

# THE MCLEAN NEWS

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

Volume 33.

McLean, Gray County, Texas, Thursday, February 6, 1936.

No. 6.

## More Old Time Photographs and Papers

Last week's mention of an old time photograph of McLean has brought many more pictures and an old copy of The News dated June 23, 1906.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Sparks furnished some pictures of the McLean concert band, taken in 1908, one picture being in front of the building next door to the News office, mentioned in last week's articles, which also shows the sale banners for the C. A. Cash and Son sale, the first sale ever held by a McLean merchant.

Among the band members and others seen in the picture are: Arthur Rhoy, Jack and Klah Hodges, C. J. and Walter Cash, Joe, Jack and Wood Hindman, Roy Rice, Kit Cooper, Bill and Clyde Haynes, Clarence Collier, A. Sparks, Frank Faulkner, S. A. Brown, Grandpa Webster, Jack Porter, Tom Burrows, S. E. Boyett, Mrs. E. Bogan, Mrs. Guill and Miss Jull.

One picture shows the Harrell Bros. livery, where J. A. Sparks worked for a time. Another shows Mr. Sparks in front of his restaurant, and another shows the windmill in the street intersection.

One view shows the town taken from about where the ward school now stands, showing plenty of vacant space between the school location and Main street. A large number of people on foot, horseback, and inbugles and wagons, are shown in this picture.

One picture shows the west side of Main street, with the front of the O. Cook hardware building in the center, with Mr. Cook and several others standing in front of the building.

One of the most interesting views is a snow plow at work on the Island tracks through town. It is a number of onlookers. The snow was 15 feet deep in the cuts, and the whole train in out of sight, flying snow stirred up by the plow in the picture.

The copy of The News is four columns, 8 pages, hand-set, with a headline on the front page, "The Rate in Gray County is 25 Cents the \$100 Valuation." This headline is not have any story, but news items on the front page include the death of Fred Jones, a carpenter at Alanreed, who died "probably from an overdose of bay rum containing wood alcohol." There is an account of the death of Mabel Phillips, an article on the new state of Oklahoma, and one on a fire at Ardmore. A. B. Gardenhire announces as a candidate for commissioner and the Knights of Modern Seabees announce an organization being.

The First National Bank had the advertisement on the front page. Other advertisers included C. Cook and Son, Rock Island Railroad, Palace Hotel, Western Lumber, J. L. Crabtree, Rountree Bros., Barber Shop, Phillips and Dray, W. B. Easterwood, L. Haynes, Gardenhire and Vanderburgh, E. H. Small and Co., Guthrie, Haynes, Cunningham and Clatbuck, The Hindman House, South-Kansas Ry. Co., White Deer Land, W. A. Harrell, Cicero Smith Barber Co., City Barber Shop, D. E. E. Donnell, Atty's. Hall and Atty's, Dr. J. A. Hall, Miner and Miller, and Lorena Cox.

Three-column article gives facts about Gray county, in which McLean is called "the metropolis of the county."

The bank statement showed \$114.00 individual deposits. R. H. Jones was president; Fred O'Dell, J. Freeman and C. M. McCullough were directors. The statement was sworn to by Jas. F. Heasley, notary public.

The paper was printed by the McLean Publishing Co., C. C. Bausell, publisher.

Mrs. Jack Bailey and children visited relatives at Hedley last week.

Miller was in Sayre, Okla., last week.

Mrs. H. E. Franks of Ede, visited here last week.

Mrs. Andy Word of Alanreed was in McLean Friday.

Mrs. Geo. Skinner were in McLean one day last week.

Boyd made a business trip to Okla., the first of the week.



Fine cattle belonging to George Bouland in an early day, on land now part of the Sitter Ranch. Photo taken by Postmaster John B. Vanoy, who owned a studio in McLean at that time.



LEWIS M. GOODRICH  
Candidate for District Attorney

## FRED BIDWELL FUNERAL RITES HERE FRIDAY

Funeral rites were held at the First Baptist Church last Friday afternoon for Fred William Bidwell, aged 40 years, 1 month and 17 days who died at his home at Kellerville on Jan. 30, 1936, after a week's illness from pneumonia.

Services were in charge of G. W. Weens, pastor of the Shamrock Church of Christ.

Following the church services, the American Legion Post took charge and a military funeral was given. The deceased served 14 months in the hospital unit at Camp Travis during the world war.

Pallbearers were: F. C. Brooks, J. R. Glass, F. E. Stewart, Homer Wilson, Hal Mounce and Karl Estes. Flower bearers were members of the Legion Auxiliary.

The deceased had lived on a farm at Kellerville for the past 12 years and was well known here.

Survivors include his wife, a daughter, Ina Lee; his mother, Mrs. Susan Bidwell; three sisters, Ruby, Lea and Grace, of McLean; four brothers, Frank of Amarillo, Guy, Joe and Bob of McLean.

Interment was made in Hillcrest cemetery.

## NEGRO MINSTREL FRIDAY

The agriculture boys of the vocational department of the high school will give a negro minstrel show Friday night of this week at the high school auditorium, under the supervision of Prof. C. J. Magee, and directed by Mrs. Thurman Adkins.

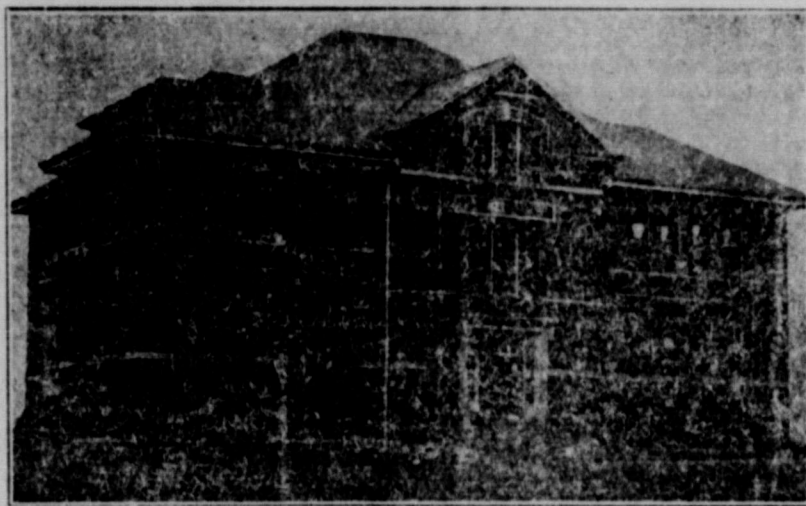
Following is the cast:  
Dominique Jones, J. L. Rice; Game Houston, Leonard Brawley; Red Rhode Island Reason, "Red" Shaw; Barred Plymouth Rock Hill, Kid McCoy, Jr.; Banty Smith, Bill Webb; Buff Orpington Howard, Morse Ivey; White Plymouth Rock Elkins, Jess Finley; Lucius Hicks, Delos Hanes; Sheriff, Howard Burr; Minorea Jenkins, J. T. Graham; Ancona Jones, Dub Shelton; Ducky Hankins, Lloyd Strother; Turkey Barnes, Joe Hefner; Ginny Martin, Bob Macina.

The supporting cast includes: "Rat" Harris, Billy West, Harry Bayouth, Cleve Hancock, Gene Greer, Noel Andrews, Edward Cadra, Marie Landers, Marietta Young, Mary Alice Patterson, Jessie Mae Lynch, Leta Mae Phillips, Frances Landers, and Willie Louelle Cobb, pianist.

A small admission price will be charged. See advertisement on another page.

Arle Carpenter of Lefors was in McLean Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Whitsitt of Alanreed were in McLean Friday.



McLean's first high school building, now remodeled and used as a ward school building. These old pictures and articles of old timers are published as a part of the state Centennial program.

## WILKERSON-MILLER WEDDING SATURDAY

Miss Elizabeth Wilkerson became the bride of Mr. Charnell Miller, at Wheeler last Saturday, Rev. J. Edmond Kirby, pastor of the First Methodist Church of that city, performing the ceremony.

The bride is a daughter of City Alderman and Mrs. M. T. Wilkerson. She is a graduate of McLean high school, and is popular in church, club and social circles. She is present employed at Cobb's 5c to \$1.00 Store.

The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Miller of Wheeler and a brother of H. O. Miller of McLean.

The young people will make their home after about the 15th of the month at Wheeler, where the groom has a farm.

## HILL FOR DISTRICT CLERK

The News has been authorized to announce the candidacy of District Clerk Frank Hill for reelection to the office he now holds.

Frank will seek the nomination in the democratic primary of next July 25.

In seeking the office, Frank said he was desirous of continuing his services to the public and court, and he believed that familiarity with the duties of the office qualified him to do the work with accuracy and speed. He states he is seeking the opportunity of serving the people with the courtesy and thoughtfulness which he has strived to make evident in his daily routine.

## BOY SCOUT WEEK

From Feb. 7 to 13 has been designated as National Boy Scout week, celebrating the 26th anniversary of scouting.

McLean will celebrate by making a drive for funds to maintain affiliation with the Adobe Walls Council. Bulletins will be mailed to prospective sustaining members and a committee will call on them some time next week, giving everyone an opportunity to assist in the work.

Boyd Meador is chairman of the local committee composed of delegates from the Lions Club and American Legion, who are sponsoring local troops.

## LEEDS ATTENDS BAND MEET

Prof. C. H. Leeds, McLean band director, attended the state band and orchestra directors' association at San Antonio last week.

Prof. Leeds and his band members are working on some special programs to be presented in high school chapel during the remainder of the school term.

Scott Johnston made a business trip to Shamrock the first of the week.

## Banker Cook Says Henna All a Mistake

State Department of Banking, Abilene, Texas, Jan. 31, 1936.  
Mr. T. A. Landers, Editor, McLean News, McLean, Texas.

Dear Friend Landers:

In your issue of January 16th appeared a letter from my old friend Boswell, in which he spoke so complimentary of Rubin Railroad Runaway Cook that I want my friends in McLean to know that he referred to me and that is the main object of this letter. However, it calls for considerable explanation on my part for he accused me of getting a "henna"—whatever that may be.

I was working like a sinna,

And really missed my dinna,

I wish I coulda ate;

I'll never do it aginna,

But I didn't get a henna,

I have one on my pate.

Now, I hope I may have the pleasure of going to McLean and visit the Mens Club the next time Mr. Boswell goes up there. I still have the old Cadillac and Boswell has the gas, so it won't cost us a cent to make the trip; and I want on that occasion to give you the lowdown on Boswell in Abilene.

You know, the reason I left McLean was some of my friends wanted to run me for mayor, but an old friend of mine was handling the job pretty good, so I left town. But now, that the place is vacant, I would not mind going back and taking it. By the way, is D. A. still in McLean?

But that B. C. D. sounds like "Better call the doctor." I guess, though, that Springer will do for he is "more than a merchant." My preference would have been Chamber of Commerce & Agriculture. Other than that I am proud of the continued good work of the McLean organizations and take a great deal of pride in what they are accomplishing. Everyone appears to be working shoulder to shoulder for the best interests of the community, and that spirit will always win in whatever may be undertaken.

Keep The News a-comin', we always enjoy it.

Sincerely yours,

REUBEN R. R. COOK.

## GOODRICH FOR DIST. ATTY.

In making my announcement for reelection I want to thank the people of this district for their splendid support and cooperation, not only in supporting me at the polls, but for the attitude of those who have served with me in court—on the grand juries and petit juries—toward law enforcement. The results speak for themselves. Your cooperation enables us who serve you to be able to refer to the results in seeking reelection.

I believe the most of the voters of this district are acquainted with the manner in which I am handling the duties of this office, but to you who are not, I want to refer you to those who do know me and know what I am doing now and have been doing and I believe that upon investigation you will be willing to support me in the coming election. I assure you that I will continue to handle the office as my experience and ability will permit and which I feel is sufficient to warrant asking for reelection.

Upon behalf of myself and my family, I want to again thank you for the honor bestowed upon me heretofore and solicit your continued support.

LEWIS M. GOODRICH,  
District Attorney.

## CARY FOR COUNTY JUDGE

The News is authorized to carry the name of C. E. Cary as a candidate for reelection as county judge, subject to the action of the Democratic primary.

Judge Cary says he will furnish us a statement later.

Rev. W. H. Bessire and daughter, Miss Mildred, were guests in the home of Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Erwin Sunday evening. Rev. Bessire is Sunday school missionary for the Presbytery of Amarillo.

Mrs. Chas. E. Cooke, Mrs. Donald Beall, Mrs. Roy Robinson and Mrs. Karl Estes were in Pampa Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Whitlatch made a business trip to Pampa Saturday.

## Auto Wreck Near Byers Fatal for Mrs. Harding

Mrs. J. W. Harding, 64, of Byers, mother of Prof. John Harding, principal of the McLean high school, was almost instantly killed Friday afternoon when the car in which she was riding overturned in a pasture near her home.

Mrs. Harding had been visiting her son, Guy H. Harding, whose home is about one-half mile distant from hers, and left the son's home to return over a road through the pasture that was frequently used, about 2:45 p. m.

Mr. Harding watched his mother leave from a well in his yard. He turned from waving to her to draw a bucket of water from the well, and when he looked up he saw the overturned automobile. He ran the quarter of a mile to the scene and found his mother thrown to the ground in a drift of snow several feet from the well, with her neck broken.

The car was apparently not seriously damaged, the trail was not rough at that point, and no sign of skidding was found.

Word reached McLean soon after the accident, and both schools were dismissed and basketball games cancelled. Prof. Harding leaving immediately for Byers.

Funeral services were held Sunday afternoon from the First Baptist Church of Byers, conducted by Pastor Harrison, assisted by Rev. Fluis Crutchfield, Methodist pastor at Denton.

Pallbearers were the eight brothers of the deceased. Burial was at the Byers cemetery.

Mrs. Harding was an active business woman and a pioneer settler of that section, having moved to Byers in the 1890's with her husband, who died in 1912. She was a director in the First National Bank of Byers at the time of her death.

Survivors include four sons, Guy H. and "Worham" of Byers, John of McLean; three daughters, Mrs. M. E. Harrison and Mrs. Floyd Smith of Byers, and Mrs. Spurgeon McClung of Pueblo, Colo.; 15 grandchildren, eight brothers and three sisters.

Mrs. John Grogan of McLean is a sister of the deceased.

## FREE FORD ALMANAC

Publication of a "Farm Almanac and Facts Book" which will be distributed to the rural population in all parts of the country has been announced by the Ford Motor Company.

The book is of a convenient pocket size, containing 48 pages. It is unusual in makeup and content, presenting an extensive array of handy tables, statistics and charts for the assistance of the farmer and business man. Other sections are designed to aid the farm wife.

Full information in regard to the almanac may be secured from the E. L. Turner Motor Corporation, local Ford dealers.

## SIGMA GAMMA MEETS

Members of the Sigma Gamma met in regular session Monday evening in the home of Mrs. H. W. Brooks, with Miss Vera Hamilton as hostess.

The subject for discussion was the negro in literature, and Miss Clara Anderson discussed literature by the negro.

The hostess was assisted by Miss Mildred Bessire in serving delicious refreshments to the following members: Misses Abbott, Anderson, Nona and Jewell Cousins, Harris, Kunkel, Noel, Stratton, and Wynn.

