

# THE MCLEAN NEWS

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

Volume 34.

McLean, Gray County, Texas, Thursday, July 29, 1937.

No. 30.

## City Election, Gas Bonds, Here Friday July, 30

Tomorrow (Friday) voters of McLean will pass on the question of installing a gas distribution system. The election will be held at the city hall and only property taxpayers otherwise qualified will be allowed to vote. Little interest has been manifested in the election to date, and a light turnout is predicted.

## ORCHARD FRUITS PAY SAYS MR. AYERS

J. M. Ayers of Denworth was in McLean yesterday to renew his subscription to the home paper and stated that his orchard has paid big dividends in setting some 17 years ago. Mr. Ayers bought \$96 worth of fruit trees and set ten acres of sub-irrigated land, and now the fruit brings upwards of a thousand dollars a year. Grasshoppers are doing some damage this year and Mr. Ayers is selling his delicious apples sooner than usual as the hoppers have eaten the leaves from the trees. Mr. Ayers has worked out a system to beat the borers, and is interested in shade trees and shrubbery for this season. He says that the ten acres of fruit trees pays better than all the rest of his farm.

## RODEO AT HACKBERRY GROVE LAST SUNDAY

A rodeo was held last Sunday at the J. M. Carpenter Hackberry grove. Bert Carpenter won in the calf roping contest; Tom Harlan, Erey Harline and W. W. Boyd were winners in the pig roping contest. The rodeo is an annual affair and was staged by Bert Carpenter, Basil Millard Windom, Don McPherson and Bruce Graham, who say thanks are due Ed Wehba and others who assisted with the barbecue.

## BAND REHEARSALS BEGUN

Regular band rehearsals are now being held at the band hall, with the advanced band meeting each Monday and Thursday evenings at 7:30 o'clock and the beginners band at 8:15 a. m. on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. According to Director C. H. Leeds, all those wishing to take up band work this fall should if possible make arrangements for the work now.

## GOSSETT-SHIRLEY

Married, Wednesday, July 21, by W. B. Andrews, minister of the Church of Christ, Miss Twila Gossett and Mr. John Lester Shirley. The groom is a nephew of M. D. Bentley of McLean. They will make their home at Sunray.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Collier and grandson, Billy, of Amarillo visited the lady's sister, Mrs. J. A. Sparks, Thursday. They were accompanied by Mrs. J. L. Collier and Mrs. Ira Unsel of Groom.

Mrs. Leon Steger and baby of Alanreed visited the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Riddle, over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Appling and Mrs. Marshall Mitchell of Plainview attended preaching services at the Wheeler Baptist church Sunday.

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

Miss Pauline Tidwell of Pampa is visiting in McLean.

T. H. Andrews was in Amarillo Wednesday.

Walter Foster of Pampa was in McLean Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. McDonald returned from a visit to Dallas.

## CENTENNIAL CLUB ENTERTAINS HUSBANDS

Husbands of the members of the Centennial Embroidery Club were entertained at a buffet supper Monday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bogan.

Supper was prepared and served in the beautiful outdoor living room in the landscaped grounds of the Bogan home, the meats being cooked in the large garden fireplace built of petrified wood.

The grounds were prettily lighted with electric lights, and chairs and tables graced the lawn for the members and visitors.

The lily pond, garden furniture and arbor nooks elicited praise from those present, and the supper contained everything good from fried chicken to leed tea and ice cold watermelon.

Following the supper, the crowd gathered in congenial groups and conversation was indulged in until a late hour.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Landers were guests.

## BAILEY FAMILY REUNION SUNDAY

A reunion of the Bailey family was held Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Kramer.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Bailey and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Bailey and sons, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Bailey and children, Mr. and Mrs. O. N. Elliott and children of Fort Worth, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bailey and children, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bailey and children, Mr. and Mrs. Josh Chilton and children, Mrs. Tincy Green of Fort Worth, Henry and Raymond Bailey of Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Saye and sons, Mr. and Mrs. Glen Finley and son, M. H. and Mrs. Yates Brewer, Glyn Pugh, J. A. Haynes, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Kramer and children.

## ARNSPIGER AT TWITTY

Rev. J. W. Arnsperger of Fort Worth, who was pastor of the First Baptist Church of Shamrock for 10 years and well known here, is conducting a revival at the Twitty Baptist church this week.

## C. OF C. MONDAY NIGHT

According to President C. O. Greene, the regular monthly meeting of the chamber of commerce will be held at the city hall Monday night, Aug. 2.

## BAKERY TO MOVE

The Home Town Bakery, owned by Bill Rupe, will move to a building across the street from the News office on North Main street just as soon as the building can be made ready, possibly by Saturday of this week.

## BROOKS CAR STOLEN

H. W. Brooks suffered the misfortune of having his car stolen in Pampa Tuesday afternoon. However, the officers found the car in about a half hour after the loss was reported, with no damage except a bent fender. It was supposed that some drunk took the car.

## LOTS OF WATER USED

According to City Secretary W. E. Bogan, the new water rate almost doubled the monthly use during July; however, most of those signing for the new rate failed to get over the 50,000 gallon minimum. Boyd Meador made the worst guess, using only 22,000 gallons, while Mayor Vester Smith topped the list with 84,000 gallons, with Ruel Smith a close second with 81,000 gallons. The mayor's figures do not include the swimming pool with 240,000 gallon capacity.

Income for the water for June totaled \$835.00 and for July, \$1138.00. July is always a top month for water use, last year showing a higher income figure, due probably to the higher rate at that time.

## UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Dr. Frank L. Wear, president of Trinity University at Waxahachie, spoke at the First Presbyterian Church Monday evening, and the university girls' trio sang.

Dr. Wear's message was well received by McLean people, many expressions of approbation being heard. Rev. John Shell of Waxahachie and Rev. Clarence N. Wylie of Canyon were present for the services.

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## Ten Teams in Second Round of Tournament

The second round of the McLean soft ball tournament started last Monday night. Meador Cafe and Pagan entered teams, making the total number of teams ten.

Some of the games will have to be played across the railroad tracks in order to play this round off in time. The games will start on the Smith field at 6:30 p. m. The field will be improved and all will be done to make the games on that field as enjoyable as on the regular field. Some nights there will be as many as three league games played.

The Smith Bros. team will play in the tournament at Pampa Friday night, making a change necessary in this week's schedule. The schedule for the rest of this week and the following week is as follows:

Thursday, July 29.—Magnolia vs. Canton; Phillips vs. Columbian.

Friday, July 30.—Skelly vs. Meador Cafe; City Drug vs. Pagan.

Monday, Aug. 2.—Magnolia vs. Phillips; Smith Plant vs. Columbian.

Tuesday, Aug. 3.—Skelly vs. City Drug; Meador Cafe vs. Pagan; Smith Lease vs. Canton (Smith field at 6:30).

Thursday, Aug. 5.—Skelly vs. Canton; Columbian vs. Pagan; Smith Lease vs. City Drug (Smith field at 6:30).

Friday, Aug. 6.—Meador Cafe vs. Smith Lease; Canton vs. Columbian.

The rest of the schedule will be printed in the near future, and there will be a book at the regular ball field with all necessary information. This book will be at the pop stand and open to inspection for all.

## With the Churches

### NAZARENE REVIVAL

A series of revival services will begin August 6 at the Church of the Nazarene.

Rev. R. L. Holder will do the preaching, and Pastor W. E. Bond says that everyone has a cordial invitation to attend and take part in the services.

### FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

W. A. Erwin, Minister Sunday school 10 a. m. Morning service at 11. Sermon by the pastor. Miss Mildred Sue Biggers of Oklahoma City will sing "The Holy City."

No services at night. The pastor will preach at Denworth at 8:30.

### LADIES BIBLE CLASS

The ladies' Bible class of the Church of Christ met in regular session Tuesday afternoon for a study of the life of Uzza. The opening prayer was led by Mrs. E. O. Dennis, who also led the song service. The class was under the direction of Mrs. W. B. Andrews, and the closing prayer by Mrs. Pete Fulbright.

Others present were: Mesdames J. A. Jarrell, B. H. Morris, M. M. Ruff, G. F. Baker, John Morris, Leonard Huff, Roy Gholson, S. E. Kiser, Bosa Stafford, Walter Smith, Jack Mercer, Barney Fulbright, R. F. Sanders and Herman McAdams. Mrs. Roy Barker taught a class of fifteen children.

This class wishes to issue a special invitation to all their friends to attend the splendid preaching services now in progress at the Church of Christ. Bro. Glenn Green of Altus, Okla., is doing the preaching.

### GIRLS' BIBLE CLASS

The girls' Bible class of the Church of Christ started a study of the missionary journeys of Paul Tuesday afternoon, under the direction of Mrs. W. B. Andrews, teacher of the class.

Those present were: Misses Esther Hudson, Maxine Johns, Susan Baker, Katherine Riemer, Betty Thornton, Marie Eudey, Joyce Fulbright and Emma Andrews.

All girls this age are invited to attend this class. Arnold Sharp was in Pampa Friday.

## ACHIEVEMENT DAY HELD THURSDAY BY CLUB

By Mrs. Luther Petty Achievement Day activities were held in the home of Mrs. C. M. Eudey Thursday afternoon. Reports were heard from the different chairmen as to the work accomplished during the first six months of the year, which has been principally on gardens and kitchens.

Mrs. Eudey was kitchen demonstrator for the club and her room was shown that day, being very pleasing to look upon and a comfortable working shop.

A garbage can, bread box and stool with back were added, the icebox revarnished, stove cleaned, drop-leaf dining table and chairs painted to match with the woodwork which was done in a soft green color, with ceiling lighter and trimming in black.

The walls are finished in a good grade of oilcloth with a black teapot design and colors of orange and black, carrying out the color scheme.

The curtains are white trimmed in green and orange tape, properly hung at the two windows, with lovely bouquets of flowers in each.

Several lunch cloths for the table had been made out of feed sacks, towel and other accessories of corresponding colors adorning the room.

A cabinet was added in one corner of the room from ceiling to floor, the width of door facings built in two compartments, the upper containing two shelves, one for medicine and the other for toilet articles; the lower for house cleaning utensils and ironing board. There was already a cabinet in one end of the room with working space and sink. Here you will find an emergency shelf.

There were several girls and children present and the following women: Mesdames Carl Hefner, Neal Bowen, J. R. Back, Jack Mercer, B. H. Morris, L. M. Angle, Pete Fulbright, Leonard Huff, Sam McClellan, Palessen Gething, R. F. Sanders, J. A. Fowler, L. N. Mitchell, Walter Smith, John B. Vannoy, Barney Fulbright, C. E. Hunt, C. O. Goodman, Eudey and Luther Petty.

Punch was served to all present.

## POWER CO. INSTALLS NEW TRANSFORMERS

The Southwestern Public Service Co. installed three new transformers at the local plant Wednesday, which increases the capacity of the lines by one-third. The new transformers are 150 kva capacity as compared with only 100 of the old ones.

The new transformers cost upwards of a thousand dollars each, and represent only one of the several improvements made in the local plant this year.

The placing of the new equipment was done by trained employees of the company, and the handling of the enormous transformers by a derrick truck was interesting, attracting many onlookers.

According to C. O. Greene, local manager, the company intends to leave nothing undone that will add to the service for their McLean customers.

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## Miss Biggers Entertains at Lions Luncheon

Miss Mildred Sue Biggers of Oklahoma City, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ross Biggers, former residents of McLean, entertained at the Lions luncheon held at the Meador Cafe Tuesday.

Miss Biggers sang "By the Bend of the River" and "A Little Bit of Honey." She also whistled "The Indian Love Call," with Mrs. Travis Stokes playing the piano accompaniment.

Ray Wilson, Roy Bourland, Chas. Alfred and Howard Neeth of Pampa and O. G. Stokely of McLean were presented as visitors.

Lion Batson reported two tonsil operations for underprivileged children, paid for by the club.

Pampa Lions present invited the McLean club to put on a program for them in the near future.

## ENDEAVORERS ENJOY LAKE PICNIC SUPPER

The young people's Christian Endeavor Society of the First Presbyterian Church enjoyed a social at Sand Spur Lake Tuesday evening under the leadership of their sponsor, Mrs. Thurman Adkins.

Following a swim and motor boat rides, a weiner roast was had and the rest of the evening was spent in singing.

## BAPTIST PASTOR RESIGNS

Rev. Cecil G. Goff tendered his resignation as pastor of the First Baptist Church at the morning service Sunday.

Rev. Goff came to the McLean church over seven years ago and is leaving to accept the pastorate of the Baptist church at Iraan.

Rev. Goff is the second McLean pastor to leave for Iraan. Pastor Stout of the First Methodist Church accepted the pastorate of the Iraan Methodist church upon leaving the local field a few years ago.

Rev. and Mrs. Goff and son, Warren, left Tuesday for a visit with the lady's parents at Fayetteville, Ark., before beginning the new pastorate.

## NAZARENES IMPROVE PROPERTY

Members of the Church of the Nazarene has improved their church property by putting on a new roof and repapering the inside walls.

It is planned to paint the outside walls in the near future.

Mrs. Alva Williams and children of Andrews visited their sister and aunt, Mrs. Perry Everett, and other relatives here over the week end. They were accompanied by Mrs. Willard Price.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Allison and baby have returned from a visit with relatives in Georgia. They were accompanied by the formers' mother, Mrs. Allison of Clarendon.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gray and children of Dumas visited the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Scott Johnston, over the week end.

Mrs. Leroy Freeman has returned to her home at Dalhart after a visit with her father, C. A. Cash, and other relatives.

