

THE MCLEAN NEWS

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

Volume 36.

McLean, Gray County, Texas, Thursday, September 7, 1939.

No. 36.

WHY I AM GLAD I AM LIVING IN AMERICA TODAY

By Dr. C. B. Batson

All of you have watched the storm clouds gather in Europe and the rest of the world for the past several years, and have seen it break loose in a series of tragedies, fury, hate, and sorrow; first in Africa, then Asia, and finally Europe, and today is threatening to even engulf us and carry us away with all the rest of the civilized world. We have watched these events with anxious anticipation, alarm, and even fear for our own safety. How many of you have taken time out to seriously consider our own happy lot as compared to others not so fortunate? I would try to give you a few of the reasons that we should all give daily thanks to our Creator for the blessings that we enjoy.

I am glad to be living in America today, where I can accompany my two boys, enroll them in public school and meet their teachers, and start them out in another year of school training, rather than rush them out to some unknown dugout and bomb shelter where I might not see them for months, or probably never.

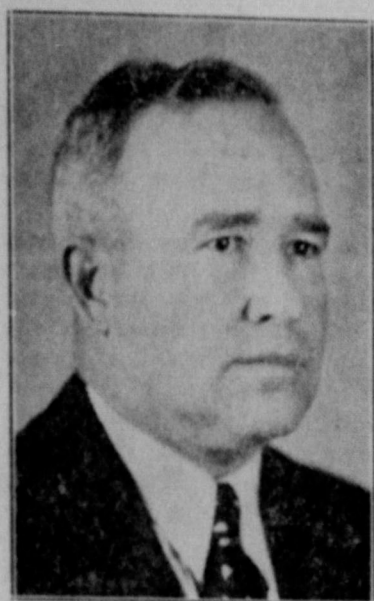
I am glad that I live in America where, when babies are born, they are still given rattlers and toys instead of gas masks. I am glad I live in America where I can sit down to the table and eat all the meat, bread, butter, eggs, sugar, as well as a variety of other foods, as much as I need (and sometimes even more than I need) rather than have a fare of black staid bread and soup. I am glad I live in America where I can drive my own automobile and buy as much gas as the filling station will let me have on credit, rather than have my car requisitioned by the government, or if by necessity I could use it, I could only buy one gallon of gas on government, and dare not drive at night. I am glad I live in America where I can go shoot doves, quail, or even golf, rather than fire bombs, shrapnel and poison gas at my fellow man. I am glad I live in America where I can belong to the Lions Club and "holer" "Oowah!" rather than through fear have to shout "Hell" or some other salutation to some ruthless potentate. I am glad to live in America where I can listen on the radio and read my newspaper and hear and see what people really think and say, rather than have the same given out to me by controlled press and radio, and even then only that which it is deemed advisable that would prejudice me into thinking and acting as would favor some dictator. I am glad I live in America where, after the day's work is over, I can go down town, where the street lights are burning, the "Neon signs" are advertising the merits of the merchants' goods, and the people are passing the time of day or going to the movies, or perhaps stopping to enjoy the luxury of a "soda," while other streets are desolate and darkened, the few people out stumbling along, grimly fatalistic about the next minute when they may have to scurry through the darkness for safety, like a rat going to its hole. I am glad that when I lie down at night I can open my windows and breathe life-refreshing air, rather than have my windows and doors closed and padded with mattresses to keep out the concussion of exploding bombs. I am glad that I live in America where I can go to church on Sunday and worship my Lord as I desire, and in my communion with Him, pray that He may protect us and guide us in our continued security.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Wall went to Fort Worth Sunday. Mrs. Wall remained for a longer visit.

BIRTHDAYS

Sept. 10—Mrs. M. T. Wilkerson, Mrs. Callie Haynes, Mrs. Haskell Smith, J. N. Burr.
Sept. 11—Mrs. J. P. Alexander, Jewell Cousins, Mrs. Robt. Barnett, A. B. Wood.
Sept. 12—Mrs. W. W. Shadd, Pub. Everett, Harry Overton.
Sept. 13—Eileen Butcher, Mrs. F. H. Bourland, Ronnie Worley.
Sept. 14—C. L. Wood, Mrs. L. S. Tinnin, Clifford Allison, W. H. Floyd, Perry Masterson, Geo. W. Sitter.
Sept. 15—C. O. Nicholson, Julia Meriel, Jazie Wilson.
Sept. 16—Rev. W. O. Cooley.

SUPERINTENDENT



C. A. CRYER
Superintendent of the McLean School System.

IDEAL LIVING ROOM DISCUSSED AT CLUB MEET

Mrs. Julia E. Kelley, county agent, discussed the ideal living room at the meeting of the Eastside Home Demonstration Club held in the home of Mrs. F. E. Hambright in McLean Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Kelley said, in part: "An ideal living room is one that takes the entire family into consideration and provides things of interest to all." She further said, "Make the room livable by placing in it comfortable places to sit, tables for reading and writing, good reading matter of uplifting nature, suitable for all members of the family."

She displayed several books and magazines, with suggestions for suitable reading matter. "Pictures should be chosen for their beauty of color and content, and some sort of music lends for happiness in the home and will help to hold the family together where character may be formed," said the speaker.

It was stressed that food for the soul is something that differs with the individuals. Good lights are among the most important items in the home, for without them poor eyesight and poor health will result. She urged that each home maker add at least one thing to her living room each year to add to its comfort.

The business session followed the discussion, with Mrs. H. M. Roth presiding. Mrs. Floyd Lively gave a report on recreation, and Mrs. Luther Petty reported on the last two issues of Farmers Banner.

Those present were: Mrs. Kelley and Miss Leona Lewis of Pampa; Mrs. Cunningham and Mrs. Sam Jones of McLean, guests. Members present were: Mesdames Roth, Lively, C. A. Myatt, J. H. Wade, J. F. Ledbetter, Hambright, Petty, and Miss Hettie Burr.

The hostess served refreshments of cake and punch.

The next meeting will be an all day session in the home of Miss Burr, Sept. 15.

BAPTISTS AT SAMNORWOOD

The 29th annual session of the North Fork Baptist Association opened this (Thursday) morning at the Samnorwood Baptist Church, for a two day session. Several McLean Baptists are in attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Wilson of Amarillo visited the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kid McCoy, last week end. They were accompanied by the former's mother, Mrs. William Wilson, of Wichita Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. McDonald and children have returned to their home at Cushing, Okla., after a visit with the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Stokely.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Herron, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Herron of Lone Wolf, Okla., visited in the S. W. Rice home over the week end.

Mrs. J. L. Allison of Clarendon and son, Glen, of Hereford visited their son and brother, Clifford, and family Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thurman Adkins and son of Shamrock were in McLean Thursday.

The regular monthly meeting of the chamber of commerce was not held Monday night.

FUNERAL SERVICES MRS. J. J. NEILL SUNDAY

Funeral services were held Sunday afternoon at the Church of Christ for Mrs. Velma Corinne Neill, aged 33 years and 11 days, and her infant son, who died Sept. 2, 1939, at Pampa.

Services were conducted by Minister Lee Starnes. Pallbearers were Barney and Pete Fulbright, C. J. Cash, M. W. Banta, Clyde Horrell and Dwight Upham. Flower bearers were Mrs. Clyde Horrell, Mrs. Pete Fulbright, Mrs. Luther Johnson and Miss Marie Brawley.

Interment was made in Hillcrest cemetery.

The deceased is survived by her husband, J. J. Neill, a two-year-old daughter, Doris Marie, of Dumas; her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Rice, of Wheelers, Okla.; five sisters, Mrs. Joe Burghart of McLean; Mrs. Glen Sewell of Palsom, N. M.; Mrs. Lawrence Kinkead of Ajo, Ariz.; Miss Anna Mae Rice of Clayton, N. M.; Miss Alta Rice of Wheelers, Okla.; three brothers, Pierson and Lee Rice of Palsom, N. M., and Raymond Rice of Wheelers, Okla.; a large number of other relatives and friends.

KUNKEL-JOHNSON WEDDING SUNDAY

In an impressive single ring ceremony, Miss Estelle Kunkel became the bride of Mr. Dee Johnson of Pampa, Sunday morning in the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. H. M. Kunkel. The Rev. Troy A. Sumrill, pastor of the First Baptist Church, read the vows in the presence of members of the immediate family.

The bride was dressed in teal blue with black accessories. She carried an arm bouquet of sweetheart roses.

Immediately after the ceremony the couple left for a two weeks' tour to Carlsbad Caverns and points in South Texas. On their return they will be at home in Pampa.

CHILDRESS STAYS DRY

Childress county stays in the dry column by a vote of over 2 to 1 last week. Eighteen of the 19 county voting boxes gave dry majorities, with the other tieing. One box voted all dry.

The city boxes turned in a 3 to 2 vote against beer. Only 75 voters outside the city of Childress wanted beer. A total of 1,538 votes were cast: 467 for, 1,087 against; a 70% victory for the dries as against a 67% vote for the dries in last year's similar election.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY

Miss Mona Meier of Amarillo entertained a few friends Monday afternoon at the Stratton home in McLean, celebrating her 10th birthday which was Sunday.

Lawn games were played and the birthday cake was served with ice cream.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Decker, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Glenn, George Keeton and daughter, Letha Belle, attended a young people's rally at the Pentecostal Holiness Church in Amarillo Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Foster Peterson of Amarillo visited in the Kid McCoy home Sunday and Monday. Mrs. Peterson will be remembered as Miss Pauline Muncie, formerly of McLean.

Mrs. Alva Alexander and daughter, Miss Sally Jo, have returned to their home at Kermit after a visit with their mother and grandmother, Mrs. T. W. Henry.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Grigsby and children visited the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Savage, at Amherst over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Armstrong of Sunray visited the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Rice, over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Dwight have returned from a visit to Hot Springs, N. M.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rodgers of Pampa visited here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Curg Williams of Enid, Okla., visited here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Jarrell and daughter visited in Missouri last week.

BAPTIST REVIVAL TO BEGIN SUNDAY

A series of revival services will begin at the First Baptist Church Sunday morning, with Rev. B. S. Hilbourn of Mississippi doing the preaching.

Pastor Troy A. Sumrill says that all are invited to attend the meeting and take part in the song services. Services will be held each morning and evening.

Rev. Sumrill has held eight revivals this season, two of them in Mississippi, averaging something like 40 conversions per week in the meetings. He has just closed a meeting at Lela, with some 50 additions to the church, 40 for baptism.

PEIRCE MOVES PRODUCE TO HATCHERY BUILDING

E. L. Peirce has moved his produce and cold drink stand to the building formerly occupied by the McLean Hatchery, two doors south of the News office.

Mr. Peirce says he is better prepared than ever to serve his customers in all lines, and will appreciate everyone visiting him at the new location.

See opening announcement on another page.

SCHOOLS OPEN WITH HEAVY ENROLLMENT

The McLean schools opened Tuesday morning with heavy enrollment.

The high school reported 240 pupils and the ward school, with Prof. Sam H. Branch principal, reported 411.

Both schools are off to a good start and every department is working smoothly.

With the Churches

PENTECOSTAL HOLINESS CHURCH

W. R. Maxwell, Pastor
Sunday school 9:45 a. m.
Preaching at 11 a. m. Next Sunday is missionary day. Mrs. Laura Byerly will speak.

P. Y. P. S. 7 p. m.
Evangelistic service 8 p. m.
W. M. S. Monday, 2 p. m.
Bible study Monday night.
Prayer meeting Wednesday night.
Preaching Saturday night.

Mrs. Ola Worley spoke at the morning hour last Sunday from the text, "I will not offer unto the Lord that which cost me nothing." Several sought the Lord and rededicated their lives to Him.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

W. A. Erwin, Minister
Sunday school 10 a. m.
Morning worship at 11.
Evening worship 7:30.

At the evening hour the pastor and wife will report the Bible conference, the men and the messages.

Hosea Biggers and daughter, Miss Louise, of Perryton visited their daughter and sister, Mrs. Boyd Reeves, Sunday. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Roy Johnson and children.

Mrs. W. C. Collier and son, Gordon, of Amarillo visited their sister and aunt, Mrs. J. A. Sparks, Wednesday. They were enroute to Oklahoma City.

Mrs. Robt. Barnett of Woodward, Okla., visited her mother, Mrs. Callie Haynes Thursday and Friday. She with Mrs. Haynes, also visited her sister, Mrs. Frank Rodgers, at Pampa.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Pettit were in Clarendon Thursday to attend the funeral of the lady's father, Mr. Bogard.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Andrews of Denver, Colo., visited the lady's sister, Mrs. Jesse J. Cobb, the first of the week.

Miss Georgia Colebank of Oklahoma City spent the week end with home folks here.

Mrs. Andy Word and grandson of Alanreed visited in McLean last Wednesday.

Mrs. G. H. Aldous of Shamrock visited her mother, Mrs. C. C. Cook, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Massey of Amarillo visited the lady's sister, Mrs. Ola Worley, and family Sunday.

PRINCIPAL



ORVILLE CUNNINGHAM
who has been elected principal of McLean high school.

SALVATION ARMY IMITATORS HERE

Women and girls dressed to imitate workers of the Salvation Army have been collecting money in McLean, and most always ask, "Will you help the army today?"

According to Capt. and Mrs. H. Lambrecht of Pampa, in charge of this district, the Salvation Army has no solicitors except those whose caps have the words "Salvation Army" on them, and they wear the Salvation Army insignia on their uniforms.