## SMITH FUNERAL MONDAY

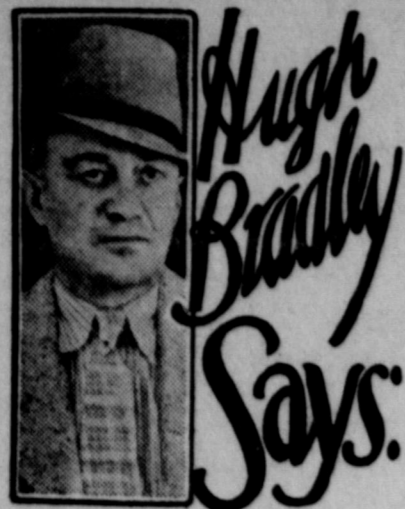
Funeral services were held at the Alanreed Baptist Church Monday afternoon for J. N. Smith, who died at his home near Alanreed, Feb. 1, 1936 at the age of 64 years, 10 months and 22 days.

Services were in charge of Pastor A. J. Campbell, assisted by Rev. W. B. Gilliam, Methodist pastor.

Pallbearers were: John Fulfer, Harold Guill, W. R. Cooper, Tom Darnell, Noah Eade and Jim Trout. His wife, four sons and four daughters are among the survivors.

Interment was made in Alanreed cemetery, with Rice Funeral Home of McLean in charge.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bidwell of Amarillo attended the funeral of the former's brother, Fred, here Friday.



### While Cops Chased Him, Frank James Was Star of Turf

THE class in history. Frank James, brother and partner of the more celebrated Jesse, had a long and successful career on the turf. One year, while the gendarmes were conducting a nation-wide search for him, he raced a string of horses on the Tennessee tracks, and even rode a few winners in races open only to gentlemen jockeys.

Later, after he had adjusted certain banking, railroad and homicide matters with the state of Missouri, he became an eminent betting commissioner. For several seasons he operated at Old Guttenburg course near Weehawken and handled wagers for some of the most distinguished improvers of the breed.

Tod Sloan, probably the greatest of all American jockeys, weighed less than 60 pounds when he rode his first race on an important track. That was at Latonia in 1888.

One of the first of the American heavyweight champions (this was in the bare knuckle days) was an escaped convict from Australia. One of his noted contemporaries ended in jail



after killing a policeman. A third year in jail for robbery and assault but was released so that he might fight a Brooklyn politician for the title.

Bob Fitzsimmons fought for the first time in 1880 when he knocked out four opponents to win an elimination tournament and became "Amateur Champion of New Zealand." His last fight was in 1914. In the meanwhile he had been heavyweight champion of the world for two years and middleweight champion for six.

### Greatest Single Sculler Was Also the Tiniest

Edward Hanlan, probably the greatest single sculler who ever lived, also was one of the smallest. He was five feet eight inches tall and rowed best when weighing 152 pounds. Hanlan came from Toronto, was one of the best liked oarsmen of all time, and was called "Canada's Boy in Blue." That last was because he always wore a blue shirt and cap while racing.

The first recorded international boat race participated in by American oarsmen took place in 1824 near Hoboken. Then four New York Harbor men easily beat a picked crew from the Thames. More than 50,000 people witnessed the race and later the winners presented their boat to General Lafayette.

Walter Oakeson, chairman of the intercollegiate rules committee which looks down upon such carryings on nowadays, was one of the earliest professional football players. In the late '90s, when the pay for play business was not as well organized as now, he played with the Latrobe (Pa.) club.

Frank Ives, one of the most celebrated of billiard champions, also starred as a baseball catcher, bike rider, roller skater and horseman. Perhaps his keen eyesight was the most remarkable of all, though. Old-timers recall that, when at the race track watching horses line up half a mile away, he could spot his colors instantly, while his companions peered vainly through high-powered glasses.



The British open golf championship was played at Hoylake in 1913 in a hard rain coupled with a driving wind. This doubling up of the weather is perhaps the severest test known to a golfer. J. H. Taylor played more than 300 shots during the 72 holes and was in the rough only once. Naturally he won his fifth championship even though two of his competitors were those other all-time greats, Harry Vardon and Jim Braid.

Whippets, most famous of racing dogs, came into existence 100 years ago when English fanciers crossed a terrier with a greyhound. One of them, Capperbank, once dashed 200 yards in eleven and a half seconds.

Although he always hit, threw and did almost everything else left-handed, Babe Ruth continues to sign his name with his right paw.

THIS is a story without a moral, but— Once a great magazine commissioned me to do an article about a self-made man who was at the head of a business enterprise capitalized at many millions of dollars. It seemed like an easy assignment and yet more than a month elapsed before the story was assembled.

There was a reason. Although he is lucky when he breaks 100 at golf, this man once had made a hole in one. So he spent the evenings talking about that ace.

"Why shouldn't I talk about it?" he asked each time I tried to change the subject. "Suppose I am the head of a million-dollar corporation. So are lots of other people, but—" and here his voice always took on a new note—"how many people ever made a hole in one?"

There was no use in pointing out that holing out in one stroke from the cup was a matter of luck and that the odds are perhaps a million to one that it can happen to him again. It was a triumph that set him apart from others, he could talk about it and be happy. No theorist could take that away from him.

Somehow—even though this often is tabbed as a world given over much to vain regrets—I suspect that there are numerous others who feel the same way.

### His Job and Memories Are Enough for Ex-Pug

Not so long ago I passed the office of a great newspaper. At the side entrance where trucks were gathered to carry away the first editions, a tall man was standing, cap tugged down over cauliflower ears. As the match flared to light his cigarette, it revealed his twisted nose.

I had not seen him for years, had wondered what had happened to him. We stood there in the shadows and talked about a career that once had been revealed in the brightest light of the headlines.

"Kid," I said. "Are you unhappy? Do you wish you had it to do all over again, so that you might be a champion?"

The tall man grunted, then peered at me through reddened eyelids that had come into contact with thudding fists all too often in those later days when the shadows were creeping persistently about him.

"Hugh, you sports writers think of the damndest things," he answered. "I got a job, ain't I? And I was pretty good when I was up there, wasn't I? Sure I was. Anybody'll tell you that."

He paused. Perhaps he was thinking about a past not so far distant. Then he pursed thick lips and hit a target ten feet away.

"Well then," he said. "Why should I be unhappy? Even if I wasn't champion and even if it is quite likely that I could lick most of these mugs who're around today, what of it? I smacked over some of the best, and that's enough for any man. You can't have everything."

Since most people have forgotten about him anyhow there is no real reason why his name should be hidden under the title of "Kid." But a promise is a promise, and so—

### Medals Couldn't Take Away Thorpe's Victories

Let us try again. There is the story of the Indian who won a trunkful of medals and cups at the Olympic games in 1912. Later it was discovered that he had played while competing against these amateurs of all nations. He was ordered to return his prizes.

Newspapers of the day carried tearful columns about this decision of the overlords of amateur sport. Friends attempted to sympathize with him over the loss of awards greater than those that ever had come to any athlete. Jim Thorpe peered through beady eyes, noted all this hullabaloo and was genuinely surprised.

"What are you making so much of a fuss about?" he asked the mourners. "Yeah, I know those cups and things looked pretty and they would have been nice to have around the house, but what of it?"

"Yes, Jim," his well meaning friends persisted. "But think of what those things meant. They were tokens of victory and you never can have the chance to win them again. They..." And so on and on.

Thorpe listened, frowned and was silent. It is said that Indians never reveal their thoughts by the expressions on their faces. So his friends may have been wondering what was going on behind those high, copper-colored cheek bones during the long moments of silence. But they did not have to wait long. Thorpe stretched out one long arm, pointed at them and spoke.

"I finished first in those events, didn't I?" he asked. "I proved that I was the best of them all, didn't I? Well, then, what do I need with a lot of trimmings? You don't think that I'm going to forget all that, do you?"

This is a story without a moral, but—the world being what it is—I hope it has some uses.

# Floyd Gibbons ADVENTURERS' CLUB



## Hello, Everybody!

"Guns in the Night" By FLOYD GIBBONS Famous Headline Hunter.

YOU know, boys and girls, when a guy gets in trouble, generally his first thought is: "Boy, I wish there was a cop around to get me out of this." And if there is a cop around, the chances are he can get you out of almost any sort of jam in the world. The police are called on at all hours of the day and night, to do everything from straightening out a family argument, to catching a cat that's crawled up a tree and won't come down. But here's the story of a bunch of boys who couldn't call on the cops when they got into trouble. In fact, it was the cops who were making all the trouble for Frank Zappala, and for his three pals.

Not that Frank had done anything to deserve all that attention from the New York police department. All he was doing was trying to get to New Jersey. There are some funny laws on the statute books, I'll admit, but there isn't any against going to New Jersey, so Frank was entirely within his rights when he tried to dig up the half buck he needed to get through the Holland tunnel.

But things were happening around New York, that night, that Frank and his friends didn't know about. Old Lady Adventure was setting the stage for big doings—and she used the cops for actors in the drama she staged with Frank in the leading role.

Frank and his friends started out one September evening for a ride in a car that belonged to one of the fellows' dads. They had the car—but doggone little money. There was only twenty cents in cash in the whole crowd, and they wanted to go over to New Jersey to see some friends they had over there.

### Boys Would Rather Be in Jersey—So Watch.

Going to Jersey, though, cost fifty cents—the price of admission to the Holland tunnel. So Frank suggested that one of the other lads—a fellow named Jim—sell an old dollar-and-a-half watch that he carried. Jim was agreeable, and handed over the watch. Frank got out of the car and went looking for a customer for it.

The car was parked at the foot of Wall street and it was around 10:30 at night. Prospective watch-buyers were few and far between. As a matter of fact there was only one man in sight, and all the dough he had was twenty cents. The boys needed thirty cents, so it was just no sale.

They drove the car down to the Battery and tried again. A street cleaner was working there, and they offered the watch to him. He didn't want it, but he talked to the boys for a while. And then—suddenly—things began to happen.

Police Speed After Some Wrong-Doer.



A police car shot around the corner, siren screaming, and sped off down the street going about sixty-five miles an hour. About ten seconds later, another one followed it, going even faster than the first. Both cars disappeared around another corner before the boys even had a chance to get a good look at them. The street cleaner ran for the corner to get a last look at them, and the four boys climbed back into their own car.

Jim got in front and took the wheel. Frank was in the back seat with a lad named Charlie. While Jim was starting the motor, Frank turned to Charlie and said: "What luck we've got. We can't even sell a watch!" And then he saw Charlie's hands go up in the air—heard him cry out: "Don't shoot, mister—don't shoot!"

Frank sat gazing, spellbound, past Charlie and out into the street. Two men were standing there—detectives, they looked like—pointing sawed-off police rifles into the back seat of the car. Two uniformed police came up then, and one of the detectives opened the door and yanked Charlie out of the car. Another poked a rifle into Frank's midriff and told him to climb out, too. And up ahead, the two boys in the front seat were also being pulled out onto the pavement.

### It Begins to Look Like They're Public Enemies.

By this time there were eight policemen and detectives clustered around the car. A couple more were inside, going through it with a fine-toothed comb. "Where are the guns?" they asked Frank. "Where are the other two fellows?"

All four boys said they didn't have any guns—didn't know anything about any two other fellows—but they couldn't convince the cops. A robbery had been committed in the neighborhood, and these lads answered the description of the men. They were carted off to the station house—fingerprinted, questioned. They hadn't been there long before they realized that they were in trouble—likely to be put on trial for a crime they had no hand in.

Where were they when the robbery was committed? That's the question the police kept asking them. And their answer: "Parked on a corner down by the Battery" was not good enough.

### Street Cleaner Cleans Up Their Slate.

Then Frank thought of the street cleaner. If the cops could only find him, he could back their story. Frank told the detective captain, and the captain sent a man out to bring him in. He got there about fifteen minutes later. "Did you ever see these boys before?" the detectives asked him. "Sure I did," he replied. "I was talking to them for twenty minutes, just before the police cars came shooting around the corner."

And that was all the cops wanted to know. But for a half hour or so, it sure looked to Frank as though four guys were going to jail for the heinous crime of trying to get to Jersey City.

### Mercury, Gold and Other Materials Outweigh Lead

The finding of the densest material on earth is a relatively simple matter. All that need be done is to weigh and measure all known forms of matter that are available. In general we find that solid metals are denser than gases. Liquids, or nonmetallic solids. Consequently it is not surprising that the heaviest substances known are metals, writes Dr. Thomas M. Beck in the Chicago Tribune.

Lead, which is proverbial for its heaviness, is far from being the heaviest metal. In fact, it is not even the heaviest of the commonly known ones; mercury is somewhat heavier, and gold has almost twice its density. But there are three rather rare metals, platinum, iridium, and osmium, having almost identical densities, which are the heaviest materials known to man.

## BRISBANE THIS WEEK

The Crown Remains Veterans Reach the Top The Useful Red Cross Oxygen Is Life



Behind the gray walls of Windsor castle, on the hill above the Eton school, where young England learns discipline and cricket, King George's coffin was lowered into the vault to lie beside his father, King Edward VII, and his grandmother, Queen Victoria.

The magnificent crown of England was taken from the coffin before it disappeared and placed before the altar. Kings go; the crown remains.

The services were broadcast, new feature of a royal funeral. The simple Church of England burial service, read by the Archbishop of Canterbury, was heard far over the earth, wherever Britain's 400,000,000 subjects live.

Veterans having successfully climbed the long, long road, the government began the biggest "pay-off" job in history, the printing of two billion four hundred million dollars' worth of bonds, to be distributed among 3,518,191 World War veterans. The mere distributing cost alone will be \$7,000,000.

Now government wonders what new taxes can be invented to pay the two and one-half billions.

Interesting news from Ethiopia sent by an American correspondent says the residence of Haile Selassie's son has on the roof a large red cross, although it has nothing to do with the Red Cross. Associated Press sends news of a Swedish "field hospital," captured by Italians in the South, carrying ammunition on five trucks adorned with Red Cross flags and insignia. The "field hospital" automobiles contained, in addition, 27 cases of munitions. In modern war, the safe plan seems to be bomb everything. The war drums of the Ethiopian hero, Ras Desta Denta, were captured. He will miss them.

"The Blood Is the Life," according to an old Hebrew saying, and oxygen is the life of the blood. No oxygen means death, in three minutes or less; too little oxygen means premature death, inferior health meanwhile.

The Dionne quintuplets are marvelous in their health. The marvelous babies sleep outdoors every morning and afternoon; on one occasion the temperature was 30 degrees below zero.

All five walk, all have gained weight during the past month, and have new teeth. Annette has three new ones, twelve in all. All have beautiful big eyes, high foreheads, pretty faces and look as French as the Marseillaise; get plenty of oxygen, but wrap up well.

Lloyd George says the new king, Edward VIII, has the magnetism of his grandfather, Edward VII; that he comes to the throne with such great troubles ahead as few kings have ever encountered, but "his courage and his sure instinct will not fail him."

O. K. Allen, Huey Long's governor of Louisiana, died of a cerebral hemorrhage. He remained in succession to Senator Long, leader of the Long party, a short time only. Perhaps they are together now, both aware that nothing happening on this little earth is important; Huey Long wondering why he made such a fuss about it.

The unnecessary air disaster in Hawaii, two United States bombing planes destroyed in collision while flying "in formation" and six men killed, causes aviators to say that they object to night formation flying. They may well object; nothing more densely stupid could be imagined than sending up planes to fly at high speed, almost wing to wing, inviting disaster and death. Even in these busy times there ought to be somebody sufficiently intelligent to stop that nonsense, at night, and in daytime also.