Mrs. T. H. Andrews visited her daughter, Mrs. H. C. Weatherby, at Shamrock Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Davis visited relatives in East Texas last week end.

Woody Henderson of Ft. Cobb, Okla., visited his sister-in-law, Mrs. Belle Henderson, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Stubblefield and children visited relatives at Clarendon Sunday.

Mrs. Frank Rodgers of Pampa visited her mother, Mrs. Callie Haynes, Monday.

Miss Lois Kirby has returned from a visit with her aunt, Mrs. E. L. Jordan, at Dallas.

Vester Smith was in Amarillo Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Crisp of Abilene were in town Saturday.







News from Liberty

Mrs. Elmer Hiltbruner of the gentleman's sister, M. M. Smith, and son Sunday, Miss Minnie Marie Lively Saturday night with her grand-

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Roth family.

A. L. Morgan and daughter, Mrs. Lee; and sister, Miss Lizzie visited Mrs. Floyd Lively Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. C. A. Myatt and daughter, Doris, accompanied by J. Myatt, transacted business in Pampa Tuesday afternoon.

Ella Stewart left Monday to relatives in Pampa.

Howard Hardin and daughter, Le, spent Wednesday in the Morgan home.

Open Davis and son, Kenneth, and Troy Corbin transacted business in Shamrock Thursday.

Mrs. Noah Cunningham returned Tuesday from Lubbock, where she has been attending school.

Mrs. A. E. Tate and children of Abra visited their daughter, Mrs. B. L. Stokes, Saturday afternoon.

Lucy Couch and children left for their home in Missouri for an extended visit in the J. N. home.

Mrs. Roy Stokes and family of Calumet, Okla., spent Saturday night with Mrs. Kate Stokes.

Emma Williams and little Miss Allen Tillery of Arizona visited Mrs. Howard Hardin Wednesday afternoon.

Noah Cunningham visited her Mrs. Floyd Lively, Wednesday.

Mrs. Henry Dorsey, Mrs. Marins of McLean and Mrs. Everett of Kellerville returned Thursday from a visit in Arkansas.

E. Bartlett of Slaton and O. M. Dimmitt visited in the A. Myatt home Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Walter Morgan of N. M., spent the week end with the former's brother, A. L. Morgan, and family.

Mrs. Margaret Sue visited in the A. L. Morgan home Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. B. L. Stokes and son and Mrs. Marcus Mitchell visited in the A. L. Morgan home Sunday.

Mrs. Audie Myatt of McLean spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Myatt.

MIND, MATTER, IN-LAW

Nothing so demonstrates the power of mind over matter as various peculiar performances of the human mind. At the convention of the American Medical Association a month ago a doctor described mental strain as excessive worry as a common cause of ulcers in the digestive tract, especially among men. That the same of the species may be just as sensitive as the male was indicated in an item which came to the U. S. Public Health Service last week.

Dr. Karl A. Menninger of Topeka, Kan., reported that he had treated a young married woman who literally "went wild" when her mother-in-law came to see her and her husband whenever the husband's mother came on a visit, the bride broke out with her boils. But when the relatives went away, the boils went away, too.

GROCCERS ADVERTISE

Within the last few weeks four grocery merchants have mentioned to me that they wished I would do something to try to get the other small firms to help them carry the merchandizing load of the town. There is considerable merit in their plea. The truth is there is no telling how much business would have been in the neighborhood if it had not been for a very aggressive grocery store that really have been pulling trade from Wellington. — Deskina Welk, Wellington Leader.

MULEISH

"Why do you say that Crimson is a man of stable habits?" "Because he kicks like a mule."

While American women watch hopefully for Federal legislation to limit their working day to six hours, Japanese girls are gleefully applauding a new law making it illegal for factory owners to work female labor more than 11 hours daily. Japanese factory girls, whose average age is 16, work for wages from three to six cents a day.

—Ask Jubb. I've forgotten the number we agreed upon.



You've Heard him on the radio... FLOYD GIBBONS' yarns of adventures in far-off places have thrilled millions. Now he is bringing his newest feature, the Adventure Club, to the readers of this paper. These stories are not of big game hunters in Africa or explorers in the Frozen North—they are yarns about thrilling adventures that have happened to every-day people such as live in this town. Every story is packed with excitement—every one is different. Don't miss a single one of the tales in this new series, and tell your friends about how much you enjoy them.

TAXES FROM BIRTH TO DEATH

Tracing the tax burden of the average man from the cradle to the grave, beginning with soap for the baby's skin, to the postmortem levy of his estate, the Twentieth Century Funds, a non-political institution, estimates the cost at \$12,000,000,000 (Federal, State and local governments) as follows:

- For soap and tooth cleansers, \$4.-530,000 a year.
For medicine, 172 hidden taxes.
For milk and wheat—the twin staples of life—more taxes for the consumer than profits for the farmer, the institute states.
For meat, 11c tax on a 40c roast.
For bread, 53 taxes totaling 2c a loaf.
For shoes, 112 hidden taxes.
For rent, 30c on every dollar.
For a train ride, \$3 on a \$10 ticket.
For liquor, 85% of the retail price.
For cigarettes, 6c a pack.
For theatre tickets, 10c on every dollar.
For tennis racquets or golf clubs, 1c in every 10c.
For death, 157 hidden taxes.
And that doesn't include your inheritance tax.

LIFE INSURANCE

The inevitable question asked when the announcement of a man's death is made is: "How much did he leave?" If the answer is "Little or nothing" a second question follows: "What? No life insurance?" And upon the reply to this final inquiry rests the most momentous of contrasts. Between the yes and no there yawns a chasm which divides penury from competence, worldly comfort from the relentless grip of poverty. Even the memory of the departed fades in honor and respect when his friends discover that he failed to provide thus easily for his wife and children.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Boogy—Do you know statisticians claim the automobile has actually cut down the deaths from old age in this country?

Woosy—How's that? Prevents over-exertion, I suppose?

Boogy—No, not that so much, but fewer people escape to reach old age.

Voice on Phone—I'm sorry, Madam, but your husband has been run over by a truck.

Mrs. Cupp—Good heavens! On the afternoon of my bride party, too.

Little Joseph—Mamma, is papa going to heaven when he dies?

Mother—Why, Joseph, who put such an absurd idea in your head?

BOOZE NEWS

There are many illicit liquor stills operating in Texas today. That is not news.

Officers raided one of these stills near Dallas a few days ago, captured 18 gallons of whiskey, and destroyed 350 gallons of mash. That is news, for it rarely happens.

Many mere boys in Texas are buying and drinking plenty of boozes, both licit and illicit, these days. That is not news.

But a 15-year-old youth, with the smell of liquor on his breath, came clean when questioned in juvenile court in Dallas a few days ago and told the judge where and from whom he had bought the liquor. That is news, for boy boozers usually lie when questioned as to where they buy their booze.

The above incident is one among thousands that might be brought to light if officers would only do their full duty in raiding illicit liquor joints and running down bootleggers, and if buyers of booze would only tell the truth.

It all shows how beautifully the liquor business is being controlled since they threw Prohibition out the window.—Lynn County News.

Joyner—My wife explored my pockets again last night.

Slink—What did she get? Joyner—The same as any other explorer—material for a lecture.

Mrs. Bert Smith and daughter visited in Missouri last week end and this week.

PROGRESS

Officials of the Papuan government in Dutch New Guinea were seeking to prove the progress of civilization among savages there.

Questioning one old chief about cannibalism, they learned that he had not eaten human flesh "for a long time now." Encouragingly, they asked why he had changed his diet. "Alas," he replied, "I no longer have teeth."

Bridegroom—I have always maintained that no two people think alike, but now I've changed my mind.

Bride—What made you change your mind at this time?

Bridegroom—If you'll take another look at our wedding presents you will see what did it.

Our wall paper is here. Latest patterns—good quality. Prices low. Cleero Smith Lumber Co. Advertisement

J. M. Carpenter was in Amarillo one day last week.

Mrs. C. O. Greene returned Friday from Estelina, where she has been visiting her parents.

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DISGUISE

Deciding that speeders were able to spot pursuing policemen in rear-view mirrors too easily, Police Captain Jack Malcolm of Atlanta, Ga., ordered his men to report for work in "fancy dress" one day.

The policemen wore sweat shirts, baseball caps and duck trousers. Speeders thought they were farmers or baseball players. The police made a record number of arrests that day.

Mistress—And we always have late dinner. Have you been accustomed to that?

New Cook—Yes, ma'am. That's what my last employer said was my biggest fault.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Nicholson and son visited their son and brother in Kansas this week.

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TIT FOR TAT

In Milwaukee, Wis., a policeman brought John Winkel before District Judge George Page on a disorderly conduct charge. This was the policeman's complaint: "This man kicked his horse. Then the horse kicked him, breaking two bones in his hand. Then he got a safe distance away and called the horse names."

Miss Margaret Hess is attending business college in Oklahoma City.

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# RESURRECTION RIVER

By William Byron Mowery

© William Byron Mowery, WNU Service.

## SYNOPSIS

Warren Lovett, thirty-three, junior partner in the powerful Wellington, Parkes & Lovett, Incorporated, Mines of Chicago, which engages in questionable transactions, plans to make a secret coup in the Canadian Arctic, where a few years before a rich but inaccessible mining field has been discovered on Resurrection river, which flows into Dynamite Bay. Patricia, high spirited and beautiful daughter of crusty old Jasper Wellington, who is engaged to Warren, decides to accompany him. Over her father's objections, he agrees to take her. They go by plane. Pat meets "Polonium," a French-Canadian prospector, who tells her there are only 300 prospectors in the field and that because of the difficulties, they are hanging on by a thread. Pat is disturbed when Warren will not disclose what his secret mission is. She visits the prospectors' camp and is depressed to see how discouraged they are. She meets Sam Honeywell, a friend of Polonium's. Moved by the plight of Bill Fornier, a prospector, who, though fatally ill, struggles to hold his claim, Pat decides to help him. Informed by Lupe Chiwaughimi, head of a family of half-breed retainers of the company, about Pat's befriending the prospectors, Warren tries to dissuade her. He tells her that Craig Tarlton, with whom she had once been in love, is now deputy mining inspector for the Resurrection river area. A brilliant geologist, he had resigned in disgust from her father's company because of its devious methods. Later she meets Craig, but he is cold, inferring that she is merely feigning interest in the prospectors. Her compassion for the hapless prospectors grows. Pat decides to build a huge community house on Den. When the job nears completion, Warren tells her to abandon it. She refuses after a stormy scene. Craig leaves on a three-month inspection trip to the north. Pat learns that her father has withdrawn her allowance. Warren tells her now she will have to go home. When he refuses to advance her a loan to aid the prospectors, she accuses him of hedging and continually keeping her in the dark. She tells him to tent at the river near the Den. When Warren, aided by the Chiwaughimis, attempts to force her to board a plane for Chicago, the prospectors rally and beat them off. She learns now of Warren's plan. He hopes to starve the prospectors out and make them sell their claims for a song. Pat tells the prospectors of Warren's plan. Still attentive to Pat, Warren wages a subtle campaign to get the claims.

## CHAPTER VI—Continued

The hopelessness of her struggle against Warren plunged Patricia into a bottomless despair. Strange moods preyed on her. The only girl on Resurrection, one girl among 300 men, she hungered for the companionship of her own sex. With the drawing near of Christmas she was seized with a terrific homesickness, and in the privacy of her cabin she cried for Frances, her mother, her girl friends, and the familiar round of gay holiday parties going on in far-away Chicago.

On the day before Christmas she left the community house near mid-afternoon and started for her cabin. A gathering storm was beginning to lash the pines and send the snow crawling and seething about her feet. This blizzard, she could see, was different from previous ones. Its tone was deeper, throatier; it was massing its strength more slowly and ominously.

Halfway between the Den and her cabin a sudden call came out of the rising moan of the wind:

"Treeshia!"

Patricia stopped in her tracks, dead-short. "Treeshia"—that was the name which Craig had given her, at God's lake; his own name for her. No other person on earth called her that.

She whirled twenty yards out in the gloom a tall rangy figure was looming up, coming toward her. Because of his heavy fur clothes she was not sure of him at first, but as he drew near she could no longer doubt. "It is—is he?" she breathed.

Craig trudged up to her, snow-plastered, weariness written on his face.

"Hullo," he greeted, shaking back his parka-hood and standing bare-headed before her. He looked her up and down, sharp-eyed as always, but his former scorn and suspicion seemed gone now. "Himph! You, wearing Eskimo togs! And you, here, in the dead of an Arctic winter!"

Patricia fought to keep her voice steady. "I didn't know that you—when did you get back to the Bay?"

"Twenty minutes ago. Poleon and I. We brought Bill Fornier. He's up at my cabin. Poleon is up there with him."

Patricia started. "Oh-hh!" From Craig's tone she knew that Bill was dying. Bill had worked at his claims till he dropped, and they had brought him in to the Bay to die. Tears sprang to her eyes. "Can't I do something to help, Craig? Can't I see him, nurse him?"

"There's nothing that can be done," Craig said. He moved around so that his body sheltered Patricia from the wind, for the storm was lashing her in the face with icy pellets and lapping snow sump over her racquets. "Bill is in no pain. I've shot him full of drug. Maybe it's better you don't go up there; your visit might rouse him. In a minute I'm going back and relieve Poleon. I can do everything necessary." He tapped a packet which he was carrying under his arm. "I brought you a Christmas remembrance, Treeshia. From the barrens."

Patricia's heart pounded madly. "Treeshia"—he had called her that again! And he was giving her a Christmas present. Were the heavens caving in? Was she dreaming?