Mrs. Lambrecht, who visits McLean regularly, says she has found many people here who have given the imitators money under the impression that they were assisting the Salvation Army.

Chambers of commerce secretaries in many towns have been forced to require all solicitors to have a permit to solicit funds in order to protect those who want to know that their money is going for the purpose intended.

McLean people can make sure with a little inquiry before making a contribution, as the imitators seldom argue, but prefer to get away with as little conversation as possible.

LIONS CLUB MEETS

The regular luncheon of the Lions Club was held Tuesday, with Scout Director Israel and County Agent Ralph R. Thomas of Pampa as visitors.

Dr. C. B. Batson made a talk on "Why I Am Glad I Am Living in America Today," full text of which appears in another column.

BACK SCHOOL OPENS

The Back school opened Monday with 18 pupils. Prof. Younger is principal and Miss Lucille Scott assistant.

The Back PTA will hold a meeting Friday at 3:15 p. m., to which all fathers and mothers of the district are invited.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Rippey and daughter accompanied Mrs. A. Stanfield to Frederick, Okla., last week end. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Close of Canadian.

Mrs. F. M. Sachse of Quitaque visited her daughter, Mrs. S. L. Montgomery, last week. She was accompanied by her grandson, Billy Joe Sachse.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Turbush and children of Canadian visited the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Kunkel, last week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Byrd Guill and Mrs. Thomas Ashby attended the funeral of Mr. Bogard at Clarendon Thursday.

Mrs. D. M. Graham visited her sister, Mrs. H. B. Bernard, at an Amarillo hospital Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Robinson of Amarillo visited the lady's sister, Mrs. Harvey Grigsby, Thursday.

Dr. V. R. Jones of Shamrock was in McLean Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Spencer were in Shamrock Tuesday.

Kid McCoy, Jr., of College Station visited home folks here this week.

APPLICATIONS FOR 1940 SHELTERBELTS

The Texas organization of the Prairie States Forestry Project will meet at Childress on Sept. 7 and 8 to discuss plans for the 1940 shelterbelt planting season. District officers at Shamrock and Childress and their subordinates will confer with State Director W. E. Webb and his staff to perfect plans of operation for the next several months.

The Forest Service expects to wind up its cultivation season in a month or six weeks and will at the conclusion of this conference begin a program to examine locations and approve applications for the 1940 shelterbelt planting season which opens in late December. Between now and that time, the foresters expect to receive over two thousand applications for shelterbelts. Over one hundred and fifty applications have already been received, according to Mr. Webb, and interest in the plantings is increasing daily as examples of their results in soil and crop protection become known.

The actual number of applications accepted will be dependent on the amount of good tree stock in the Prairie States Forestry Project nursery at Plainview, and the funds available for the planting season.

Because of a reduction of funds below the amount received last year, the 1940 planting of tree belts will be restricted within reasonable driving distances of labor sources used for this work. Every effort will be directed toward the obtaining and accepting of applications in concentrated areas where previous years' plantings have been made. This plan will reduce the cost of planting and will also make the existing tree belts more effective in retarding soil erosion and in developing crop production because of the massed effect of groups of community plantings.

Mr. Webb stated further that shelterbelt operations will continue intensively in such areas of those counties in Northwest Texas where the demand is greatest as shown by the number of applications received. Between four and five hundred miles of shelterbelts will be placed on approximately seven hundred and fifty farms. A small number of experimental shelterbelt plantings will be added to the South High Plains counties where unusually good success has been had with 1938 and 1939 tree plantings. Nearly 1,600 miles of shelterbelt have been planted in Texas during the past four years.

Shelterbelt applications are being received by all county agents, in addition to the regular Forest Service offices at Childress, Shamrock, Vernon, Quanah, Paducah, Memphis, Clarendon, Wellington, Plainview, McLean, and Wichita Falls.

President and Mrs. G. C. Boswell of Weatherford College announce the marriage of their daughter, Helen, to Mr. Joe Bertram Franz at Weatherford, Sunday, Sept. 3, 1939.

The bride is a graduate of the McLean high school and is well known here.

The young people will be at home in Austin after Sept. 15.

Mrs. J. Frank Bidwell returned to her home at Tucuman, N. M., Friday. She was accompanied by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Sparks, and niece, Janet Regal, of Amarillo. Mr. and Mrs. Sparks returned home Tuesday.

Mesdames H. C. Rippey, H. E. Franks and Bill Rupe attended a county PTA committee meeting at Pampa Wednesday.

Miss Geraldine Howard of Lubbock and Miss Nina Howard of Childress have returned home after a visit with their aunt, Mrs. J. L. Andrews.

Attorney Thurman Adkins of Shamrock was in McLean Wednesday.

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FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

| | |
|---------------------|-------|
| Sept. 15—Parhandle | There |
| Sept. 22—Open | |
| Sept. 29—White Deer | There |
| Oct. 6—Open | |
| Oct. 13—Lakeview | Here |
| Oct. 20—Memphis | There |
| Oct. 27—Clarendon | Here |
| Nov. 3—Shamrock | Here |
| Nov. 10—Wheeler | Here |
| Nov. 17—Wellington | Here |

WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS BY HENRY W. PORTER

Roosevelt Appeals to Germany And Poland to Try for Peace; England and France Mobilize

(EDITOR'S NOTE—When opinions are expressed in these columns, they are those of the news analyst and not necessarily of this newspaper.)

In a desperate effort to avert the holocaust of war which threatens to engulf Europe, President Roosevelt appealed directly to Chancellor Adolf Hitler of Germany and President Ignace Moscicki to refrain from hostilities for a "reasonable and stipulated period" and attempt to settle their difference by

- 1. Direct negotiation,
2. Submission of these controversies to an impartial arbitration in which they can both have confidence, or
3. Agree to the solution of these controversies through the procedure of conciliation, selecting as conciliator or moderator a national of one of the traditionally neutral states of Europe, or a national of one of the American republics which are all of them free from any connection with or participation in European political affairs.

EUROPE:

Near the Abyss

Through the doorway of historic 10 Downing street stepped Neville Chamberlain, prime minister of Great Britain, dressed in somber black and more grave-faced than he has been for months.

Standing in the house of commons, called in emergency session for the eighth time since the World war, the premier, twisting his hands and speaking in a strained voice, made a speech, heard by millions of listeners all over the world.

Not only did it free Germany from fear of having to fight enemies on the eastern as well as the western front, as she did in the World war, but it put an end to British and French hopes of getting Russia to join them in a tri-power alliance to "stop Hitler."

That is the unmistakable meaning of Article 4 of the non-aggression pact which stated that "Neither of the two contracting parties will participate in any grouping of powers which directly or indirectly is pointed against the other party to this agreement."

Last act in this latest drama of world events which have been staged in Moscow was the departure by airplane of the saddened members of the British and French military missions who for four months have been trying to get wily Joseph Stalin and his advisers to sign a mutual assistance treaty with their nations.

As they returned to their respective capitals and saw on every hand the feverish activity of mobilization they must have reflected upon the ironical fact that, when they left Moscow, the Soviet press was hailing the pact with Germany as "a fearful instrument for world peace!"

Chamberlain opened his speech by the declaration that "new and drastic steps are required by the gravity of the situation" and that he hoped it would be possible for the Emergency Powers Defense bill, giving his government dictatorial, wartime powers, to be signed by the king immediately after its approval by parliament.

Meanwhile the ominous tramp, tramp, tramp of armed men was sounding in other countries directly involved in the crisis. In Poland 600,000 more men were mobilized, bringing the total force under arms up to 1,700,000. In France 2,000,000 men were called to the colors.

On this side of the Atlantic President Roosevelt cut short his North Atlantic fishing cruise and hurried back to Washington to confer with Secretary of State Cordell Hull and Undersecretary Sumner Welles. His first step was to send a personal message, via Ambassador William Phillips, to King Vittorio Emanuele of Italy expressing the hope that the king would find some way of

exercising his influence in behalf of the maintenance of peace.

Five hours later Pope Pius XII, supreme head of the Catholic church, went on the air with an urgent appeal for peace.

Twelve hours before Great Britain's parliament met in emergency session to give Neville Chamberlain dictatorial and wartime powers, another meeting was held in the massive-walled Kremlin in Moscow.

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AGRICULTURE:

Milk Strike Off

New York city housewives are getting milk again for their children after a nine-day "drouth" but they are paying 3/4 of a cent a quart more for it. After two days of negotiation brought about by Mayor Fiorello La Guardia, the strike of the upstate dairy farmers came to an end when the C. I. O. - supported Dairy Farmers' union voted at Utica to accept the compromise offered by the New York Metropolitan Distributors organization.

The compromise provided for a blended price to farmers of \$2.15 per 100 pounds (47 quarts). The dairymen's union originally demanded \$2.35 a hundred-weight instead of the \$1.50 they had been getting.

Two increases in price already had been made since the recent restoration of federal-state marketing control under orders set up by Secretary Henry A. Wallace.

FAR EAST:

Japan Says 'No!'

Insisting that the economic questions at Tientsin are "purely British-Japanese," the Japanese foreign office has rejected a British suggestion that other powers be called in to discuss the question. This rejection was Nippon's answer to British rejection of the Japanese contention that Chinese silver deposited in foreign concession banks should be turned over to Japan and that British support of Chinese national currency be withdrawn.

Although the Japanese statement rejected this suggestion, it was careful not to close the door to further discussions of issues growing out of Japan's blockade of the Tientsin concession. Meanwhile the killing of two pro-Japanese Chinese policemen and the wounding of six others by a British policeman in Shanghai threatened to develop into another major incident in Japanese-British relations.

More dramatic than the appearance on the witness stand of the

stones and gravel, in a way that struck terror into my heart. The teacher and I were helpless.

"We called and screamed to mother, pleading with her to let go of the lines, but all our screaming was useless, for mother was in an unconscious condition, clinging to those reins with a death grip while the horse dragged her along."

And, for half a mile, mother dragged along beside the reeling wagon, in imminent danger of rolling under the wheels, while up in the seat Mary and the teacher sat paralyzed with fear, trying to hang on to the swaying, reeling buggy.

Mary says that buggy was running on two wheels a good part of the time. And at other times it seemed to be flying through the air, with nothing under the wheels at all.

Several men along the road had tried to stop the horse, but couldn't do anything with the crazed animal. At last, at the end of a half a mile, mother's hands loosened on the reins and the lines were free. They got between the horse's front legs, and that only served to frighten the poor animal more.

The careening carriage flew down the road.

Still the reeling, careening carriage flew on. They had covered more than a mile, and now they were within a short distance of a narrow culvert, just outside of the business section of La Salle. There were pillars on either side of it, and it would be a miracle if the crazed horse got through that cramped space without wrecking the buggy.

The teacher was the first one to think of that culvert. She screamed to Mary that if the horse couldn't be stopped before they reached it they would both be killed.

"And with her voice still ringing in my ears," says Mary, "she rose to her feet, stood on them for a moment on the swaying floor of the buggy—and jumped! I shut my eyes as I heard her body hit the road, and thought that surely she must have been killed."

And now, Mary was left alone in that speeding buggy. She knew that, somehow, she had to get hold of those reins that were dragging down there beneath the horse's feet. Just a little way ahead, now, was the culvert. And even if the buggy did get through the culvert, it was certain to crash into something in the business district two blocks beyond. So, while the buggy reeled and swayed, Mary began climbing over the dashboard, onto the horse's back.

It was a desperate chance. Time and again Mary almost lost her hold in that precarious trip. The horse was slippery with foam and perspiration, and only by bracing her feet against the shaft did she manage to keep from being thrown into the road.

"I reached the horse's head," she says, "and the feel of my body on her seemed to frighten her all the more, and make her go faster than ever. But I got the lines from between her legs and started lurching my way back to the buggy."

"I pulled and jerked at the reins until I brought the horse to a halt," she says, "and it stopped just a few feet in front of the dreaded culvert. A boy ran up to hold the animal, and I left the buggy and ran into town to get a doctor for mother. She was still unconscious when they brought her in, and to this day she carries, on the right side of her face, the terrible marks of that horrifying experience."

Mary says she's glad the horse and buggy days are over because—well—because she wouldn't want any of her children to have such an experience.

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"A Ride With Death"

HELLO EVERYBODY: Mary Billard of La Salle, Ill., is today's Distinguished Adventurer, and she wins that distinction—as well as the well-known ten bucks—with one of the most terrifying yarns I've seen in a long time.

It happened in 1913, when Mrs. Billard was Miss Mary Blanch, a girl of twelve, and Mary says, "The La Salle papers called me a heroine at the time, and it was all quite exciting for a girl of my age, but it lost its thrill when I thought of my mother lying in a hospital in a critical condition, fighting the dangers of gangrene and lockjaw."

You can see from that statement of Mary's that there was tragedy in that episode as well as adventure. And it started with nothing but a common, ordinary buggy ride. There weren't so many automobiles in those days, and most of the streets were mere unpaved dirt roads.

Mary's dad had bought a horse that had spent all its life on race tracks and was hard to handle when hitched to a buggy. It had run away twice, and Mary's mother didn't drive it any oftener than she had to.

But there came a day when she felt she HAD to drive that horse. They had just moved into town, and Mary was finishing a term at a little country schoolhouse three miles out of La Salle. Mary's teacher was coming back with her that evening, so Mother hitched up the horse and started out to get them.

