

THE MCLEAN NEWS

Volume XXI.

McLean, Gray County, Texas, Thursday, August 21, 1924.

Number 34.

CHILTON SHOT WITH PISTOL LAST SATURDAY

Jim Chilton was accidentally shot Saturday morning with a blank cartridge from a pistol in the hands of Carl Hefner, promoter of the McLean rodeo.

Mr. Hefner was in the Citizens Bank making a deposit, and while he and the assistant cashier were counting the money, Mr. Chilton came in the bank and started joking about the money. Mr. Hefner told him if he did not quit he would shoot him, and loading his pistol, which had been used at the rodeo grounds for signal work, with blank cartridges, fired twice at the marble desk of the bank window, the first shot grazing and striking Mr. Chilton in one arm, causing a painful wound. The whole affair was purely an accident and carried on in a joking way.

The injured man's arm is not doing as well as it might, but it is thought that barring complications, the arm will not be out of use long.

SHAMROCK JEWELER LIKES OUR TOWN

H. J. Taylor, jeweler, of Shamrock, who carries a regular advertisement in The McLean News, was a visitor at the News office last week and stated that he has always had a liking for our town and would be glad to locate here, if he ever changes residences. Mr. Taylor says he knows of no better place to live than McLean, and he likes the way our paper handles the local and community news.

The gentleman says our greatest need, in his opinion, right at this time is a highway running north and south through our community.

DINNER GIVEN HONORING AMARILLO BOYS

A dinner was given at the home of Mrs. T. A. Landers Wednesday in honor of Clifford and Clyde Crump and J. C. Collier Jr., of Amarillo. These boys are visiting their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Collier this week.

Among those present besides the honorees were H. P. Garrett and Miss Bobbie Hodges and Versie Savage.

News From Ramsdell

By Special Correspondent.

J. H. and W. T. McCann made a business trip to Shamrock Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Louis Powell visited in the home of Sam Harrelson Sunday.

Fred Bones and E. Exum made a business trip to McLean Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Mose and life granddaughter, Katherine, of Roaring Springs, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Gilmore of Kirkland visited in the home of E. Exum Wednesday and Thursday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Lanke visited Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Bones Sunday. Mrs. John Kibler and daughter Mrs. Charles Bones, and children of Whites Deer came in Sunday to visit relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Johnson of Alameda visited in the home of R. L. Jones Sunday.

W. W. Small returned last week from Amarillo seriously ill. Mrs. T. F. Prescott is visiting her mother at Erick, Okla., this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Burl Crockett of Bellevue are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Crockett.

A. W. Haynes and son, John, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Campbell and Enoch Bentley were Pampa visitors Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. John Scott were Lefors visitors Tuesday.

B. F. McKinney and family of Mineral Wells visited in the S. R. Connolly home this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cotney and child of the First National Bank of Elgin are visiting in McLean this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Northcut and children left Tuesday for their home at Mademoiselle after an extended visit with the lady's sister, Mrs. L. W. Wilson.

Seeing Things



J. A. MEADOR BUYS HAMBURGER STAND

J. A. Meador of Clarendon has bought the Riley Scott hamburger stand and will continue the business at the same place. Mr. Meador states that it is his intention to put in a restaurant as soon as a suitable location can be found, or will enlarge his present location.

Mr. and Mrs. Meador had charge of the cafe at the Baptist encampment grounds at Ceta Canyon this summer and prominent people from all over the state praised the cooking and service. The grounds committee insisted that they furnish the food for next year's encampment.

We are glad to welcome the Meadors to our town, and we will expect them to identify themselves with every forward movement.

MIAMI BOOSTERS HERE TOMORROW

The Roberts County Fair boosters from Miami will be in McLean tomorrow (Friday.) The cars will arrive in McLean from the east at 12:30 p. m. and will take lunch here, leaving for towns west at 1:30.

It is hoped that a number of our citizens will be present to welcome the visitors.

Messrs. Loys and John Hugh and Miss Leha Mae Taylor of Frederick, Okla., visited their grandmother, Mrs. Sarah Hefner, last week end. Mrs. Hefner returned home with them.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Grundy and children of Memphis visited the lady's brother, D. A. Davis, and family last Saturday and Sunday.

J. L. Collier has our thanks for a subscription renewal this week. Mr. Collier also ordered The News sent to his son, J. C. Collier, at Amarillo.