There was nothing more than friendship in Craig's attitude; nothing more than a cordial esteem such as he might have shown toward anybody whom he respected. But friendship and esteem from him—

they were overwhelming riches to the lonely and disheartened girl.

"My cabin—it's just yonder; won't you step over for a cup of tea, Craig?" she invited hesitatingly, not knowing how far to presume on his friendliness.

"I can stay only a minute, but I'd be glad," Craig accepted.

They walked together to her cabin and went inside, out of the rising storm. Craig laid his present on Patricia's cot and looked around at her home. Dainty and feminine, with curtained windows, cretonne with curtains of warm colors and a girl's touch, it was a great contrast to his own stern bachelor cabin up the hollow.

"You're actually living over here!" he said. "On this side of Resurrection. Sam Honeywell was the first to tell me. I laughed at him. But then others told me."

In a kind of daze Patricia set two cups and saucers on her little table. For Craig to be there in her cabin, having tea with her, was in the nature of a wish-born miracle. Just a few minutes ago the Bay had been unutterably empty, the storm frightening; but now Craig was back, and the Bay did not seem lonely or the heavens black and lowering.

"One thing," Craig said, brushing a hand across his tired eyes, "has been on my conscience. That time I suspected you of trying to cheat Bill Fornier. I apologized once, but in the light of what's happened since, I see that my suspicion was positively brutal."

"Yes, it was!" Patricia blurted out. "It hurt me awfully, Craig. But I don't mind that now."

While they drank their tea Craig asked her a few questions about the Den, about the prospectors; but he gave no indication that he cared to pitch into the fight. He mentioned the possibility of going back to the barrens, after the holidays, and finishing his inspection work.

As he set down his cup Patricia insisted: "Please, Craig, you're so badly worn out—let me go up to your cabin and take care of Bill while you lie down and sleep here for a few hours."

Craig shook his head. "It's my job. Bill seems to feel easier if I'm with him. I think I'd better go now. Poleon is in bad shape, after our trip."

When the door closed behind him Patricia ran to the north window of her cabin, scratched a clear place on the hoarfrosted pane, and watched him till he was swallowed up in the wind-torn gloom.

For the first time, as she stood at the curtained window, she permitted herself to believe that God's lake could be resurrected between Craig and her. For the first time she admitted to herself—it broke over her irresistibly, an engulfing flood—that she was wildly and blindly in love with him.

A long time after Craig had vanished in the twilight she awoke from her tumultuous thoughts and turned to the cot where his Christmas present lay. It was a large deerskin packet, laced with babische and smelling of campfire smoke. With fumbling hands she untied the thongs, spread open his gift. Furs! Indian-made. A complete winter outfit for a girl: kamiks or small boots lined with rabbit fur, hudluk or trousers, a netuk or blouse with parka-hood attached, and gloves of dark gleaming otter.

Boiling the cabin door, she took off her other clothes and put on these new ones. The furs were exquisitely matched, the workmanship flawless, the whole she had never seen. And they fitted her so perfectly that she knew Craig had had them made especially for her.

As she stood in front of her mirror and lifted a hand to stroke the soft fur of her parka, she caught the cold sparkling fires of the engagement diamond on her finger. Her hand dropped like a flash. The sight of the ring broke into her happy thoughts like a jarring discord. Forgetting all about her new clothes, she stared down at her hand, at Warren's ring. Not until that moment had she fully realized its meaning. She was engaged to Warren, was going to marry him, live with him; he would be her husband, the father of her children. That's what the ring meant.

It suddenly seemed a hateful thing, that beautiful diamond—a symbol of a loveless betrothal. She wanted to get it off her hand, and end the lie. She couldn't marry Warren. The very thought was repugnant, even sinful. Her Arctic trip at least had saved her from a bitterly unhappy marriage. Of at least one thing she was certain now, amid all her raging uncertainties—she could never marry Warren.

She whirled around, caught up her gloves, lifted her snowshoes from their wall peg.

When she entered Warren's cabin, across the river, and walked over to his desk, he surveyed her in the light of the gasoline lamp.

"New clothes, dear! And what pretty ones—on you! Where did you get them, if I may ask?"

"Craig brought them to me as a Christmas present," Patricia said frankly. "He came back to the Bay this afternoon, he and Poleon."

Lovett winced. Patricia read the

thought in his mind—she was wearing clothes which Craig Tarlton had brought her.

"I hated to come here, Warren," she said hastily, badly torn up by what she had to do. "I hate to tell you this, but I've got to. We can't go on as we are. It's impossible."

Warren started a little. "What's impossible?" He seemed to know what was coming.

"Our engagement, Warren. I want to end it. Please, this isn't any sudden decision. For months I've been realizing that I didn't love you enough to marry you. I should have told you this before now. But I just drifted along and put off facing the truth till I've come to the point where I must face it."

Reluctantly, knowing that she was taking a fraught step, she slipped their engagement ring from her finger and laid it on Warren's desk.

"Patricia!"

She looked down at the floor, unable to meet Warren's eyes. In those moments, when she needed to remember Warren's dishonesty with her and his cold-hearted campaign against these defenseless men and the long weeks when he had repulsed her attempt to build up a loyal one-ness between herself and him, she seemed to forget all that and remember only the occasions when Warren had done her a kindness.

After a few moments she heard him say slowly, "On Christmas Eve, Patricia." He reached out and picked up the ring. "This isn't a very pleasant Christmas present to give a man, dear."

The hurt in his voice tugged at Patricia.

"I—I didn't stop to think about that. Oh, I'm sorry! I never stop to think about anything." She burst into tears. "Forgive me, Warren. I didn't mean to be so heartless."

Warren stood steady under the blow, as though he had had expected it and was in a measure prepared. Only for an instant had he yielded to emotion. "On Christmas Eve, Patricia"—those words had come from his heart; words of pain. But immediately he had clamped down and become his



"You'll Go Back to Your Home, to Your Family, Won't You?"

sternly repressed self again, the poker-faced self that she intensely disliked.

"Please don't cry about it, dear," he bade. "It's done now. I know you didn't stop to think." He stepped around in front of her as she turned away. "Don't go just yet, Patricia. There's a word or two I must say to you."

She brushed the tears from her eyes. "What, Warren?"

"He turned the ring over and over in his palm, thoughtfully. "You intend to go back to Chicago sometime, don't you, Patricia?"

"Why, yes. Of course. Why?"

"You'll go back to your home, to your family, won't you? You're not planning to sever yourself from them and from all that they mean to you?"

"Of course not! But why are you asking this?"

"Dear, have you ever paused to reflect that my business here at Dynamite Bay is to make money for the firm, for the Wellington and Parkes families, and so, ultimately, for you, since you intend to go back home? What I'm doing here is done in part for you. Yet you've fought me every step of the way, and now—now you've broken your engagement to me. Don't you think that you're a little unjust and inconsistent?"

Patricia did not answer him. There was no answer to his charge. In the past few months she herself had been torn by the inconsistency which he was pointing out now. If Warren's business here at the Bay was dishonest, then she had been living all her life on dishonest money.

Warren went on: "I think the time may come, Patricia, when you will wish to resume our engagement. You feel now that such an event is a remote possibility, but maybe you don't see this whole situation as clearly as I do." He moved around behind the desk, opened a little drawer and laid the

ring in a small plush box. "I'm putting our ring in here, dear. It will always be here, waiting for you. Will you remember that it's waiting for you, and that I'm always asking you to wear it again?"

"Yes," Patricia promised, to assuage his hurt. "But, Warren, please don't build up hope. It'll only be the harder on you."

"I won't hope, dear. I'll only wait."

The word jarred on Patricia. It seemed tinged with prophecy, as though Warren was confident that she would ultimately come back to him, under the pressure of inexorable forces.

Moving around the desk, he confronted her again.

"Tell me, Patricia—how much did Tarlton's return to the Bay have to do with your decision to break our engagement?"

"Nothing!" she denied.

"Tarlton likes you, doesn't he?" "He does not! He brought me these clothes because—well, as an atonement for some unjust things that he said to me last fall."

"I'm glad to hear this. I'd be even gladder if I could feel sure that he is not going to show you any attentions at all."

His mysterious tone alarmed Patricia. "Why shouldn't he show me attentions?" she demanded.

"What're you driving at?" "Did it ever occur to you, dear, that there's a dark place in the two years that Tarlton spent on the West coast? I mean, in his private life out there?"

Patricia drew back in sudden fright.

"What is it you know?" she cried. "You've been probing around in his past! You're afraid of him; you've been trying to dig up something against him. What'd you dig up? What'd he do there at Vancouver?"

"If I probed into his past, it was only to protect you. I don't like the duty of telling you this, but I'm compelled to. Tarlton is married."

Patricia went white of face. "Married?" she gasped, brokenly. "Craig—married—?"

## CHAPTER VII

On his lone vigil with Bill Fornier, Craig wearily stirred the fire in the stove, put in fresh wood, and came back to the bunk where Bill was lying.

Moving restlessly, Fornier was on the point of waking out of his drugged doze. As Craig anxiously watched, he thought it would be merciful if Bill did not come back to consciousness at all. Consciousness only meant a feverish worry about his claims, and a hopeless longing to see his wife and little girl before he died.

Bill moved, and his eyes opened, heavy and slow.

"What place—is this?" he asked, gropingly.

"You're in my cabin, Bill; my cabin at the Bay."

Bill did not seem to realize who was beside him. He struggled with the blankets and tried to sit up.

"Where's Lea? Why ain't she around?" he demanded. He shook his head, as though to clear the fog out of it. "Uh, I keep forgetting; this is the Bay, ain't it?—and she's over on the Mackenzie, at home." He pushed away Craig's restraining hand. "I got to git back there. Got to!"

Craig held a candle so that Bill could see him distinctly. "Bill, look at me. Everything's all right, old man. But you must lie quiet, mustn't struggle like that."

Bill recognized him then. "Craig!" he said. After a moment he lay back.

Presently, more rational, he begged: "Can't you send for 'em somehow, Craig? Can't Miss Pat git one of them big red ships to go? It's been two whole year since I saw 'em. I promised Lea I'd come home. That was the last thing I told her." He grew excited, gripped Craig's wrist. "I'm gonna go back—"

Craig reached for the hypo which he kept ready on a chair. In a few minutes Fornier was lying quiet again, oblivious to his silver claims and his home over west on the Mackenzie.

As he sat there beside the bunk, hour upon hour, Craig was thinking of this Dynamite Bay situation and debating the righteous course for himself to take. Except for the quiet word which he had passed around to the prospectors last fall, "Hang on to your claims; don't sell out to Lovett," he had kept aloof from the struggle. Four years of disillusioned thinking had made him dubious about espousing causes. Where Patricia had plunged headlong into the fight, he had maintained a scientific detachment, from which he could study and judge without partisan bias. Broader of outlook than Patricia, he thought in terms of social forces where she thought in terms of individual people. This battle was her whole horizon; but he saw it as just one isolated instance—there were many Lovetts, many Dynamite Bays.

The injustice of the situation had aroused a slow deep anger in him. He had begun to ask himself whether it was right of him to sit back, take no hand, see these men get ironed out flat by the steamroller of Wellington, Parkes & Lovett. He went further and asked whether his four years of detachment should not be brought to an end. Those years of thoughtful study had been an invaluable phase, but it seemed to him that this phase was drawing to its inevitable close and that he would have to chart a new path for himself. There was a time for thought, and a time for action. . . .

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Sew-Your-Own-Style News



HERE is something practical, something sweet, and something ornamental for your mid-summer wardrobe.

**Simple As Toast and Coffee.** At breakfast time you need the crisp shipshape style of the little model at the left. He'll proffer that eight o'clock kiss with alacrity and fervor when you greet your hubby in this pleasant surprise. Make it of a gay tub-well cotton for greatest utility.

### Lines That Live.

For luncheon in town, for cutting up touches on the Club veranda you can't find a more fetching frock than the one in the center. It combines sweet swing with nonchalance. Never has a designer given more flattering shoulder and waist lines than these. "And what about the skirt?" you ask. Obviously it has the most finished flare in town. Chiffon, acetate, or sports silk will do justice to both the flare and you, Milady.

### And If Autumn Comes.

It's a help to have a dress like the one at the right around for it gives that feeling of preparedness. Prepared in case a cool Fallish day or evening is slipped in without warning. Then, too, it won't be long before cool days will be the rule rather than the exception. So it would seem a logical as well as a fashionable step to set about making this elegant model right away. Be first in your crowd to show what's new under the fashion sun for Fall.

**The Patterns.** Pattern 1354 is designed for sizes 34 to 46. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35 inch material.

Pattern 1307 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 40 bust). Size 14 requires 3 3/4 yards of 39 inch material plus 7 1/2 yards of ribbon for trimming as pictured.

Pattern 1324 is designed for sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 3 3/4 yards of 39 inch material plus 1 1/2 yard contrasting, and 1 1/2 yards of ribbon for the belt and bow at the neck.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

## No Buttons

The native clothing of Japanese women, even to this day, is fastened without a single button, pin, snap or hook. Kimono, undergarments, stockings and shoes are held firmly with cords, bands and sashes.—Collier's Weekly.

**"FOR EXTRA TENDER BAKED FOODS, I RECOMMEND JEWEL SPECIAL-BLEND SHORTENING!"**

● Jewel makes finer cakes and hot breads, too. And it's grand for pan and deep-fat frying. Millions prefer this Special-Blend to any other shortening, regardless of price!