Mother hadn't been feeling well all that day, but she made the trip to the schoolhouse without any trouble. They were all on their way to town, with Mary in the middle between her mother and the teacher, when, without warning, Mary felt her mother fall away from her.

Mary Looked Around and Saw Her Mother.

She looked around just in time to see Mother topple from the seat and pitch headlong into the road. She had fainted.

But that was only the beginning of a disastrous train of events. Mother had fallen out with the lines still clutched in her hands. The sudden jerk on those reins, caused by her falling, frightened the horse. It gave a leap forward.

"And with that leap," says Mary, "there started the fastest ride I had ever remembered in all my 12 years."

"We were horrified at the situation. The horse was plunging along at a full gallop, and my mother was being dragged face downward over



"I pulled and jerked at the reins until I brought the horse to a stop."

stones and gravel, in a way that struck terror into my heart. The teacher and I were helpless.

"We called and screamed to mother, pleading with her to let go of the lines, but all our screaming was useless, for mother was in an unconscious condition, clinging to those reins with a death grip while the horse dragged her along."

And, for half a mile, mother dragged along beside the reeling wagon, in imminent danger of rolling under the wheels, while up in the seat Mary and the teacher sat paralyzed with fear, trying to hang on to the swaying, reeling buggy.

Mary says that buggy was running on two wheels a good part of the time. And at other times it seemed to be flying through the air, with nothing under the wheels at all.

Several men along the road had tried to stop the horse, but couldn't do anything with the crazed animal. At last, at the end of a half a mile, mother's hands loosened on the reins and the lines were free. They got between the horse's front legs, and that only served to frighten the poor animal more.

The careening carriage flew down the road.

Still the reeling, careening carriage flew on. They had covered more than a mile, and now they were within a short distance of a narrow culvert, just outside of the business section of La Salle. There were pillars on either side of it, and it would be a miracle if the crazed horse got through that cramped space without wrecking the buggy.

The teacher was the first one to think of that culvert. She screamed to Mary that if the horse couldn't be stopped before they reached it they would both be killed.

"And with her voice still ringing in my ears," says Mary, "she rose to her feet, stood on them for a moment on the swaying floor of the buggy—and jumped! I shut my eyes as I heard her body hit the road, and thought that surely she must have been killed."

And now, Mary was left alone in that speeding buggy. She knew that, somehow, she had to get hold of those reins that were dragging down there beneath the horse's feet. Just a little way ahead, now, was the culvert. And even if the buggy did get through the culvert, it was certain to crash into something in the business district two blocks beyond. So, while the buggy reeled and swayed, Mary began climbing over the dashboard, onto the horse's back.

It was a desperate chance. Time and again Mary almost lost her hold in that precarious trip. The horse was slippery with foam and perspiration, and only by bracing her feet against the shaft did she manage to keep from being thrown into the road.

"I reached the horse's head," she says, "and the feel of my body on her seemed to frighten her all the more, and make her go faster than ever. But I got the lines from between her legs and started lurching my way back to the buggy."

"I pulled and jerked at the reins until I brought the horse to a halt," she says, "and it stopped just a few feet in front of the dreaded culvert. A boy ran up to hold the animal, and I left the buggy and ran into town to get a doctor for mother. She was still unconscious when they brought her in, and to this day she carries, on the right side of her face, the terrible marks of that horrifying experience."

Mary says she's glad the horse and buggy days are over because—well—because she wouldn't want any of her children to have such an experience.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Animals and Birds Are Accurate Weather Forecasters

If you want to foretell the weather, watch birds and animals. It will be fine when swallows fly high, when bats fly late at night, when beetles take to the wing, and when morning chimney smoke rises straight up. Rain is indicated when birds fly low, when peacocks begin to screech, when crows fly up and circle around their nests, when sparrows become excited and chirp continuously, when morning smoke does not rise, when cattle caper about, and when donkeys bray. A change in due when dogs sniff the air, and when you see birds perching on the lower branches of trees a storm is not far away. The presence of cormorants at the mouth of a river foretells a heavy gale from the sea.

Moral: It's an Art To Know When to Fight

A loud, noisy and particularly objectionable skunk, obsessed by its own prominence and the attention paid to it, challenged a lion to single combat. The challenge was promptly declined by the lion. "Huh!" sneered the skunk. "You're afraid to fight me." "No," answered the lion, coolly, "but why should I fight you? You would gain fame from fighting me, even though I gave you the worst licking of your life, as I would do. How about me, though? I couldn't possibly gain anything by defeating you while on the other hand, everyone who met me for a month would know I had been in the company of a skunk."

COOL WEATHER COMFORT FOR HOT WEATHER SKIN MISERIES. MEXICAN HEAT POWDER. of prickly heat, sunburn, chafing, irritations. Here's medicated comfort. A boon to you and to baby.

Mending Life's Garment It is strange how people will try to mend their lives when the garment is torn to shreds. It is strange, too, how life's garment, unlike human weaving, grows whole with the mending. It is as if some invisible kindness out of the air had set to work with you—here a little and there a little.—Caroline Dale Snadeker.

OBJECTION OVERRULED

The defense counsel was cross-examining the witness, a cross-blonde with big blue eyes.

"Where were you," he thundered, "on Monday night?"

The blonde smiled sweetly. "Out for a run in a car."

"And where were you," bellowed the counsel, "on Tuesday night?"

"Out for a run in the car," repeated the lovely blonde.

The counsel leaned closer. "And what," he said, "are you doing tomorrow night?"

Prosecuting counsel leaped to his feet. "Your Honor," he protested, "I object to that question."

"And why do you object?" inquired the judge.

"Because," said the prosecutor, "I asked her first."

Vice Versa



She—I think I'll let my hair grow out again.

He—I'm using something now to make mine grow in again.

One Way Out

A candidate for the police force was being verbally examined.

"If you were alone in a police car and were pursued by a desperate gang of criminals in another car doing sixty miles an hour along a lonely road, what would you do?"

The candidate looked puzzled for a moment. "Eighty," he replied.

Farm Labor

Smalltown—Remember, Al, every farmer has a silver lining.

Farm Al—It would be better if they also had a lining of arsenic. Then the rain would spray our crops with insecticide as well as moisture them.

HER WILL



Daughter (excitedly)—I'll marry whom I please! I want you to know I have a will of my own!

Mother (quietly)—So have I—but you won't share in it, my dear.

Memories

Pa—I think I'll have to go down stairs and send Nancy's young man home.

Ma—Now, Elmer, don't be hasty. Remember how we used to court.

Pa—For gosh sakes! I hadn't thought of that. Out he goes.

Explanation

Foreman—How is it that, although you and Jim started diggin' at the same time, he has a bigger pile of dirt than you?

Sambo—Well, you see, boss, he's diggin' a bigger hole.

Berth Mark

Boogy—Why do you say that scar on your forehead is a birthmark? It looks more like an old wound.

Woogy—It is. You see, I accidentally got into the wrong berth.

MAKIN AN EDITOR OUTEN HIM

A PERFECT PAIR

NOTICE

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Roth and children have returned from a visit in New Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wilcox of Childress moved to McLean Friday.

A GOOD SALESMAN WHO WORKS CHEAP

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING

To the creditors of Arthur Erwin, notice is hereby given that the undersigned assignee of Arthur Erwin will sell at public auction, in this building now occupied as the Erwin Drug Co., in the town of McLean, Texas, at 10:30 a. m., Tuesday, Sept. 12, 1939, all the merchandise and accounts owned by the said Arthur Erwin, hereafter assigned unto me for the benefit of his creditors.

THURMAN ADKINS.
Advertisement 1c

APPRECIATION

We express our most sincere appreciation for the sympathy, the flowers and many courtesies extended us by our many relatives and friends of our dearly beloved one who passed on.

THE NEILL FAMILY.
THE RICE FAMILY.

NEED GLASSES?



See
F. W. HOLMES
Sayre - - - Oklahoma
Suggest an Appointment

CAR AND TRACTOR REPAIRS

Electric Welding
Lathe Work, Repairing of all kinds.
Don't throw away a broken part. Save money by having it repaired.

George Hervey
Pontiac Co.
Machine Shop and Garage



JOHN DEERE
Tractors & Implements
The Quality Line
Genuine John Deere
Repair Parts
McLEAN IMPLEMENT CO.
J. S. McLaughlin
D. C. Carpenter

TRI-STATE FAIR AMARILLO
Sept. 18-23



BEUTLER BROTHERS
World-Famous
RODEO
In front of grandstand every afternoon
Thrills! Spills!

MIGHTY SHEESLEY MIDWAY
New rides. New shows. New attractions.

NIGHT SHOW
A Music Corporation of America attraction.
GIGANTIC EXHIBITS
Livestock, agricultural, merchandise, fine arts displays.
Gate admission: adults, 15c; children under 12, FREE.
Spectacular Free Attractions on Grounds

PUCKETT'S

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY SPECIALS

| | |
|----------------------------------|-----|
| SPUDS No. 1 white peck | 25c |
| COMPOUND Swift Jewel 4 lb carton | 40c |
| COMPOUND Swift Jewel 8 lb carton | 79c |
| COFFEE Bliss 1 lb | 21c |
| MILK Armour's tall can | 6c |
| small | 3c |
| POTTED MEAT 3 cans | 10c |
| VIENNA SAUSAGE 2 1/2 lb | 15c |
| PORK & BEANS Van Camp 1 lb can | 6c |
| CORN 3 No. 2 cans | 25c |
| TOMATOES 4 No. 2 cans | 25c |
| PEACHES gallon | 35c |
| APRICOTS water pack No. 2 1/2 | 15c |
| TEA Lipton's 1/2 lb with glass | 18c |
| TEA Lipton's 1 lb with glass | 75c |
| CATSUP 14 oz. bottle | 10c |
| BUTTER Gate City per lb | 25c |
| OIL per lb | 12c |
| ROAST brisket or rib per lb | 12c |
| BACON Rex regular sliced per lb | 20c |
| CHEESE American 2 lb box | 50c |

... ain't no great shakes for labor, though I've labored with him a good deal. And give him some strappin' good arguments. I know he couldn't help but to feel. But he's built out of second-growth timber, and nothin' about him is his. Except his appetite only, and there he's as good as a pig. I keep him carryin' the luncheons and fillin' and bringin' the jugs, and take him along the pertatoes and set him to pickin' the bugs. And then there's things to be doin' a helpin' the women in-doors. There's churin' and washin' of dishes and other descriptions of chores. But he don't take to nothin' but stews, and he'll never be much, I'm afraid. So I thought it would be a good notion to learn him the editor's trade. His body's too small for a farmer his judgment is rather too slim. But I thought we perhaps could be makin' an editor outen o' him.

It ain't much to git up a paper, it wouldn't take him long to learn. He could feed the machine, I'm thinkin', with a good strappin' fellow to turn. The thing that was once hard in doin' is easy enough now to do; just keep your eye on the machinery and crack your arrangements right through. I used to wonder at readin' and where it was got up, and how; but 'tis most of it made by machinery. I can see it all plain enough now. And since the whole trade has grown easy, 'twould be easy enough, I've a whim. If you was agreed, to be makin' an editor outen o' Jim.

The editor sat in his sanctum and looked the old man in the eye. Then glanced at the grinning young hopeful and mournfully made his reply. "Is your son a small unbound edition of Moses and Solomon both? Can he compass his spirit with meekness and strangle a natural oath? Can he leave all his wrongs to the future, and carry his heart in his cheek? Can he do an hour's work in a minute and live on sixpence a week? Can he courteously talk to an equal and browbeat an impudent dunce? Can he keep things in apple-pie order, and do half-a-dozen at once? Can he press all the springs of knowledge with quick and reliable touch. And be sure that he knows how much to know, and knows how to not know too much? Does he know how to spur up his virtue, and put a check-rein on his pride? Can he carry a gentleman's manner within a rhinoceros's hide? Can he know all, and do all, and be all, with cheerfulness, courage and vim? If so, maybe we can be makin' an editor outen o' him."

The farmer stood curiously listening while wonder his visage o'erspread. And he said: "Jim, I guess we'll be goin'; he's probably out of his head."

—Will Carlton

The government has tried every scheme except the right one to revive business. Business does not want to get further in debt; it looks forward to the day when there will be renewed confidence in the future and particularly the government's fiscal policy, and freedom from persecution. Any other attempts to appease business are superficial aids which only prolong the day of reckoning.—Estherville (Iowa) News.

Mrs. Miller and children of Alanreed visited their daughter and sister, Mrs. Laverne Kunkel, last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Vester Smith took their son, Vester Lee, to Boonville, Mo., last week to enroll him in school.

THEY CAN'T TAKE YOUR AD HOME

IF IT IS ON A BILLBOARD

A LETTER FROM HOME

IN THIS NEWSPAPER

Welcome GIFT to the Former Resident

LYNCH SECOND-HAND STORE AND PIPE YARD
Phone 9502, East of Post Office
Lefors, Texas
Water well casing and pumping equipment, oil field supplies, pipe straightening, bending, shopping, general welding. Cash paid for all used goods, for lumber, for pipe, pipe fittings, heavy machine and shop equipment, sheet and scrap iron, metals, etc., etc.

CONCRETE BUILDING BLOCKS
For Sale or Trade
Rubble design (rough hand hewn hard rock effect) Ideal for residences, basements, business buildings, retaining walls, foundations, terraces, curbing, rock fences, etc., etc. Dimensions 8"x8"x16". 15c each. F. H. A. Loans

Save Money And Get Comfortable Shaves With This New

Gillette Blade

At 1/2 Price!