Mr. John Horan of Milwaukee, called by his fellow workers "Soda Ash Johnny," first used soda ash to clean locomotive boilers, a discovery that should have made him rich, but did not.

"Soda Ash Johnny," a proud man, refused to let his son accept a pension, told the authorities: "I am still able to work, and no boy of mine is going 'on the county.'"

It will surprise you to hear that the son, aged sixty-six, had applied for an old age pension.

The statement that imagination is worse than reality applies to everything—death included, let us hope.

When a colony of nudists move on San Diego, Calif., the strongest protest comes from San Diego's Braille club, an organization of blind people. They could not actually know whether the colonists were dressed or not, but they do not like the idea.

Consider how men have persecuted, tortured and burned each other for religious differences, in matters that they could neither see nor know.

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### Opportunity May Knock, but More Likely She'll Pass By

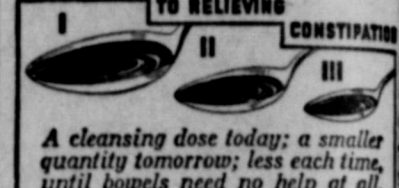
It is a dangerous thing to wait for opportunities until it becomes a habit. Energy and inclination for hard work ooze out in the waiting. Opportunity becomes invisible to those who are doing nothing, or looking somewhere else for it.

It is the great worker, the man who is alert for chances, that gets them.—O. S. Marden.

## THE DOCTORS ARE RIGHT

Women should take only liquid laxatives

Many believe any laxative they might take only makes constipation worse. And that isn't true. Do what doctors do to relieve this condition. Doctors use liquid laxatives.



A cleansing dose today; a smaller quantity tomorrow; less each time, until bowels need no help at all.

Reduced dosage is the secret of aiding Nature in restoring regularity. You must use a little less laxative each time, and that's why your laxative should be in liquid form. A liquid dose can be regulated to the drop.

The liquid laxative generally used upon is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It contains senna and cascara—both natural laxatives that form no habit even with children. Syrup Pepsin is the nicest tasting, nicest acting laxative you ever tried.

Understanding Men Tolerant men are those who have suffered blows of fortune.

## Beware Coughs That Hang On

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance by anything less than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble to rid nature of the mucus and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegm is loosened and expelled.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, Creomulsion is authorized to guarantee relief. It is authorized to guarantee relief. It is authorized to guarantee relief. It is authorized to guarantee relief.

Cardui Helped Three Times

"I used Cardui, when a girl, for cramps, and it helped them," says Mrs. Ike Wright of Sealy, Texas. Next, after marriage, she reports cramps of having taken Cardui when she was weak, nervous and restless before her children were born. And during middle life, it helped her again.

"It was miserable," she explains. "I had no appetite, I was very blue and upset. I remembered Cardui had helped me, so I took it again and soon began to pick up. I ate and had more energy. I kept up the Cardui and did not have the more trouble. Is it any wonder that I recommend Cardui to all my friends?"

Thousands of women testify that Cardui benefited them. If it does not benefit you, consult a physician.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

No Need to Suffer "Morning Sickness"

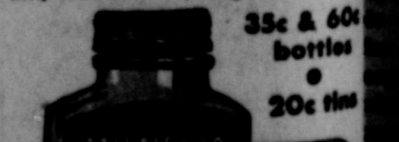
"Morning sickness"—is caused by acid condition. To avoid it, acid must be offset by alkalis—such as magnesium.

Why Physicians Recommend Minessia 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 dose of liquid milk of magnesia.

Start using these delicious, effective anti-acid, gently laxative wafers today. Professional samples sent free to registered physicians or dentists if request is on professional letterhead. Select Pharmacy, Inc., 4402 23rd St., Long Island City, N.Y.

35c & 60c bottles 20c tin



The Original Milk of Magnesia Wafers



THE FEATHERHEADS



SMATTER POP— Must Make Allowance for the Turn



MESCAL IKE



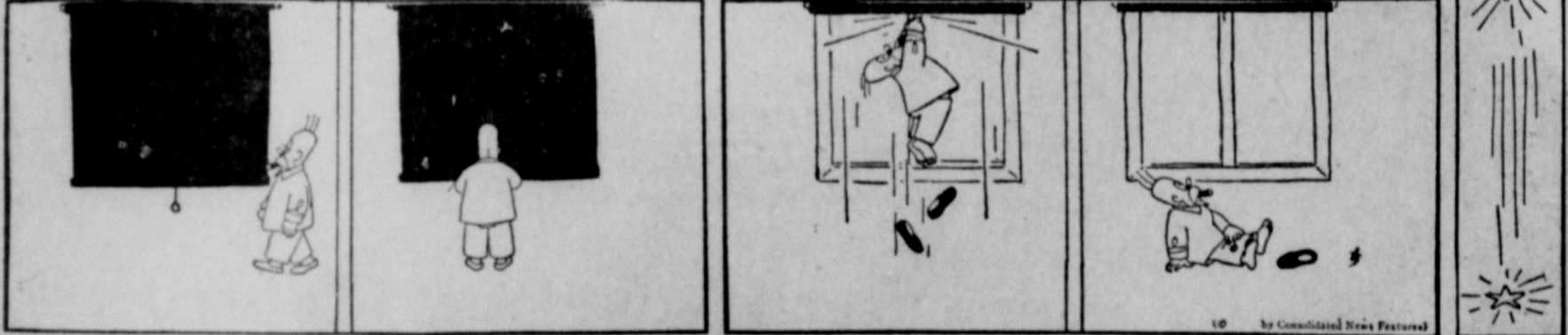
FINNEY OF THE FORCE



'REG'LAR FELLERS'



ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES



BRONC PEELER Ripping—Eh, What?

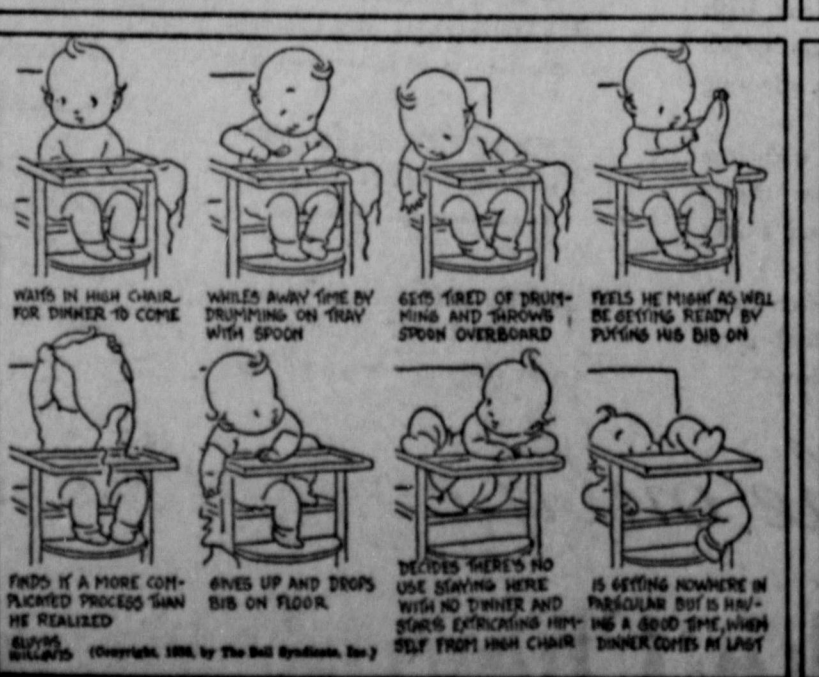


CUTTING CORNERS



Advertisement for Wrigley's Spearmint gum. Text: 'YOU CAN ALWAYS DEPEND ON WRIGLEY'S QUALITY', 'WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM', 'AIDS DIGESTION'.

WAITING FOR DINNER



what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

Middle Age and Painless Dentistry. CULVER CITY.— Especially to those nearing middle age—the age when you begin to exchange your emotions for symptoms—it's gratifying to hear a New York scientist has hit on a formula for really painless dentistry. If he's right, the operation will only begin to hurt when you get the bill. Time was when you could hang onto your stately ruins until there was English ivy growing on them. Nowadays, no matter what ails you, they X-ray your teeth, which is a mistake to begin with, because I never yet saw an X-ray photograph that was flattering. And the next thing you know, you've a taste in your mouth like a druggist's dishrag; and your face looks like an old-fashioned buckskin purse, with the draw-string coming undone; and, on the inside, feels as empty as a haunted house.

Still, getting the upper plate from a mail order house has its compensations. Hot soup no longer makes blisters in the palate. Just a slight smell of burning rubber—that's all.

And a beautiful brilliant new set, shimmering from a tumbler of water alongside the reading lamp, certainly does brighten up the boudoir.

A True Maker of Melodies.

THEY gave a dinner here to the son of a desperately poor immigrant, a modest, kindly little man who started life as a singing waiter in a bowery bar-room. The dinner celebrated his silver jubilee as a maker of melodies. It has been just 25 years since he set the toes of the nation to tingling with "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

I can think of an occasional popular composer, who might be defined as a person who has a good memory and hopes no one else has; just as now and then—but this is a trade secret—you strike a writer who is getting by not because he is such a good writer, but because he has been such a close reader.

But for Irving Berlin, it may be said that his lyrics are his own and his airs are his own and his ideas are his own. Maybe that's why his tuneful output is so good—it reflects the spirit of an authentic creator, a genuine minstrel bard.

The Great Republican Hope.

I NEVER thought the stocks that licked the desert and the Apaches would be slackers, but neither in Arizona nor in New Mexico can I find trace of an authentic Presidential boom for any home-grown statesman. On the other hand, the sheep crop is reported good.

Maybe it's just as well. Already there has been more than one favorite son boom that reminded me of a new trunk store on a side street—you know, the kind that always opens with a grand closing-out sale.

Republicans here speak highly of Governor Landon of Kansas. Still, you never can tell. If you can believe what the Sunday papers print when the editors can't think of anything else, tragedy always followed owning the Hope diamond or digging into King Tut's tomb. But being indorsed for office by W. R. Hearst is pretty fatal, too, seems to me.

A New Kind of Inflation.

WHEN one of the New Deal groups—the President's consumers' council—announced the other day that Americans have larger hips than formerly, I just said: "Well, I'm glad things are expanding. There were several years when nothing I owned showed a tendency to go up except my blood pressure, and if hips are spreading, it merely means wider detours for a fellow when dancing on a crowded floor."

But now another White House pet, the Works Progress administration, gives a real thrill by promising to expose spinach, proving there are plenty of vegetables just as good for the diet, that taste like something and not like spinach. Maybe they'll yet find a use for spinach—by applying it externally, say? Personally I'd rather wear it in my hair than try to eat it. So would you, reader, if you were only brave enough to come out with the truth.

England's New King.

IN THE matter of their ruling monarchs, the English are luckier than some. The crown is never tarnished nor the people ever shamed, for all their kings are gentlemen and all their queens are queens. That's why, I think, Britain will keep her royal line, while we keep our flag, which ought to be quite a long spell, in case any communistic person should ask you.

So, to the witty and engaging youngish gentleman, who picks up the mantle that slipped from the tired shoulders of a kindly and gracious elderly gentleman, we over here offer our best wishes. We know Your Majesty invariably will show good taste, and whilst you may not always do the right thing—that would be asking too much of any man—we're dead sure you'll always say it.

IRVIN S. COBB. North American Newspaper Alliance, Inc.—WNU Service.

Slenderizing Surplice Tops an At-Home Frock



What if you do wear a forty-four? No need to sacrifice femininity on that account, for a frock with graceful, slimming lines can make you look as young as you feel. Why not choose an easy pattern with surplice bodice for your next "at home" style—the one sketched today? Simplicity is the keynote of those sweeping lines that outline the collarless, surplice yoke. The slenderizing effect carries right on down into the skirt—a clever piece of designing, wouldn't you say? Pattern 9609 may be ordered only in sizes 16, 18, 20, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yds. 36 inch fabric. Complete, designed and made to order. Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 232 W. 14th St., New York, N. Y.

Advertisement for Dempster Lister. Text: 'DEMPSTER LISTER', 'FRAMELESS TYPE • 2-ROW', 'with Rotary Moldboard Bottom', 'Quick Acting Power Lift'. Includes an illustration of a tractor.

Advertisement for Good Light Every Night. Text: 'GOOD LIGHT Every Night WITH A Coleman LANTERN'. Includes an illustration of a lantern.

Advertisement for Multi. Text: 'Multi', '7 to 40-c 60-c Bottles'. Includes an illustration of a bottle.

Vertical text on the far right edge of the page, partially cut off. Includes 'The Bett', 'By Dr. R', 'THE PRO', 'Since Adan', 'race has been', 'of various kin', 'these afflictio', 'coming more', 'This is not', 'where some', 'by science in', 'world, becaus', 'increases, the', 'new classificat', 'names. The', 'changed a bit', 'still in the b', 'called by a', 'point is the a', 'citis. In the', 'this was know', 'bowels, and', 'thereof. One', 'than ordinary', 'vestigate, and', 'aforsaid infl', 'was broken d', 'fections, amo', 'word appendi', 'Disease', 'Disease is a', 'vdy. It is', 'ther are ma', 'that by "keep', 'health," they', 'he inroads c', 'nough for ce', 'who frequent', 'ymptoms unt', 'they are affl', 'he normal pe', 'd of blithe', 'ans of the', 'he system is', 'the strict w', 'and cannot see', 'See your c', 'ave cause', 'don't procast', 'go right', 'the skirt can free', 'if you', 'he Imaginat', 'method of', 'ally ill.', 'Treat E', 'You might', 'strong fort', 'to repel', 'all are re', 'be able', 'your doctor', 'the wall', 'ore carefully', 'forewarn', 'that point', 'precauti', 'ctor is you', 'matters of', 'SCHOLAR', 'There has', 'ment ma', 'nd how far', 'nd in high', 'are in room', 'restion.', 'Under the p', 'as a high', 'the footb', 'le but too', 'any cases b', 'making t', 'mot give t', 'ady of tex', 'a happy', 'ere the s', 'in a high', 'shown the', 'the boys who', 'The Wink', 'ation at tl', 'ria, as a', 'ns. We ar', 'w many I', 'in please', 'ored hard', 'aces in sc', 'y that the', 'eir efforts', 'd they, too', 'no differen', 'Fort Wor', 'leading r', 'room for s', 'our state', 'burles of', 'be pl', 'Be', 'the b', 'that tl', 'ama. E', 'to look', 'of be', 'W', 'Bowling', 'who m', 'roomor', 'athle', 'be c', 'do', 'shlet', 'ship', 'gent', 'utlish', 'public', 'onsid', 'Wh', 'ahar', 'man', 'probabl'

Frock

### The Road to Better Health

By Dr. Robert Ambrose Elliott

#### THE PROGRESS OF DISEASE

Since Adam and Eve the human race has been burdened with diseases of various kinds, and to the layman these afflictions apparently are becoming more numerous every day. This is not really the case, except where some rare cause is discovered by science in a remote part of the world, because as medical knowledge increases, the diseases are placed in new classifications and called by new names. The primitive cause has not changed a bit—the original disease is still in the background, even though called by a new name. A case in point is the affliction called appendicitis. In the old days before surgery, this was known as inflammation of the bowels, and many were the deaths thereof. One day a surgeon of more than ordinary courage decided to investigate, and since that day the aforesaid inflammation of the bowels was broken down into several classifications, among which we find the word appendicitis.