Mrs. Carl Warthan, Chandler, Texas

**Mental Handicap** The only handicap in life is mental.—Thomas P. McAuliffe.

**Hold It!** The greatest remedy for anger is delay.—Seneca.

**CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO** 5¢ PLUG

## LIFE'S LIKE THAT By Fred Neher



"No gas man is going to track up my clean Holston!"

GUM AD

By A Mark Twain continue to be all American Rogers was ad unique positio from an gum literally true had more gait more consist more consist Will Rogers coming a hum when he soug Variety theatr His skill in sw that he soon Circuit, which period of the it was at Ke the Great Zi act of whirr menting on th be rhythmic gum. Ziegfel ing him for had no idea, he could fit I glorified the bearsals of t all the cast boys and con larlat throwe ling in a bro being. Oper no place on only encoura tion from th you'll ca Speaking later, Rogers plugged nic chance amo than a coon was ju were at the the stage while the s and it beca fill in the t act Grabb by the sho showed him "Go on and An so it his first ap afforded t) bring out had been glitter but of gorgeou costumes, a drop-cur ers, in it shirt, spiri gum, dret drawed h of the da after the curtain h and the li proceed, tl famed for to let hin It is e when off lack of h patient w breakdown ican. T depressed gested th where a ing his a nighty, dolefully. Will R belief th can dis public e) the stag was brill contagio with th history. eoopher- Will Ro

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**GUM AND GUMPTION**

By A. Hoyt Levy  
Mark Twain is, and probably will continue to be, the widest read of all American humorists. Will Rogers was the widest seen and heard. When Rogers was asked how he won his unique position, he drawled, "Jes gum an' gumption." And that was gum more consistently.

Will Rogers had no idea of becoming a humorist or a philosopher when he sought a job in a Tulsa Variety theatre as a "Jes thrower." His skill in swing the lariat was such that he soon landed on the Keith Circuit, which was known at that period of the theatre as "Big Time." It was at Keith's in New York that "the Great Ziegfeld" witnessed Rogers' act of whirling the rope and commenting on the news of the day while he rhythmically chewed his cud of gum. Ziegfeld lost no time in signing him for his Follies, although he had no idea, at the time, just how he could fit him into his show which "glorified the American girl." Rehearsals of the show continued with all the cast of beautiful girls, chorus boys and comedians. But as for the lariat thrower, he was like a duckling in a brood of chickens—he didn't belong. Opening night came and still no place on the bill for Rogers. His only encouragement was the instruction from the stage manager to "stick around in the wings—if we need you we'll call you."

Speaking of his experiences years later, Rogers said that he felt like a plucked nickel. "I had no more chance among those beautiful girls than a coon at a Klux corn-roast. I was the fifth wheel on the buggy."

It was just about when his spirits were at the lowest ebb that one of the stage sets became troublesome, while the scenery was being shifted, and it became necessary for him to fill in the time with some sort of act. Grabbing the heart-sick cowboy by the shoulders, the state manager shoved him toward the footlights. "Go on and do your stuff," he ordered.

An so it was that Will Rogers made his first appearance on the stage that afforded the needed opportunity to bring out those rare qualities that had been latent in him. On a stage which but a moment before was a glittering ballroom filled with the pick of gorgeous women garbed in dazzling costumes, and with nothing more than a drop-curtain for scenery, Will Rogers, in leather chaps and flannel shirt, spirals and snakes, chewed his gum, drew on his gumption and drawled his comments on the topics of the day with such wit that long after the tangled scenery behind the curtain had been straightened out and the lights flashed for the show to proceed, the audience of first nighters famed for their discrimination, refused to let him make his exit.

It is often said that comedians, when off the stage, display an utter lack of humor. A story is told of a patient who, suffering from a nervous breakdown, visited a celebrated physician. The physician, observing the depressed spirits of the man, suggested that he go to a certain theatre where a famous comedian was keeping his audience in a roar of laughter nightly. The patient shook his head dolefully. "I am he, doctor," he said.

Will Rogers was a refutation of the belief that comedians and humorists can display wit only while in the public eye. He was as humorous off the stage as on the stage. His wit was brilliant. His good nature was contagious. His philosophy will stand with the philosophy of the sages of history. Actor, writer, humorist, philosopher—there was never another Will Rogers.—Heavy Stuff.

**GAME**

Paul Schenk, a Memphis farmer, left his brand-new automobile in the barnyard overnight. The next morning he saw his herd of goats employing the streamlined rear end of the car as a slide. All the goats were following one "leader" who would leap to the hood, then to the top whence she proceeded to sit down and slide.

Rev. C. A. Clark, pastor of the First Methodist Church of Hobbs, N. M., visited Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Landers Sunday afternoon.

Twenty-six of the United States have names of Indian derivation.

**CRAZY**  
Water Control  
"HELP NATURE WITH NATURE"  
City Drug Store

**LIFE'S MARKET-PLACE**

In Life's department store we find Assorted things to buy. From BASE-ment bargains the wares range To merchandise SKY-high.

Some shoppers purchase "ten-cent thrills." While others ask the price Of worth-while articles that bear The trade-mark "Paradise."

—Althea M. Bonner in Sov. Visitor.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Sides, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Mead and Miss Marie Landers of Miami, and V. B. Reagor of Amarillo visited in the T. A. Landers home Sunday.

Our wall paper is here. Latest patterns—good quality. Prices low. Cicero Smith Lumber Co. Advertisement to

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Watkins have returned from a visit with relatives in California.

Air conditioning of buildings is causing an increased demand on public water supplies.

**FINE FOOD**

cooked by a competent chef and efficiently served.

Eat your next meal with us.

**MEADOR CAFE**

"Always Something Good"

Every Family Has a Right to Choose

Regardless of any clause in your Life Insurance Policy, the law gives each family the right to select the Funeral Director who shall serve them in time of need.

**C. S. RICE FUNERAL DIRECTOR**

Office Phone 42 Residence 13

Selling the wares of a glue and ink concern, Mrs. Jane B. Allen of Gloucester, Mass., has to travel many miles each year. Not the traveling itself, but the expense of it worried Mrs. Allen, and so she asked her employer's permission to cover her territory on a bicycle. In the past six years she has pumped all over New England, traveled many thousands of miles and wearing out four machines. Last week Mrs. Allen declared that not only had she saved money by bike-riding, but that she never was in better health.

S. R. Jones left Sunday for Albus Okla., where he will attend a cotton grading school.

**TRY AN**

**OIL SHAMPOO**

It will help to overcome the drying effect of summer sun and wind, and will give your hair an added lustre.

**Orchid Beauty Shoppe**  
Mrs. S. M. Hodges  
1st door east Smith Bros. Office

**WE ARE MOVING**

to just 4 doors south of the Post Office, on North Main Street, where we will be better prepared than ever to take care of your bakery needs.

**BREAD - ROLLS - CAKES PIES and PASTRY**  
baked fresh in McLean every day.

Ask your grocer for our products.

**HOME TOWN BAKERY**

Bill Rupe, Prop.

**Don't Grope in the Dark**

When you don't feel "quite yourself," better see your doctor; let him get at the real cause.

Play safe by bringing your doctor's prescription to us. We use only the finest, freshest drugs and double check each prescription.

**CITY DRUG STORE**

More Than a Merchant  
Witt Springer, Prop.

**NEWS-MAGAZINE - 26 weeks**  
and this  
**NEWS-PAPER - 1 year**  
for **\$2.60**



GET the world's news in pictures. Each week, NEWS-WEEK, combined with TODAY, presents the action of the world in pictures and words of everyday English... easy to read and easy to understand. NEWS-WEEK is unbiased politically and will keep you informed of interesting world events.

**FILL OUT THIS COUPON NOW!**

Dear Mr. Editor:  
Enclosed find \$2.60 for which send me your newspaper for one year and NEWS-WEEK for 26 weeks.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street or R. F. D. \_\_\_\_\_  
Town and State \_\_\_\_\_

**OBLIGING**

Mrs. Esther E. Zandell wanted to paint her house but she lives near the railroad tracks in St. Paul and she knew what smoke and soot would do to a fresh paint job. So she asked the Midway Terminal railroad to keep its trains away for a few days. Superintendent Fred Rogers ordered all trains not to stop near Mrs. Zandell's house.

Traffic Cop—What's the matter, lady, can't you control that car? Woman Motorist—Well, you see, officer, I just had my car washed and I can't do a thing with it.

Mrs. Callie Haynes visited her daughter, Mrs. Frank Rodgers, at Pampa Thursday.

The sense of smell is rated the most primitive of the special senses.

**Your Taste**

Will Tell You It's Good for You

Only a good, pure, wholesome ice cream can taste as good as ours. Try our delicious ice creams and sherbets.

**ERWIN DRUG CO.**

**Where WILL YOUR ADVERTISING BE WHEN THE INK IS DRY?**

**WILL IT BE—**

- Thrown into the gutter?
- Hidden under shrubbery?
- Blown against the hedge?
- Just rubbish on the lawn?
- Thrown in the waste basket?
- Consumed by a trash burner?

**OR WILL IT BE—**

under the reading lamp inside the home—a cherished and invited member of the family circle? This is where your message will be if placed in The McLean News, which is a welcome visitor in the homes of this community.

The McLean News is ordered (and paid for), and is not an unwelcome intruder on the premises. It is eagerly awaited by the reader, who desires to keep abreast of the happenings in the community—including news concerning merchandise... prices offered by stores and firms. Nothing else can take its place as an advertising medium and business-getter for McLean merchants. Nothing else can compare with the moderate cost of coverage or in satisfactory results obtained. The McLean News has "reader interest," prestige, confidence of its readers... all essentials in an advertising medium. Advertising, to be effective, must have quality as well as quantity.

**The McLean News**  
The Paper That's Read First

**Specials**

**FRIDAY and SATURDAY**

**SUGAR**  
pure cane  
10 lb in cloth bag **54c**

**COFFEE**  
Schilling's  
1 lb **28c**

**COFFEE**  
Folger's  
1 lb **29c**

**COMPOUND**  
8 lb carton **\$1.05**

**CORN FLAKES**  
Jersey  
2 for **17c**

**MILK**  
Armour's  
6 small or 3 large **20c**

**TOMATOES**  
No. 1 tall  
2 for **15c**

**PEARS**  
Del Monte  
2 No. 2 1/2 **35c**

**CORN**  
Del Monte  
No. 2 **15c**

**BEETS**  
No. 2 sliced **10c**

**PRUNES**  
White Swan  
No. 2 1/2 **14c**

**TEA**  
White Swan  
1/4 lb with glass **19c**

**PINEAPPLE**  
Del Monte  
gallon **64c**

**PINEAPPLE**  
crushed  
14 oz can **14c**

**TOMATO JUICE**  
No. 2, 3 for **25c**

**PEACHES**  
Del Monte  
No. 2 1/2, 2 for **35c**

**SALAD DRESSING**  
Louis  
quart **22c**

**SALMON**  
Pink  
2 No. 1 **25c**

**FRUIT JARS**  
pint **65c**  
quart **80c**  
1/2 gallon **\$1.05**

**JAR RINGS**  
6 doz. **25c**

**BAKING POWDER**  
K. C.  
25c size **19c**

**BACON**  
Wilcox sliced  
per lb **32c**

**CHEESE**  
Kraft Elkhorn  
per lb **19c**

**ROAST**  
per lb **15c**

**BUTTER**  
Gate City  
per lb **31c**

**OLEO**  
2 lb for **35c**

**DOG FOOD**  
Tally Ho  
2 for **15c**

**PUCKETT'S**  
GROCERY and MARKET



**THE McLEAN NEWS**  
Published Every Thursday

News Building, 210 Main Street  
Phone 47

T. A. LANDERS, Publisher

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES**  
In Texas

One Year	\$2.00
Six Months	1.25
Three Months	.95
<b>Outside Texas</b>	
One Year	\$2.50
Six Months	1.50
Three Months	.85

Entered as second class matter May 8, 1906, at the post office at McLean, Texas, under act of Congress.

**MEMBER**

National Editorial Association  
Texas Press Association  
Panhandle Press Association

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

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

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

Now they are talking of growing flowers in window boxes in auto trailers to make them more home like.

The gas bond election is, perhaps, as important one as has ever been held in McLean, and voters should register their choice in the matter Friday.

The summer water rate is showing its effect in the added number of well kept homes in McLean. With the present rate it is possible for any home owner to have attractive grounds.

**News from Pakan**

John Hrcniar, Jr., and Miss Susan Hrcniar were business visitors in Amarillo Tuesday. They also visited their sister, Miss Olga, who is attending college there.

Miss Louise Risan, who has been employed at Berger, returned home Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Henderson and son of Farmville, N. M., are visiting in the Chester Putman home this week.

Misses Besale and Julia Mertel of McLean visited in the Mike Mertel home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Coburn of Shamrock visited in the D. L. Jones home Sunday.

Misses Ethel Pearl Henderson and Ruth May Clark of Lela visited in the Chester Putman home Sunday.

The Columbia-United team defeated the Pakan Bachelors by a score of 3-1 Sunday afternoon.

Cake scoring was the demonstration Friday when the Pakan Home Demonstration Club met in the home of Miss Susan Hrcniar. After the business meeting, Miss Dalton Burleson conducted the scoring. Each club member had a cake to be scored, the first club in the county having 100% cake representation. Each cake received a score of 90% and over, which is the score for a standard cake.

Miss Christine Pakan, president of the club, was presented with a gift by the members, in honor of her birthday. Those present were: Mes-James Paul Macina, Caleb Smith, J. W. Stauffer, Paul Stauffer; Misses Faith and Helen Macina, May Ruth Stauffer, Christina Pakan, Susan, Dorothy, Helen and Elen Hrcniar, Barbara and Waldrieth Stauffer.