4 for 10c

Now for you men who want a bang-up razor blade at low price... here's a value that's real! Thin Gillettes cost only 10c for 4 and give you quick, easy, good-looking shaves every time. Made of easy-flexing steel with edges of an entirely new kind, they out-perform and out-last misfit blades two to one. Buy a package from your dealer.

Thin Gillette Blades Are Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade 5 for 25c

YOUR \$\$ IF YOU WILL GO FAR READ THE ADS

DR. V. R. JONES
Optometrist
Office hours 8:30 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m.
Please make appointment.
SHAMROCK, TEXAS
Phone 122 214 N. Main St.
Also repair broken spectacles

THERE IS CONTENTMENT
When you have finished a hearty meal at
MEADOR CAFE
Bring the whole family and enjoy the cool, air-conditioned room.

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

When emergency arises your call receives immediate response, regardless of the hour. The same dependable service since 1916.

C. S. Rice
Funeral Home
Day Phone 42 Night Phone 13

SERVICE and QUALITY First

That's the slogan that has built our business.
PHILLIPS 66
gasoline, oils and greases
prolong the life of fine motors and add more miles to the gallon.

PHILLIPS 66
Service Station
Boyd Meador, Prop.

Free

This Coupon Is Worth 50c on—
a Permanent Wave
A Scalp Treatment with our new Arnau Steamer
or a Facial

For a Limited Time Only
One to Each Customer

Orchid Beauty Shoppe
Mrs. S. M. Hodges, Prop. McLean, Texas
Phone 120 for Appointment

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--- Specials ---

FREE

With each purchase of
SCHOOL SUPPLIES

1 Midget Comic Book or
1 Chinkerchek Set

| | |
|--|----------|
| 25c FOUNTAIN PEN | 19c |
| \$1.00 FOUNTAIN PEN | 89c |
| Masterpiece NOTEBOOK FILLER 100 count | 4c |
| Masterpiece NOTEBOOK FILLER 200 count | 8c |
| BOOK SATCHELS 25c and 50c values | 21c, 44c |
| 25c "McLEAN TIGERS" NOTE BOOK | 21c |
| 10c NOTE BOOK | 8c |
| 10c CARTER'S INK | 8c |
| COMPOSITION BOOKS | 4c, 8c |
| ALL SCIENCE PAPER | 8c |
| 50c PRANG WATER COLORS | 21c |
| PENNY PENCILS 6 for | 5c |
| 50c DICTIONARY | 40c |
| TIGER SPECIAL SANDWICH AND MALTED MILK | 20c |

City Drug Store

"More Than a Merchant"
Roger Powers, Manager

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Clean Comics That Will Amuse Both Old and Young

BIG TOP Jeff Bangs, circus owner, forced his ringmaster to confess his guilt in tormenting Alta, the elephant.

By ED WHEELAN



LALA PALOOZA - Vincent Goes to Sleep Again

By RUBE GOLDBERG



S'MATTER POP - Ah, They're Going to Make It More Difficult

By C. M. PAYNE



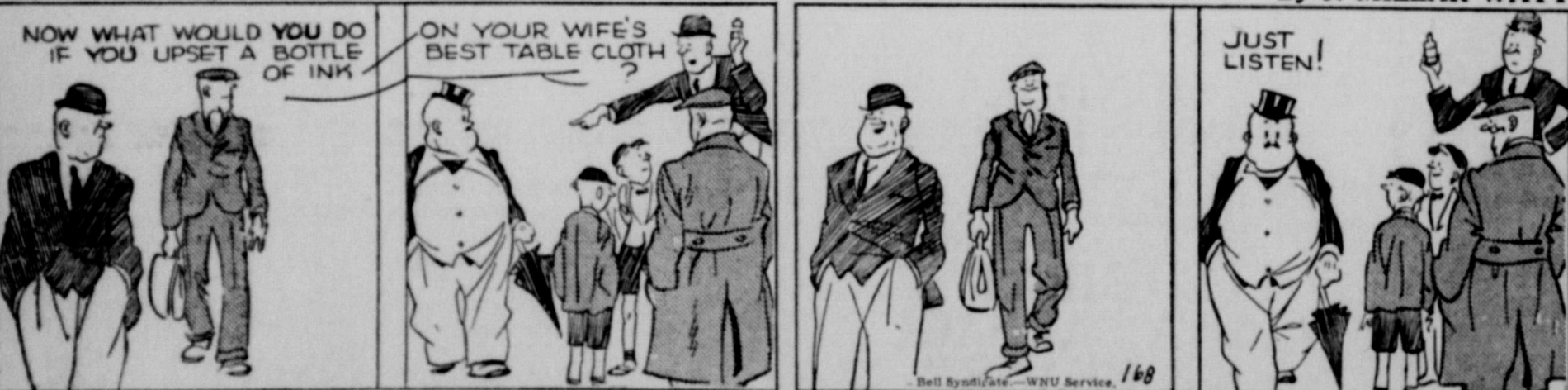
MESCAL IKE By S. L. HUNTLEY

Piffle in Center



POP - No Choice

By J. MILLAR WATT



GAME OF CATCH By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



Storm Maker

One rainy day Tressia, ten, and Alice, five, were talking about storms:
Tressia—Alice are you afraid of storms?
Alice—No. My mother makes it storm.
Tressia—How does your mother make it storm?
Alice—When she gets mad, she leans back in her chair and says, "Oh, Thunder."
Unanimous
Warden—Boys, I've had charge of this prison for ten years and we ought to celebrate the occasion. What kind of party would you suggest?
Prisoners (in unison) — Open house.
Her Grievance
The hostess at a picnic had been busy, broiling, toasting, dishing up the dipping. She finally muttered: "I'm not sure that I care for picnics. I never have any time for sitting or eating."

Cheerful News



Make Quaint Doll for A Toy or Decoration



She's bound to be the belle of the bazaar—this charming old-fashioned doll! She does equally well as decoration or toy and is so easy to make. Pattern #433 contains a pattern and instructions for making doll; illustration of it; materials required.
To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in coins to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. 14th St., New York City.

Bank of Monte Carlo
For publicity purposes Monte Carlo has often released stories about gamblers whose great luck had "broken the bank of Monte Carlo." No one ever really broke the bank of Monte Carlo. Sometimes players have won all the money pro-rated for losses at a single roulette table and then that table would quit functioning for the night. But the other tables continued to operate.

INDIGESTION

Sensational Relief from Indigestion and One Dose Proves It
If the first dose of this pleasant-tasting little black tablet doesn't bring you the fastest and most complete relief you have experienced, and you come back to us and get DOUBLE MONEY BACK. This little black tablet relieves the stomach distress, makes the stomach strong, restores the appetite, and lets you eat the nourishing foods you need. For heartburn, sick headache, and indigestion as often caused by excess stomach acids making you feel sour and sick all over—JUST ONE TABLET of Bari-ax proves speedy relief. See everywhere.

Our Perfect Moment
In every life there is a perfect moment, like a flash of sun. We can shape our days by that if we will—before by faith, and afterwards by memory.—Myrtle Reed.

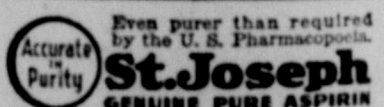


Strong Take the Weak
We have unmistakable proof that throughout all past time, there has been a ceaseless devouring of the weak by the strong.—Herbert Spencer.

How Women in Their 40's Can Attract Men

Here's good advice for a woman during her change (usually from 35 to 42), who fears she'll lose her appeal to men, who worries about hot flashes, loss of pep, dizzy spells, upset nerves and moody spells.
Get more fresh air, 8 hrs. sleep and if you need a good general system tonic take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made especially for women. It helps Nature build up physical resistance, thus helps give more vivacity to enjoy life and assist calming jittery nerves and disturbing symptoms that often accompany change of life. WELLS-WORTH TRYING!

A Good Temper
Good temper, like a sunny day, sheds brightness over everything; it is the sweetener of toil and the soother of disquietude.—Irving.



Inward Rest
When a man finds not repose in himself it is in vain for him to seek it elsewhere.

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste
Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not set on Nature's intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.
Symptoms may be nothing but backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder may be burning, scanty or too frequent urination.
There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your druggist!



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—With Edward R. Stettinius Jr. as chairman, the newly announced war resources board can be expected to function swiftly and smoothly. The chairman of the board of the United States Steel corporation goes from his home at 21 East Seventy-Ninth street to his office at Broadway and 42nd street by subway to save moments. He eats no lunch to save more time. He cuts through formalities with his many business callers and saves

Stettinius is that reputedly, a rich man's son who has made good. His father became an industrial leader in St. Louis, and was invited to become a Morgan partner. The son lost little time after his graduation from the University of Virginia in beginning his business career, not because he had to, but because he wanted to work. He was 24 years old when he went into General Motors in 1924, 31 when he became vice president, 34 when he was made vice chairman of the finance committee of U. S. Steel and 38 when he took the top job as chairman of the board.

Modernity stands out in the strong lines of his figure, his crisp speech, and his attitude toward problems of politics and business. They say he nearly fainted when he first saw the office furniture of the 21 floors of the Steel Corporation building after he became chairman. The rollop desks and similar items were unchanged since the days of Judge Gary. The refurbishing began immediately under Stettinius and was thorough.

Mr. Stettinius plays neither bridge nor golf; he takes his exercise on the bedroom floor, and occasionally goes out to his 500-acre farm in Virginia.

OWEN A. TOMLINSON, the man who forbade the building of an 11-foot mound on the top of Mt. Rainier so that it might retain its laurels as third highest mountain in the United States, was once a captain in the Philippine scouts under Gen. J. G. Harbord. Before that he was a buck private in the United States army, in which, altogether, he served 14 years, participating in the Filipino insurrection. He was born in Whitestown, Ind., 57 years ago, and in 1923, after leaving the army, he was appointed superintendent of the Rainier National park.

When Tomlinson, sorrowfully, refused to permit the Tacoma chamber of commerce to pile, as it were, Pelion on Ossa, thus bringing Rainier a foot higher than Massive of Colorado, he underwent some of the tribulations that used to be his when, as lieutenant-governor of the sub-province of Hugao in the Philippines, he had some 130,000 head-hunting savages to handle. However, report has it that public clamor is dying down, a tribute to Captain Tomlinson's persuasive tact in convincing his fellow statesmen that little of the genuine honor lies in the artificial adding of cubits to stature.

GEN. JUAN YAGUE is named by Generalissimo Francisco Franco as minister of air in the new cabinet he has formed and of which he has named himself as premier. So far as advice from Spain are concerned, this is the most favorable news concerning Yague heard since the fall of Toledo.

Outspoken always, he is the man who, in preliminary maneuvers of the advance upon Lerida, accused Franco of sanctioning the bombing of open cities and of sounding off too eloquently in praise of German and Italian contingents in the Rebel army. For this contumacy, report had him behind bars and later a suicide—both, to quote Mark Twain, greatly exaggerated.

Later, when he was removed from command of his Moroccan corps, a personal disaster, specifically, the garrote, was reported to awaiting him.

And so what? Nothing short of bestowal of the aerial portfolio and the consequent strengthening of the balance as the backbone of post-war Spain.

Miss College Girl Is Engaging Attention of Fashion Designers

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



IT'S no secret as to who has been chosen to play the part of leading lady on the stage of fashion during the early fall days—College Girl is her name. To this important personage all fashiondom is paying homage at the present moment. On every side you are reminded that the idea is motivating to cater to the whims and wardrobe needs of the girl who is going away to school.

The style program arranged for Miss College Girl and her younger schoolgirl sister fairly teems with excitement. For instance, there is the new bustle dress. The idea has taken the collegiate set by storm. The quaint bustle dresses that grandmothers galvanized in as girls in the '80s are actually proving inspiration for frocks that the modern girl will wear this fall.

The highpoints of these oldtime silhouettes are being revived such as waistslines of vanishing inches, slim corseted midribs and wide back-swirling skirts interpreted in novel bustle treatments but modified so cleverly they are made thoroughly practical and wearable for this day and age. Then there is the new vogue that calls for a velvet or velveteen jacket worn with a gay plaided wool skirt or a contrasting or matched wool skirt as fancy dictates. The decided military air of the new fashions take on is also a big factor in the new mode and most outstanding of all is the importance attached to fine materials.

These and other significant style trends were revealed at their glamorous best in an advance fall fashion revue staged by the Style Creators of Chicago. The three models pictured were especially applauded by the audience of visiting merchants as fashions that are representative of what the up-to-date fashion-alert girl will be selecting for her going-away-to-school wardrobe.

The clever little date frock of shepherd check velveteen shown to the left in the group is sure to enjoy

a gay campus career. Its cunning tunic bustleback and its full circular skirt gives it swank and distinction such as collegiate fashionables demand. Its red suede belt supplies a fetching dash of color. Approval for the new bustle-back dresses is assured for being interpreted in simple words, bustle-back is merely a way of saying "back fullness" achieved in ingenious ways that are conservative and wearable without being overdone.

The suit to the right is very style-revealing, stressing as it does the continued triumph in the mode of richly colorful striped woolsens. The stripes, the plaids and the marvelous artistry with which designers combine them with monotonous in related tone simply hold one spellbound. The gorgeous striped wool that fashions the costume suit keys to the smartest fall colors, harmonizing vibrant greens with luscious blackberry tones. The skirt is all-around pleated. The boxy jacket tops an emerald green velvet blouse closing with novel key-and-keyhole ornaments. An oversize quill tops the moss green sailor hat.