#### Disease a Real Menace

Disease is an enemy to the human body. It is a menace to life itself. There are many persons who believe that by "keeping their minds off it" they are able to fend away the inroads of disease. This is well enough for certain types of neurotics who frequently dwell upon disease symptoms until they actually believe they are afflicted with disease. To the normal person, however, the method of blithely disregarding certain signs of the presence of disease in the system is alike to the practice of the ostrich who buries his head in the sand and feels that, because he cannot see danger, there is no danger. See your doctor the minute you have cause to suspect a disease. Don't procrastinate a day, or a week, or go right away to the one person who can free your mind from further worry, if your affliction springs from the imagination, or who can advise the method of aiding relief if you are really ill.

#### Treat Body Like a Fort

You might liken your body to a strong fort, surrounded by sturdy walls to repel the invader. If these walls are regularly inspected, they will be able to withstand an attack your doctor tells you about a place where the wall which must be watched more carefully than others, then you are forewarned to expect an attack at that point, and to take the necessary precautionary measures. Your doctor is your best friend, always, in matters of health.

#### SCHOLARSHIP OR FOOTBALL

There has been a great deal of comment made on the question of just how far athletics should be carried in high schools, and certainly there is room for argument on the question.

Under the present rule athletes must play as a high scholastic rating to play on the football team. That is the rule but too often not the case. In many cases boys who give their time to making the best football players cannot give their best efforts to the study of text books. There should be a happy medium some place where the student who desires to play in a high scholastic rating would be shown the same consideration as boys who star in athletics.

The Wink football team enjoyed a vacation at the Rose Bowl in California, as a courtesy of the Wink boys. We are made to wonder just how many boys, and girls, too, if please, in Wink high school have worked hard and earnestly to attain success in scholastic rating are feeling that they should have devoted their efforts to football or volley ball and they, too, could be heroes. Wink is no different from Monahans, Pecos, Fort Worth; athletics are taking a leading role in school life. There is room for serious study on the part of our state officials and local school authorities on just where the stress should be placed, on scholarship or athletics. Because we, the fans, like to see the boys play football, we desire that the school give of its best. But what about the boy who is looking for something that will be of benefit to him in the years to come? We would like to see a few "Rose Bowl" trips for the boys and girls who make the touchdowns in the classroom, as well as the boys who star in athletics.

Be careful as school patrons do not demand too much from athletics and too little from scholarship standpoint. We believe the student who wins in mathematics, English, debating, declaiming, public speaking, is worthy the same consideration as the winning athlete. What do you think about Monahans News.

Man swallows a girl's line, probably have to cough up.

### God Speaks to Texas

By Centennial Revival Committee

"A new heart also will I give you and a new spirit will I put within you, and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh. . . . I will put my spirit within you and cause you to walk in my statutes and you shall keep my judgments and do them. And you shall dwell in the land I gave to your fathers; and you shall be my people and I will be your God. Then shall ye remember your own evil ways and your doings that were not good and shall loathe yourselves in your own sight for your iniquities and for your abominations." Ezekiel 36:26-28, 31.

The greatest need of our time is for a return of profound sense of sin and consciousness of our responsibility in this republic. The churches of Texas are planning such a program for the Centennial year that we may all have a "new heart," a heart which loathes the evil ways of our times, our coldness of heart, our indifference, our lack of faith and the crime and sin that results therefrom.

"The people said unto Joshua. . . . We will serve the Lord." Now therefore put away," said Joshua, "the strange gods which are among you and incline your heart unto the Lord, God of Israel. And the people said unto Joshua, 'The Lord our God will we serve and His voice will we obey.' And Joshua wrote these words in the book of the law of God and took a great stone and set it up there under an oak that was by the sanctuary of the Lord. And Joshua said unto all his people, 'Behold, the stone shall be a witness unto us, for it hath heard all the words of the Lord which He spoke unto us; it shall be therefore a witness unto you lest you deny your God.'—Joshua 24:21, 23-27.

The founders of Texas, like the builders of ancient Israel, were mostly religious people. They said, "The Lord will we serve and His voice will we obey." Col. Travis sent for missionaries. Gen. Sam Houston's band rendered grateful thanks to God. The sacred institutions which our fathers have builded are witness to us of their faith. Let our church buildings, our school rooms, and our club and lodge halls witness the renewal of this sacred covenant in these opening days of our Centennial year. Let us put away the "strange gods" of indulgence in fleshly appetites and dependence upon our mental shrewdness to deliver us. Let us seek the wisdom which comes from above, read our Bibles, and cultivate the great things of the soul in 1936.

#### FINESSE

"Did you make these biscuits, dear?"  
"Yes."  
"Well, I wish you wouldn't make any more, sweetheart."  
"Why not?"  
"Because, angel dear, you are too light for such heavy work."

#### ADVICE

"My advice to you, Colonel, is to go through the movements of driving without using the ball," said the golf instructor.  
"My dear fellow," answered the Colonel, "that's precisely the trouble I'm wanting to overcome."—Toronto Globe.

Customer (at soda fountain)—"I want a plain soda water without flavor."  
Clerk—"What flavors do you want without?"  
Customer—"What flavors do you have?"  
Clerk—"We have chocolate, pineapple, vanilla and caramel."  
Customer—"Well, I wanted it without strawberry."  
Clerk—"I'm sorry, we're all out of strawberry. Would you just as soon have it without chocolate?"

Miss Sharp—"Why did you have such a far-away look on your face while I was singing?"  
Mr. Flat—"Oh, I was merely thinking of the far-away places I would like to be right now."

Flat—"I hit a guy on the nose yesterday, and you shoulda seen him run."  
Flatter—"That so?"  
Flat—"Yeh, but he didn't catch me."

Barber—"Your hair is terribly thin on top. Have you tried our Russian tonic?"  
Victim—"No, it wasn't that."

Jack—"Is that your last year's suit you're wearing?"  
Fred—"Yes, and it's my next year's too."

Those who get things for nothing never fail to come back for another supply on the same terms.

#### ANOTHER SHORT, SHORT STORY

Gwendolyn Fudge looked out across the lawn that undulated to the crooked concrete 20 feet away, and her gaze grew troubled. A back-firing old auto rattled down the hill from the village. A handsome relief worker with muscles like a Greed god was sitting on the curb intently carving a monkey face on a horse-chestnut. All was dull, drab, dreary, sordid, worldly, tiresome. And yet, there was suspense—even tragedy—in the air.

"Why doesn't he come?" murmured Gwendolyn Fudge.  
She had been married half a year—a short, happy six months. She thought of this now, as she waited impatiently in the doorway for a man who in truth was NOT her husband. The grass continued to undulate. The pavement continued to crack. The pulchritudinous boom-dogger kept up his persistent "chip, chip, chip," as he shaped the horse-chestnut to his will. Evidently a master man—and a master of women, if he would be such. Was that the man she was waiting for? No, a thousand times no! It was another.

"Why doesn't he come?" murmured Gwendolyn Fudge, under her breath—scented strongly from using cheap toothpaste. He had faithfully promised over the phone to be there at five p. m.—promised on his "honor as a gentleman!" Pah! A man's honor! And it was already half past four.  
"This is maddening. Men are all alike," said Gwendolyn, with a despairing gesture and a tightening of the firm mouth—made to look like a "Cupid's bow" by a few well-placed dabs of lipstick.

The truth is she had met this man but once. He looked truthful. They always do. But at heart all men are deceivers. No woman can depend in them—and don't forget: "It is the woman who PAYS."

Just then, she leaned forward.

#### Pimples, Blackheads Go!

Palmer's "Skin Success" quickly removes skin blemishes, blackheads, pimples, and acne. It is a sure cure for all skin troubles. Also see Palmer's "Skin Success" Soap to keep skin clear. 50c each.

#### SPECIALS

Permanent Waves  
Realistic with ringlet ends.  
Shampoo and Set included.

Note these prices, good for a limited time only:

Permanents \$1.00 and up  
Spiral or Combination \$3.75 and \$5.00  
\$5.00 Croquignole, 2 for \$6.00  
\$3.50 Croquignole, 2 for \$4.00  
\$2.50 Croquignole, 2 for \$3.50  
Hot Oil Shampoo and Set .50c  
Plain Shampoo and Set .35c  
Eyebrow and Lash Dye .35c

Phone 149

Landers Beauty Shoppe  
1 block north of Post Office

she caught the welcome sound of an auto approaching. "It must be him," she exclaimed. Then, remembering what she had learned in school, she corrected herself: "It must be he."  
She ran impulsively to the gate—or rather the place where the gate used to be, in "the good old times"—with eager, expectant face and outstretched arms.

"It's your order from Greening's Cash Bargain Grocery," the man said, and handed her a package. "Twenty-five cents C. O. D.," he added, curtly.  
And again the woman did have to PAY! Oh, what a cruel, hard, mercenary world this is!

Gwendolyn was going to entertain the Current Events Club at her house that evening, and she needed that extra pound of butter so she could make up the sandwiches in advance and stick them in the ice-box to keep fresh.—Pathfinder.



Gasoline - Oils - Greases  
mean satisfactory, economical service for your car.  
Drive in your nearest  
Phillips Station

Boyd Meador, Agent



Our Special for VALENTINE GIFTS  
Fancy Mix, per lb 69c  
Beauty Box, per lb 85c  
Finest Quality box \$1.00

CITY DRUG STORE

"More than a Merchant"  
Witt Springer, Prop.

J. Frank Bidwell of Tucuman, N. M., Mrs. H. A. Bridges of Bartlesville, Okla., Mr. and Mrs. Walter Coester of Gerard, Kan., Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Culvert of Wellington and D. Bilderback of Hadley attended the funeral of their cousin, Fred Bidwell, here Friday. The three ladies are sisters of J. Frank Bidwell.

If those people who throw bricks would only start laying them, look what a prosperous community we would have!

#### BUY PRINTING IN McLEAN

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We treat your car and your pocketbook right.

Let us service your car.

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W. K. Wharton, Mgr.

SEND \$1.00

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Make the most of your reading hours. Enjoy the wit, the wisdom, the companionship, the charm that have made the Atlantic, for seventy-five years, America's most quoted and most cherished magazine.

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY  
8 Arlington St., Boston

## The Reward of a Smart Wife

It takes brains to keep a husband wild about you. He is naturally proud of your smart appearance. But he is equally proud of your ability to manage your home. Give him nourishing, tempting meals, but do it without running high food bills. You can if you shop with us. Here are foods whose quality you know, at prices that save you extra dollars every week.

FREE! a good broom with every \$3.00 purchase Friday and Saturday.

## O. K. Grocery and Market

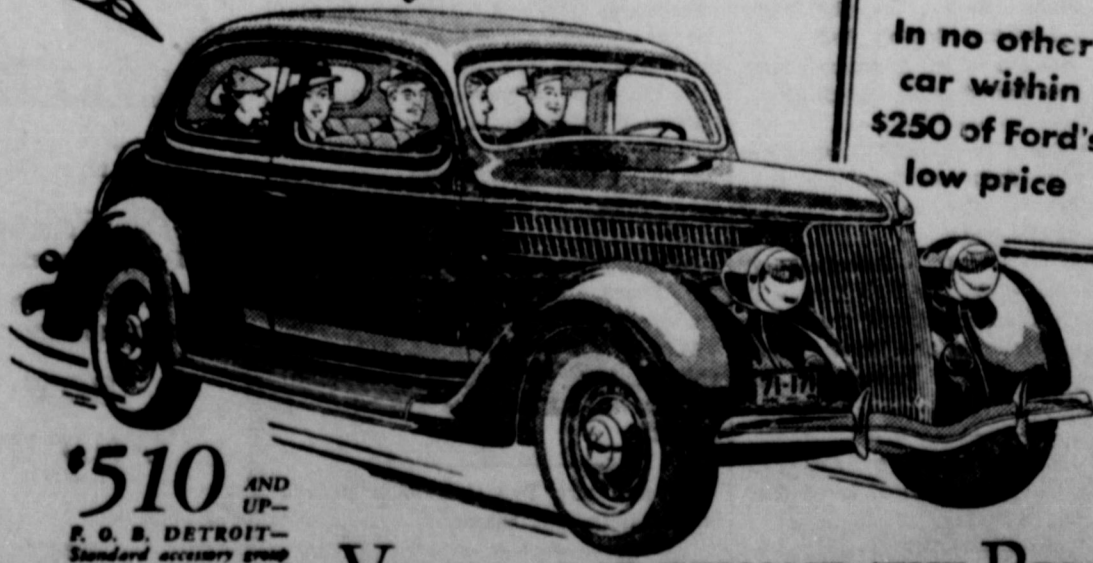
# Only FORD offers such value at the PRICE!

BECAUSE of Ford's basic design of engine, brakes, and chassis—only Ford can give you so much fine car performance in an economical, easy-handling car.

Because of Ford's economy in making and selling cars—only Ford can give you so many fine-car features at anywhere near the low Ford price.

And fifteen minutes at the wheel of the 1936 Ford V-8 will prove it even more clearly. Why not drive one today?

Your Ford Dealer



\$510 AND UP—Standard accessory group including bumper and spare tire extra.

VALUE—FAR BEYOND THE PRICE Ford V-8

Can't be had under \$1645—except in the Ford

In no car under \$1275—except the Ford

In no other car within \$250 of Ford's low price

V-8 ENGINE—Proved on the road by over 2,500,000 Ford V-8's.

FORD LOW CENTER OF GRAVITY—Passengers ride lower than in any other car under \$1995.

FORD BRAKING SURFACE per pound of car weight—greater than any other car under \$3195.

THE CENTERPOISE RIDE—Passengers cradled between springs.

FREE ACTION ON ALL 4 WHEELS—Transverse springs cut down tilt and side-sway.

4-FLOATING REAR AXLES—Car weight on housing, not on axle shaft.

TORQUE-TUBE DRIVE—Gives you greater safety and roadability.

CENTRIFUGAL CLUTCH—Easier pedal action. Longer life.

DUAL DOWN-DRIFT CARBURETOR—Maximum gas mileage. Quicker cold weather starting.

\$25 A MONTH after usual low down-payment, buys any new Ford V-8 passenger car or light commercial unit under new authorized Ford finance plan of Universal Credit Co. 6% for 12 months or 1/2 of 1% a month for longer periods figured on total unpaid balance plus insurance. Attractive U.C.C. terms on used cars also.

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Phone 47

T. A. LANDERS, Publisher

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Texas Press Association  
Panhandle Press Association

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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 total disregard for traffic rules in McLean by some motorists will result in serious trouble, unless the practice is stopped. Running red lights, turning in the middle of the block and speeding are indulged in by some people entirely too much for the public safety.

The Terry County Herald is another good newspaper to raise its subscription rate this year. As many of the 15c magazines are now raised to a quarter and everything connected with the publishing business is on the up, there is no reason why the home town paper should not get better prices. There can be little valid objection to the subscription rate of any newspaper when it can be bought for less than the price of a package of chewing gum each week.

Some of the city dads romped on the editor for the peddler editorial in last week's paper. It seems that the license in question was issued from an old book bought in 1925, as the home paper has printed licenses since that time. We can hardly blame the dads for using up all the old tax receipts, licenses and notices bought long ago, and we are glad to make this explanation. If we had known this at the time, the peddler would not have had so much fun with us.

**BELIEVE IN YOURSELF**

Give me the man who believes in persistent effort. He has an objective in all that he does, and he keeps the light of it constantly before him.

