is that of the Louisiana Gulf coast, which doubled its production in 1934. One geologist estimates that the United States, already producing 61 per cent of the world's oil from its two million acres of oil fields, actually has more than a billion acres untouched.

"Running second, Soviet Russia's government-controlled oil production rose in 1934 to 100,000,000 barrels, with acres and acres of oil seepages undeveloped or even unprospected."

"Venezuela keeps third place at a gait which is amazing, in view of the fact that commercial production began there less than twenty years ago. Petroleum constitutes 75 per cent of the country's exports. Rumania, taking fourth place from Iran in 1934, still has many undeveloped areas."

Advice of Old Usable for Straight Thinking Today

When we become angry our thinking gets crooked, and when we grow too fond of ways that are not right we cannot properly judge what is the true course to follow. Archbishop Adalbero, when presiding nearly a thousand years ago at an assemblage for the choice of a king for Lower Lorraine, in what is now France, warned his hearers of these obstacles to clear thinking by saying:

"Let us act in such sort that hatred stifle not reason, and affection distort not truth."

Could there be a better expression of what should be the attitude of folks today?

Dog Saved 40 Persons

One of the most intelligent dogs was "Barry," a St. Bernard belonging to the famous St. Bernard Hospice in the Swiss Alps. Before he was shot by a man who mistook him for a wolf, he saved the lives of 40 travelers who were lost and near death in snowstorms, one being a little girl whom he carried to safety.

15,000 Parts in Car

There are about 15,000 separate parts in the modern automobile.

NEW YEAR BELLS

IN EVERY town and village The bells do ring. O'er woods and grass and tillage, Hey ding a ding. Ringing for joy to start the week again, And call all Christian men To pray and praise and sing.

Then pull your ropes with vigor, And watch your ways To thread with strictest rigor The noisy maze; Keep in your heart the fire of youth alight. That he who rings aright May ring in happy days.

And who who hear the bells ring With all their might, As they do say the angels sing Both day and night, Praise we the men who built our bellfries high That music from the sky Might sound for our delight. —Stewart Wilson in "The Queen."

THE NEWSBOY'S GREETING

By FRANCES GRINSTEAD

IT WAS a frosty morning in the days of Franklin stoves. The paper carrier, a small boy wrapped in a red and black striped muffler, his nose and eyes showing beneath a cast-off plush cap of his father's, and wearing a nondescript coat once big brother's, slipped in the door of the hardware store with an armful of newspapers. He blew his cold breath in the chill air and held his hands to the rapidly heating stove.

Only then did he muster nerve to fish in the coat pocket hanging near his knees, and to proffer, with the morning paper, a New Year's card elaborately printed in two or three colors of ink, and decorated with a variety of borders, rules and sizes and styles of type.

This he offered shyly, with a retreating motion toward the door. The hardware dealer glanced at the greeting as if surprised, and exclaimed: "Well, well, Henry, but this is nice. Thank you—and here's a dime."

Henry left the stove's increasing warmth with more haste than usual,



"I Am Full of Good Resolutions Tonight," He Told Her.

wear many jewels tonight. There have been too many robberies lately."

"I don't think you need worry. I'm sure no more will happen."

The hour of midnight found them in the conservatory. "Wait," he pleaded as she started up.

"But shouldn't we join in 'Auld Lang Syne' to see the New Year in?"

"Not this time. This year we're seeing in a whole new life." He held her hand and looked deep into her eyes. "I'm not much of a bargainer, but I want you to know that I'm going to make you proud of me. So proud I hope, that you'll marry me. Because I'm in love with you."

"This is so sudden!" she cried, and they both laughed at the trite answer. "Nonsense!" he insisted. "Why, I met you away back last year." He kissed her and she did not resist.

But later when they returned to the ball room a man stepped up and touched his arm. "Jig's up," the man said quietly. "You're under arrest."

"I? Isn't there some mistake?"

"Not a chance. We've got you with the goods this time. Might as well come quietly."