You may expect to see gay little velvet jackets dotted all over the college campus. The girl centered in the picture wears a snug black velveteen jacket quite military looking as so many of the newer fashions are, with a plaid skirt that introduces an artful blend of grape, pink and yellow tones, climaxed with a sweater in warm yellow hues. Juniors, likewise college sophisticates, simply dote on the new plaids and stripes. A Scotch cap of black velvet with satin ribbon streamer, together with the plaid carries the message that fashions for young folks have gone very Scotch this season.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

High Color Tweed



Here is a smart version of the costume suit that combines plain woolen with gay tweed. The fitted jacket is of yellow and black tweed in a diagonal weave. Yellow and black tones are held in high favor according to what is showing in advance Paris collections. The costume includes a jacket, swagger tunic and skirt. This idea of both jacket and topcoat done in matching color scheme is very practical. The saucer brim hat is of black felt.

Offers Solution For One Problem

For many women, the most trying coat length of recent inspiration is the rather popular just-below-the-waist length that nips in at the midriff and bugs the hips.

It is a good style for a slender woman with a streamlined figure and is being shown in any number of varieties, of which one of the most popular is a monotone wool jacket worn over a gay print dress. But the problem is not so simple for those who border on plumpness.

One suggestion is that the slightly swallow-tail version deals more kindly with the heavy woman.

Two-Skirt Outfit Real Money-Saver

A money-saver for the bride consists of a two-skirt suit of very sheer wool or crepe, designed with a suave fitted jacket. The street-length skirt can be worn with the jacket and printed crepe or organdy blouses to make a smart runabout costume by day.

A floor-length skirt of the same material, combined with the jacket and a sheer chiffon blouse make a chic dinner costume for boat and hotel wear in the evening.

New Coat Silhouettes

Coats are no longer a simple matter of straight boxy lines or fitted and flared effects, for Parisian designers are showing intricate details of cut and design in their most recent collections.



CAREFUL DRIVER

Her father had given her a new car. Dressed in the latest style, she flashed through the country. Sad to relate, she came to grief at a railway crossing.

She emerged from the ruin of her car, took out her vanity bag, and, oblivious of the crowd, proceeded to powder her nose.

The engine-driver of the express and others gathered round, and the driver asked:

"Why on earth didn't you stop at the crossing until you were sure the road was clear?"

After she had powdered her nose to the required tint, she turned to the driver and cried:

"I sounded my horn before you blew your whistle."

Dog and a Half

On a rainy day Mrs. B— allowed her young son to play with a few silver coins. He had one silver dollar and one half dollar which he persisted in calling two dollars.

Finally she convinced him he had one dollar and a half. Later in the day a large dog trotted by with a small dog at its side. Sonny looking out the door looked questioning-ly at his mother and said:

"Dog and a half?"

PLAYING CLOTHES



Girlie—Oh, mother, look at the clothes on the line playing in the breeze!

Mother—They're your rompers, dear.

Texas Life

Some boys in Kansas City were showing a Texas rancher the city. "What do you think of our stock yards," they asked him.

"Oh, they're all right, but we have branding corral in Texas that are bigger," he said.

That night they put some snapping turtles in his bed. When he had turned back the cover, he asked what they were.

"Missouri bed bugs," they replied. He peered at them a moment. "So they are," he decided. "Young uns aren't they?"

Remodeled Dresses

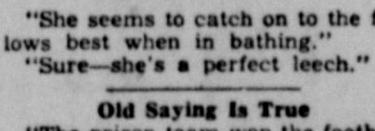
Two friends had been downtown and on their return one said: "I wonder what has become of all the eyelet dresses we used to see."

"I don't know, unless they have all been sewed up," her friend replied.

What's That Got to Do With It?

Sioux City (Iowa) Tribune—FOR SALE: By owner, 1936 Chevrolet coupe. Owner recently overhauled. Call 65785.—Spotted by Goldfish Bowl.

CATCHING



"She seems to catch on to the fellows best when in bathing."

"Sure—she's a perfect leech."

Old Saying Is True

"The prison team won the football game with the cadets."

"Well, that proves the old theory that the pen is mightier than the sword."

Brotherly Aid

Miss Popplestone—When we are married, dear, we must have a hyphenated name—it's so much smarter. What would go well with Eaton?

Small Brother (from behind day-enport)—How about "Moth"?

Located

Mother (to son wandering around room)—What are you looking for?

Son—Nothing. Mother—You'll find it in the box where the candy was.

FARM TOPICS

FARMERS LOSE CASH GRAZING WOODLANDS

Forestry Specialist Points Out Common Fallacy.

By R. W. GRAEBER

Farmers who graze cattle in woodlands lose money both in milk or beef and in timber and erosion control.

Experiments have shown that managed woodlands yield an annual return of about \$4 per acre, and that the best open pastures yield about the same amount. However, when grazing and forestry are combined on the same area, the yields are much less, the total annual return for typical woodland pasture being only \$1 per acre.

Why do farmers run their cattle in the woods? There is only one logical reason: They think they can pick up an extra dollar or two by letting the cattle pick a few buds and twigs in early spring, along with the low-growing plants and a few sprigs of grass or briars which may grow where a few rays of sunlight reach the ground.

This is a fallacy. A farmer doesn't pick up an extra dollar or two; the cows do not produce as much milk or as much beef as when they graze in open pasture; the timber supply is reduced; grazing woodlands induces erosion and loss of leaf litter; the fencing bill is higher.

Salt May Poison Hogs, Veterinarians Reveal

After investigating several cases of salt poisoning, veterinarians have found that most farmers are unaware that salt is poisonous to hogs if given in too large quantities.

A good example of such a case was a farmer who had 222 head of pigs which had been vaccinated with both virus and serum; seven of the group had died seven days after the vaccination and four more were sick. The farmer blamed the treatment. The sick pigs wandered about the pen in a daze, gradually weakening until completely paralyzed. Death soon followed. The owner said the pigs seemed to crave something, so he set out several blocks of medicated salt. A number of the pigs ate considerable amounts from the block, he continued. The salt was removed from the pens and no further losses occurred.

After observing several cases of salt poisoning, Dr. Hefferd says that inflammation of the kidneys and bladder, together with a hardening of the liver, are the most common effects of too much salt in the ration.

As a rule hogs require little salt in the ration and the practice of mixing salt with the feed or soaking mash feeds in salt water should be discouraged, as a brine is likely to form which may cause acute poisoning with death following quickly, leaving post-mortem findings somewhat indefinite.

Farming Not Easy

Successful farming is not easy. It requires much experience in doing the various kinds of farm work and the ability to show others how to do this work. It requires training in business management and knowledge of the principles of plant growth, the feeding and care of animals, and the maintenance of soil fertility. Few industries require such a wide range of training and experience. Farming is not simply growing a particular crop or feeding an all-the-year-round business. It is the production of various plants and animals and the successful organization of the varying farm enterprises into a smoothly working unit.

Farming Briefs

After only 100 years of extensive cultivation, this country has destroyed, seriously damaged or threatened with destruction an area equal to all land from which crops are normally harvested.

Added steps in processing food to prepare it for the consumers' tables reduce the farmer's share of the food dollar. Wage scales paid by food processors were twice as high in 1933 as in 1910-13. Slicing bread before it is sold and putting farm produce in small packages are two of the later developments in processing food.

For more than a year farm products exports from the United States have been rising and imports falling.

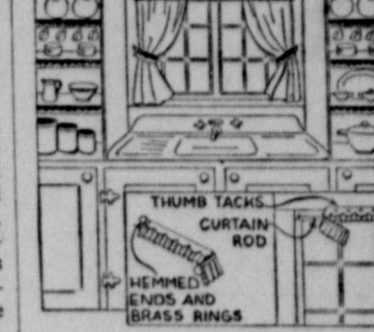
The good poultryman is never too busy to keep after the lice and mites that increase so rapidly in the warm days.

Since the relationship between the price of milk and the cost of grain is favorable, dairymen should feed all the grain their cows will use efficiently.

Shelf Edging Dresses Up Kitchen Windows

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

SOME of us can remember seeing our mothers cut scalloped shelf papers. Dextrously they folded and snipped the edge in points or curves; sometimes adding a cut out diamond in the center of each scallop. For many there is more satisfaction in this creation of their own hands, than in using fancy lace edge paper by the roll. Today, we find that



same satisfaction when we choose cloth shelf edgings—thinking in terms of color has a fascination even beyond scallops with diamonds in the center.

The suggestion sketched here for using shelf edging to dress up kitchen windows was sent in by a reader. The busy homemaker will appreciate the fact that the curtains are perfectly straight and plain and easy to remove for laundering. When windows and shelves match the effect is especially good. Banded towels may be of the same color, and tin containers for bread, sugar, and spices may be painted with bright enamel, to match.

The new Sewing Book No. 3 by Mrs. Spears is packed full of useful, money saving ideas, that almost any homemaker may put to practical use. Every idea is clearly illustrated with large sketches. You will be fascinated with the variety of interesting things to make for the home and for gifts. The price is only 10 cents postpaid. Send coin with name and address to Mrs. Spears, 210 S. Desplains St., Chicago, Ill.

HOT WEATHER BILIOUSNESS

Have you noticed that in hot weather your digestion and elimination seem to become torpid or lazy? Your food sours, forms gas, causes belching, heartburn, and a feeling of restlessness and irritability. Your tongue may be coated, your complexion bilious, and your bowel action sluggish or insufficient.

These are some of the symptoms of biliousness or so-called "Turd Liver," so prevalent in hot climates. They call for calomel, or better still, Calotabs, the nausealess calomel compound tablets that make calomel-taking a pleasure.

Calotabs give you the effects of calomel and salts combined, helping Nature to expel the sour, stagnant bile and washing it out of the system. One or two Calotabs at bedtime with a glass of water—that's all. Next morning your system feels clean and refreshed, your head is clear, your spirit bright, and you are feeling fine with a hearty appetite for breakfast. Eat what you wish and go about your work or pleasure.

Genuine Calotabs are sold only in checker-board (black and white) packages bearing the trade mark "Calotabs." Beware of imitations. Trial package only ten cents; family package twenty-five cents, at your dealer's (Adv.)

Sad Sight
A fool attempting to be witty is an object of profoundest pity.

HAY FEVER
To quickly check excessive nasal secretion—just "2 drops" in each nostril. Ask for PENETRO

Brave and Tender
The bravest are the tenderest—Bayard Taylor.

Do You Know Why Folks Who've Been to Florida Sing—

HEAVEN CAN WAIT, THIS IS PARADISE

Read "So This Is Florida," a 300-page book (including 63 full-page illustrations) bursting with information about Florida's overflowing charms. Read it to understand why sportsmen regard Florida as the Happy Hunting Ground come to life... why fishermen flock to its abundantly stocked waters... why its rich soil is so prodigal in its favors it bestows... why Florida's myriad enchantments have made it an oasis of joyous, glorious living. Write today for a copy of

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THE McLEAN NEWS

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T. A. LANDERS
 Owner and Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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|---------------|--------|
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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, poems, 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 given to the editor personally, at the office at 210 Main Street.

The man who buys printing on price alone can always find someone who will do poorer work and sell for less.

A crook is sure to be exposed sooner or later, yet some men seem to think they are entitled to an easy living. Honesty is still the best policy for a life motto, despite the seeming success of those who get by for a time.

It appears that under a recent law, the tax collector can levy and sell property for taxes without the formality of going through the courts. This is making the collection of delinquents much easier, as the court costs are not added to the payments.

Now if the President will only move pay day up a week earlier each month and date our bills a week later, we will be all set. We have been looking for something like this every since they began kidding themselves by moving the clock up an hour in order to save time.

Every known method of propaganda will probably be tried to entice America into the war. Let us hope that we will not let our emotions run away with us as was done in the world war. While our sympathies are definitely with the democracies, we do not owe any European country anything to the extent of spilling blood for them.

With trees in shelterbelts set last year now measuring over 12 feet in height in the McLean district, farmers should be convinced of the value and fast growth where proper cultivation is given. Applications for shelterbelts to be set for next year, beginning Dec. 1, are now being received, and due to the curtailed program, interested land owners should see that their applications are in early in order that they may be approved in time to secure the belts.

Time was when an outside promoter could come into town and "assist" in putting over a local talent program and walk off with half the net proceeds, but there is little excuse for such a thing, as we have people right here in McLean who have just as much talent in directing plays and such-like affairs as any so-called expert, and whatever proceeds are realized are kept at home for worthy causes. It is well to remember that an expert is just a common person, away from home.

Luther Petty visited Saturday and Sunday in the home of his brother Horace, and wife, at Vernon. He was accompanied home by his daughters, Zora Idabel and Nora Isabel.

Dr. and Mrs. H. W. Finley took their son, James Edwin, to Boonville, Mo., Friday to enter him in school. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Finley.

Mrs. Andy Word and daughter of Alanreed were in McLean Monday.

News from Pakan

Rev. and Mrs. Adam Valencik of Cleveland, Ohio, who have been visiting the former's mother, Mrs. John Valencik, for a few days, left Thursday morning for St. Louis, Mo. Edward Cadra accompanied them to attend a Slovak Lutheran League convention.