Ms. Ethel Hodges and children, Miss Bobbie and Kenneth, returned Monday from Amarillo, where the latter had his tonsils and adenoids removed.

Tracey Willis of Pampa has renewed his subscription to The News.

Mrs. F. B. Crabtree of Sayre, Okla., has our thanks for a subscription renewal this week.

R. O. Cunningham of Liberty was a McLean visitor last Thursday.

Mrs. J. A. Sparks and daughters returned Friday from a visit with relatives at Amarillo.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Haynes and daughters and Mrs. J. A. Haynes returned Friday from a trip to Amarillo and Plainview.

Leon and Miss Julia Lewis of Clarendon were visitors in our city Friday.

FOOTBALL RECEIPTS TO EXCEED \$50,000 THANKSGIVING DAY

Austin, Aug. 20.—Tickets for the Thanksgiving football game to be played in the Memorial stadium of the University of Texas will be placed on sale Sept. 1, and applications should be sent to Wiley E. Glaze, business manager of the University Athletic Council. Subscribers to the stadium will be given preference, it is announced. With each fifty-dollar subscription to the stadium one receives the right to buy two seats in a preferred section of the stand. A subscription of \$100 entitles the subscriber to four seats, and an option on one additional seat is given for each \$50 in excess of \$100. In order to secure preferred seats, stadium subscribers must get their applications to the business manager before October 28. It is expected that receipts from the Thanksgiving game will amount to \$50,000.

RUN-OFF PRIMARY SATURDAY

Arrangements have been made for a Democratic run-off primary in Gray county next Saturday. The ballots were printed by The News and distributed to the different election judges this week.

FOOTBALL BOOSTERS TO MEET FRIDAY

The football boosters did not have their meeting scheduled for last Friday, but will have the meeting at 4:30 o'clock on Friday of this week, at C. S. Rice's store.

If you are interested in better athletics in our school, come to the meeting tomorrow and help perfect an organization to see that the school has the proper support from the patrons and the burden of financing the football games will not be left up to the boys who do the playing.

J. O. Clark of Hold was a McLean visitor Saturday.

Hughes Quattlebaum and family of Amarillo are visiting relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Kistard and children of Gracey spent Friday night in the W. C. Carpenter home.

Low Grady of Willow, Okla., was a McLean visitor Sunday.

John Wiley of Amarillo is visiting Ed D. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bodine returned last Thursday from Arlington and Ft. Worth.

B. D. Fondren of Gracey was a McLean visitor Saturday.

J. R. Ayers and daughters of Hedley came in Friday to visit relatives.

MORSE NO. 2 DERRICK UP MACHINERY ON GROUND

The Morse No. 2 oil test has the derrick and housing for the machinery up with all necessary machinery on the location, and the work is being pushed to the earliest possible completion.

Pipe for the gas line from the Texas well is being laid, and the actual spudding in of this well should be very soon now, if present plans do not fall.

This test is being watched with interest by oil men, as the location is considered very favorable, on account of the known formation on all sides of it.

BAPTIST REVIVAL GROWS IN INTEREST

The revival being conducted at the First Baptist church is growing in interest since the beginning Sunday. There had been four conversions and four additions to the church up to Wednesday evening.

Pastor Garrett is doing the preaching and his son, H. P. Garrett, of Wayland College is directing the music.

Mrs. G. W. Sullivan, W. B. Gregory and Allen Wilson visited relatives at Shamrock Tuesday.

Clyde Holloway of Back was a McLean visitor Tuesday.

Haskell Smith and Olin Davis went to Hereford Tuesday to visit the former's parents.

Mrs. Guy Taylor and daughter, Miss Layma, of Lelia Lake visited Capt. and Mrs. E. E. McGee Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Mel Davis and small son of Pampa visited in McLean Saturday.

A. A. Ledbetter attended court at Lefors Monday.

Mrs. H. F. Wingo went to Amarillo Monday to visit relatives.

Earl Wilmoth left Monday for Wildorado to accept a position.

E. D. Smith made a business trip to Wellington Monday.

Mrs. D. C. Carpenter and children left Monday for Matador to visit relatives.

Miss Thelma Trollinger of Amarillo is visiting in the W. B. Upham home.

Horace Wofford attended court at Lefors Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Ayers of Hedley were McLean visitors Friday.

Sheriff E. S. Graves was in the city Friday and Saturday.