"Of course. Mind if I say good-by to the lady? I promise I'll come right back. I won't be out of your sight, you know, and you can shoot if I try to get away."

"Here she comes now. Tell her anything you like."

She joined them. "Oh, here you are. I thought you were right behind me. Why, Captain Barry! What's the matter?"

"You know him?" asked Tom in surprise.

"Yes, we're old friends. But why—?"

"My dear, it's going to take longer, maybe a lot longer than I thought. I can't ask you to wait—but may I at least write you now and then?"

"You're going away?" He nodded. "Of course, write to me. Here's my address." She wrote nervously, crumpled the first card, and gave him the second. "I'll write to you, too," she promised. "I—I think I love you, Tom." She turned and fled.

"Well, let's get going." The two men crossed the dance floor, got their wraps, and went out together into the cold night.

"I'd like to ask one favor, captain," Tom said. "Please don't tell her. I couldn't stand for her to know."

"Me tell?" He thought of a crumpled calling card, slipped into his hand that he had read while putting on his coat. "Don't tell him I was the detective who tipped you off he'd be here tonight."

"Not me," the captain promised. "That's my New Year's resolution."

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BEGINNINGS AGAIN

By Maria Leonard, Dean of Women, University of Illinois

"I WOULD love to live my life again," said my dear little old lady friend of ninety-four years, during the last of my regular visits to her, as she died within the month. "Live almost a century again," said I, almost catching my breath at the thought. "Yes," said she, "for I love life. I love it dearly."

Living our lives again—we cannot do, but we can



make a brave new start at the beginning of each year. New Year's day is inventory day, when with mental reserve we should take physical, mental and spiritual stock of ourselves. At this time of cataloguing we must not let discouragement nor conceit look over our shoulders and overshadow us, for either brings our balance wrong.

Life's purposes are measured eternally, not by our goal. Our improvement, not our result, marks our progress. The effort put forth in our strivings, measures us quite as much as the things for which we are striving. Success in life must be estimated in this way. Life is an expert bookkeeper; we get back what we put in, our balanced statements show, plus the dividends of loving kindness and true understanding.

Our Cheerful Cherub knew the secret when he said:

One gave his only coat away, And his heart was like warm gold. Another drew his fur coat close But his heart grew still more cold.

"One true measure of success," one modern philosopher said, "is the ratio between what we might have been and what we might have done, on the one hand, and what we are and what we are going on the other."

As we watch ourselves throughout the (new) year at our daily work, whatever it be, to see that our initiative does not lose its creative spark, and degenerate into mere routine, for this is the reason why the world is mediocre and gray. Benjamin Franklin advises—"If you have two loaves of bread, one under each arm, sell one and buy a hyacinth for your soul."

In a word, this coming New Year is a chance to begin again. "Expect everything, and some of it will happen."

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He Glanced Over His Spectacles as If in Surprise.

In order to make his New Year's call upon Miss Mattie, milliner and dealer in thread, needles and buttons. With her and with others on his route—from the mayor to the grocer and blacksmith—he left the daily paper and a copy of the annual work of art from his editor's printshop, conveying in lines that rippled with eloquence the paper carrier's hope that his patrons would wax prosperous and maintain a state of general good health "throughout the glad New Year."

Each of his customers would express an agreeable surprise and a gratifying knowledge of what was expected, responding with gifts that ranged from the hardware man's dime to the mayor's fifty cents.

Among the samples of work done which printing offices so seldom throw away, there must rest many examples of the carrier boy's card of thirty to fifty years ago. It was a widespread custom.