No trumpets announce his successive steps from one vantage point to another. He cares not for praise nor does he need continuous urging. His urge comes from within, and directs his course from day to day. The seeming flare of spasmodic achievement disturbs him not. But when the months have rolled by he has gained ground steadily, and as the years succeed each other, he becomes what the world is pleased to call an "outstanding success."

Some gain success quickly, apparently without effort, and we are prone to call them "lucky." Too often the results of such success are lost just as quickly and just as easily. Persistent effort goes on to the end. It does not rest on laurels gained, for the persistent worker finds joy only in continued achievement, no matter how much may already have been gained.—Daily Tribune, Royal Oak, Mich.

Is there anything more disgusting to hear than the fellow without any real complaint eternally howling? But how refreshing, when you hear the person you think has every reason to be down-hearted always presenting the brightest side of life. Which do you think gets the most out of life?

Mrs. Gabb—"Any decent husband would give his wife all the money she wanted to spend."

Mr. Gabb—"Don't be silly, my dear. There isn't that much money."

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Webb, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Webb of Miami attended the Fred Bidwell funeral here Friday.

**It's Possible**

**AFRICA - CENTER OF WHITE CIVILIZATION?**

**THE CENTER OF THE FUTURE WHITE CIVILIZATION WILL NOT BE NORTH OR SOUTH AMERICA, BUT AFRICA. UNLIMITED MINERAL AND AGRICULTURAL RESOURCES YET UNTOUCHED WILL DRAW IMMIGRANTS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD. VAST MANUFACTURING PLANTS WILL BE SET UP IN THE SHADOWS OF THE PYRAMIDS AND THE SPHINX WILL GRAVELY WATCH A NEWER AND GREATER CIVILIZATION HURRYING BY. THE QUESTION OF AFRICA'S MEAT WILL BE OVERCOME BY COOLING & REFRIGERATION PLANTS IN EVERY HOME AND FACTORY.**

**THE WORLD'S FASTEST MAN**  
A CHAMPION DISTANCE RUNNER WILL BE DEVELOPED AT SOME FUTURE DATE WHO WILL BREAK ALL EXISTING RECORDS - RUNNING THE MILE IN ABOUT 3 MIN.

**DEAR READER: YOUR IDEA MAY BE A POSSIBILITY SOME DAY SEND IT ALONG - ADDRESS ME AT THIS PAPER.**

**THE FUTURE DENTIST!**  
WONDERFUL CHANGES WILL TAKE PLACE IN DENTISTRY IN THE FUTURE. DENTISTS, AFTER MUCH RESEARCH, WILL FIND A WAY TO EXTRACT AN INFECTED TOOTH, FIX IT UP AND PUT IT BACK AND IT WILL STILL HAVE LIFE - THINK OF THAT YOUSE GUYS WITH FALSE CHOPPERS!

**News from Whitefish**

Miss Lulu Mae Dunkle and Miss Marguerite Crisp spent Sunday with Miss Euline Sherrod.

Mrs. Marvin Hall and daughter, Doris Jean, and Miss Lulu Mae Dunkle spent Tuesday night in the Everette Hall home.

Marvin Hall and Everette Hall made a business trip to Oklahoma City last week.

The Twentieth Century Club met with Mrs. Jeannie Chapman Wednesday afternoon. A very interesting program was rendered on the Historic Spots in the Panhandle of Texas. Mrs. Harrison Worsham was leader and gave a very interesting talk on the History of the J. A. Ranch. Mrs. Marvin Hall gave an interesting talk on Old Clarendon, and Old Mobeetle was given by Mrs. F. Stubbs. Refreshments of sandwiches, cake, coffee and tea were served. Members present were the hostess, Mesdames F. Stubbs, Frank Crisp, Enloe Crisp, Harrison Worsham, Marvin Hall, S. L. Ball, J. P. Elms, and Oscar Bell. Visitors were Mrs. Stubbs of Amarillo, Misses Doris Jean Hall and Nita Ball.

Misses Lulu Mae Dunkle and Marguerite Crisp entertained a few friends in their home Saturday evening. The guests were: Miss Euline Sherrod, Raymond and Durwood Jones and Reroy Terbush.

Mr. Smith, who passed away Saturday afternoon, will be greatly missed by this community. The people of the community extend sympathy to the family.

Mrs. C. P. Hamilton and son, "Scooter," are spending a couple of weeks with friends and relatives in Ponca City, Okla.

Veda Hazel Smith spent Sunday afternoon with Dorothy Thomas. When Veda Hazel returned home, Dorothy came with her to spend the night.

Pauline Crisp spent Monday night in the Frank Crisp home.

**SAME OLD LINE**

A well-known man writhed in a barber's chair. The barber was dull and his razor seemed to share his disappointment.

"I've just about decided to open a butcher shop," he said, reaching for the powdered astringent.

"And will you use this one?" his victim gasped feebly.

**PUSS PUSS**

Catty Guest—"Pardon me, but I noticed at the dinner that your husband smacks his lips quite loudly when he eats. Believe me, that's one thing my husband doesn't do."

Catty Hostess—"No, I suppose not, dearie; I've tasted your cooking."

Sweetie-Pie—"Darling, I want you to use your influence to have that postal clerk at the general delivery window discharged."

Darling—"What for, Sweetie-Pie?"

Sweetie-Pie—"He tried to flirt with me. When I asked him if there was any mail for me the fresh thing wanted to know my name and address."

Scott Johnston went to Arlington last week to the bedside of his father. He returned Monday.

C. G. Nicholson and Jas. F. Heasley were in Pampa Monday.

**With the Churches**

**FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH**

Cecil G. Goff, Pastor  
Sunday school 9:45 a. m. Orchestra.  
Morning worship at 11. Message by the pastor. Special music by choir.

B. T. S. 6:15 p. m.  
Night service at 7:30. Message by pastor. Special music by choir and orchestra.

Workers meeting Tuesday at Lela. Choir rehearsal Tuesday 7:30 p. m. W. M. U. Wednesday 2:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m.

**FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**

W. A. Erwin, Minister  
Sunday school 10 a. m. Arthur Erwin, g. n. supt.; Mrs. Chas. E. Cooke, supt. primary dept.  
Morning worship 11.

Evening worship at 5 o'clock. The junior choir will sing. A special invitation is extended to the families and friends of the choir.

**NEWSPAPER MISTAKES**

Lehigh Independent-Argus: Errors in newspaper are frequent, though it is the goal of one and all who claim to be journalists to eradicate the disease of mistakes. An editorial in the Leigh, Nebraska, World, published some time ago, expressed the situation and gives some advice which could be read over with profit every once in a while, both by newspaper folk and subscribers.

Yes, newspapers make mistakes. There is no concealing the fact, because the errors themselves are spread where all the world may see them. But is there as much inaccuracy as people think? Probably not. Frank R. Kent of the Baltimore Sun, speaking at William and Mary College, makes a striking statement of the case, which may interest readers as much as it interests newspaper men. "In no business and in no profession, save that of the pure scientist," he declares, "is the premium of accuracy so high, the penalty for inaccuracy so prompt and the proportion of accuracy so great. There isn't a newspaper man anywhere who does not know that, trivial though his error may be, someone will catch it. Even when it escapes the watchful editorial gaze, even when no one in the office picks it up, even when he himself is unaware of it, there are still the old subscribers—thousands of 'hem-vigilant, alert, aggressive, resentful, eager to put their finger on the 'break,' communicate with the editor and 'show up' the writer and 'the paper.' These old subscribers, in my judgment, are by far the most valuable asset a newspaper man can have. Their militant, microscopic scrutiny is the finest possible corrective influence."—Journal Webster City, Iowa.

John—"Where have you been all this time? Here I've been waiting for you like a fool for the past hour."

Marie—"I'm sorry if I kept you waiting, but I think you are unreasonable to blame me for how you waited."

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Chilton of Pampa visited here last Sunday.

E. C. Rippey of Norman, Okla., visited relatives here last week.

**News from Pakan**

The Rev. Martin Cizmar returned Saturday after a short visit with relatives and friends in Johnstown, Pa., and St. Louis. He was accompanied by the Rev. George Majoros of St. Louis.

The English Lutheran services were held Sunday night. The Rev. H. R. Pierking of Amarillo delivered the sermon.

T. H. Blue made a business trip to Pampa Saturday.

Rev. and Mrs. H. R. Frerking and children of Amarillo arrived Sunday evening for a short visit with friends here.

Jake Tarter of Wheeler was a business visitor at the Hrncliar home Monday.

Percy Bones of Shamrock visited in this community Sunday afternoon.

At his birthday they pity the mother; at his marriage they pity the bride; at his death they pity the widow.—Richmond (Va.) News Leader

**Life Fire Hail INSURANCE**

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

T. N. Holloway

Reliable Insurance

**LANDSCAPING**

Evergreens Shade Trees  
Fruit Trees Shrubby  
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Trees with a Reputation  
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fit right—look right—priced right. Let us take your measure.

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H. H. Darnell, Prop.

**BUY YOUR FORD V-8 AND USED CARS—from—**

**E. L. TURNER MOTOR CORP.**

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Sales

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**IT DOES MAKE A DIFFERENCE**

It's easy to say what another should do in the struggle for glory or pelf. But when the same problems are put up to you, Ain't it hard to decide for yourself?

"It seems to me this bump indicates curiosity," pondered the pro-nologist.

To which the client replied, "Yes, my wife was curious to know how big a one she could make."

Chisler—"You oughtn't to charge me but half-price for cutting my hair when I'm half-bald."

Barber—"Sorry, sir. We don't charge for cutting your hair—we charge for the time we spend hunting for it."

Tom—"You ought to brace up and how your wife who is boss around 'our house.'"

Bill—"I don't have to. She already knows."

Irving—"I, my friend, am a self-made man."

John—"How bad you must feel about being interrupted before you had completed the job."

Mrs. Gush—"That dress is the most beautiful fit I have ever seen."

Mrs. Chargin—"Then you should have seen the one my husband had when he got the bill for it."

Guy—"I'm losing my hair from worrying."

Gal—"What are you worrying about?"

Guy—"Losing my hair."

**FOR WHAT?**

Breathless Visitor—"Doctor, you help me? My name is James Doctor—"Sorry, sir, I simply do anything for that."

Arthur Brisbane recently said: "A newspaper is the national mirror reflecting what it sees. The editor well say: 'If you do not like what you see in the mirror, change your face or change your civilization, not break the mirror.'" That is a good statement to repeat to the type of person who enjoys being his community newspaper.—Am.

Would-be-advertiser—"Are you taking that advertisement in your paper?"

Editor—"Absolutely. Why the time a man advertised a lost dog dog walked in while the man writing out the advertisement."

Mrs. Mattie Taylor and children, Frederick Okla., visited the sister and brother, Mrs. W. T. son and Carl Hefner, over the end.

**WAFFLES**

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Regular meals and short order

Give us a trial

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Open Day and Night

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You can start that motor with

**CONOCO BRONZE**

Look for the Triangle

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Fast, friendly service

We will check your battery and tires, fill the gas tank, check your oil and clean the windshield. Give us a trial.

Operated by

Arnold Baten and Tommy Hunter

First Stop East of Bingham's Cafe

**Save on Food Bills**

We have built our reputation on our skill on buying quality foods to sell at low prices. If you are worried about food bills, a little study of our shelves stocked with the finest money can buy, will show you how we can save you extra dollars each week.

You don't have to worry about the quality, service, or satisfaction, here.

**City Food Store**

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# FLAME IN THE FOREST

By HAROLD TITUS

Illustrations by Irwin Myers  
Copyright by Harold Titus.  
WNU Service.

## CHAPTER I

Smoke filled his eyes and his throat. Heat, so intense that it seemed to be fluid, poured over them. The sound of the speeder's motor and the clatter of its wheels on the uneven rails was almost drowned in the raging voice of the fire; and Tod, an arm around him, holding him close as they rocked and swayed down the grade, was trembling.

But he wasn't going to cry, even if he was more scared than he ever had been in his seven years of experience. Not much, he wasn't! He hugged the precious letter-file with old Jack's payroll in it closer, and tried to look ahead; and when he saw living flames from the burning cars of chemical wood swept across the track like a curtain, he threw himself flat and squeezed his eyes shut and held his breath, and did not complain with so much as a grunt when Tod's big body, sprawling suddenly over his small one, made his ribs bend out of shape. No, sir! This was no time to act like a baby!

Headquarters was going, sure enough, but they were getting good old Jack's money out to safety. That was his job: to help save good old Jack from going bust. When you've got a job like that, for a man like that, you can't let on you're scared, can you? No; not even at seven, you can't!

He had been outside the office, standing in the deserted camp clearing, starting off up the road which Jack and the crew had taken before daylight, and where the cook had just gone with dinner for the fire-fighters, when the bookkeeper called to him.

"Listen, Kerry," Tod had said. "I want you to sit right here until I call you or come back. Wind's getting



This Was No Time to Act Like a Baby.

worse. They had her stopped last night, but you never can tell when fire'll stay stopped, weather like this."

His big, ordinarily good-natured face was white, and fine beads of moisture pricked out above his eyebrows.

"Sure," said Kerry Young, and swallowed, his heart going faster with Tod looking so scared.

"Now, listen careful. I took the payroll out of the cash drawer, see? It's in this letter-file—this one, right here." He laid his hand on the brown box on top of the safe. Another file was on the desk, and more on a shelf above it; but Tod put his hand right on that special one. "I'm goin' out to scout around. If anything happens, it may happen fast. The speeder's right on the track, now—right by the water-tank, there. If I yell, you bring the file and come a-runnin'. Understand that?"

"Sure, Tod," said Kerry, and swallowed again, even if his mouth was drier than ever.

"Good boy! Everybody's got to do his part, time like this. I'm uneasy about the wind. Remember, now; if I yell . . ."

He went out, then, and Kerry sat down on a chair with his breath fluttering in his throat. Responsibility sat heavily on his small shoulders, but he'd do just what Tod had told him to do. That payroll was old Jack's money, and he'd break his neck to help old Jack, he would! Good old Jack, who had found him in the house the day before his mother died, and got the doctor and did all that he could do, and who, after it was all over and he was alone, brought him to camp. That had been winter before last, and it looked as if he was going to stay with Jack forever. He certainly hoped so. Nobody in the world could be so kind to a little boy who had nobody else to look out for him as could old Jack, and breaking your neck for a man like that would be little enough to do.

Jack had been so worried since the fire started, day before yesterday! He

had been in town when it came up, and had come back, driving the engine himself, snaking the empties over the steel fit to shake the stakes out. He had given her the air so hard that the whole train slid, streaming fire from every wheel, and then, jumping down from the cab, he came running fast as he could for the office.

The crew was on the fire then, of course, and old Jack's voice, generally so good-natured, was sharp as a knife when he questioned Tod who was telephoning for more wardens. Jack stuffed the payroll money into the safe as he talked, and then, telling Tod certain things to do all in one breath, he jumped into the waiting backboard and galloped to the southward, where a mile-wide front of slash fire advanced toward camp.

Kerry, waked up when Jack came in that night. Their room was next the office, with a big bed and a little one; and he lay in his little one and looked through the open doorway and saw Jack standing by the desk, shirt all scorched, hair singed, talking lowly to Tod. It was bad, he said. He'd brought half the crew in to get some rest; he'd turn in himself and try to catch a wink, because with all that chopping afore, tomorrow was going to be hell itself. . . .

And tomorrow was, with the telephone ringing and help from town coming through all day, and the smoke thick and thicker, and logging wholly forgotten in this emergency.