16 COUNTIES SIGNED FOR AMARILLO FAIR

Amarillo, Aug. 21.—The Tri-State Exposition is an institution that will be of permanent benefit to the entire Panhandle-Plains region, and should have the support of every county and every commercial organization, was the declaration of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce at its last meeting, when it was unanimously voted to send an agricultural exhibit and also to participate in the pageant.

That Canadian expressed the opinion of all this territory is shown by the rate at which agricultural exhibits are being entered. Sixteen counties already have sent in their contracts and unofficial advices indicate that the goal of 40 county exhibits may be reached.

Fair officials are hopeful of an exhibit from practically every county and point out that if this is secured, the Tri-State fair probably will pass the Dallas fair a number of counties represented. Such a showing, they say, would do more than anything else to convince the nation that this is an exceptionally fine agricultural region.

Counties already entered are: Bailey, Roberts, Hemphill, Dallam, Swisher, Randall, Castro, Terry, Dawson, Lubbock, Motley, Garza, Briscoe, Armstrong, Hartley and Potter.

Seven hundred and fifty dollars will be distributed among the twenty counties, making the highest scores. First prize is \$250, second \$175, others range downward to \$50. There are also numerous prizes for individual exhibits.

News From Liberty

By Special Correspondent.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Hardin and children, who have been visiting relatives at Clarendon, returned home Friday.

Mrs. Walter Morgan and children left Saturday for their home at Tipton, N. M.

Jason Morgan and cousin, Miss Tressie Morgan, went to McLean Friday night.

Mrs. Worley began her meeting Friday night. A number from McLean are attending the services.

Miss Jackie Hardin of Ardmore, Okla., is visiting her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. I. G. Hardin.

W. W. and Jerry James of near Groom were dinner guests in the C. E. Francis home one day this week.

J. F. Corlén and family called at the C. T. Calvert home in Shamrock Sunday afternoon.

Floyd Lively is staying in the John Hardy home near Shamrock this week.

R. Woodley is staying in the Woodley home this week.

John Lively is helping repair some buildings this week.

A. L. Morgan reports the loss of three horses, which were struck by lightning Friday or Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Johnston and little daughter, Shirley, returned Tuesday from Arlington.

Misses Beatrice Kinard and Laeuna Holloway visited their aunt at Erick, Okla., the first of the week.

Booth Woods and family of Quitaque are visiting in the J. W. Dougherty home.

Bryan and Miss Annie Belle Roby made a business trip to Cordell, Okla., Monday.

M. M. Newman and C. C. Cook were business visitors in Shamrock Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Anderson and two daughters left Saturday for a visit with relatives in Eastland county.

Ollie Allston of Gracey was in town Tuesday.

Richard Spinks and Elmo Phillips of Heald were in town Tuesday.

J. O. Holloway of Liberty was a McLean visitor Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Babe Smith came in Sunday from Holiday to visit the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Smith.

CHRISTIANS START NEW BUILDING

A building permit was issued and ground broken Monday for a new building for the local Church of Christ on the site of the recently burned building.

The new building will be of concrete blocks, about 30x50 feet, with 14-foot ceiling, complete with baptistry and all necessary furniture, and will cost between \$5000 and \$6000 when completed.

The members and friends of the church are expected to donate the labor for the construction of the building, and the work will be rushed to the earliest possible completion.

This congregation has a very desirable building site and the new church building will be a valuable addition to that part of town.

OKLAHOMA UNDERTAKER MAY LOCATE IN McLEAN

Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Waldrop and daughter of Carter, Okla., were in McLean last week looking for a location for an undertaking establishment and variety store. Mr. Waldrop is impressed with the desirability of our town and says he will put in an up-to-date hearse and everything that goes with a modern undertaking business, should he secure a location here.

MRS. FLOWERS BUYS LOTS FROM BAPTISTS

Mrs. Mollie Flowers has bought the lots upon which the old Baptist church stood and will move her building from the country to the newly acquired location.

News From Gracey

By Special Correspondent.

T. J. D'Spain left last week for Brison to be at the bedside of his mother. She passed away Thursday, and the remains were taken to Sherman for burial.

Born last week, to Mr. and Mrs. Bill Webb, a six-pound girl, named Betty Jean.

Dewey Williams, J. E. Williams, Flagon Stewart, Joe Bidwell and Wheeler Carville, made a trip to the South Plains last week.

A. L. Lee and family, Bailey Lakey and family, Mrs. B. D. Fondren and son, Emette, and Mrs. M. H. Kinard went to Alameda last Thursday to see Mrs. Gracey, who lived here several years ago.