Under the dusty eaves of one printshop has lain a carrier's card that will soon round out its century of aging yellowness. The 120 lines of the "poem" it bears deal with the fleeting character of Time, present the merits of Henry Clay over William Henry Harrison, and end with this verse:

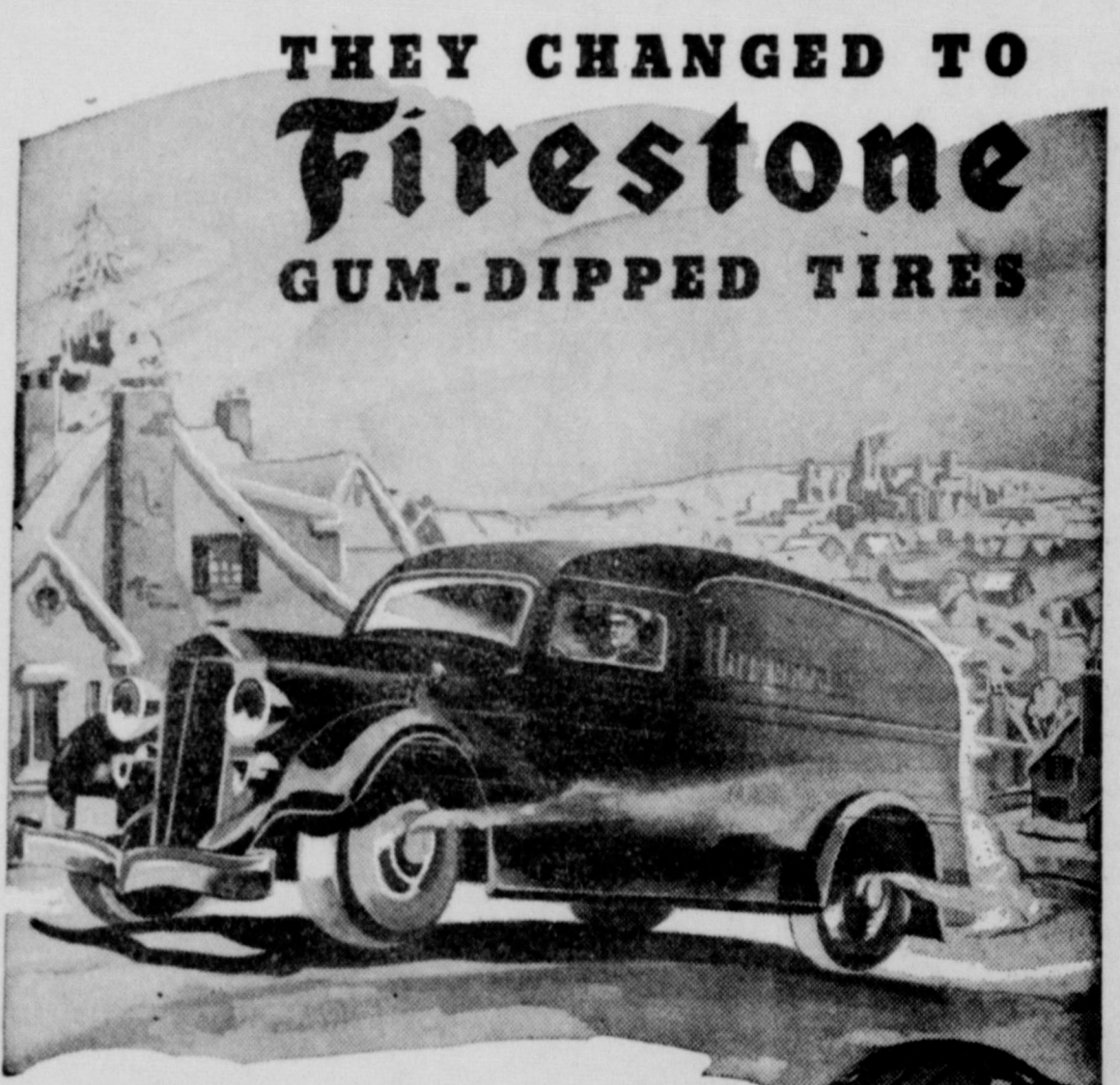
The Ladies Fair! God bless them all. Will raise the swelling lay And help us onward roll the ball— The ball for Henry Clay. Thus when you revel in your ball, Midst mirth and laugh and joy, At how you nobly "rolled the ball," Think of the Carrier Boy.