But at breakfast this morning, eaten before the first crack of dawn, Jack had said:

"We got an even break, now. We'd ought to hold her, but you never can tell. Why, yesterday, some of them damn' birch stunts got burnin' clean to the top, and I'll bet they were throwin' live brands half a mile ahead of 'em."

"And they might go further than that," Tod West commented.

"They might, another said; not likely, but still they might and then Jack pulled Tod to one side where nobody but Kerry could hear and said:

"Since this thing broke I've thought no more about pay-roll than the boys have about pay day. Shows I'm gettin' old. You'll be here, Tod. Somebody with a head on 'em's got to stay by the telephone again. It ain't likely she'll get away from us. If she does, it ain't likely she'll get clean to camp in a hurry. But if anything should happen, you get that pay-roll into town. Silver's all right, but it's mostly bills and bills'd burn sure in that old safe of mine."

"They sure would," agreed Tod.

Then Jack had looked at Kerry.

"Be good boy, son!" he said cheerily, as if he were only going out on the job and not to a fire line. "Be good boy," and tweaked Kerry's ear playfully.

"And him," he said to Tod, suddenly sober and jerking his head at the lad. "Twenty-two hundred, small as it is, 'd bust me right now, so get that out if anything pops. But him . . . If you get a chance, send him into town anyways. . . . So Kerry knew that Jack thought more of him than he did of going bust.

He sat there a long time, feeling important. It wasn't much that he could do for Jack ever, but now, watching that file, he knew that if fire should come into camp he'd grab that box and get to the speeder faster than he had ever gotten anywhere before in his life. He rose finally and looked through the window toward the water tank where the speeder waited. Tod West was just then coming up from the sliders along the creek, looking around in a funny way, as if he expected to see somebody or something alarming and Kerry, for the moment, almost hoped that the bookkeeper would see fire so he would have a chance to do something for good old Jack.

But when, only minutes later, he heard Tod bawling his name, his heart went flippety-flop and almost choked him.

"Kerry! . . . Kerry! . . . A-runnin', Kerry!"

And he was running desperately, hugging the file against his belly, legging it with all his might for the speeder waiting by the water tank.

He threw a look to his left where a streamer of thick, white smoke was coming up to mingle with the blue haze which had been drifting through camp

for three days. Brush was on fire south of the barn. In a moment he could see orange tongues of flame licking at more brush piles.

Tod began trying to save the cook shanty and Kerry wondered why he didn't throw water on the office, which was in greater danger, but Tod, too, was terribly excited. The boy could tell that by the way he acted when he ran up to the speeder.

"She's goin'!" he yelled. "Old office's goin', Kerry!" His voice was funny, for all the world as though he were glad because the office was being licked by hungry, fast-devouring flames.

He did not start away at once. He stood there priming the motor slowly, spilling gasoline because his hands shook so much. He did not look at what he was doing, either. He kept his eyes on the office where flames were licking at the roof, eating into the heavy log sides, seeming to melt holes in those stout timbers.

"She's goin', Kerry!" he said and gave a queer laugh which made the boy wonder if grown men, also, sometimes laughed when they felt like crying.

He glanced at Kerry, then, and at the letter-file and licked his lips.

"Sure you got the right one?" he asked.

"The one you told me," — stoutly. "We'd better haul, hadn't we?"

"Just a minute, now!"

He waited, standing there and watching while a part of the office roof tumbled in. Only then did he shove the speeder ahead until the motor caught and coughed.

If he had started just a minute earlier he would not have had to face that barrier of living fire across the track and the boy might have made it to town without a whimper.

And then they were there, zooming past the siding, and he screamed from the heat that beat upon him; opened his throat and yelled and writhed against the weight of Tod's body. The smell of burning paint poured into his nostrils and then, suddenly, the torture was past and he was half sitting up and they were hitting it down the grade.

Then he felt better and they were clicking over switch points and here was town and the motor stopped and Tod West was calling out to somebody with a lot more excitement than he had shown back at camp that Jack's headquarters were burning.

A group quickly gathered, mostly old men and boys, because the best man power of town was out on the fire line, and they followed Tod and Kerry across the street to the bank.

They crowded into the bank and a man rose from his desk behind the counter.

"Jack's headquarters are gone," said Tod, handing the file to the man. "But we brought in the pay-roll. Did my damndest to save something of camp but I was alone. Kerry, here, juggled the money out of the office just in time."

"That's fine," said the banker, pressing the catch of the file. "That's sure lucky! I happen to know that if Jack should lose—"

He stopped short, then, and Tod leaned forward and the others pressed up close, attracted by the look on West's face, likely. It was a look that even a seven-year-old boy would notice.

"Why," the banker said, "why, Tod, it's empty!"

A moment of terrific silence followed and then Tod looked down at Kerry and said in a queer, unfriendly way:

"Kid, which file did you bring?"

The boy swallowed, with a new sort of thrill running his small frame.

"Why," he said, "why, I fetched . . . You told me the one on the safe, Tod!"

The bookkeeper swore slowly under his breath and looked at the banker.

"Good God, I trusted him!" he said in a whisper.

The other clicked his tongue. "Oh-h!" he said, long-drawn. "But he's only a little boy," he added and slapped the file shut. "That surely is going to be tough for Jack!"

Kerry's knees were shaking and there seemed to be a vacant place in his middle.

"Tod, what's the matter?" he asked shrilly. "Tod, is the money back yonder? Did it burn up, Tod? And then, summoning all his vigor, "Tod, I done just what you told me!"

West shook his head. "No, you didn't understand," he said in a moan. "You didn't understand, and the money's burned sure as hell and . . . My God, boys, it's my fault!"

He said other things but Kerry did not hear. He moved away a little.

Someone said: "The kid got rattled."

Another said: "It ain't your fault, Tod. The kid, he got rattled."

A third said: "It'll be all day with old Jack now!"

They all looked at the boy and he knew they were blaming him. All but Tod. Tod did not look his way; there was something funny about Tod's eyes. But the others . . .

His nostrils smarted and a lump swelled in his throat suddenly. A helpless feeling ran his bones and a sense of having been put-upon, abused, outraged. Jack had gone bust because his pay-roll was burned up but he has done just as he had been told to do. . . .

And before he knew what he was doing, he was sobbing just that:

"I fetched the one you told me! I did! I did!"

He got that far before his sobs choked him and he slunk to a corner.



burying his face in his arms. Old Jack was bust and they said it was because he'd been told and tried his best to help! The world, indeed, was a wretched place. It was Tod who had been wrong. . . . Wrong and funny acting, too.

## CHAPTER II

It rained toward evening and Jack Snow got to town at dusk. He had heard about his camp, of course, but he had not heard about the loss of his pay-roll. And when they told him he said nothing for, perhaps, a quarter of a minute but in those seconds he aged. Before, men had called him Old Jack because they loved him. . . . Afterward, he was an old man, in fact.

The first thing he said after he knew the worst that had happened referred to Kerry. He looked at the boy and winked and managed a sort of grin and said "But you're all right, son" as if that were all he would admit as being of any importance.

And after that he said but little for days. He appeared to listen when people talked but if he heard he seldom answered properly.

Once he said to Kerry, when they were alone in their room at the mill boarding house:

"Tough, to let a couple thousand bust you. . . . But it was that close."

He managed to rustle enough to pay off the crew; that is, those who would take what they had coming. Most of the old timers left town without coming around for their pay or waiting for Jack to look them up. He was their friend; he was in trouble. . . .

He began to be feverish and talked at night in his sleep, holding the little boy close in his arms while the tremors ran through him.

Tod West came to say good-bye and declared again that it was his fault, that he should have fetched the letter-file himself.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

### Begin it now

# FLAME in the FOREST

A Big Woods Serial With Action  
By Harold Titus

Start right here on one of the swiftest, smackin'est adventures of your whole life. Never before has even this noted writer of outdoor adventure stories reached the peak of twofisted he-man action of FLAME IN THE FOREST now.

THIS IS THE FIRST INSTALLMENT  
Begin now and follow FLAME IN THE FOREST every week in this newspaper



# Shanghai: Market Place for Half of the People of China

## 200,000,000 Inhabitants of the Yangtze Basin Make Business for City.

A new 130-mile highway recently opened between Shanghai and Hangchow forms a modern link between the famous Chinese seaport and the vast Yangtze basin of which it is the leading market.

"It is doubtful whether there is another extensive region of wealth in all the world where the people depend to as great an extent upon a single market as do the inhabitants of the Yangtze basin upon Shanghai," says a bulletin from the Washington (D. C.) headquarters of the National Geographic society. "Approximately 200,000,000 people, half of the population of China, live in the fertile area. Their needs, beyond those supplied directly by the products of their own hands, make business for Shanghai.

### Mixture of East and West.

"Though living and growing by the commerce of the Yangtze, Shanghai is not actually on that great waterway. It is located, instead, some 13 miles up the murky Whangpoo, a tributary of the Yangtze.

"Even before setting foot on the spacious, bustling Bund, the traveler, who has pictured Shanghai in his mind as a typical Chinese city, is bewildered by its cosmopolitan atmosphere. Foreign commerce has had much to do with delivering the city from the Whangpoo marshes. Clusters of matting-covered sampans and the gaudy bows of clumsy junkies lend an aspect of the Orient to the river panorama, but they mingle with motor boats and steamboats of the latest design.

### Rose Out of Whangpoo Flats.

"The skyline marks Shanghai's waterfront also breathes an atmosphere of the West. Until the turn of this century, low commodious Chinese buildings of two and three stories served the majority of the business concerns, but the introduction of excellently equipped modern offices has initiated a period of extensive building. The tendency of the city's building program has been skyward in the last few years because of congestion in the business areas brought about by meteoric trade expansion.

"A short walk from 'new' Shanghai, however, demonstrates to the traveler that the city has not discarded all things Oriental. In the Nantao district, on the southwest side, one can readily imagine that conditions have been little altered since the first foreign firm marked out its business site in the muddy Whangpoo flats.

"The Chapel district, which recently was a place of world interest when it was the battle ground during the Sino-Japanese incident, also is a native quarter, but it is somewhat more modern and progressive than Nantao.

"The foreign settlements constitute the focus of Shanghai, particularly among foreigners, for in them have been loosed the remarkable incentives and expanding forces that have built this modern seaport. The so-called American settlement was incorporated with the British in 1863 and is known as the Interna-

## Honey Is Again Used for Wounds As in Days of Pliny

Honey as a dressing for wounds was popular at one time in the Middle Ages. Still earlier, during the Roman empire, it enjoyed a certain vogue; and Pliny refers in a certain passage to fish fat and honey as making a good ointment for wounds. It may well be that the fish fat he refers to was cod-liver oil.

Now honey has been re-discovered as a remarkably effective ointment. In a Red Cross hospital in Hamburg, Germany, tests have been carried out with honey during the past half year, and it has been found that even much soiled wounds quickly become cleaner under its influence. But though it cleans a wound, it does not seem to make it heal more quickly than before. As cod-liver oil promotes rapid healing, it has been combined with honey in an ointment so as to achieve the double purpose of cleansing and healing.—Science Service.

tional Settlement. The French have chosen to remain apart, and administer their own concession. The administration of the International Settlement has been a unique experiment. The municipal council of governing body is composed of a group of members elected by the taxpayers of American, British, Japanese and Chinese nationalities. There are 15 members. The settlement has 1,008,000 people. Fencing, policing, planning—a multitude of tasks—face the paternal body which, grafts, guards the interests of International Shanghai. Seventeen other men handle the affairs of the French concession."



**OLD KING COLE**  
IS A MERRY OLD SOUL  
NOW THAT HE EATS ROAST BEEF . . .  
HE HAS HIS TUMS  
IF HEARTBURN COMES . . .  
THEY GIVE HIM QUICK RELIEF!

## LEARN HOW TO EAT FAVORITE FOODS

Without Heartburn . . . Gas . . . Sour Stomach  
MAKE the test that has switched millions to TUMS. Munch 3 or 4 of them after eating a meal of your favorite foods or when too much smoking, hasty eating, last night's party or some other cause has brought on acid indigestion, sour stomach, gas, belching or heartburn. See how food "taboo" vanishes. You are not taking any harsh alkalies which physicians say may increase the tendency toward acid indigestion. Instead a wonderful antacid that works in an unusual way, by dissolving only enough to correct stomach acid . . . just like candy. Only 10c a roll. At all drug stores.



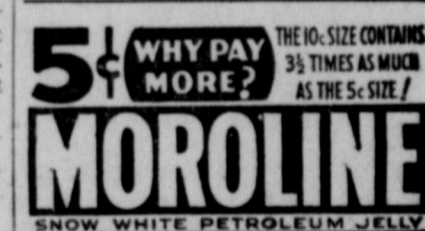
**TUMS FOR THE TUMMY**  
TUMS ARE AN ANTACID . . . NOT A LAXATIVE.

## Sorrow Gives Color

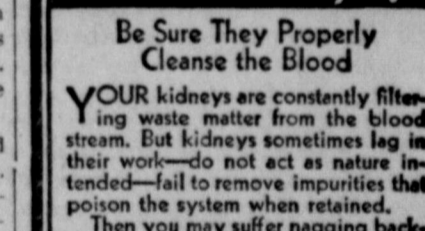
The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.



To quickly relieve chapping and roughness, apply soothing, cooling Mentholatum.  
**MENTHOLATUM**  
Gives COMFORT Daily  
Have you tried the NEW MENTHOLATUM LIQUID for head colds? Like Mentholatum ointment it brings soothing comfort



**MOROLINE**  
SNOW WHITE PETROLEUM JELLY



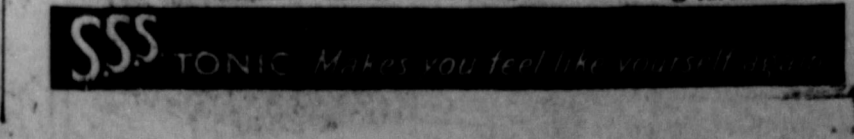
Be Sure They Properly Cleanse the Blood  
YOUR kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as nature intended—fail to remove impurities that poison the system when retained. Then you may suffer nagging backache, dizziness, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, puffiness under the eyes, feel nervous, miserable—all upset.  
Don't delay! Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are especially for poorly functioning kidneys. They are recommended by grateful users the country over. Get them from any druggist.



## 5 P.M. is a test of how you FEEL

"How do I feel . . . Rotten! why do you ask?"  
"Because, you are not yourself!"

It is all so simple, too! That tired, run-down, exhausted feeling quite often is due to lack of a sufficiency of those precious red-blood-cells. Just build up these oxygen-carrying cells and the whole body takes on new life. . . . food is really turned into energy and strength. . . . you can't help but feel and look better. S.S.S. Tonic restores deficient red-blood-cells. . . . it also improves the appetite and digestion. It has been the nation's standby for over 100 years. . . . and unless your case is exceptional it should help you, too. Insist on S.S.S. Tonic in the blood-red cellophane-wrapped package. The big 20-oz. size is sufficient for two weeks' treatment. . . . it's more economical.



**THE TIGER POST**

**STAFF**  
 Editor-in-Chief—Catherine Patterson  
 Reporters:  
 Senior—Frances Landers  
 Junior—Orville Williams  
 Sophomore—Olive Louise Atwood  
 Freshman—Willie Louelle Cobb  
 Home Ec.—Mary Louise Brawley  
 Agriculture—George Chambers  
 Special—Arils Tuck  
 Basketball—Marie Landers  
 Scouts—Shirley Johnston  
 Tigerette—Bessie Mertei  
 Jokes—Eula Fay Foster  
 Chapel—Lena Williams  
 Faculty Advisor—Elizabeth Kennedy  
 Typist—Leonard Brawley

**SCHOOL MOURNS WITH PRINCIPAL**

The entire school and town mourns with the high school principal, John Harding, in his loss. Everyone extends sympathy to him.