Mrs. Beatrice Sparks left last Friday for Fort Worth to visit her parents.

Mrs. B. D. Fondren and son, Emette, and Miss Lorenza Derrick left Wednesday for a few days' visit with relatives at Duke, Okla.

Miss Lucile McKinley of McLean is visiting Miss Leeta Bush this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Shelton returned to their home at Amarillo Sunday after a two weeks' visit with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kellar.

Houston Belew made a business trip to the Plains Tuesday.

G. S. Loyd of Lipscomb, Hulon Loyd and family of Clovis, N. M., spent Sunday night in the Anson Lee home.

Miss Ruby Bidwell returned the first of the week from Hedley.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Farren of Heald spent Monday in the Kellar home. Several from here attended church at McLean Sunday night.

Rev. and Mrs. S. R. Jones of Hollis, Okla., visited in the Sam Hodges home Monday night. They were accompanied home by Gaylord Hodges.

Mrs. R. S. Thompson and son, Fred, returned Monday from Colorado. Mrs. Willie Boyett returned with them.

Peb Everett and Neal Bowen went to Amarillo Tuesday on business.

C. A. Stenberg, Mrs. Vigna Stuckey and Miss Frankie Mae Upham were Shamrock visitors Monday.

Rondale Price returned to his home at Wheeler Saturday after an extended visit with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Wood.

ZEN of the Y. D.

A Novel of the Foothills

By ROBERT STEAD

Author of "The Cow Patcher"—"The Homesteaders"—"Neighbors," etc.

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Transley's hay-cutting outfit, after stacking 2,000 tons, is on its way to the big Y. D. ranch headquarters. Transley is a master of men and circumstances. Linder, foreman, is substantial, but not self-assertive. George Drask, one of the men, is an irresponsible chap who proposes to every woman he meets. Transley and Linder dine with Y. D. and his wife and daughter Zen. Transley resolves to marry Zen. Y. D. instructs Transley to cut the South Y. D. "spite of high water" and a fellow named Landson.

CHAPTER II.—Drask proposes to Zen and is neatly rebuffed. Transley pitches camp on the South Y. D. and finds Landson's outfit cutting hay. Denison Grant, Landson's manager, notifies Transley that he is working under a lease from the legal owners and warns Transley off. All of which means war.

CHAPTER III.—Y. D. and Zen ride to the South Y. D. Zen is a natural champion, but yet halter-broke and ripe for forming. Y. D. has taken a liking to Transley. Zen holds Transley off and encourages Linder.

CHAPTER IV.—Zen enjoys the prospect of a race between Transley and Linder for her favor, but secretly laughs at both. She has another and more serious encounter with Drask. Y. D. mowing machines are ruined by iron stakes set in the grass. Zen prevents open war with Landson. Transley half-way proposes and is turned off. Drask resolves to burn out the rival outfit.

CHAPTER V.—Fire blazes up in the Landson stacks. The Y. D. outfit hastens to aid the enemy. Zen rides off alone to help. The wind changes and the Y. D. people now have to fight the prairie fire. Zen rides into the river to escape flames. Drask tries to abduct her. She drowns him—or this is Zen's. Grant overtakes her. In trying to ride through fire Zen is thrown and knocked senseless.

CHAPTER VI.—Zen comes to after several hours of unconsciousness to find herself in the dark with Grant. She has a sprained ankle and both horses have run away. So she and Grant sit on a rock and tell their past lives. Grant it appears is a rich man's son who seeks wealth in order to live his own life.

CHAPTER VII.—Y. D. and his men arrive after daylight. Naturally, in the circumstances, he is a bit of a scoundrel. Grant rides off. Transley goes to the nearest town, then returns and induces Y. D. to go into partnership with him in the contracting and building business. Transley sweeps Zen off her feet by the force of his masculine love-making.

CHAPTER VIII.—Transley sends Zen an engagement ring and asks her to marry. Then Grant appears and proposes. She shows him the ring. Long she hesitates, but at last decides in favor of the ring. So she and Grant...

CHAPTER IX.—Transley announces his forthcoming wedding to Linder and sets him at work building a handsome residence in the town. The wedding is set for Christmas day.

CHAPTER X.—The next summer Grant's father and sister are killed in an accident. He is the only heir to the great wealth and leaves for the East to take charge of the business. Phyllis Bruce, his father's secretary, is the only one not afraid of him. He becomes interested and a chance visit to her home increases his liking for her.