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What the New Year Holds

The New Year has a lot in store for us, if we can manage to get it out of the store.

WHEN TIRE DELAYS STOLE PROFITS— SENT DELIVERY COSTS SKYWARD . . .



THEY CHANGED TO Firestone GUM-DIPPED TIRES

TIRE delays were playing havoc with this man's business. Treads wore down fast—they failed to hold on slippery pavements. The situation was serious—something had to be done to lower costs and maintain on-time deliveries.

So he changed to Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires! And now his troubles are over! For Firestone Tires are built with patented construction features and stand up under most grueling conditions.

The Gum-Dipped cord body prevents internal friction and heat—chief cause of premature wear and blowouts. The two extra layers of Gum-Dipped cords securely lock the massive non-skid tread and cord body together. These patented features are used in no other tire.

See your nearby Firestone Auto Supply and Service Store or Firestone Tire Dealer. Start reducing your operating costs today.

Listen to the Voice of Firestone featuring Richard Crooks or Nelson Eddy—with Margaret Speaks, Monday evenings over Nationwide N. B. C.—WEAF Network

© 1935, F. T. & R. Co.

ON-TIME SCHEDULES

FASTER, MORE DEPENDABLE SERVICE

LOWER OPERATING COSTS

News from Whitefish

Mrs. C. P. Hamilton, with her mother, Mrs. F. Chancellor, as co-hostess, entertained with a delightful bridge luncheon Friday, Dec. 20.

The table was centered with a miniature bungalow and Santa Claus, surrounded by snow and holly. Tiers of white tapers were at each end of the table and buffet.

Gifts were exchanged from a beautifully decorated Christmas tree, by Mesdames Oscar Bell, C. T. McMurtry, Enloe Crisp, Eddie Johnson, Robert Crisp, Shorty Fulton, Leo Ray, Frank Crisp, Albert Sanders, Earl Nickerson of Cleveland, Ohio, and the hostesses.

High scores in bridge went to Mrs. Oscar Bell and Mrs. C. T. McMurtry.

The reporter makes mistakes, as everyone else. I wish to correct: Mrs. Earl Nickerson is from Cleveland, Ohio, instead of Dayton, Ohio.

Miss Euline Sherrod spent the week end with Miss Pauline Crisp.

Miss Lulu Mae Dunkle spent Wednesday night with Miss Euline Sherrod.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Bible and family have moved to the northern part of Arkansas.

Misses Euline Sherrod and Pauline Crisp spent Monday night with Misses Marguerite Crisp and Lulu Mae Dunkle.

Many of the people of this community were seen in McLean Saturday.

Whitefish school students who attend Alanreed public school are very proud of the work being done on the buildings and the new gym.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Sanders and family and Cecil Carter spent part of Sunday in the Enloe Crisp home.

Due to the buzz and hum of Christmas, your reporter is falling down on you. Merry, merry Christmas to everyone.

News from Pakan

The Pakan Home Demonstration Club met at the home of Christine Pakan Friday. All members were present. A program on health was in the form of a round table discussion.

Miss Grace Stauffer arrived Saturday night from Fort Worth to spend the Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Stauffer, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mertel of McLean were visitors in this community Sunday evening.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORIANA

It is strange what a typographical error will do. In 1717 a Bible was printed in Dover, England, and the printer who set up the word "vineyard" made it read "vinegar." It got the proof reader, and one copy of the Bible was printed before the error was discovered. This Bible was sold and the name of the buyer forgotten. A search has been made for the lost Bible for more than 100 years. It was wanted by the church at Dover, which claimed it was misleading in scriptural meaning and should not be allowed to circulate. A month ago it was found in a second-hand London bookstore. It seems the book seller had some idea of its value, for he made the church pay him five pounds for it, which in our money was something near \$25.00. It is now locked up in the church in an iron box. There are other Bibles which have contained much more glaring mistakes, and some of these may have been intentional. For instance: "Know ye, not that the unrighteous shall inherit the kingdom of God." (1 Corinthians 6:9), which appeared in a Bible issued in 1653. This change from the original is said to have been made by a Royalist typesetter who had a vein of sarcasm and wanted to take a fling at Cromwell and the Puritans, then in power. Another printer, in an early edition of the Bible, added a new sentence to St. Peter's remarks on the duties of wives to husbands. An investigation, after the Bible was printed, showed that this printer had a shrewd wife. His added sentence read: "And if she be not obedient and helpful unto him endeavor to beat the fear of God into her head, that thereby she may be compelled to learn her duty and do it."—Homer M. Price in the Jackson County Chronicle, Altus, Okla.