The wise man by the old familiar rule

is wise because he knows he is a fool.

The foolish man—all history will show it—

is he who is a fool but doesn't know it.

—Punch.

Quite frequently we hear some individual boast he owns no land nor tangible property worth mentioning, and doesn't make enough to fill out an income tax report, so he pays no taxes.

He drinks from the cup of ignorance.—Texas Tax Journal.

Many a man who doesn't believe in advertising feels like the whole world sees it when his name is misspelled in the paper.—Altoona (Kan.) Tribune.

It takes more oil to lubricate motor vehicles in the United States than to keep industrial machinery running.

**News from Denworth**

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Farris and family left Sunday for a two weeks' vacation in East Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Meyers and Kay Gene went to Tulsa, Okla., and will spend the remainder of their vacation in Missouri.

Gene Stewart of McLean and cousins, Paul and Bruce, of Hedley were visitors in the Hubert Gross home Monday.

Eddy Kivhien and L. T. Jones went to Miami on business Monday. Mrs. R. M. Barton of Claude visited in the Leslie Quarles home Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Rallsback have returned from Sipe Springs to their home at Kellerville.

Jerry Hector of Pampa spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Travis.

Harry Barnes of McLean, Eva and Alice Dowell visited in the Bill Moon home at White Deer Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Meek of Miami visited their daughter, Lorene, at the Shamrock plant Sunday.

Peggy Goddard of Alton, Ill., visited Joyce DeWells Sunday.

Hubert Bentley of Magic City was here on business Sunday.

Rheta Pearl Hale visited LaEuna Michael Sunday.

Rufus Young and children of Silvertown visited in the H. D. Hale home Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Otis Wall of Inahoma, Okla., visited in the R. L. Marshall home Sunday. Mr. Wall is Mrs. Marshall's nephew.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Browning and family visited relatives in Wellington Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Herrin, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Hunt and Mother Quarles of Pampa visited in the Leslie Quarles home Sunday.

**HURTFUL PUBLICITY**

During the past week stories without foundation were circulated on the Monahans baseball team which were hurtful. Just before the merchants' booster game Friday night a tale was circulated in the business district that a certain individual had put a padlock on the lighting system at the baseball field because of the inability of the club officials to meet their financial obligations. As far as the writer was able to learn, no one was willing to take "credit" for the damaging story they just "heard it." That is just one instance where publicity was of the hurtful nature. Almost every week some "tall story" makes the rounds about the city officials, the school board, the pastor of a certain church, a business man, soon to go broke, and what have you. The gossip-mongers grasp at the smallest item of scandal to pass it on to the next one of their kind.

Often a story originates by some person making a joking remark about some person or issue and by the time it has made the rounds it becomes a regular monster of damaging publicity. Why human beings will not be charitable and fair with their fellow man is a mystery, but a fact just the same. The more public spirited and helpful a man is, the "better the gossip" if something is started on him. Even well meaning people pass the word along without investigating to find the truth of a hurtful statement.

It is an easy matter to start an untruth but like fire in dry grass it is hard to stop. Public officials and public enterprises need the support of all citizens to the extent that error will not be "passed along" until some investigation of the matter is made. Just because a man is a public official need not mean that he is a crook, or the fact that a corporation has a hard time making ends meet, mean that they do not operate on an honest, straight-forward basis.

Are you among those who rush out to tell the sad story of the downfall of some firm or individual, without investigating the truth of your words or do you take time to be fair with your publicity with other people's reputations?—Monahans News.

From 1790, when the first census was taken in this country, to 1930, each 10-year census showed an increase of about one-third in population.

A problem that the trailer brings with it is how to keep hitchhikers out of the icebox.—Bay City (Mich.) Times.

If one pair of flies and their descendants could all breed unharmed for a season, the earth would be 47 feet deep in flies, so it is estimated.

W. M. Binns, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Haster and little daughter, Gaye, of Moody are visiting the former's daughter, Mrs. S. W. Rice, and family.

Mrs. Ed D. Smith returned Sunday from a visit in Pampa.

**DID NOT NEED HORN**

For those who are too young to remember the time when no respectable woman would expose her ankles, and when women who indulged in riding horseback sat in a side-saddle, it should be explained that this saddle had a perturbation in the front called a "horn," over which the lady threw one of her legs (no, they had no "legs" in those days—they were "limbs") to keep from slipping off the nag. Women riding side-saddle are rarely seen in this country nowadays, although in England there are still to be seen women riders who have not changed their limbs to legs to as to be able to sit astride a horse.

Two young American women who were visiting in London, decided to go horseback-riding in Rotten Row and went to one of London's swanky stables to hire horses. "What kind of saddles do you prefer?" inquired the stableman. "What kind of saddles do you have?" asked one of the women. "Well," replied the stableman, "we have the English style saddle and the McClellan style." The young women appeared perplexed. "What is the difference between them?" they asked. "The English saddle," explained the stableman, "has a flat seat and the McClellan saddle has a horn." The women now seemed to understand. "We'll take the English saddles," said the brighter of the two. "We're not going to ride in traffic and won't need a horn."

**GIFT**

Mrs. Peter Garcia won a divorce in Chicago when she told the judge this story: "I woke my husband and told him to get up for work. He blackened my right eye. When I protested the day was our wedding anniversary, he cried: 'Good! I'll give you something to remember it by' and blackened my other eye."

The following letter was sent to the editor of a small town paper: "Please send a few copies of the paper containing the obituary of my aunt. Also publish the enclosed clipping on the marriage of my niece, who lives in Macedon. And I wish you would mention in your local column if it doesn't cost anything that I have two nice puppies for sale. As my subscription is out please stop the paper as times are too hard to waste money on newspapers." — John H. Tucker in the Palmyra (N. Y.) Courier-Journal.

The dumb are people who form opinions without getting the facts and then get mad when anybody tells them the truth.—McPherson (Kan.) Republican.

**BARBER SERVICE**

**Try Our XERVAC**

treatment for baldness. A modern and scientific method.

We use soft water. ELITE BARBER SHOP

**For Your Flower Needs**

PHONE 348

**RIBBLE'S**

Shamrock

**SUCH VANITY**

"How do you like that new mare of yours?" "Oh, fairly well. But I wish I had bought a horse. She's always stopping to look at herself in the puddles."

A young lady came in Tuesday afternoon and gave us a social item. She said she wasn't quite sure she could word it right, and asked us to write it for her. We told her we would and she thanked us and started out the door. Then she turned around and said: "Now don't make it sound silly." We the still wondering.—Frank C. Swift in the Aberson News, Lawrenceburg, Ky.

Some people are like a fire siren, says a local fellow. They make just as much fuss over a little trouble as a big one.—Salina (Kan.) Journal.

**WARNING**

After diagnosing a patient's ailment as heart disease, Dr. R. A. Vincent of Wellington, Kans., warned the patient: "You might go at any time." Then Dr. Vincent dropped dead. Other doctors said the cause of death was heart disease.

**TRADE IN McLEAN**

Life — Auto — Casualty

**CREED**

**BOGAN**

Insurance

Fire Hall Tornado

McLEAN, TEXAS

**Here Is EYE-OPENING NEWS for All Who Ride on Risky Tires!**



The dollars-and-cents fact is that today the lowest of all routine expenses in running a car is the cost of the best tires you can buy—and that means GOODYEAR tires, the world's first-choice for 22 years.

Other every day items run from two to five times as much as a complete set of GOODYEAR tires and tubes.

So why shouldn't you enjoy the greater safety and protection of new GOODYEAR tires—since their cost is the smallest expense in running a car?

You can buy Goodyears in several price classes. The difference in price in the same size is simply a question of whether you want the very bottom first-cost for a good tire, or the biggest mileage money can buy.

Any Goodyear you choose is top-quality at its price—patented Supertwist Cord blow-out protection in every ply!

**BUTLER TIRE STORE**

S. A. Cousins, Mgr.

**8 GOOD REASONS WHY GOOD OFFICE LIGHTING Pays!**

- 1 STIMULATES WORKERS.** Good light promotes cheerfulness, stimulates activity, improves morale.
- 2 INCREASES PRODUCTION.** Numerous tests show that output per worker invariably improves with better lighting and easier seeing. Production does not slump on dark, cloudy days.
- 3 IMPROVES SUPERVISION.** Poor lighting causes eyestrain and fatigue and promotes "soldiering."
- 4 DECREASES ERRORS or SPOILAGE.** This is a logical result of quicker, easier, more accurate vision.
- 5 PERMITS BETTER USE OF SPACE.** With modern lighting the arrangement of office equipment is independent of window light.
- 6 REDUCES FATIGUE.** Fatigue means inefficiency.
- 7 REDUCES ACCIDENTS.** Insurance companies say that 20% of all industrial accidents can be prevented by good lighting.
- 8 IMPROVES HYGIENE.** Improved lighting promotes orderliness and neatness and lessens maintenance.

**Southwestern PUBLIC SERVICE Company**



# THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

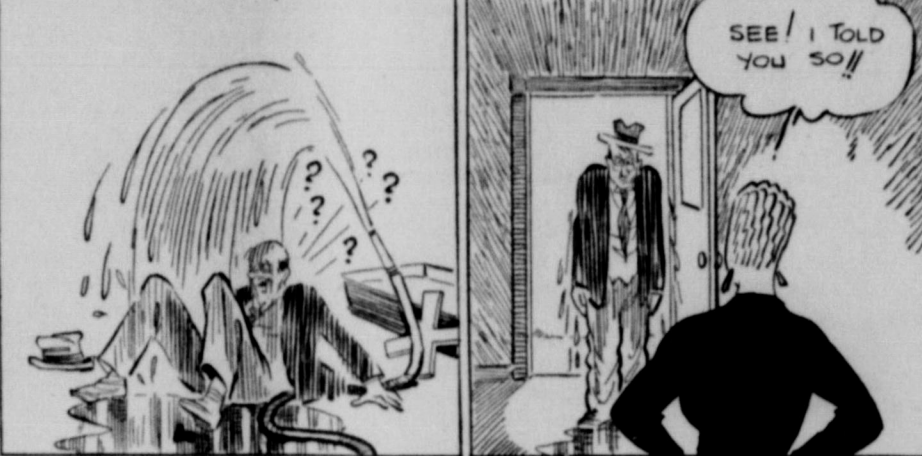
Clean Comics That Will Amuse Both Old and Young

### THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne



### Cloudy Weather

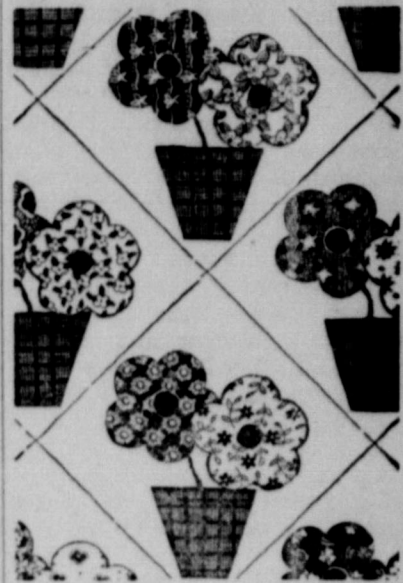


### Y.S. QUAK



### Prize Applique Quilt With Much Variety

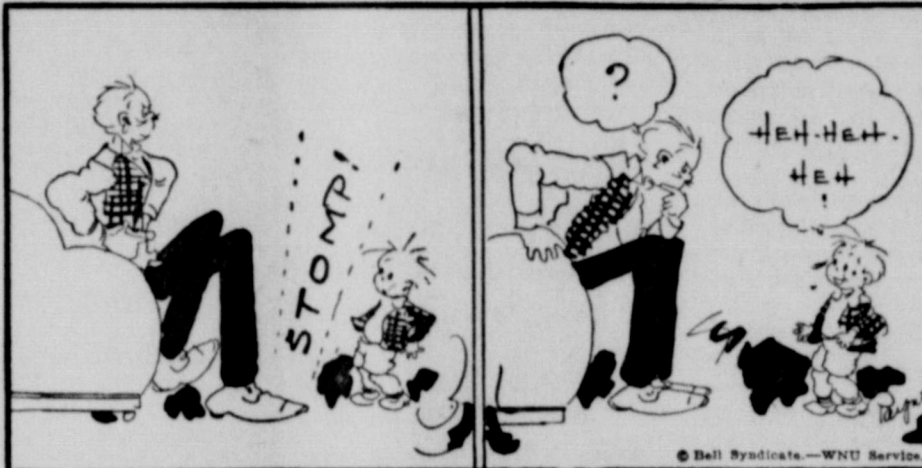
Here's simplicity in needlework in this gay applique quilt, Grandmother's Prize—they're such easy patches to apply! If it's variety you're looking for, make this your choice. There's the fun of using so many different materials—the pleasure of owning so colorful a



quilt that fits into any bedroom. And if it's just a pillow you want, the 8 inch block makes an effective one. Pattern 1458 contains complete, simple instructions for cutting, sewing and finishing, together with yardage chart, diagram of quilt to help arrange the blocks for single and double bed size, and a diagram of block which serves as a guide for placing the patches and suggests contrasting materials. Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

### SMATTER POP—Didja Ever Have a Smile Bumped Loose?

By C. M. PAYNE



### MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY

### Come and Git It!



### FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin

### Note So Bad



### BRONC PEELER—Stick 'em Up

By FRED HARMAN



### Household Helps

Do you know the proper thing to say when you sit on a wad of chewing gum?