Miss Grace Stauffer left Sunday of last week for Dallas to attend a home economics meeting. Later she went to Kelton, where she is employed as teacher.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Jonota, Louise Ritslan and Sam Pakan left Friday for Carlsbad and other western points. William Freeman of Humboldt, Kan., arrived Monday to visit in the J. W. and Paul Stauffer homes. He returned to his home Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cadra were surprised Wednesday night with a party celebrating their 25th wedding anniversary. Group singing and conversations were enjoyed, and refreshments of ice cream, cake and lemonade were served. Nice gifts were presented to the honorees.

Mr. and Mrs. Tilden Swinney, Mr. and Mrs. Glen Stall and Clyde Stall of Buffalo, Kan., visited Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Stauffer and daughter, May Ruth; also Mr. and Mrs. Paul Stauffer and daughters Thursday and Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Mike Mertel and son, John, and daughters, Anna and Dorothy, made a business trip to Amarillo Monday.

Rev. Vernon Henderson of Trent visited in the Stauffer homes Saturday.

Joh Hrncliar, Jr., Susan Hrncliar, Christine Pakan, Mrs. George Dolak and children left Friday for St. Louis, Mo., to attend a young people's meeting. Mrs. Dolak and children will join Rev. Dolak, enroute to their home in Massolin, Ohio.

Mrs. Nida Green, Mrs. Kester Ripoy, Mrs. Lala Ripoy and Grandma Rogers of Heald visited in the Stauffer homes Thursday.

The Pakan school opened Monday. E. A. Deering and Miss Sarah Ellen Foster are the teachers.

Mrs. Reneau, James Reneau, Edgar Morney and Clois Hanner of Heald visited in the Paul Stauffer home Thursday.

Miss Betty Flak of Amarillo visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Flak and son, Paul, last week end.

Miss Grace Stauffer of Kelton visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Stauffer, and family over the week end.

A TEXAS EMERGENCY

Texans watch nervously the fate of European people. Within Texas, a crisis of direct bearing upon their own fate is rapidly shaping up.

Unless this country is involved in war, the present emergency is of greater consequence to the lives and security of Texans than the European situation.

This emergency is the rising traffic toll. A lot of us perhaps have had the smug idea lately that we had the traffic problem whipped. Last year Texas cut its death toll 21%. For the first five months of this year we continued the reduction.

Then something happened. We started stepping on the gas and jay-walking again. Accidents shot up June, July and August traffic fatalities snapped a record of 14 months of reductions. In the face of these increases, the disarmament of the State Highway Patrol took place Sept. 1. Then, one out of five men must be fired as a result of legislative and executive economy.

And the end, the Texas Safety Association predicts, may be the greatest death toll and property damage for Texas since the peak year of slaughter, 1937.

Unless, that is, Texans stigmatize careless driving and demand swift and certain punishment for drunken driving.

The emergency can be met—with your help!

Pete Brawley of Oklahoma visited his parents here last week. He was enroute to California.

Horace Dean of Illinois visited his sister, Mrs. Jesse J. Cobb, this week

A GOOD THING FOR A RAINY DAY

News from Denworth

S. S. ELECTS OFFICERS

The Denworth Sunday school has elected officers and teachers for the fiscal year as follows:

Superintendent—Vester Dowell.
 Asst. superintendent—Lenwood Copeland.

Secretary—Miss Georgia Nell Brownling.

Song leader—Mrs. Dick Brown.
 Pianist—Miss Joyce Dowell.
 Teacher adult class No. 1—C. B. Copeland.

Adult class No. 2—Kenneth Meyers. Senior class—Lenwood Copeland. Intermediate—Mrs. R. L. Marshall. Junior—Mrs. C. B. Copeland. Primary—Mrs. Ernest Dowell. Beginners—Mrs. Dick Brown.

W. M. S. SOCIAL

The Women's Missionary Society sponsored a social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Copeland recently.

Croquet and other outdoor games were played, after which cookies and punch were served to the following:

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Hale, Mr. and Mrs. Vester Dowell, Mr. and Mrs. Lenwood Copeland and son, Jerry Dan; Mr. and Mrs. Bob James, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Browning, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Dowell, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Copeland, Mrs. Linzy Cotham and children, B. A. Dowell, Kenneth Browning, Joyce Dowell, John Merilott, Georgia Nell Browning, Coleman and W. R. Brown, Iona Hale, LaVoy Donaldson, Rheta Pearl and Virginia Hale, Donald Dowell, Adrian and Jim Bill Copeland and LaQuita Browning.

Mrs. A. Stanfield has returned to Fort Worth after visiting her daughter, Mrs. H. C. Rippy.

Mrs. J. W. Kibler renews for the News for her sister, Mrs. W. E. Seitz, at Celina.

Thurman Adkins of Shamrock was in McLean Thursday.

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR FLOWERS with Mrs. Chas. Cousins Telephone 16 McLean Representative of Clayton Floral Co. Pampa

CATTLE SALE EVERY FRIDAY SHAMROCK, TEXAS
 We need more cattle of all classes. Top market prices always.
SHAMROCK LIVESTOCK SALE
 Jim Baker Geo. Vail

News from Liberty

Sunday school at 10:30 a. m. Preaching each Sunday night.

R. O. Cunningham and children, Fleeta, Oleia, Ronald and Comry, were in Amarillo Tuesday.

Rev. and Mrs. O. M. Addison and Miss Doris Myatt of Amarillo visited the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Myatt, Sunday and Monday.

Miss Nora Lee Morgan has gone to Kellerville, where she will teach in the school again this year.

M. D. Curry, Jr., returned Sunday night from Chicago, where he has been attending school. He will visit his parents here before returning with his wife and baby to their home in San Francisco, Calif.

Mrs. Ira Sullivan and son, Milan, of Pampa spent Sunday night and Monday with the lady's mother, Mrs. Kate Stokes.

Mrs. Eddie Cunningham and daughter of Amarillo are visiting relatives in this community.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Tate visited relatives at Abra Friday afternoon. They were accompanied home by Bernice Lee Stokes, who had been visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Tate.

Mrs. N. A. Greer visited her son, N. H., and family at Pampa Tuesday.

M. M. Newman was in Pampa on business Thursday.

PRINTING to Order at Our PRINT SHOP

DR. A. W. HICKS - - Dentist
 Office Hours 8:30-6:00 Phone 250

ANNOUNCEMENT
 We have moved our produce business and cold drink stand to the building formerly occupied by the McLean Hatchery, 2 doors south of the News office, where we are better prepared to serve our customers. Come to see us at our new place.
E. L. Peirce Produce

Send \$1 for the Next 4 Months of The Atlantic Monthly
 Make the most of your reading hours. Enjoy the wit, the wisdom, the companionship, the charm that have made the Atlantic, for over seventy-five years, America's most quoted and most cherished magazine.
SEND \$1 (Mentioning this ad) to The Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington St. Boston

59¢ Fri. & Sat. Only 59¢ THIS CERTIFICATE IS WORTH \$4.41
 THE PERFECT PEN FOR THE STUDENT—AND EVERYONE
 This certificate and 59c entitles the bearer to one of our Genuine Indestructible \$5.00 NO-SAC VACUUM-FILLED FOUNTAIN PENS. Visible Ink Supply. You see the ink. Universal size for ladies, men, boys and girls. The Pen With a Life-Time Guarantee
 THE NEW PLUNGER FILLER—VACUUM ZIP—ONLY ONE PULL AND IT'S FULL
 This PEN holds 200% more ink than ordinary fountain pens on the market! You can Write for Months on One Filling! No Repair Bills! No Lever Filler! No Pressure Bar! Every Pen tested and guaranteed to be Leak-Proof and unbreakable for good only while advertising sale is on. Mail orders—add 5c for postage.
 Also \$1.50 Pencils to Match Above Pens, 20c
GREYHOUND DRUG
 This Pen Will Be \$5.00 After Sale
 Limit 3 Pens to Each Certificate

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Boyd and children visited the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Foster, at Palaska Saturday, and helped celebrate Mr. Foster's 80th birthday.

W. K. Wharton of Kermit was in town Saturday and said to keep the home paper coming to his address. Mr. Wharton says he is glad to get the weekly visits of the home paper.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. McLaughlin were in Pampa Friday.

Roy Sherrod of Alanreed was in McLean Friday.

Miss Ruby Swim returned last week from school in Colorado.

Miss Jo Wardloe returned Thursday from a Pampa hospital.

Earl Graham of Shamrock visited here Sunday.

Lee Atwood of Borger visited home folks here last week.

The News editor acknowledges thanks free tickets to the Educational Graphic Arts Exhibition to be held at the Grand Palace, New York City, Sept. 10-13, 1939.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Wind Texline visited the former's J., and family over the week.

Mrs. Laverne Kunkel visited parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mill Alanreed Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Callahan turned Saturday from Pampa, the former underwent an operation.

Miss Lorraine Hodges of visited home folks here over the end.

LANDSCAPING

We will be glad to landscape your place and furnish plants, trees, rocks, etc., for any pose. Place orders now.

Bruce Nursery
 Trees with a Reputation Alanreed, Texas

OUR READERS ARE NOT—
TRAINED SEALS BUT THEY RESPOND TO AD SUGGESTIONS

SPECIALS

Friday and Saturday

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-----|
| SNOWDRIFT fine shortening | 47c |
| 3 lb can | |
| COFFEE | |
| Admiration | 26c |
| 1 lb can | |
| VIENNA SAUSAGE | |
| pure meat, no cereal | 23c |
| 3 for | |
| POTTED MEAT | |
| pure meat, no cereal | 23c |
| 6 for | |
| PEANUT BUTTER | |
| full quart | 25c |
| PORK & BEANS | |
| 2 16 oz. cans | 9c |
| TUNA | |
| Del Monte | 19c |
| per can | |
| PICKLES | |
| sour or dill | 25c |
| 2 large 22 oz. jars | |
| GRAPE JUICE | |
| 2 12 oz. cans | 19c |
| SOAP | |
| P and G | 17c |
| 5 giant bars | |
| Salad Dressing | |
| full quart | 23c |
| CORNED BEEF | |
| 12 oz. can | 19c |
| RICE | |
| White House | 19c |
| 2 lb carton | |
| KLEENEX | |
| 200 count, 2 for | 25c |
| Toilet Tissue | |
| Normandy | 19c |
| super soft 3 rolls | |
| PRUNES | |
| Del Monte | 19c |
| 2 lb pkg. | |

Vegetables

Market Specials

| | |
|--------------------|-----|
| OLEO | |
| 2 lb for | 25c |
| BEEF ROAST | |
| cut from grain fed | 12c |
| beef—per lb | |
| Spring Lamb | |

TRIMBLE GROCERY CO.

CHAPTER
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CHILD OF EVIL

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

CHAPTER XIV—Continued

Babe straightened. She walked across the room and came back. Her eyes were pressed into a straight, violet line; there were tiny, vertical furrows in her forehead. And finally she spoke, as though the mere fact of words might clarify her ideas.

"Listen—there's just exactly one person in this town who might help you."

"Who?"

She spoke in a tense whisper: "Jeff Butler!"

Creedon shook his head. "Who is he?"

"That lanky swamp angel: the one that lost his job at the Gardens and then got beat up by Barney Hamilton. Ever since then he's been loafing around the county swearing he was gonna get revenge . . . saying that he didn't intend to let any man get away with that sort of rough stuff."

"It's an awful long shot," commented Dan.

"Long shot—sure. But it's the only chance we got. This bird has lived around here all his life, and he knows the ropes. And whether or not he's sore enough to play ball with us—he still might give us an idea."

Dan nodded judicially. "It might work."

"It's gotta work. Jeff Butler hates Barney Hamilton. He'd mighty well like to get a good safe crack at him."

Dan said, "Babe—ain't you goin' kinda strong?"

"What do you mean, strong?"

"This sounds like a killing you're thinking of."

"So what? Didn't Barney Hamilton kill Kirk?"

"I know . . . but look! If we got tied up with this, they'd fry us. And anyway—what can Butler do?"

She said, "I don't know. I ain't even sure he'll do anything. But I know this, Dan, he's our only hope. He's the only man in the county that hates Barney Hamilton and says so. I say let's go see him."

"He probably won't work out, you know."

"Sure I know. But we got to try him."

"What are you going to suggest to him?"

"I don't know the answer to that one, either. But after I've talked to him a few minutes . . ." She put her hands on Creedon's shoulder.

"What I want you to do is this, Dan: Beat it downstairs and mosey around town. Find out where Jeff Butler lives and how to get there."

Dan rose, though with visible reluctance. "You ain't being very bright, Babe."

"We'll see. And bring Kirk's car back when you come. I'll be ready."

He returned in forty minutes. "Got the dope," he reported, "and I think I can find the place. Let's go."

They drove east—toward Big Moccasin Swamp. Their road wound into the swamp. At best, it was poor, and eventually they came to the old and untouched section of highway: a road-bed reinforced with sapling trunks. They were jolted and jounced unmercifully on this corduroy road; their wheels skidded in the deep sandy ruts. Dan Creedon gave his attention to the business of driving, and Babe Henkel sat back in her seat, staring into the cool shade under the pines. Thinking . . .

It was eerie, desolate country. The swamp weighed upon her, so that she shivered. She said, "God! How can human beings live out here?"

His answer was apparently irrelevant. "Think we'd better call it off?"

She shook her head. "No." Then, "Think you can find the place?"

"I think so. They said this was the only road."

And then they came to the cabin they sought. An old Negro, repairing the ancient harness of a bony mule with a bit of rope informed them that this was the residence of Mr. Jeff Butler, sho' nuff. They glanced uncertainly at one another as they turned from the road and progressed in second across the sandy bit of land between cabin and tool-shed.