"Father, are you still growing?"
"No, son, of course not."
"Then why has your head pushed up through your hair?"

"Jackson is a man you don't meet every day."
"I don't meet him at all. He owes me five dollars."

The last word in motor cars usually comes from the back seat.

Bill Barnes of Alanreed was here Monday.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Cecil G. Goff, Pastor

There will be two special services at the Baptist church Sunday. Sunday morning Rev. Joseph Cohn, a Christian Jew of Charleston, S. C., will speak and show the celebrated Jewish passover in its ancient setting of three thousand years ago. Bro. Cohn is one of the foremost Christian Jews of the land today. He is an able speaker and will bring a message that will be both educational and inspirational.

Sunday night Rev. Judon Cobb of Fort Worth will speak. His subject will be "The Prodigal Son." Bro. Cobb is one of the most unusually gifted preachers in the state. His poetic ability from the standpoint of pulpit oratory is absolutely unique. This, with the inspirational value of his messages, makes them doubly valuable. Such a privilege is not often our opportunity.

There will be special music at this service from both the choir and orchestra.

Everyone is invited to attend these services.

BUY PRINTING IN McLEAN

Smilin' Charlie Says



"Forty-five men have made fortunes through aviation, I am told—as usual, by gettin' people 'up in th' air' about something!"

Mrs. Reep Landers and daughters, Frances and Glenda, are visiting relatives at Fort Worth.

Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Sharp were Shamrock visitors Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Benson of Shamrock visited the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Greer, Christmas day.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Bidwell of Tucumcari, N. M., visited the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Sparks, during the holidays.

Mrs. Scott Johnston and daughter, Shirley, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Johnston, were in Amarillo Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Towns of Amarillo visited in the Bob Lynch home during the holidays.

Miss Frances Springer of Dallas is visiting her father, Witt Springer.

Hobby Appling of Bryan is visiting home folks here during the holidays.

Miss Charlie Marie Back of Abilene is home for the holidays.

Mrs. L. L. Morse of Denworth was in McLean Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Biggers are visiting in Erath county this week.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

RAVES.—One insertion, 2c per word. Two insertions, 4c per word, or 1c per word each week after first insertion. Space of white space will be charged for at same rate as head-line matter. Extra-rate time at double rate. Minimum one column. No advertisement accepted for less than 200 per week. All ads cash with order, unless you have a running account with The News.

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED to rent some good farm land near McLean, 200 to 1000 acres, crop or cash rent. Geo. Kite. 1p

BUTTER WRAPPERS at News office.

BOX FILES, letter files, board files, stand files, hook files, at News office.

TYPEWRITER ribbons, 60c portables, 40c, at News office.

SECOND SHEETS, white or yellow, \$1.25 per 1,000 at News office.

MERCHANTS SALES PAPER each, at News office.

ADDING MACHINE paper ribbons at News office.

EGG STAMP made to order Ink pad 25c. News office.

FLOOR SWEEP at News office. News advertising pays.

BARGAIN PRICE

on this paper closes Dec. 31

Subscribe now for only \$1.00

Cash—no trades

Happy New Year

We Thank You

We want to join others at this holiday season in expressing thanks to all of our customers and friends who helped in any way to make things better during the past year—frankly, we are glad to see the old year go—it has not been very friendly to many of us, but we face the new year with renewed hope, and trust that 1936 will bring better times to all of us.

The McLean News

Gray County's Oldest Newspaper