If your suit is washable, here is the correct command—if you want to get rid of the chewing gum and not your garment:

"Bring me an egg white, some soap and some lukewarm water. Then stand back and watch me soften the gum with the egg white—so! And finally wash it completely away with the soapy water."

If your suit isn't washable, the fabric-saving element is carbon tetra-chloride, which will remove all traces of stain.

The authority for these points of chewing gum etiquette is a new booklet called "Handy Helps for Homemakers," which has been prepared by a group of home economics authorities. This booklet is a convenient, compact handbook of practical remedies for the most common household problems. It is divided into four sections: laundering (which includes not only stain-removal formulae, but also detailed advice on the proper way to wash various fabrics); home lighting; heating, and cooking.

The writers of the "Handy Helps for Homemakers" booklet have confined the chapter on "Cooking" to an informative discussion of meat-selection rules, suggestions for improving actual cooking technique and a summary of the merits and problems of home canning.

A copy of the "Handy Helps for Homemakers" book can be secured by sending 5 cents to cover postage and handling to Miss Boyd, 210 S. Desplains St., Chicago, Ill.—Adv.

**666** checks **MALARIA** in three days **COLDS** first day LIQUID, TABLETS SALVE, NOSE DROPS Headache, 30 minutes. Try "Rub-My-Tiss"—World's Best Liniment

Joyous Feeling It is one of the finest feelings in the world to be an optimist.—Patrick Joyce.

**MOROLINE** FOR BURNS SHOW WHITE PETROLEUM JELLY LARGE JARS 5¢ AND 10¢

WNU—T 30—37

It's comfortably **COOL** in St. Louis at **Hotel Kenmore** Each room with air conditioning, private bath, radio, and other refinements. 80% of all rooms, \$3.50 or less, single; \$5.00 or less, double.

**Advertised BARGAINS**

Our readers should always remember that the only way to get the best value for their money is to buy at a bargain. In our department, we have a large selection of goods at prices that are sure to please. The goods are of the highest quality and are guaranteed to last.

### The Curse of Progress



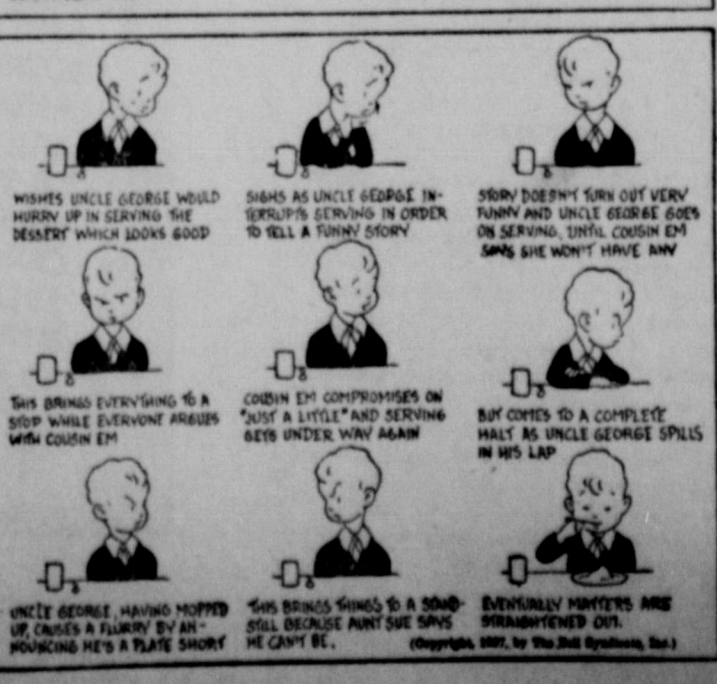
**Gave Herself Away**  
"I hope you read the Bible every day?" remarked the Scotch minister to Mrs. McPherson.  
"Oh, yes," she replied. "I'll just show ye the chapter I read today."  
She produced the Good Book and opened the pages. Between them lay a pair of spectacles.  
"Well, I declare," she cried, "here are my spectacles that I have lost for the last fortnight!"

**The Cure**  
Mayor—I've never seen the park so littered with paper as it is this morning. How do you account for it?  
Park Keeper—The council had leaflets distributed here yesterday asking people not to throw their paper about.

**Money in It**  
Uncle—And what are you going to be when you grow up, Freddy?  
Freddy—I'm going to be a philanthropist; those people always seem to have such a lot of money.—Pearson's Weekly.

### SLOW SERVICE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



UNCLE GEORGE, HAVING MOPPED UP, CHASES A FLYBY BY AN HOURING HE'S A PLATE SHORT  
SIBBY BRINGS SHAMS TO A STAND STILL BECAUSE PAINT SUE SPKS SHE CANT BE.  
EVENTUALLY MOTHERS ARE DISTRIBUTEWED OUT.  
(Copyright 1937, by The Jiffy Syndicate, Inc.)



**News from Heald**

The Home Improvement Club met Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Eva Rogers, Miss Dalton Burleson was present and served butter cakes. Those present were: members, Mesdames Geo. Reneau, Nida Green, Clara Blair, Clois Hanner; Misses Ruby and Lea Bidwell; visitors, Mrs. D. L. Miller and Mrs. Howard Rogers. The next meeting will be August 17 with Mrs. Jack Bailey.

Geo. Reneau made a business trip to Jones county this week.

Mrs. Mary Rutledge is visiting in the Derrick home at Kellerville this week. Mr. and Mrs. Kester Rippy and children and Mrs. Lala Ladd left Tuesday for Colorado, where they will spend two weeks.

Albert Bearden of Kelton visited in the Frank Moore home Wednesday.

Mrs. E. H. Kramer and children of McLean visited Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bailey and family Wednesday.

Mrs. Bill Harris of McLean spent the past week her daughter, Mrs. Bill Bailey, and family.

Mrs. Robert Thomas of Pampa spent part of the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Roach, and family, before leaving for Oklahoma City.

Mrs. Frank Bailey and children, accompanied by Mrs. Callie Haynes of McLean, visited the latter's daughter, Mrs. Frank Rodgers, at Pampa last Thursday.

Mrs. Geo. Reneau and children, Emma and R. A., visited in the Larson home near Mobeetie Thursday.

Rev. and Mrs. J. P. Cole and children of Alarred visited in this community Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. David Clark of Doster visited the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Dougherty, Thursday.

Mrs. Bill Pettit and baby visited in the Reneau home Friday morning. Miss Lydia Moore spent the week end with Miss Wilma Holmes.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Litchfield of McLean visited Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Litchfield Friday.

Mrs. Geo. Reneau and children, Mrs. Clara Blair and children attended the closing exercises of the Kellerville singing school Friday night. Miss Lucile Devine of Dalhart is visiting her great-grandmother, Grandmother Rogers, and other relatives.

Mrs. Lucy Rippy and son, Will, left Saturday to visit their sons and brothers in Oklahoma City.

Mrs. Engle of Anton is visiting her long time friends, Grandmother Rogers and Mrs. Nida Green.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Elliott and Mrs. Tiney Green of Fort Worth attended church here Sunday morning, and are visiting relatives for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Miller visited in the Rogers home Sunday.

Glyn Pugh of Vega spent the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Romain Pugh, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hanner and children of McLean visited Mr. and Mrs. Clois Hanner and baby Sunday.

Rev. Cole filled his regular appointment here Sunday morning and night. He and Mrs. Cole and children were dinner guests in the Rippy home. They visited in the Reneau home in the evening.

Mrs. Bert Boland and children of Shamrock called in the Reneau home Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bailey and children, Mr. and Mrs. Josh Chilton and children, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Bailey and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Saye and children, Mr. and Mrs. Yates Brewer, Glyn Pugh and J. A. Haynes visited in the E. H. Kramer home in McLean Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Pickett visited Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Mays and family Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arvel Phillips honored their son, T. F., with a birthday party on his ninth birthday Saturday. Refreshments of cake and ice cream were served to Mary Sue and June Drum of Kellerville, Wanda, and Elmo Jr., Phillips of Shamrock, Wesley Phillips, Mrs. T. H. Pickett, Mrs. Drum, Mrs. T. F. Phillips. Late in the evening as the children were playing on the tank tower, it fell, injuring T. F. Phillips and Mary Sue Drum. They were rushed to a Shamrock hospital where their injuries were found not to be as serious as first thought.

The young lady from the city was watching a cow on her uncle's farm as it thoughtfully chewed its cud. "That's a fine cow," observed the uncle, as he exhibited his livestock with justifiable pride.

"Yes," acknowledged the sweet young thing, "but doesn't it cost a lot to keep her in chewing gum?"

**THE OPTIMIST**

"I can see good in everything."  
"Can you see good in the dark?"

Mrs. L. W. Wilson has returned from a visit in Oklahoma City.

**News from Ramsdell**

Mrs. H. G. Young left Thursday for Ringgold after an extended visit with her daughter, Mrs. J. G. Davidson, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Van Sant of Hereford visited their daughter, Mrs. R. A. Burrows, Thursday.

Mrs. J. G. Davidson and daughter, Iva; and Mrs. H. G. Young visited in the O. B. Harvey home Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. R. T. Moore visited in the Ferd and J. I. Bones homes Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmo Bones and children of Kingsmill were supper guests Friday in the Ferd Bones home.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Burrows of McLean visited their son, R. A., and family Sunday afternoon.

Rev. Cole filled his regular appointment here Sunday. He was accompanied by his sons.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Davidson and daughter and son, Iva and Floyd, were Sunday dinner guests in the Ferd Bones home.

**TELL YOUR STORY**

Some sound advice to business men, especially those charged with the management of the larger enterprises, was given recently by H. A. Batten, president of the country's biggest advertising agency, in an address before a national advertisers' association at a convention at Hot Springs, Va.

He declared that the immediate and pressing need of American business is to get back the lost friendship and confidence of the public through advertising.

"If, like the telephone company," said he, "you had told the people of the United States all about your company—your basic policy, your stock structure, your operating methods, your employee relationships, your service to the community—if, like the telephone company, you had done this from the beginning, year after year, so that each upcoming generation would learn about it in turn, then you would not today be in the position of having to approach the public as a comparative stranger and sue for its confidence, for if you had done that you would already enjoy that confidence as a friend."

Many industries and utilities have been following the course Mr. Batten suggests for many years and have profited thereby. But many neglect to tell their story until they are attacked, often by political demagogues, and thus placed on the defensive. The public wants to be fair, but in order to do so it must have all the facts.—Wellington Leader.

**HIGH TAXES**

Wish every citizen of Texas could be compelled to subscribe for, and read the Texas Tax Journal. There is a wealth of information in this small magazine and it might get folk to begin thinking about important items rather than being blinded by the smoke screen.

For example, we learn from this journal that out of every \$100 collected in taxes for the old age pension, something like \$25 is spent for clerk hire and working personnel to enforce the pension laws. Obviously this is entirely too much, since the collection of the taxes should and perhaps does come under another expense head.

Another item in this month's tax journal, clipped from our Texas Press Bulletin, shows how we have been fighting for years condemning the large electric power concerns on their excessive rates, and costs. Also we try consistently to sock-em with taxes of every kind . . . yet with all this accumulation the average annual cost of electricity as secured from a survey of 20,000,000 homes, shows the expense of \$33.84 per home. Yet we spend in pure simple tax, the amount of \$30 per year on cigarettes, if we average smoking one package per day. The main thing we should think about in our politicians of the future is something that the politicians seldom ever do anything about, and that is the cost of government.—Honest Bill, in Spearman Reporter.

**NO VALUE**

She—Henry, dear, we've been going together now for more than ten years. Don't you think we ought to get married?

He—Yes, you're right—but who'll have us?

Pity the poor newspaper man. During nine or ten months of the year he is snowed under with news and more news. Then summer comes, and the news drouth hits, and the newspaper man has a fight on his hands to find something interesting for his newspaper.—Canyon News.

Mrs. J. A. Brawley left Tuesday for a visit with relatives at Fort Worth and Weatherford.

**THE NASTY WEED**

Something for the philosophers to mull over comes from the typewriter of T. A. Landers in his McLean News:

"A leading grocer states that, regardless of hard times or good times, the trade power of any community can be told by the sales of tobacco. In normal times the amount received from the sale of tobacco equals one-third of sales for foodstuffs. Hard times make no difference in tobacco sales, but food sales may drop sharply."

Reading that item made us so darn mad at ourself for being so darn weak we darned if we don't stop using the darn weed—sometime pretty soon now.—Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

**USUAL SPEED**

Lawyer—You say you want this automobile accident damage suit pressed through with the utmost speed?

Victim—Exactly. I have a child six weeks old, and I want the money to pay his college education.

The reason some business men never make any money is that they work harder trying to keep their competitors from making a dollar than they do in trying to earn one themselves.—Board County News.

**LANDSCAPING**

Rock Garden Materials  
Evergreens, Shades, Shrubs  
Fruit Trees, Vines, Plants, etc.

**Bruce Nursery**  
Alanreed, Texas

Trees with a Reputation

**CAREFUL MOTORISTS**

Jess Mitchell in the Muleshoe Journal in a very timely article last week says: "Many motorists carry a bottle or jug in their car, refilling it at each stop." However, he isn't referring to what you might think, but is cautioning, and pointing out ways for being careful in selection of drinking water when traveling.—County Wide News.

Elder Jess might have just as consistently added that autoists should be careful about what they fill either jugs or bottles with. A good motto for the driver can be found along any of our highways: "If you drink, don't drive—if you drive, don't drink."—Terry County Herald.

**UP TO DATE**

Yokel—How do you like our town?  
Salesman—First cemetery I ever saw with electric lights.

Roberta—There's a lot of talk nowadays about a woman President. Do you think we will ever have one?