Jeff Butler's long figure appeared on the dogtrot which bisected his cabin. His weak gray eyes blinked into the sunlight and he shaded them with a bony hand. When he squinted there were innumerable crow's feet at the corners of his eyes, and he cocked his head at an angle as though better to focus upon his visitors. His high, nasal voice came through the morning air.

"You-all lookin' fo' somebody?"

Dan Creedon answered. "We want to see Mr. Jeff Butler."

Jeff thought it over for a moment before answering. Then he said, "I'm Jeff Butler."

They got out of the car and approached the cabin. Jeff watched them impassively, his leathery face expressionless. What he was thinking—or if he was thinking at all—they could not tell. His costume definitely informal . . . overalls and ragged shirt with sleeves cut off above the elbow. They walked to the house and onto the dogtrot.

"My name is Creedon. This is Miss Henkel."

"Yeh I know." They stood about awkwardly. Then Babe spoke.

"You here alone, Mr. Butler?"

"Yes'm . . ." Jeff was neither cordial nor hostile. He simply stood there, rocking slightly on the balls of his overlarge feet.

"This is very important," said Babe. "I want to be sure nobody can overhear us."

Jeff shrugged. "There ain't nobody heahabouts."

"Good!" Babe lowered her voice. She felt that she understood this man and knew how to handle him. But there was one thing that Babe Henkel did not know. One vitally important thing.

Babe Henkel did not know that she was seeking help from the man who had killed Kirk Reynolds!

Jeff dragged out three can-bottled chairs, and they seated themselves. Then Jeff asked, "What you-all cravin' to see me about?"

Babe hesitated, but only briefly. "It's about Barney Hamilton."

"Yes'm." Jeff was noncommittal. "He killed Kirk Reynolds, is that right?"

Jeff swallowed, so that his Adam's apple bobbed up and down alarmingly. His shrewd, weak eyes narrowed and focused speculatively upon the orchidaceous woman opposite. But he betrayed no emotion. He merely said, "You reckon?"

"I'm sure of it."

A warm glow suffused Jeff. He had been considerably perturbed since the night he had killed Kirk, and it was pleasing to hear someone declare suspicion of another's guilt. So Jeff merely said, "He could of," and waited.

Babe talked straight. "You hate Barney Hamilton, don't you?"

"Yes'm. I reckon I do."

"He beat you up, didn't he?"

"Yes'm. He never give me no chance. Just hit me when I wasn't lookin'."

"And you'd like to see him get what's coming to him for killing Mr. Reynolds, wouldn't you?"

"Maybe."

"Then," said Babe, "you can help—if you will."

Jeff Butler produced a dirty sack of tobacco and a malodorous pipe. With fingers that were not altogether steady, he tamped the tobacco into the bowl and held a match to it.

He was thinking as swiftly and efficiently as it was possible for him to think. He was wondering whether they suspected the truth, whether they had come out here to trick him into damaging admissions. But Babe was tense and eager. Her eyes were wells of black fire. She spoke the name of Barney Hamilton with venom. Jeff said, "How come you'all to look me up?"

"Because we hate Barney Hamilton and we figure you do, too. Maybe we can work together."

Jeff grunted and nodded. His face was impassive; stolidly inscrutable. But he was pleased.

Fragments of unpleasant recollection came to him: the fight with Barney Hamilton, his own ignominious beating, the drunken stupor from which he had roused himself the following day with head splitting and pride irreparably injured.

He had turned back to his jug of raw corn liquor and sought the solitude of Big Moccasin Swamp to reflect upon the indignity which had been put upon him. He had brooded for hours, fanning himself into an unreasonable anger against Barney Hamilton. His meager brain—befogged by alcohol—had concentrated upon this single idea: that his honor had been dragged through the muck.

He convinced himself that Cathedral Gardens was a cesspool of iniquity, and that any man who destroyed a portion of it would be doing a fine community service. And so he had cut himself a lightwood knot and had lurched through the swamp that night with the idea of burning the Hamilton home. Of committing arson. Of jeopardizing his own life. Of exacting revenge for the beating he had so justifiably suffered the previous day.

Half stupefied with corn liquor, and finding therein a courage which was not natural, keyed to high pitch by the magnitude of the thing he planned, Jeff Butler had skirted the Gardens and approached the house from the rear. He knew that the family would be in the front of the house, that the Negro servants had left, that the Gardens were not then open to tourists at night.

Walking stealthily, carrying his lightwood knot, making a stern effort to control jagged nerves, reflecting upon the nobility of his enterprise . . . and thoroughly terrified, Jeff Butler had come closer and closer to the house. And suddenly, in the darkness, he had collided with a man.

Instinctively he struck at the masculine figure before him. There was the bruising impact of fist on flesh; then a snarl from the man who had been hit. A snarl and a vicious threat. Jeff stumbled away. He dropped his lightwood knot and grabbed for his claspknife. At the touch of his thumb the long, keen blade sprang open. The figure of the other man came toward him: deadly, menacing, seeking combat with this man who had struck first.

Jeff slashed with his knife. The blade sank home. Scarcely a sound. And not until the body lay still did Jeff Butler realize that he had killed Kirk Reynolds.

The instinct for concealment prompted Jeff to risk detection by

dragging Kirk's body to the edge of the lagoon and sliding it into the black, shallow water. He knew he was taking a desperate chance, but that—figured—was better than being recognized en route to his home, and then of having Kirk's body found.

He escaped. He slithered away into the shadows of the night. He lurched back through the swamps to his home in Big Moccasin. And for hours he drank steadily. He was palsied with fear. And all the next day he drank until someone rode by his place and mentioned that Kirk Reynolds had been murdered, and Jeff had asked, "Who done it?"

"Dunno," said his informant, "but folks is sayin' it was Barney Hamilton or either Andy Forrest. It sho' is one hell of a mess."

Barney Hamilton! Andy Forrest! Jim Owenby! For days Jeff had felt his courage returning. Obviously, he had not been seen on that fateful night; obviously, he was not suspected. Well and good. Leave 'em think it was one of them damned aristocrats . . . though there was always the uncomfortable thought that the popular suspects might be able to prove their innocence—in which event the search would turn elsewhere. So long as no person was convicted, Jeff knew he was in danger.

That was Jeff Butler. That was the man to whom Babe Henkel had



"It's gotta work."

come for assistance. She was seeking to enlist the help of the murderer in an effort to avenge the murder.

Babe was surprised—and pleased—with the readiness of Jeff Butler's response. She had hardly anticipated so eager an alliance. She had sought Jeff because the lanky swamp angel was the only person in all Beauregard County whom she knew had reason to hate Barney Hamilton. And she did not know that Jeff was still thinking.

He was thinking that if anything happened to Barney Hamilton, the public would be glad enough to consider the matter closed. If a suspect has been executed for murder, the populace does not interest itself in other suspects. It is willing enough to accept the fact of punishment as proof of guilt. And so Jeff remained willing—though cautious.

Babe caught Dan Creedon's eye. The gambler nodded and Babe took the hint, pressing her advantage. She said, "They'll never do anything to Barney Hamilton for killing Mr. Reynolds, will they?"

"No ma'am. I reckon they won't. It's only us po' folks that gits punished fo' things." Then he added hastily, "Fo' things we never done."

"I know Barney killed him. I know why Kirk went to the Gardens that night. Mr. Dixon knows it, too, but he says that ain't evidence. They're not even going to arrest anybody. And they've told me I've got to leave Beverly."

"How come, ma'am?"

"Because I was a friend of Kirk Reynolds', that's why."

"Shuh! They never give nobody a square deal."

Babe's voice was hard but persuasive. "You hate Barney Hamilton, don't you?"

"Yes'm. I sho' do."

"Well, so do I. And I'm not going to get out of town without doing something about it."

"Yes'm . . . A man like him ain't got no right to live. He ought to be lynched."

Jeff's voice trailed off. Three pairs of eyes looked startled, in recognition of the fact that a chance remark had given them their cue. Jeff repeated, "He ought to be lynched."

The idea penetrated. Babe said, "If the law won't punish him—somebody ought." And she was sincere about it. She was convinced that Barney had killed Kirk. And Jeff Butler was thinking—clearly now, "Was Barney Hamilton to git hung, there wouldn't nobody never suspect me of doin' it."

The situation was sardonically perfect. Jeff was more than willing—he was eager. Babe asked, "Could we?"

Jeff nodded. "Folks heahabouts is mighty het up about things, Miss. They say the Gardens was built by the Devil. Preachers been talkin' 'bout how bad things are. An' we never did crave to have no Dam-yanks comin' down heah killin' our own folks."

Dan Creedon spoke. "Let's talk turkey, Butler. We've plenty of money, and we're willing to spend it. We'll see that you're protected if anything should go wrong. Have you any friends who will help?"

"I reckon so."

"Do you hate Barney Hamilton enough to go in on it?"

"I ain't got no use for that feiler, mister. Not no use at all."

"Then, will you?"

Jeff pondered. He saw the future, if Barney were lynched. The public would know why . . . that he had been strung up because he had murdered Kirk Reynolds. And if anybody had to be punished for the lynching, it would be these two outsiders. Dan Creedon and Babe Henkel. Folks didn't like them no-how.

Jeff said, "I reckon it could be done, ma'am. Us folks heah in the swamp is God-fearin'. We'll be in right an' decency. We all the time say it would be an eye fo' an eye . . . and the law ain't aimin' to take no eye fo' somebody killin' Kirk Reynolds."

Babe asked, "Will you do it?"

"I'll try."

"When?"

"Tomorrow night maybe." Jeff blinked. "But you-all both has got to be there."

"I'll be there," said Babe.

Jeff was highly pleased. He who had murdered Kirk Reynolds was about to avenge the death of the man he had killed by directing the lynching of an innocent person. Mr. Butler's sense of humor was not highly developed, but this struck him as irresistibly funny. He was grateful to Babe and to this saturnine person, Creedon. They were furnishing the inspiration, the leadership . . . and would be the victims in case the county became suddenly righteous after the lynching.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D., Dean of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

Lesson for September 10

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HEZEKIAH: A KING WHO REMEMBERED GOD

LESSON TEXT—II Chronicles 30:13-22. GOLDEN TEXT—Turn us again, O God, and cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved.—Psalm 80:3

The way out—that seems to be the chief object of the search of men. The world is in what seems like hopeless confusion with the imminent danger of a devastating explosion which may in the judgment of some destroy civilization. Politics, economics, education, yes, even religion, have tried their hands at solving the problem and we seem to be worse off than ever. Conditions are much as they were when Hezekiah came to the throne after the death of his wicked father Ahab, who had brought Judah into moral, spiritual, and national declension and disgrace.

The young king brought the nation back within a few years to peace and prosperity. How did he do it? He did not do it. God did it. And he did it because Hezekiah remembered Him and led His people in a return to God, in a recognition of His Word, and to restored worship. God therefore prospered them.

It is significant that while our lesson is about King Hezekiah, his person quickly recedes into the background of our thinking and our praise. Truly great men do not magnify themselves or their own names, but point by their very greatness to the eternal God to whom they give the glory. Let us consider how God worked through Hezekiah.

I. A Cleansed Temple.

Our lesson calls for attention to the context. Read chapter 29 and learn how the priests and Levites first were directed by the king to cleanse the temple which had suffered degradation and disgrace under King Ahab. Sixteen days were devoted to a thorough clean-up.

That's a good place to start. America, how about cleaning up our churches? Some of them need attention to their physical property, cleaning and rehabilitation. Others are beautifully kept up as far as the building is concerned, but the rubbish is in the teaching and in the manner of worship. Let's clean that up, too.

II. A Prepared Priesthood.

Hezekiah gathered the scattered priests and Levites, but he did not permit them to serve in the temple until they had been sanctified and prepared for their work. The men who stand in the sanctuary to direct the worship of God must not only be men of God's own choosing, but they must be cleansed by the blood. As the sacrifices were offered in Hezekiah's day, so for us has One been given in holy sacrifice, and unless those who profess to be His ministers have been cleansed by His blood they have no proper place in His service or in the sanctuary.

III. A Purified People.

The people of the nation were not ready for God's blessing. Some of those in the northern kingdom, to whom the royal invitation had graciously been extended to come to the Passover, scorned the invitation (30:10). There was nothing that could be done for them. But others humbled themselves and came (v. 11), and those in Judah came out in a great assembly (vv. 12, 13).

Observe carefully that this was more than a great homecoming or jubilee event. The people were here to worship God and they needed to be prepared by being "healed" of their sins (vv. 18, 20). They too needed the cleansing blood. It is the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin" (Heb. 9:22). Sin is what we must be cleansed from and healed of if God is to bless our land.

IV. A Feast of Joy and Blessing.

The nation and its leaders kept the feast not only for seven days, for they were not satisfied with this, but they kept it for seven more days. Think of many of us who can hardly sit through an hour of service on Sunday morning, and if we also go to Sunday school we are quite worn out. It is just "impossible" for us to get to the Sunday evening service or to the midweek prayer meeting. Evidently we do not have the spirit of the people of Hezekiah's day or the joy that they found in their hearts as they worshipped God. If we did, we would seek His house and give ourselves gladly to His worship. The result would be that we would receive some of the great blessings which came to the people of Judah.

The reading of II Chronicles 31 and 32 will reveal how God responded to the cry of His people and how He blessed and prospered them. He is the same God today and He can and will do wondrous things for those who trust and honor Him.