CHAPTER XI.—Grant settles in the world war, winds up the business and places his wealth at the disposal of the government. Phyllis confesses her love for him, but he cannot forget Zen. Grant returns from the war a captain and finds his fortune doubled. Linder mimes an arm, is with him. He meets Phyllis and is torn between her and Zen. He has a "great idea."

CHAPTER XII.—The great idea is to go back West, buy land, start a big farm and take care of Linder and others of his men. He starts to propose to Phyllis, but she checks him. He buys his farm and builds a home. While ploughing he makes friends with a five-year-old boy, takes the little chap to his summer home and meets his mother—Zen Transley.

CHAPTER XIII.—Both are jolted out of self-possession by the meeting. Grant learns that Transley is successful, but has not time for anything but business. At a dinner Grant and Linder meet him and the Y. D. people. Y. D. mentions Drask as the probable writer of the fire and comments on his disappearance.

CHAPTER XIV.—Grant gets a note from Zen, asking him to call that night. He finds her alone. To account for the note she tells him that she killed Drask. Her real purpose is to tell him that she has no love for her husband and to reproach him for not having taken her in spite of the ring. She sends him away, but sets a date for another call.

CHAPTER XV.—Grant continues to call, although he realizes that they are creating a situation which has no way out. She finally confesses her interest in him and he kisses her. She tells him that the next night the maid will be away, that she herself is going to see her husband off on a trip and that she is going to send her boy to sleep with him.

CHAPTER XVI.—Linder warns Grant that Zen is not responsible where he is concerned and bids him watch his step. Zen comes, leaves her boy and drives away. Linder's words and the presence of the boy awaken Grant's better nature. He sends a message to Phyllis, telling her he is sure and asking if he may come. And then, dripping wet from a storm, Zen bursts into the bungalow.

He had told himself, back in those days in the East, that it would not be fair to marry Phyllis Bruce while his heart was another's. He had believed that then; now he knew the real reason was that he had allowed himself to hope, against all reason, that Zen Transley might yet be his. He had harbored an unworthy desire, and called it a virtue. Well—the die was cast. He had definitely given Zen up. He would tell Phyllis everything. . . . That is, everything she needed

to know. It would be best to settle it at once—the sooner the better. He went to his desk and took out writing paper. He addressed a note to Phyllis, pondered a minute in a great hush in the storm, and wrote:

"I am sure now. May I come? Denison."

This done he turned to the telephone, hurrying as one who fears for the duration of his good resolutions.

He gave the number of Linder's rooms in town; it was likely Linder had remained in town, but it was a question whether the telephone bell would waken him. He had recollections of Linder as a sound sleeper. But even as this possibility entered his mind he heard Linder's phlegmatic voice in his ear.

"Oh, Linder! I'm so glad I got you. I've a message I want delivered to Miss Bruce. . . . Linder? . . . Linder!"

There was no answer. Nothing but a hollow empty sound on the wire, as though it led merely into the universe in general. He tried to call the operator, but without success. The wire was down.

He turned from it with a sense of acute impatience. Was this an omen of obstacles to bar him now from Phyllis Bruce?

Suddenly came a quick knock at the door; the handle turned, and a drenched, hatless figure, with disheveled, wet hair, and white, drawn face burst in upon him. It was Zen Transley.

CHAPTER XVII

"Zen!" "How is he—how is Wilson?" she demanded, breathlessly.

"Sound as a bell," he answered, alarmed by her manner. The self-assured Zen was far from self-assurance now. "Come, see, he is asleep."

He led her into the whirl-room and turned up the lamp. The lad was sleeping soundly, his teddy-bear clasped in his arms, his little pink and white face serene under the magic skies of slumberland. Grant expected that Zen would throw herself upon the child in her agitation, but she did not. She drew her fingers gently across his brow, then, turning to Grant:

"Rather an unceremonious way to break into your house," she said, with a little laugh. "I hope you will pardon me. . . . I was uneasy about Wilson."

"But tell me—how—where did you come from?" "From town. Let me stand in your kitchen, or somewhere."

"You're wet through. I can't offer you much change." "Not as wet as when you first met me, Denison," she said, with a smile. "I have a good waterproof, but my hat blew off. It's somewhere on the road. I couldn't see through the windshield, so I put my head out, and away it went."

"The hat?" "Then both laughed, and an atmosphere that had been tense began to settle back to normal. Grant led her out to the living room, removed her coat, and started a fire.