Ruth—No, of course not. A President has to be at least 35 years old.



Gasoline - Oils - Greases  
mean satisfactory, economical service for your car.

Drive in your nearest  
Phillips Station

Boyd Meador, Agent

**DR. A. J. BLACK**

— EYES EXAMINED —

GLASSES SCIENTIFICALLY FITTED

103-A Rule Bldg.

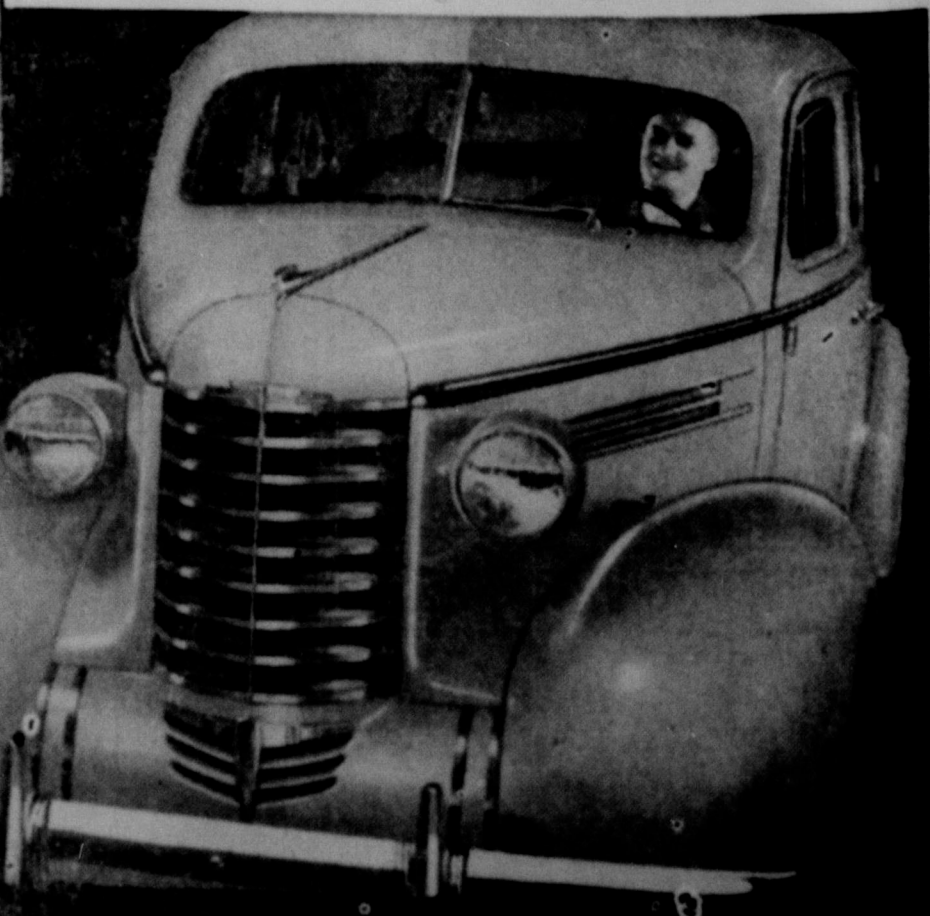
Amarillo, Texas

For Appointment, Phone 2-1797

**"A TRAVELING SALESMAN PUT ME WISE!"**



"HE TOLD ME THAT FOR REAL ALL-ROUND ECONOMY, YOU CAN'T BEAT OLDSMOBILE. NOW THAT I'M DRIVING ONE, I CERTAINLY AGREE. THE PRICE I PAID WAS ONLY A LITTLE ABOVE THE LOWEST. MY GAS, OIL AND UPKEEP COSTS ARE ACTUALLY LOWER THAN THEY USED TO BE WITH SMALLER CARS, AND I HAVEN'T SPENT A NICKEL FOR REPAIRS. IT'S GREAT TO DRIVE A BIG, EASY-RIDING CAR THAT COSTS SO LITTLE TO RUN!"



**OLDSMOBILE**

PRICED BUT A LITTLE ABOVE THE LOWEST

**Ted Woods Garage — McLean, Texas**

**QUIET**

Policemen in Bucharest, Rumania, were so excitable that their arguments with offending motorists often caused traffic jams, sometimes ended in free-for-all scraps. After members of the Rumanian royal family had been held up several times while police argued with drivers in narrow streets, city officials hit on a solution. Now most of Bucharest's officers are deaf-mutes.

Mrs. Sammie Cubine and Mrs. Floyd Phillips visited the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Cash, at Shamrock Saturday.

**GOB HUMOR**

Father (to young son sucking his thumb)—Say, son, don't bite that thumb off. You'll need it some day when you are old enough to travel.—U. S. S. West Virginia Mountaineer.

George Andrews of Shamrock was in McLean Sunday.

**HEAL THOSE SORE GUMS**

Even after pyorrhea has affected your stomach, kidneys and your general health, LETO'S PYORRHEA MEDY, used as directed, can cure you. Dentists recommend it. Druggists return money if it fails.

CITY DRUG STORE

Sheet

THERE well-d knows th go place same ea streamlin about wa and costl selves w any num tempera No tra is somet does the maker i tune ca mospher dressy f ing or ever th smart n dresses i casual l aristocr card par cinl ever Wool k luxuriou charmin sports fr agile g lounge give you to take Both pa too sma signs v styles t times with a v sories. says and are cool weaves unusua

Just get th little g a cute this. W missy' this o there a dres is the too d/ washer dark pastel take a model very l the d price which



## Sheer Wools in Summer Wardrobe

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Fancy shadow weaves, fascinating bright prints and embroidery motifs are cleverly emphasized by simple styling. Sheer monotonous and self-plaided weaves vie with hard-twisted worsteds for first place in the tailored scene.

THERE'S no doubt about it, the well-dressed woman of today knows the value of clothes that will go places and do things with the same ease and aplomb as their streamlined wearers. The up-and-about wardrobe must contain frocks and costumes that will adapt themselves with taste and comfort to any number of changing scenes and temperatures.

No matter what the season, there is something about sheer wool that does the trick. Tailored or dressmaker in style, a sheer wool costume carries with it a classic atmosphere which keeps it never too dressy for town or country, traveling or local activities. There is ever that something about the smart new light woolen ensembles, dresses and coats that bespeak that casual look of good taste that is aristocratically at home at tea or card party or any more or less social event of the day.

Wool knits, light as a feather and luxuriously soft to the touch, make charming and supremely correct sports frocks. Whether you are an agile golfer or simply a deck loungeur your wool knit costume will give you a joyful feeling of freedom to take your fun as you find it. Both pastel and darker shades are too smart for sports and clever designs vary from one-piece classic styles to two-piece and jacket costumes that may be ensembled with a variety of blouses and accessories. Zephyr knits, soft wool jerseys and fine featherweight angoras are cool and comfortable, and lacy weaves in lightweight wool are unusually interesting.

The adaptability of sheer wool knits is well illustrated in the slim short-sleeved frock shown to the left in the picture. The material for this dress is a featherweight angora knit in pearl gray with distinctive two-toned bands in brown and maize inserted in bolero effect in the blouse and edging the sleeves and skirt hem. The smart shirt-waist closing below a rounded collarless neck is finished with a row of composition buttons in maize. A deep inverted pleat in the skirt front gives plenty of action freedom.

As pictured to the right, close knit wool jersey in chic navy blue makes stunning and versatile frock for sports or spectator wear. Cut on flattering princess lines with a full-length front buttoned closing, it is cool and practical. Sleeves are full and short and neckline is high. Men's tie silk in gay red, navy and white tri-color patterning is interesting trimming. Note how attractively it is employed to outline two large plastron pockets and the round yoke treatment below a trim tailored neck.

A stunning color combination distinguishes the beautifully tailored dress and redingote ensemble of sheer wool centered in the group. Tucked treatment in bold chevron patterning accents the high-throated neckline. The dusty rose dress is topped by a full length redingote in a light olive green. Double flap hip pockets and scissor-sharp lapels are nice details.

© Western Newspaper Union.

### IT'S HAND KNIT

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Just imagine the joy, not to forget the comfort in wearing, any little girl will find in owning such a cute peasant hand knit dress as this. When all other frocks in little missy's wardrobe fail, being too this or that for a practical day, there just isn't anything to equal a dress knit of knit-cro-shen, as in the model pictured. Looks not too dressy but is dressy enough, washes perfectly and is pretty in dark colors or in the charming pastels as you may choose. Doesn't take long at all to knit the cunning model pictured and the yarn costs very little. Note that it has no belt, the dress falling in a graceful princess line from the shoulders, which makes it very stylish.

### SHIRTMAKER FROCKS IN COTTON, LINENS

Summer means shirtmaker frocks, and this year's crop of shirtmakers is smarter and more distinguished than ever.

Cotton, linen and silk are used to fashion useful frocks that are good for most occasions in the summer scene, especially out-of-town. New and diversified necklines bring novelty to some of the models.

Smart is a shirtmaker frock with a collarless neckline marked by tucking. The tucks continue all the way down the button-up-the-front closing.

The classic frock in striped silk is always good, as is the model in pure silk that tucks beautifully. A grand model is in dotted silk and has a fly front with enclosed zipper.

### Decorative Zippers Now Used in Variety of Ways

New jeweled zippers are now being shown in use on women's wear, for fastening sweaters, bathing suits, gloves, hand bags and many other purposes. The new zippers are bound on colored tape and spaced at frequent intervals with various colored catalin ornaments resembling novelty buttons. When the zipper is closed the catalin ornaments take the place of buttons. When opened the ornaments assemble at the base of the zipper with the effect of being in a continuous piece.

### Variety in Hats

Little pillbox hats that attain new summer heights indicate that the width of a chapeau is no more certain than the depth of its crown.

### No Monotonous

Three and four bright colors are combined for tailored evening gowns, as well as summer evening gowns.

## WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK...

By Lemuel F. Parton

### Foe of Demonic Forces.

NEW YORK. — Anatole France concluded his "Revolt of the Angels" with the observation that man's only hope lay in "The Conquest of the Demons of Anger and Fear in His Own Soul." The quotation may be a bit awry, since the book is not at hand, but it is pertinent to today's news of the expedition to the arctic in the interest of demon slaying—the first of its kind, barring Siegfried's hunting trip in the land of the ice queen.

The above allusion suggests no over-simplification of the purposes of Dr. George W. Crile, famous surgeon and bio-chemist, who is heading a voyage to the Arctic. Specifically, he fights the demonic forces of anger and fear which now range the world and which any newspaper reader can recognize on sight. At seventy-three, he hopes to find in the Far North knowledge which will strengthen his arm and temper his sword, supplementing knowledge which he previously gleaned in the African jungles.

Seals and walruses, neither of them particularly angry or scared, will be studied by Dr. Crile—not as examples of dignity and complacency, but as the owners and proprietors of certain unique energy-releasing mechanisms that seem to work better than the human carburetor, the suprarenal gland system. Dr. Crile has dissected and studied about 800 jungle animals in the interest of civilized human behavior, and now, to piece out his mosaic of life energy, he goes North on an expedition—not to the ant but the sea lion.

These researches have enabled him in certain instances to cure chronic anger and fear. He finds that in this day of newspapers, radio and press agents there are high-voltage stimuli loose everywhere which make high blood-pressure the curse of the age. The name "John L. Lewis" will make one citizen apoplectic, while "Tom Girdler" will induce a similar embolism in another.

For aggravated cases of this kind, Dr. Crile has a simple "Denervation" operation, in which he throttles down the too rampant adrenal glands. Judging from the past, he could operate on the opposed principals in a labor dispute and have them falling over each other to sign an agreement.

A resident of Cleveland, he is the founder and head of the Cleveland Clinic, which is carrying through profound studies of the adrenal and thyroid glands, and of bodily metabolisms generally. His researches in the world war vastly widened and deepened the knowledge of the mechanized functioning of the endocrine glands.

These discoveries led him to describe the human body as an automobile, in which the brain is the battery, the suprarenal gland system the carburetor, the liver the gasoline tank, the muscles the motor, and the thyroid gland the gearbox.

In Africa, Dr. Crile shot and dissected hundreds of animals, from the smallest up to lions and rhinoceros. He finds that lions have a sympathetic gland reinforcing system which enables the adrenals to deal action hormones with a tremendous kick. That's what makes the lion such a good self-starter and the sure winner of any jungle track meet. Lions, tigers and ferocious lone workers in general have this hair-trigger starter.

Herding animals have a less sensitive starting and stimulating mechanism. Less complex, cold-blooded creatures, like crocodiles, with special defensive armament, have an even slower takeoff, but Dr. Crile's main point is that they all have an ignition system which perfectly serves their survival needs.

As Dr. Crile sees it, the maladjustment or malfunctioning of our energy apparatus releases unguessed emotions, precipitated in body poisons, and helps put the world even more out of plumb than it naturally seems to be. An artificially changed environment—with all the new problems of urban living and an unstable and complex economy—makes people keep on getting mad about things which they can't possibly affect or control, unlike the animals, and renders latterday man a signal failure in the main business of life, which is "continuous adaptation."

At home in the wider generalizations of his subject, Dr. Crile sees here the collective elements of social instability — Fuehrers, mobs, demagogues, kluxers, messiahs, warmongers, and inflammatory and provocative inciters of world dementia in general. He thinks a general all-around job of scientific human reconditioning is possibly the only answer.

He is a native of Chilo, Ohio, taking several academic degrees before completing his medical education in a number of foreign universities.