Commonest Faults

Some of the commonest faults of thought and work are those which come from thinking too poorly of our own lives and of that which must rightly be demanded of us.—Bishop Paget.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

AUCTION SCHOOLS

Auctioneers make \$10-\$5,571. Day, Col. Walters, our graduate, was paid \$5,277. by Texas University, November 11, 1938. 3 weeks term opens Sept. 13. Tuition \$100. CASH or auto terms. FREE ROOM RENT. CARPENTERS AUCTION SCHOOL (38th Year, 4000 Graduates). Lubbock, Texas.

PHOTOGRAPHY

ROLLS DEVELOPED 12 prints and 12 prints enlarged to 8x10. Choice of 10 prints (1/2 inch enlargements) in color. Reports to the THE CAMERA COMPANY, Dept. B, Oklahoma City, Okla.

These Smart Patterns Look Ahead to Fall

DO YOU take a woman's size? Then here is a lovely dress for you, (1799) youthful yet sophisticated, with clever bodice detailing, to create a round-bosomed effect, and a paneled skirt that makes your hips look narrow. It's a perfect style for luncheons and club affairs, yet not too dressy for street and shopping wear, too.



Flat crepe, thin wool and rayon jersey are smart materials for this.

Business and college girls will like the slim lines and simplicity of this very attractive dress (1780), with princess skirt cut high in the front, shirred shoulders, and flaring revers that frame your face becomingly. For this, choose flat crepe, taffeta or thin wool, with revers in white or a pastel tint.

No. 1799 is designed for sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46. Size 34 requires 5 1/2 yards of 39 inch material. 1/2 yard of lace for vestee.

No. 1780 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, and 40. Size 14 requires 5 yards of 39 inch material; 1/2 yard contrasting.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1324, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

Pull the Trigger on Lazy Bowels, and Also Pepsin-ize Stomach!

When constipation brings on acid indigestion, bloating, dizzy spells, gas, coated tongue, sour taste, and bad breath, your stomach is probably loaded up with certain undigested food and your bowels don't move. So you need both Pepsin to help break up that rich undigested food in your stomach, and Laxative Senna to pull the trigger on those lazy bowels. So be sure your laxative also contains Pepsin. Take Dr. Caldwell's Laxative, because its Syrup Pepsin helps you gain that wonderful stomach relief, while the Laxative Senna moves your bowels. Tests prove the power of Pepsin to dissolve those lumps of undigested protein food which may linger in your stomach, to cause belching, gastric acidity and nausea. This is how Pepsinizing your stomach helps relieve it of such distress. At the same time this medicine wakes up lazy nerves and muscles in your bowels to relieve your constipation. So see how much better you feel by taking the laxative that also puts Pepsin to work on that stomach discomfort, too. Even finicky children love to taste this pleasant family laxative. Buy Dr. Caldwell's Laxative—Senna with Syrup Pepsin at your druggist today!

Two in Bargain

You must ask your neighbor if you shall live in peace.

HANDY Home Wax MOROLINE

When the pest is at its best 'twill be well to let it rest.

Black Leaf 40 KILLS LICE

JUST A DASH IN PLANTINGS OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS

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Can Be CONSISTENTLY Advertised BUY ADVERTISED GOODS

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CO.

...y comparison with earlier cinematic standards, the movie version of the newspaper man has improved in the last year or so. But by comparison with the newspaper man in the flesh, the movie version leaves much to be desired.

It is encouraging, therefore, to learn that the Hays office has decided to do something about it. Henceforth, the newspaper man will not be characterized as a good-for-nothing inebriate who has few equals as a first-class lout, fewer still who can surpass him for spotting on everybody he meets and none who can approach him for vulgar brass.

Of course the average newspaper man is no Websterian Milquetoast but he is far from being a diplomatic braggart. In that his profession calls for him to be better informed on more topics he is, in a sense, a little better than his average fellow citizen.

But the difference stops there. He is energetic and ambitious, usually a family man who spends his evenings at home and not at the tavern nearest his office. He may have a nose for news but he does not crash into lady's boudoir to get or make news. And it is the exception, not the rule, who affects disguises where other means fail to open up a news source.

He neither talks back to judges nor steals the thunder of another movie victim, the detective. He may avail himself of an occasional Annie Oakley but more often than not does so only when sent by his city editor to report a particular function. He usually pays for his own entertainment.

His hats are not crushed beyond recognition, his trousers are usually creased, his pockets do not bulge with all twelve editions of the Bugle and he does not always wear a bow tie. In fact, there is nothing distinctive about him that would enable anybody to pick him out of a crowd. In short, he's quite a regular fellow, with the average man's likes and dislikes.

We hope Joseph I. Breen, of the Hays office, is able to convince the producers that this ordinary fellow can be made into box office attraction without distorting him beyond recognition, for his work is fascinating—not melodramatic.—News-dom.

AN EDITOR'S REVOLT

Major Nelson of the Fairmont Sentinel a few nights ago was telling of an experience of the famous, irrepresible Frank A. Day, who did something which most of us have been tempted to do but never had the courage to attempt.

Frank and Larry Ho attended a church service up in the northern part of Minnesota a number of years ago. The minister did not have his sermon very well at hand and in the middle of the service, Frank Day stood up and exclaimed:

"Reverend, I have been listening to you with considerable patience but you have been stumbling along pretty badly this morning. You don't have your sermon well in hand. We have with us today a man who can give us a real sermon. You need a rest and your congregation needs a change. I want to call on that lovable, peerless orator of Minnesota, Lawrence Hodgson, popularly known as Larry Ho."

The minister was shocked but obliging. Larry Ho took the floor and gave one of his typical sermons about heaven, home and mother, with his audience wiping away the tears one minute and trying to choke their laughter the next.

No record was made of just what Larry Ho did say on that occasion and no one afterward could exactly remember. Anyway the church congregation still talk about it, and down in Fairmont it has become part of the legend of Frank A. Day who usually pops up several times in a conversation with a Fairmontite, although the old editor has been dead for more than 10 years.—New (Minn.) Journal.

PLAYING SAFE

The barber was dark and swartly, and his eyes were black and sparkling. It was evident that he was descended from Latin stock.

"What do you think of the Italian situation?" he inquired of the customer. "What is your opinion of Mussolini?"

"The same as yours," replied the man in the chair.

"But how do you know my opinion?" inquired the startled barber.

"I don't," admitted the man, "but you have the razor."

Teacher—Now can any member of the class tell me where we find sunspots?

Class—Yes, miss, wherever woman goes.

Operator—It costs 90c to talk to Amarillo.

Patron—Well, what is your listening rate? I want to call my wife.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Kennedy have returned from a vacation trip to Mineral Wells and Dallas.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Morgan attended the Bogard funeral at Clarendon Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Allen of Wichita Falls were in McLean one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Noah Cunningham have returned to their home at Memphis after a visit here.

Mrs. T. A. Landers and daughter, Miss Ferti, visited at Lefors Monday afternoon.

Reep Landers made a business trip to Pampa Wednesday.

J. H. Bodine was in Pampa on business Thursday.

Mrs. Jim Tedder and baby are home from Pampa.

Miss Geraldine Bowen has returned from a visit in Oklahoma.

Rev. S. T. Greenwood of Alanreed was in McLean Thursday.

Mrs. W. W. Whitsett of Alanreed was in McLean Friday.

Mrs. Bob Thomas visited relatives at Vernon last week.

Mrs. E. J. Windom was in Pampa Tuesday.

J. W. Wilcox was in Pampa on business Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lee Hill have moved to Alanreed.

C. M. Carpenter made a business trip to Pampa Thursday.

Jesse J. Cobb was in Pampa on business Wednesday.

C. G. Nicholson was in Pampa Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Estel Bowen were in Shamrock last Wednesday.

Miss Agnes Abbott has returned to her school in Oklahoma City.

Mr. and Mrs. Laverne Kunkel visited in Alanreed one night last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Steph visited at Denworth Sunday.

Johnnie Mertel was in Pampa Sunday.

Mrs. E. A. Hill of Borger is visiting here this week.

Miss Vada Appling left Monday for school in Amarillo.

REASONABLY SAFE

"You haven't said a word for 20 minutes."

"Well, I haven't anything to say."

"Don't you ever say anything when you have nothing to say?"

"No."

"Well, then, will you be my wife?"

NOT THAT HE KNEW

"Have you been through calculus?" inquired the college professor.

"Not unless I passed through at night, on my way here," replied the new student. "I'm from Kansas, you know."

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Davis visited in Childress Saturday and Sunday. Their son, Melvin, and family returned with them for a few days' visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Smith and small daughter, Carolyn, are moving to Grand Junction, Colo., this week.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

RATES.—One insertion, 2c per word. Two insertions, 3c per word, or 1c per word each week after first insertion. Lines of white space will be charged for at same rate as reading matter. Black-face type at double rate. Initials and numerals 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

GRAPES for sale, \$1.00 per bushel. Nice and ripe. T. H. Hardin. 1p

FOR SALE.—Good second hand electric refrigerator, at a bargain price. City Drug Store. 1p

FOR SALE or trade for livestock—good Ford V8 car. Jim Baker, phone 380, Shamrock, Texas. 1p

MISCELLANEOUS

BARGAINS.—Hereford irrigation land, Deaf Smith county wheat farms, New Mexico ranches. Alvin C. Thompson, R. M. Dunn, Hereford, Texas. 33-4p

MAGAZINE BARGAIN.—McCall's Woman's Home Companion, Farm Journal-Farmer's Wife, Country Home, American Poultry Journal, Southern Agriculturist—all six, and this newspaper, for only \$3.00 for a year.

BUY Texaco products for better motor performance. Harris King, 1fc

WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS at News office.

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

ADDING MACHINE paper and ribbons at News office.

SHOE REPAIRING—all work guaranteed. John Mertel.

TOO BORESOME

"Now don't you think you and your husband could live together without fighting all the time?" "Nosh, Jedge, leasltwise we couldn't joy ourselves an' be happy."

STRENUOUS COMPETITION

Laborer—I'll have to have a raise, sir. There are three other companies after me.

Boss—Is that so? What companies? Laborer—Light, water and fuel.

Self-confessed Hero—The desert stretched out on all sides of me. I raised my rifle; it went off with a crack; there ahead of my lay a dead lion.

Bored Listener (innocently)—How long had it been dead?

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Goodman, Mrs. Jim Price and son of Shamrock visited in the O. L. Graham home Sunday.

Joe Dowlin has returned from a visit to Dallas, Fort Worth and other places.

Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Erwin are in Amarillo today (Thursday).

Mrs. N. J. Holder hands us \$2.00 for the News a year.

Gas Gas All Time

Mrs. Jan. Filer says: "Gas on my stomach was so bad I couldn't eat or sleep. Gas evax brought me quick relief. Now, I eat as I wish, sleep fine, never feel better."

ADLERIKA

City Drug Store

The PENGUIN logo with a penguin illustration and text: "IT JUST SETS 'ROUND AND SAYS 'NOTHING' IS THERE A MARKET FOR PENGUIN EGGS? NO!" TO DO BUSINESS, ADVERTISE

SIMPLE SIMON

Simple Simon met a pieman, Trudging through the streets. Said he, "Be wise and advertise Your pies and cakes and sweets." The pieman, thanking Simon, said, "Twould surely do no harm. A News ad here, a News ad there, Forsooth, could work a charm!"

The McLean News The Paper That's Read First

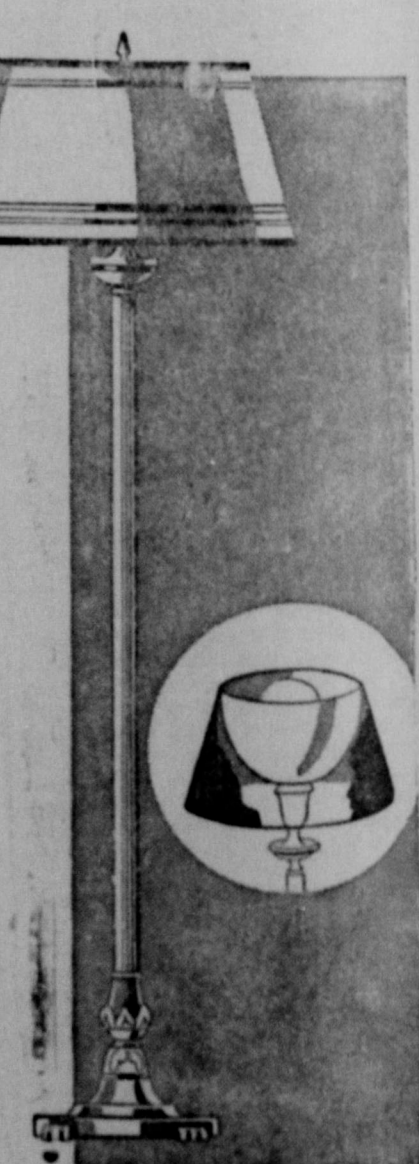


"Light condition" your home

I. E. S. Better Sight Lamps

Those long evenings of "half light" can be very bad for the eyes. Don't make the mistake of using old or dim lamps. Have I. E. S. lamps, and be sure they are lighted early in the evening.

I. E. S. lamps are scientifically designed to spread a flood of strong, but glareless light through the room. They come in floor and table models, in several designs and at a wide price range. There are also pin-up styles that are low priced and attractive. These are ideal for supplementary use with the larger lamps. See these I. E. S. lamps at our showroom or your dealer's.



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