Attending the funeral of his mother were: Martin Murdock, Misses Mallow McCarty and Kennedy, from the faculty. Others were Mr. and Mrs. Bob Thomas, Mrs. O. E. Lochridge, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Powers.

**WE'RE LOYAL TO YOU, McLEAN HIGH**

Are the students of McLean high loyal? Are they as loyal as they should be in supporting their basketball teams? Are they exerting every effort to fill their gymnasium at every game, or could there be more people there? It is the people who come out to see the players play who make them a success. Of course they like basketball; they like it for the game itself. But when you come down to the real reason they are playing their hearts out, making a multitude of sacrifices to keep training rules, it is for their school. If they make these sacrifices, should not they have the whole hearted cooperation of every other student in high school?

**MEET THE SENIORS**

Name—Duella Mann.  
 Age—18.  
 Birthplace—McLean.  
 School attended—McLean.  
 Activities—basketball and pep squad.  
 Hobby—swimming.  
 Ambition—beauty operator.  
 School I plan to attend—C. I. A. Denton.

**SENIOR REPORT**

The seniors have been very busy the past week planning for their trip to Carlsbad Caverns in the spring. In a business meeting Monday, it was decided to go the last of March. Committees were appointed to select the class colors, flower and motto. The class voted to have the senior play after the trip to Carlsbad. Also, the class voted to use the large McLean school bus for the trip and to partially pay the room mother's expenses. Each student is to have charge of his own expenses on the trip.

**JUNIOR REPORT**

Calling all amateurs! Calling all amateurs! Are you talented in any way? If so, why don't you enter the amateur contest sponsored by the juniors? It makes no difference if you are five or eighty years old, you have a chance to be the winner. There will be suitable prizes for first, second and third place. The decisions will be made by impartial judges. Mail your entries to Marietta Young, secretary of the junior class, or telephone them to her—or get them to her some way. As soon as all of the entries are received, the date will be set. The following entries are already made:

Katherine Belew—tap dancing.  
 Jo Ann Campbell—acrobatic.  
 Harry Bayouth—tap.  
 Wedad—acrobatic dance.  
 Clevy Hancock, J. T. Graham, Noel Andrews, Leonard Brawley, Eugene Greer—McLean Hill Billies.  
 Marie Landers, Eva and Ava Swafford—The Swanee Sisters.  
 Porter Chilton, "Hooky" Stratton.

**"Puff" McCarty—The Three Goofy Nuts.**

Marie Landers and Larry Cunningham—The Love Birds.  
 Frances Landers—chalk talk.  
 Mary Alice Patterson—Maggie and Jiggs at the Golden Gate.

**SOPHOMORE REPORT**

**Compliments Wanted**  
 The sophomores are delighted when even a small compliment comes their way. The nearest we've been a recipient of such was last week when the sponsor was informed that the sophomores were behaving and acting like human beings for once. We hope that we continue to receive such compliments.

Several members of the sophomore class have been absent the past week on account of illness. Some of them have recovered and are back in school this week. We are happy that they have returned and hope that the others will be able to come back soon.

**FRESHMAN REPORT**

The freshman class was unable to get the gym on Thursday evening, Feb. 6, so the party has been postponed until a later date.

**A NEW VERSION**

1929—Marathon dancers.  
 1930—Tom Thumb golf.  
 1931—Tree sitters.  
 1932—Hitch-hikers.  
 1933—Jig-saw puzzles.  
 1934—Hog calling contest.  
 1935—Scratch out the top name and send a dime.  
 1936—? ? ?

**WE WONDER WHY:**

Tom Jack Wade was such a cry-baby Friday night?  
 Porter Chilton just couldn't stay away from school?

**HOME ECONOMICS**

The H. E. Club met Thursday in the home ec laboratory at the high school building. The house was called to order by the president and the minutes were read by the secretary. Plans were made for a slumber party and the making of curtains for the clothing and dining room.

The club welcomed Sally Jo Alexander as a new member. They are working for more new members and are trying to make it possible for the girls who ride the buses to become members.

All girls who are studying home economics at the present and all former home ec students are invited to join our club.

The club plans to attend the district club meeting which will be held at Memphis on Feb. 8. The subject will be the Texas Woman. They are planning to go in the bus.

The club has paid its dues in order to become an affiliated member of the Texas clubs.

**AGGI REPORT**

Friday night the agriculture boys will present a Negro Minstrel that promises to be a novel entertainment. If you want to see Brawley "strut his stuff" somewhere other than on the gym floor, don't miss it. If these boys see your face in the audience, think what an inspiration that will be. Come, be a sport, show 'em that McLean can turn out an audience.  
 Our fat stock show and judging contest will be held February 15.

**JOKES**

Duella Mann—"J. T., do you think of me day and night?"

J. T. Graham—"Duella, I can't tell a lie. Sometimes I do wonder if the juniors will ever get enough money for the junior-senior banquet."

Paris Hess—"The bank has returned that check."

Georgia Colebank—"Isn't that splendid! What can we buy with it this time?"

Shirley Johnston was extolling the virtues of Kid McCoy to a friend. "Kid Junior is the most generous man

in the world," she declared. "He gives me everything credit can buy."

Peb Everett, Jr.—"I was studying the other night and my little brother swallowed my fountain pen, so I called the doctor."

J. D. Back—"What did you do 'till the doctor came?"

Peb—"I used a pencil."

**CHAPEL NOTES**

At the usual chapel hour Tuesday morning, Rev. Goff was the speaker of the hour. His scripture text for the occasion was: "The ear that heareth the reproof of life, abideth with the wise."  
 Mr. Loter announced the basketball games to be played during the week, and asked the student body to help support the teams at these first conference games.

**MUSIC CLUB REPORT**

The Music Lovers Club met in regular monthly session on January 23, in Mrs. Boyett's studio, with Ermadel Floyd and Mrs. Boyett as hostesses. The roll was called and the members responded by naming noted musicians. Thelma Jean Dishman and Beth Evonne Floyd proved the most familiar with them. The remainder of the hour was spent in playing memorized selections. Shirley Johnston was voted best player and Ermadel Floyd second in the newly memorized pieces. Catherine Patterson and Bett Evonne Floyd were first and second in review pieces.  
 Johnie Mae Scott, Joyce Dowell and Anna Beth Gatlin were on the honor roll this month.

The meeting then adjourned and lovely refreshments were served to the members and two visitors, by the hostesses.

**BASKETBALL**

The Tigers and Tigerettes defeated the Lefors basketball teams last Thursday evening, giving them the lead in the number of conference games won. There are two more games with Lefors to be played before the conference is up. The teams did not attend the Canadian tournament as planned.

Miss Mozelle Glenn of Canyon visited home folks here over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Brook and son of Chillicothe visited relatives here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Ripoy of Electra visited relatives here last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pugh of Clarendon visited here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Ripoy of Shamrock visited here last Sunday.

Leo Stockton of Bethany, Okla., was in McLean last week.

D. W. Humphries of Amarillo was in McLean Thursday.

Bud Cottrell of Pampa was in McLean Friday.

**D. M. DAVIS  
 FEED STORE**

**Feed for Every Need**

**Free Delivery in City**

**Phone 188**

**PROTECT YOUR EYES**

**Eyes Examined      Glasses Fitted**  
**DR. T. M. MONTGOMERY, Optometrist**  
 101 Oliver-Eagle Bldg.      Amarillo, Texas



**Give "HER" a box of  
 PANGBURN'S CANDY**

the most welcome Valentine! Every piece a tempting, tasty delight. Fresh made.

**CITY DRUG STORE**

**MORE THAN A MERCHANT  
 Witt Springer, Prop.**

J. H. Wade was in Amarillo and Canyon Friday.

Mrs. Bond of Vernon is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Bob Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Atwood were in Shamrock one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Yeldell were in Pampa last Wednesday.

John Sutton visited in Pampa one day last week.

L. S. Tinnin made a business trip to Pampa Thursday.

Vick Beck visited in Pampa this week.

Mrs. Alton Arnold and son of Chillicothe visited relatives here week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Windom were in Pampa one day last week.

**GRADE "A"  
 Whole Milk**

**FREE DELIVERY**

**Anywhere in City Limits**

**Hibler's Dairy**

**Phone 61**

**PRESCRIPTIONS**

The confidence our customers have in our prescription service has been built up by years of painstaking effort. We use only the very best of pure, fresh, potent drugs, and dispense them with a system of checking that prevents mistakes. And the charges are moderate.

**Erwin Drug Co.**

**Electric  
 Refrigeration  
 Is now Better  
 than Ever**

New beauty, fast freezing, perfect temperature control, astonishingly low operating costs, and new low prices are the features this year.

During 1935 more than one and a half million electric refrigerators were sold. This year dealers expect to sell more than two million because the new refrigerators are better than ever.

Of course, the new refrigerators are trouble free, and are so guaranteed.

**Southwestern  
 PUBLIC SERVICE  
 Company**

**BELLBOY 13**



And—The Ghosts "F"



**Going Out of Ourselves to Refresh Our Thoughts**

Doctor Richardson tells us there is nothing so wholesome for an active mind as to secure rest by variety of work. A man can do five or six times more than he expects if he varies his work. I have found that to be so in my own life. By varying his work a man obtains fresh spirits, and renewed powers for the duties of daily life.

There is so much that is discouraging and depressing in the world, that we must sometimes go forth, as it were, out of ourselves for fresh thoughts and fresh air. The greatest workers, when they go out for a holiday, are not idle; they find rest by change of occupation. Life is too short to admit of idleness in anybody.—Erskine Clarke.

**Find Out**

From Your Doctor  
 the "Pain" Remedy  
 You Take Is Safe.

Don't Entrust Your  
 Own or Your Family's  
 Well-Being to Unknown  
 Preparations

BEFORE you take any preparation you don't know all about, for the relief of headaches; or the pains of rheumatism, neuritis or neuralgia, ask your doctor what he thinks about it—in comparison with Genuine Bayer Aspirin.

We say this because, before the discovery of Bayer Aspirin, most so-called "pain" remedies were advised against by physicians as being bad for the stomach; or, often, for the heart. And the discovery of Bayer Aspirin largely changed medical practice.

Countless thousands of people who have taken Bayer Aspirin year in and out without ill effect, have proved that the medical findings about its safety were correct.

Remember this: Genuine Bayer Aspirin is rated among the fastest methods yet discovered for the relief of headaches and all common pains . . . and safe for the average person to take regularly.

You can get real Bayer Aspirin at any drug store—simply by never asking for it by the name "aspirin" alone, but always saying BAYER ASPIRIN when you buy.

**Bayer Aspirin**



**Nor Any Excuse**

A cross baby is ill, but a cross man often has not that excuse.

**GAS, GAS ALL THE TIME, CAN'T EAT OR SLEEP**

"The gas on my stomach was so bad I could not eat or sleep. Even my heart hurt. A friend suggested Adierka. The first dose I took brought me relief. Now I eat as I wish, sleep fine and never feel better."—Mrs. Jas. Miller.

Adierka acts on BOTH upper and lower bowels while ordinary laxatives act on the lower bowel only. Adierka gives your system a thorough cleansing, bringing out old, poisonous matter that you would not believe was in your system and that has been causing gas pains, sour stomach, nervousness and headaches for months.

Dr. H. L. Shoub, New York, reports: "In addition to intestinal cleansing, Adierka greatly reduces bacteria and colon bacilli."

Give your stomach and bowels a REAL cleansing with Adierka and see how good you feel. Just one spoonful relieves GAS and chronic constipation. Sold by all druggists and drug departments.

WNU-T 6-38

**Dandruff Formed in Big Flakes**

**Scalp Itched Badly—Quick Relief with Cuticura**

Miss K. was in constant misery for over a year with dandruff. Then she tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment. . . . Read her own words: "I was annoyed with big flakes of dandruff and an itchy scalp. It lasted day and night for over a year. The dandruff scaled off and could be seen on my clothing."

I tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment after seeing an advertisement. I am now entirely free from the condition and my hair looks fine."

(Signed) Miss E. Kennedy, 207 Grand St., Pasadena, Calif.

The skin or scalp complaints of bacterial origin—pimples, rashes, itching and burning of eczema—Cuticura relief is promptly soothing. Buy smartly. Soap 25c, Ointment 50c. Buy BOTH today. FREE sample. Write "Cuticura," Dept. 18, Lowell, Mass.—Adv.

**Gay Garden Prints Herald Spring**

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



GARDEN prints, as cool and colorful as an English countryside, will be worn by smart women for cruise and resort wear and early spring. Leading designers are turning out youthful costumes made of these refreshing prints in soft silk crepes with a supple draping quality that endears them to all. It is this type of frock that centers the stage at the present, for it answers the call for a springlike touch with midseason furs and coat.

Of course, if you are going or have gone south you will like the idea of a jacket ensemble styled after the manner of the models here pictured. Note that the silk to the left has a white background, which makes it admirable for southern resort wear. Then, too, these pure silk prints that pattern color against white have the "new" look which says at a glance that they are of this season's vintage. The tulip motif of the garden silk selected by the designer for the fashioning of this dress is in realistic colorings that make the thrills of spring pulse through your entire system. An insert trim, in form of a hand-piped leaf motif, enhances the blouse-bodice. Other significant style details are the subtle front flare in the skirt, the medium length open sleeve and particularly the tuxedo front of the jacket ending in a clever pocket arrangement. The hat is of white toya with grosgrain band trim.

The beauty of the other two-piece ensemble pictured is that the rich dark tone of its background tunes it to immediate wear under the winter fur coats of those who are not trodding southward this season. This marguerite print tells you something interesting—that the daisy patternings are

being featured in many of the new silks. Then, too, the message of grosgrain ribbon bindings is conveyed in the revers. This use of grosgrain ribbon to finish edges is pronounced throughout the field of dress design for spring. A most welcome gesture it is, too, for it keys a color scheme to perfection in that the grosgrain ribbon repeats, thereby emphasizing a dominant color-tone of the print. That is, if you want your costume to look navy or brown or green or deep red, assuming that the print carries the color itself, trimming touches of matching grosgrain ribbon turn the trick to a nicety. In the instance of the model pictured an unusual neckline is achieved with a bow trim of grosgrain ribbon such as binds the wide revers of the short jacket.

In a number of cases the new garden prints employ multicolor effects, with one tone dominating, the other bright, "springy" refreshing hues introduced to achieve contrast and variety. Then, again, two-color schemes are carried out in a great many instances such as cerise florals in solid tone drifting over navy blue or large white daisies silhouetted against a dark ground.

Nearly every print dress has its hip-length jacket of self fabric, either in loose boxy types or in models semi-fitting, that have two or three buttons at the waistline. As a rule a very simple styling is given to the skirt. The all-around pleated skirt is on the program, but for practical about-town wear the narrow silhouette with a subtle unobtrusive pleat or shirred device, just enough to permit freedom of action is first choice.

© Western Newspaper Union.