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## Tiny State of Liechtenstein Seldom Explored by Tourist

A new secret police system installed in the tiny European principality of Liechtenstein has stirred up rumors of an impending change in governmental form. The country is governed by a reigning prince, Francis I, under a written constitution, and with a parliament of fifteen members elected by popular vote.

"You may need a magnifying glass to find Liechtenstein easily on the map," says a bulletin from the National Geographic society, "for this principality on the border between eastern Switzerland and western Austria has an area of only sixty-five square miles, or less than the District of Columbia. It is one of the smallest sovereign states in Europe. From his castle above Vaduz, the capital, Francis I can survey almost his whole domain."

Dikes Help Prevent Rhine Floods. "Tucked away in the central Alps, Liechtenstein remains one of the few places in Europe seldom explored by the tourist. Many

### Man's Discourtesy to Kipling Was Profitable

On one occasion one of the trees at Kipling's home was injured by a bus, the driver of which was also the landlord of the village inn. Kipling wrote this man a letter of complaint which the recipient promptly sold to one of his guests. Again the angry author wrote, this time a more violent letter, which fetched a much higher price.

A few days later Kipling called on the landlord and demanded to know why he had received no answer to his letters.

"Why, I was hoping you'd write me some more," said Boniface. "Your letters pay much better than bus driving," he said.—Kansas City Star.

have visited it without their knowledge, however, for the Paris-Vienna express passes through the country for fifteen minutes.

"Linked with Austria in a customs union from 1852 to about 1919, Liechtenstein now is more closely allied with Switzerland with which it has had a customs agreement since 1924. It has used Swiss currency for 16 years, and its post and telegraph services are administered by Switzerland. The tiny principality's only communication with Austria is by railroad, but its tie with Switzerland also is by a highway and five bridges across the upper Rhine.

"Usually the Rhine meanders peacefully over its gravel bed, but in flood times, such as that of September, 1927, it becomes a dangerous torrent and does great damage to the adjacent fertile plains. To mitigate floods in Liechtenstein the river has been confined within dikes.

"The Rhine valley comprises one-third of Liechtenstein's territory. It is divided into pastures where black and dun cattle graze; into fields of maize, flax, and hay; vineyards; and orchards of apples, pears, and plums. Most of Liechtenstein's approximately 12,000 inhabitants are engaged in either agriculture or stock raising.

Country Has No Military Service. "Flanking the Rhine valley are lofty mountains, some of them rising more than a mile high. Down them roar cascading streams that provide electricity not only for lighting but also for power for cotton weaving mills and sawmills. The manufacture of lumber, cotton and leather goods, and pottery, are Liechtenstein's chief industries. Cattle roam on the un-forested mountain slopes. Thick forests of beeches, poplars, and evergreens provide hunting

### Past the Prime

WHEN Dean Inge entered his seventh decade he quoted the following maxims for old people:

The good man feels old age more by the strength of his soul than by the weakness of his body.—Sir Thomas Overbury.

But go thou thy way till the end be; for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days.—Daniel.

But at my back I always hear Time's winged chariot hurrying near.

And yonder all before us lie Deserts of vast eternity.

—Andrew Marvell.

grounds for foxes, stags, and hares.

"Liechtenstein has no national debt and imposes few taxes, so the majority of its citizens are prosperous and contented. Although few are wealthy enough to employ servants, neither are they poor. By means of hard work and frugality, most of them are able to attain their chief aim—to own a modern white-washed house. Simple pleasures such as singing societies and Alpine horn concerts, please them more than moving pictures.

"The capital, Vaduz, is a contraction of 'Vallis dulcis,' meaning 'sweet valley,' a name which might be applied to the whole country. The town's flower-decked white houses lie at the foot of a white cliff. On the cliff, three hundred feet above, is perched the white castle belonging to the prince. Its ancient square tower is said to have been built by the Romans, but the rest of the castle was built in 1712 and restored in 1907 in a Sixteenth century style. In it are displayed the eighty leather helmets of Liechtenstein's last soldiers. Since 1868 when military service was discontinued, the country has had no army."

Why MORE FARM TRACTORS ARE EQUIPPED WITH FIRESTONE TRACTOR TIRES THAN ALL OTHER MAKES OF TIRES COMBINED

Farmers KNOW Ground Grip Tires PROVIDE GREATER TRACTION INCREASED DRAWBAR PULL SAVE MORE TIME AND MONEY



NOW THE Amazing New

Firestone GROUND GRIP TIRE THAT PROVIDES STILL GREATER TRACTION AND SAVINGS

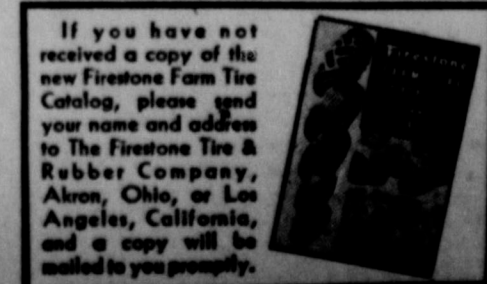
FIRESTONE has done it again! All you have to do is to examine the amazing new Firestone Ground Grip Tractor Tire and you will quickly understand why it provides still greater traction, greater drawbar pull, and makes greater savings in time and fuel. The basic Firestone patented Ground Grip tread design has been retained, but the extra heavy bars of rubber are spaced wider and built higher. The tire cleans itself still better, providing much greater traction.

Farmers everywhere are welcoming this new tire, for tests show that tractors equipped with it consume up to 50% less fuel, as compared with tractors equipped with steel lugged wheels. With this amazing new tire you get up to 30% more available drawbar pull on dry sod — up to 40% more on stubble — and up to 50% more on wet plowed ground, than with any other tire made.

Only Firestone can build all this extra traction into a tractor tire because only Firestone has the patented extra construction features of Gum-Dipped cords which are stronger to resist the strain of heavy pulling, and two extra layers of Gum-Dipped cords under the tread which bind

the tread and cord body into one inseparable unit. The tread is made of specially compounded rubber which resists the action of sun, rain, and snow. See this amazing new tire at your Firestone Implement Dealer, Tire Dealer or Auto Supply & Service Store today. You will want a set on your tractor so you can make the savings that only Firestone Ground Grip Tractor Tires provide.

Listen to the Voice of Firestone, Monday evenings over Nationwide N. B. C. Red Network



FOR CARS • TRUCKS • TRACTORS AND ALL WHEELED EQUIPMENT



THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

Up to now I been lettin' someone else but me worry about these taxes and deficits, and such truck. Never seemed very much of my business, if any, but I guess I been asleep at the switch, as you might say.

But I'm sure gettin' woke up with a bang, here lately. Mrs. Jo, she came back from the grocery store the other day and she says, look here, Josephus, you will have to pony up some more change, if the Sunday dinner is to be much more than a shadow. And say, did that bring m-outta my coma.

Somebody has been foolin' me about who pays the taxes and expenses of all these things we been told was gonna make everything tip-top for everybody. I can see now that it has been ballyhoo that I been listenin' to. When they commence to fumble around in the pockets of my old jeans, I commence to savvy.

Maybe if I get woke up enough, I'll do something about it, except just squawk. I guess I'll write 'em a postcard down there in Washington, and I'll drop 'em a hint that I'm gettin' registered for the next election.

Yours, with the low-down,  
JO SERRA.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

"The last news first" is quite all right for a slogan of spot news coverage but the most immediate and timely happenings are often the second choice of newspaper readers.

Not so many weeks ago a metropolitan newspaper conducted a reader interest survey to determine just what type of material was the most popular with its readers. It is true that comics, local news, sports, society and all of the usual daily offerings ranked high on the returns but above all of them readers gave a first place to a column entitled "Thirty years ago."

William E. Hall, member of the staff of the Toledo (Ohio) Blade once wrote: "There is a decided inclination to turn back to the 'good old days.' Of course, time and distance help fancy to paint a pleasing reminiscent picture. The older and less active a person becomes, the more he dwells in the past which seems so much more pleasant and worth while than the present. It is enjoyable, perhaps, because most persons do not recall the harsh, cruel, distressing phase of experience. These pass out of recollection and are forgotten. The imagination is called upon to serve as a charming entertainer. The bright pictures from the past are brought forth repeatedly. The happy details are emphasized. The depressing elements are eliminated."—Stewart Herral in the Oklahoma Publisher.

Mrs. Cupp—At last my husband has definitely decided to give up golf. He says a number of his friends have given up the game recently. Has your husband given it up, too?

Mrs. Lyon—Yes, he gave it up weeks ago, but he still uses the language when changing tires.

Ogonelle—Are you sure this suit won't shrink if it gets wet?  
Bernstein—Mine friend, effery fire company in this city has squirted water on dot suit.

Miss Texola Harlan left Saturday for a visit to Lubbock and other places.

Casey Lee is a new reader of the home paper.

Jack Mathis of Canyon was in McLean Saturday.

J. A. Riddle is in Stinnett on business this week.

Miss Sue Beth Edwards of Hedley is visiting her uncle, D. A. Davis.

L. S. Tinnin was in Pampa Thursday.

Arlie Carpenter of Lefors was in McLean Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Breeding left Sunday for a trip to Colorado.

Earl Graham of Dumas visited in McLean Sunday.

Claude Barnes was in Stinnett Monday.

Mrs. E. W. Wharton of Pampa visited Mrs. E. G. Wood Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Wood of Pampa visited here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hulon Bell and baby visited at Panhandle Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Henry of Lefors were in McLean Friday.

W. B. Uphan was in Pampa Friday.

Because men "are funny creatures," why in matters of love, women should not think it unmanly to help them to propose, Dr. T. Drummond Shiels said last week in London while discussing the art of courtship at the Summer School of the British Social Hygiene Council. "A woman, if she is attracted to a man, makes a point of being particularly disagreeable to him for fear that he should think she is running after him." Dr. Shiels recommended "a little more frankness and honesty on the part of the girl."

As a woman started to post a letter in Long Beach, Calif., a voice from the mail box bellowed: "Why not use air mail?" The junior chamber of commerce had installed loudspeakers in the boxes in connection with the California postmasters' convention.

Yesterday's success is one thing; today's problem is another.

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-faced 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

ADDING MACHINE paper and ribbons, at News office.

MERCHANTS SALES PADS — 5c each, at News office.

FLOOR SWEEP sold in any amount from 10c up, at News office.

TYPEWRITER ribbons, 60c; portable, 40c, at News office.

NOTARY and corporation seals, badges, rubber stamps, etc. Order at News office.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Apartment house, Geo. W. Sitter, 1p1fc

MISCELLANEOUS

SHOE REPAIRING—All work guaranteed. John Mertel, 1fc

The First National Bank of Utica, N. Y., employs a man to spend two hours every morning looking through wastebaskets. No scrap of paper may be disposed of until he has made his check-up. The man has been on the job every day for three years and has never found anything valuable yet. The bank, however, thinks he may sometime.

Henry—What would you do, dear, if I should die?

Mrs. Peck—I should go nearly crazy, wenny—Would you marry again?

Mrs. Peck—I said nearly crazy.

Doctor—Now, Miss Elsie, where shall I vaccinate you?

Elsie—Oh, anywhere, Doc; it's bound to show.

A new INTERMEDIATE Typewriter

REMINGTON NOISELESS MODEL 8



\$79.50

If you feel that a portable is too small for your needs, yet hesitate to invest in a noiseless typewriter costing \$130 or more, the Remington Noiseless Desk Model 8 is the machine for you.

- 11 1/2" Carriage
• Telex
• Standard Keyboard
• Full Length (12 word) Ribbon
• Balanced Speed Mechanism
• Every essential feature found on any typewriter
• NOISELESS!
SEE IT TODAY!

The McLean News

FREE! Typewriting Course WITH EVERY Remington Portable



Learn easily at home. It costs you nothing but a few pleasant, fascinating hours. Just select your Portable from the great Remington line. You have a wide choice for Remington makes a model for every writing need and for every purse.

You can pay as little as 10 cents a day and get the easy typing course absolutely free.

Come in for particulars.

THE McLEAN NEWS

As It Was Then--- So It Is Now

(Reprinted from the Bridgeport Post, June 15, 1886).

My son, there is nothing so mysteriously funny as an advertisement. The prime, first, last and all the time object of an advertisement is to draw custom. It is not, was not and never will be designed for any other human purpose. So the merchant waits till the busy season comes and his store is so full of custom he can't get his hat off, and then he rushes to his printer and goes in for plenty of advertising.

When the dull season gets along and there is no trade and he wants to sell his goods so badly he can't pay his rent, he stops advertising. That is, some of them do; occasionally a level-headed merchant does more of it and scoops in all the business while his neighbors are making mortgages to pay the gas bills.

There are times when you could not stop people from buying everything in the store if you planted a cannon behind the door, and that's the time the advertisement is sent out upon its mission. It makes light work for the advertising, for a chalk sign on the sidewalk could do all that was needed and have a half-holiday six days in the week; but who wants to favor an advertisement? They are built to do hard work, and should be sent out in the dull days when a customer has to be knocked down with hard facts, and kicked insensible with bankrupt reductions and dragged in with an irresistible slaughter of the prices and other inducements before he will spend a cent.

That's the aim and end of advertising, my son, and if you ever open a store, don't try to get them to come when they are already sticking out of the windows, but give them your advertisement right between the eyes in the dull season, and you will wax rich and own a fast horse, and perhaps be able to smoke a good cigar once or twice a year.

Write this down where you'll fall over it every day. The time to draw business is when you want business, and not when you have more business than you can attend to already.

The McLean News The Paper That's Read First

Volur Baptist Ser S

According ment, revive the First meeting.

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BIRTHDA OUT

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