**IDEAL SPORT HAT**

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



Here is one of the newer sports hats. Mary Carlisle, known in film stardom, wears this new spring hat with her smart checked tailored suit. Here you get a "perfect picture" of what is to be this spring. Indeed, suits are front page news, especially the man-tailored sort with brief jackets neatly buttoned and plentifully pocketed. The hat is of spuntex felt with a loose zigzag yarn stitch in rows forming a pleasing contrast as well as being highly decorative.

**Hostess Gowns**

The smartly dressed hostess will wear all sorts of charming frocks, varying from the loose tea gown with its sweeping draperies and angel sleeves to the trig semi-evening frock with elbow sleeves and neck slightly rounded at the front and cut to the waist in a slit or very narrow V at the back, which is equally appropriate for daytime or evening entertaining.

**NEW COLOR SCHEMES SEEN ON PARISIANS**

Striking color combinations are featured by all leading dressmakers. In addition to black, which is always enhanced by vivid touches, there are many new color schemes, often daring but always effective. One combination that is more fashionable than ever is the use of moss green or water green with dark reddish brown. Rochas combines a subdued tone of blue with a faded old-fashioned red for morning and day models.

Another fashionable combination seen in many houses is great enhancing pale blue. Mainbocher shows several unusual color schemes, such as gray with red-brown and lapis, dark green with burgundy, violet with gold, gray with red, brown and lapis blue; green with coral and shell pink with gold.

**For Resort and Spring Colors Will Be Brilliant**

The vogue for strong colors which was launched last fall influences the colors used for spring and resort wear. Palm Beach colors slated for importance are yellowish tan, sun orange, chartreuse, dusty pink, strong blues, gray blue, "Rose of the Rancho" rose, wine with a yellowish cast. White is also slated for an important position.

Prints are also influenced by the demand for color. Hand-screened and hand-blocked prints permit new and interesting color combinations.

**Fur Hats**

Mink and Persian lamb are used frequently to make the beguiling fur hats enjoying such popularity this season. Many wearers will bless their milliners when bitter, tricky, winter winds begin to blow, and the little fur hat stays snugly just where it is supposed to stay.

**Knitted Dress Popular**

Two-piece knitted dresses are widely sponsored for fall wear.

**WOMEN ARE NOT SO "EASY" AS MEN IN FLATTERY GAME**

"What do you think of the claim that women like admiration and flattery as much as men and are no less fools than men in the hands of one of the other sex who uses that method of getting into their good graces?" "Don't you think that's ridiculous?" I've never yet met a man who wouldn't believe anything charming and delightful about himself that any woman might tell him. But I've seen many a man try to bamboozle a woman and fail because he laid it on too thick." This was asked of a woman writer of note, who replied as follows:

I think our reader has hit upon an important truth in the relationship of the sexes.

I do not doubt for one moment that women like admiration as much as men—that is admiration from the other sex. Indeed I believe this is in a way a more important factor with women than with men. By that I mean that while men may "eat up" admiration from the other sex, that is not the motivating factor of their interest in them; while with some women delight in masculine admiration is largely the root of their enjoyment of the society of the other sex.

But—women are not so "easy" as men. A homely woman does not easily accept a man's insistence that she is beautiful, but many a bald, fat man has been convinced he is an

important truth in the relationship of the sexes.

I do not doubt for one moment that women like admiration as much as men—that is admiration from the other sex. Indeed I believe this is in a way a more important factor with women than with men. By that I mean that while men may "eat up" admiration from the other sex, that is not the motivating factor of their interest in them; while with some women delight in masculine admiration is largely the root of their enjoyment of the society of the other sex.

**Here's Record That'll Make Holmes Do Highland Fling**

One of the greatest detectives alive is a native of French Indo-China, who is known as "The Bloodhound." His captures average one murderer every 25 days for the past 28 years.

He is credited with taking 400 of the 1,200 men who are now serving life sentences for homicide on Pulo Condore, the French "murderers' isle" in the China sea, from which no one has ever escaped.—Collier's.

Adonis. Women can be flattered, but it has to be done more subtly. Therefore the man who is wise will look for the "good points" which in some form or other are possessed by every woman, and concentrate on them, rather than attempt to endow her with charms which she realizes are not hers.

It is not that women like flattery less, but they have more difficulty than men in putting entirely to sleep their intelligence and common sense! © Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

**Silent Moments in Which We May Review Our Deeds**

Real action is in silent moments. The epochs of our life are not in the visible facts of our choice of a calling, our marriage, our acquisition of an office, and the like; but in a silent thought by the wayside as we walk—in a thought which revises our entire manner of life and says, "Thus hast thou done, but it were better thus."—Emerson.

**Here's Very Fast Way to "Alkalize" Acid-Indigestion Away**

Amazingly Fast Relief Now from "Acid Indigestion" Over-Indulgence, Nausea, and Upsets



If you want really quick relief from an upset or painful stomach condition—arising from acidity following over-eating, smoking, mixtures of foods or stimulants—just try this:

Take—2 teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a full glass of water. OR—2 Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets, the exact equivalent of the liquid form.

This acts almost immediately to alkalize the excess acid in the stomach. Neutralizes the acids that cause headaches, nausea, and indigestion pains. You feel results at once.

Try it. AND—if you are a

frequent sufferer from "acid stomach," use Phillips' Milk of Magnesia 30 minutes after meals. You'll forget you have a stomach!

When you buy, see that any box or bottle you accept is clearly marked "Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia."

**SIGNS WHICH OFTEN INDICATE "ACID STOMACH"**

- PAIN AFTER EATING
- SLEEPLESSNESS
- FEELING OF WEARINESS
- INDIGESTION
- NAUSEA
- MOUTH ACIDITY
- LOSS OF APPETITE
- SOOR STOMACH
- RECURRENT HEADACHES

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA



**RESOLVED TO CUT EXPENSES IN 1936 WITH Firestone GUM-DIPPED TIRES**

WHETHER you operate one truck or several, decide now to put Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires on every wheel. They will save you money and give you more dependable service.

The body of a Firestone Tire is built with Gum-Dipped High Stretch cords. That's why they run cooler and give you longer mileage.

The heavier, more rugged tread is securely locked to the cord body by two extra layers of Gum-Dipped High Stretch cords. These are patented Firestone construction features not used in any other tire.

Equip now with Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires and start saving today. The nearby Firestone Auto Supply and Service Store or Firestone Tire Dealer is ready to serve you.

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

**Local and Personal**

Misses Fern Landers, Era Belle Watkins, Wertha Tarter and Ida Lee Cope. Oldham county school teachers; J. B. Tarter of Canyon College, and Jake Tarter, county agent of Wheeler county, visited in the T. A. Landers home Sunday.

Rev. W. B. Andrews spent last week attending a course of lectures at the David Lipscomb College in Nashville Tenn.

Mrs. W. F. McDonald and children of Pampa visited the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Stokely, over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Buford Reed and children of Pampa visited the lady's brother, Lee Wilson, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Hall of Boise City, Okla., have returned home after a visit with relatives here.

Mrs. Laura Byerly returned Saturday from a visit with her daughter at Little Rock, Ark.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Crisp and children of Alanreed were in McLean one day last week.

Mrs. J. T. McCarty returned Friday from a visit with relatives at Texarkana.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Sparks made a business trip to Shamrock Wednesday.

Mrs. L. S. Tinnin returned Saturday from a visit with relatives at Electra.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Lynch were called to Oklahoma City Sunday by the illness of Mr. Lynch's mother.

Earl Graham visited in Shamrock Sunday.

E. E. Webba made a business trip to Pampa Monday.

Sheriff Earl Talley of Pampa was in McLean Sunday.

M. D. Bentley was in Pampa the first of the week.

Boyd Meador was in Pampa Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hefner made a business trip to Oklahoma City last week.

M. M. Newman made a trip to Alanreed Friday.

W. E. James of Alanreed was in McLean Saturday.

Cal Weaver made a business trip to Shamrock Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Gregory moved to Amarillo Thursday.

Carl Carpenter was in Amarillo the first of the week.

E. J. Windom made a business trip to Amarillo last week.

Roy Sherrod of Alanreed was in McLean Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Reeves of Alanreed were in McLean Friday.

M. C. Davis made a business trip to Pampa last week.

Carl Carpenter made a business trip to Pampa last week.

Charlie Thut, county clerk, of Pampa was in town Wednesday.

Troy West visited in Pampa this week.

Kay Bayouth was in Wellington last week.

J. B. Wright of Memphis was in McLean Saturday.

E. E. Webba and son, and W. W. Shadid visited in Archer City Sunday.

D. E. Upham was in Pampa the first of the week.

J. E. Kirby was in Shamrock Monday.

B. E. Glass of Alanreed was in McLean Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Upham visited relatives at White Deer Sunday.

Arnold Steger of Alanreed was in McLean Saturday.

Mayor D. A. Davis made a business trip to Pampa Monday.

J. A. Ashby was in Pampa the first of the week.

T. N. Holloway made a trip to Pampa the first of the week.

**Reflections**



**PETTIT-GREGG**

Miss Lavern Pettit and Mr. Foster Gregg were married at Mangum, Okla., Feb. 1, 1936, the pastor of the Methodist church performing the ceremony.

The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Pettit of McLean. She is a graduate of the McLean high school, and has attended McMurry College at Abilene.

The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Gregg of Ashtola.

The young people will make their home at Ashtola, where the groom was a position in a cotton gin.

After telling his fair patient to put out her tongue, the doctor continued writing out the prescription. When he had finished he turned to the patient and said: "There, that will do."

"But, doctor," protested the lady, "you never even looked at my tongue." "No," replied the M. D. "It wasn't necessary. I just wanted you to keep quiet while I wrote the prescription."

B. C. Forbes, financial writer, points out that one Chicago business firm pays \$10,000 in taxes every day, while another has to dig up 25,000 iron men as their daily tax subscription. Seemingly those business houses pay it, but the customer foots the bill in the long run, so no wonder we are all wondering where it will finally end.

Fair Visitor—"I suppose they ask a lot for the rent of this studio?" Artist (absently)—"Yes, they asked five times last week."

"The one thing I want to know?" "Yes?" "What waters the bulbs of the electric light plant?"

"Now you're the sort of woman who lets the dishes pile up in the sink, are you?" inquired one frau of another. To which the other confessed: "I should say not! I make my husband wash them right after every meal."

"I know a man who studied ten years to be a hypnotist and put people to sleep."

"That's nothing. I know a woman who studied eight years." "Is she a hypnotist?" "No, a grand opera singer."

"Did your wife have any luck with the biscuits she made yesterday?" asked one husband of another. And the other answered: "I'll say she did! Every one she threw at me hit the mark."

"Does the orchestra play requests numbers?"

"Certainly." "Then ask them to play 'Together'." "They're doing the best they can for the practice they've had."

R. L. Appling, Rev. and Mrs. S. A. Cobb are visiting their son and grandson, Hobby Appling, who is attending the Allen Military Academy at Bryan.

Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Rush of Shamrock attended the Harding funeral at Bryan Sunday.

**WHAT TO DO**

"Water! Water!" he cried feebly. "Will no one bring me a drink of water?" All around him for miles and miles stretched the white burning sand of the great desert. Once more he called out, and once more there was silence. But suddenly an inspiration struck his thirst-tortured brain. He wrung his hands, and held them above his mouth.

Political Candidate—"So you're the Chief of Police of McLean? Glad to know you. I wonder if I could arrange to meet the fire chief, also?" J. A. Sparks—"Sure. Just wait until I change hats."

People pay over \$10 a bushel for popular breakfast foods done up in packages when the same foods sell for about 90c a bushel in the raw.

"He did not heed the traffic cop. But raced ahead pell-mell. The doctor told the sexton, The sexton tolled the bell."

"It's a hard, hard world." "So you bought something on easy payments, too?"

E. J. Windom made a business trip to Shamrock Tuesday.

Lon Blanscet of Pampa was in McLean Tuesday.

James Emmett Cooke attended the Harding funeral at Byers Sunday.

Ercy Cubine was in Pampa Monday.

J. B. Pettit was in Pampa Monday.



**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 envelopes. Paragraph key for indenting paragraphs. Monikred, 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**

**CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING**

RATES.—One insertion, 2c per word. Two insertions 3c per word, or 1c per word each week after first insertion. Lines of white space will be charged for at same rate as reading matter. Black-face type at double rate. Initials and numbers count as words. No advertisement accepted for less than 25c per week. All ads cash with order, unless you have a running account with The News.

**FOR SALE**

FOR SALE.—Jersey milk cow and 2 year old horse. Robt. Howard. 1p

PUBLIC SALE.—Bruce Bull place Lefers, Feb. 10, 1936, 10 a. m. H. E. Harris, owner; Kiser Bros. auctioneers.

FOR SALE.—Incubator and brooder. J. F. Davenport, Alanreed. 1p

FARM SALE.—on Rowe farm, Feb. 11, 10 a. m. J. M. Ziegler, owner. Kiser Bros. auctioneers. 1c

FOR SALE.—Child's drop-side bed, 28x52 in., with mattress, \$4.00. Paul Ashby. 1p

USED SHOE bargains. Landers Shoe Shop. 1c

**WANTED**

MEN WANTED for Rawleigh routes of 300 families in south Hutchinson county and McLean. Reliable hustler should start earning \$25.00 weekly and increase rapidly. Write today.

Rawleigh, Dept. TXA-430-8,phis, Tenn. 1-6p

**LOST AND FOUND**

LOST.—Lady's black coat, brown silk lining. Reward. Mrs. Sullivan. 1p

**MISCELLANEOUS**

SEVEN YEARS experience building shoes. All work guaranteed. Landers Shoe Shop.

BOX FILES, letter files, standard files, hook files, at News office.

TYPEWRITER ribbons, 5c a box, 40c. at News office.

ADDING MACHINE ribbons; at News office.

BUTTER WRAPPERS at News office.

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

**POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT**

Subject to the action of the State Primary in July: For State Representative: EUGENE WOOLEY (Reelection) For County Clerk: CHARLIE THUT (Reelection) For County Judge: J. M. DODSON C. E. CARY (Reelection)

**Good Printing**

is an investment, not an expense. Printing indifferently executed usually advertises a concern as one of the kind which does not consider the importance of the quality of its product.

Printing must first be fit for the purpose it is designed to accomplish. Its physical appearance must gain the respect it deserves from the class to which its attention is directed. Whether it is made so or not is a question of the printer's skill as well as genuine appreciation on the part of the customer.

Let us put your printing on the same high standard as your goods.

Good printing is done in McLean by—

**The McLean News**

**Vol. 1 Revive E**

A proposal to be held was endorsed business Monday afternoon. A motion as is practical Rice, second motion to Puckett, R. Webb, was consisting Meador, Joe was appointed. It is planned the first night operating of from 10 to Theatre, a pastor each. It was an alliance th business m with the c for the tw Churches. Methodist, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Chu of the Naz Among the meeting we Petro, Rev Trimble, C. Bonine, Re Sitter, Reej J. S. Rice, Boyd Mead Hogan, M. Rev J. H. King, E on, E. F. Puckett, G anders.

**LIONS W**

Acting or he board o will move her regul innin the The Mees anquet ro ulding to Appreciat ral for ti dies have ns since The prog sque affa ent. Lion Tan Neville c or. Mayor gent Ralph introduced. W. H. Bl w membe

**EGION**

The And nerman I nd in a e First J y afterno Pastor Er Christian o'clock, a vitation t

**WHITE**

Sherman se News int for any. He will be the prin Mr. Whit s county lean and law he the offi are app. In arriv s business on every pos to m tal camp footing t

**Rich Back**

Some 1 what is up for t but on n't hav any yo the New is still ed thro