They sat in silence for some time, and presently they became aware of a gray light displacing the yellow glow from the lamp and the ruddy reflections of the fire. "It is morning," said Grant. "I believe the storm has cleared."

He stood beside her chair and took her hand in his. "Let us watch the dawn break on the mountains," he said, and together they moved to the windows that overlooked the valley and the grim ranges beyond. Already shafts of crimson light were firing the scattered drift of clouds far overhead.

"Denison," she said at length, turning her face to his. "I hope you will understand, but—I have thought it all over. I have not hidden my heart from you. For the boy's sake, and for your sake, and for the sake of a scrap of paper—that was what the war was over, wasn't it?"

"I know," he whispered. "Then you have been thinking, too? . . . I am so glad!" In the growing light he could see the moisture in her bright eyes glistening, and it seemed to him this wild, daring daughter of the hills had never been lovelier than in this moment of confession and of high resolve.

"I am so glad," she repeated, "for your sake—and for my own. Now, again, you are really the Man-on-the-Hill. We have been in the valley of fate. You can go ahead now with your high plans, with your Big Idea. You will marry Miss Bruce, and forget."

"I shall remember with chastened memory, but I shall never forget," he said at length. "I shall never forget Zen of the Y. D. And you—what will you do?"

"I have the boy. I did not realize how much I had until tonight. Suddenly it came upon me that he was everything. You won't understand, Denison, but as we grow older our hearts wrap up around our children with a love quite different from that which expresses itself in marriage. This love gives—gives—gives, lavishly, unselfishly, asking nothing in return."

"I think I understand," he said again. "I think I do."

They turned their eyes to the mountains, and as they looked the first shafts of sunlight fell on the white peaks and set them dazzling like mighty diamond-points against the blue bosom of the West.

"It is morning on the mountains—and on you!" Grant exclaimed. "Zen, you are very, very beautiful." "Zen" raised her hand and pressed her fingers to his lips.

As they stood watching the sunlight pour into the valley a sharp knock

sounded on the door. "Come," said Denison, and the next moment it swung open and Phyllis Bruce entered, followed immediately by Linder. A question leapt into her eyes at the remarkable situation which greeted them, and she paused in embarrassment.

"Phyllis!" Grant exclaimed. "You here?" "It would seem that I was not expected."

"It is all very simple," Grant explained, with a laugh. "Little Willie Transley was my guest overnight. On account of the storm his mother became alarmed, and drove out from the city early this morning for him. Mrs. Transley, let me introduce Miss Bruce—Phyllis Bruce, of whom I have told you."

Zen's cordial handshake did more to reassure Phyllis than any amount of explanations, and Linder's timely observation that he knew Wilson was there and was wondering about him himself had valuable corroborative effect.

"But now—your explanations?" said Grant. "How comes it, Linder?" "Simple enough, from our side. When I got your telephone call all I could catch was the fact that you were mighty glad to get me, and had some urgent message for Miss Bruce. Then the connection broke."

"I see. And you, of course, assured Miss Bruce that I was being murdered, or meeting some such happy and effective ending, out here in the wilderness?"

"Not exactly that, but I reported what I could, and Miss Bruce insisted upon coming out at once. The roads were dreadful, but we had daylight. Also, we have a trophy."

Linder went out and returned in a moment with a sadly bedraggled hat. "My poor hat!" Zen exclaimed. "I lost it on the way."

"It is the best kind of evidence that you had but recently come over the road," said Linder, significantly. "I think no more evidence need be called," said Phyllis. "May I lay off my things?"

"Certainly—certainly," Grant apologized. "But I must introduce one more exhibit." He handed her the note he had written during the night. "That is the message I wanted Linder to rush to you," he said, and as she read it he saw the color deepen in her cheeks.

"I'm going to make breakfast, Mr. Grant," Zen announced, with a sudden burst of energy. "Everybody keep out of the kitchen."

"Guess I'll feed up for you this morning, old chap," said Linder, knowingly. At the door he glanced back. "I think Miss Bruce has something to say to you," he added, mysteriously.

They were alone—Phyllis and Denison. He caught her hand in his and led her to the French windows. The sun was filling the valley with a flood of silver, and there was sunshine, too, in the heart of Denison Grant. He had drunk his cup of renunciation, but he had not dreamed that at the bottom could lie a pearl so beautiful.

"Phyllis—Phyllis," he breathed. He reached out to take her in his arms.

Phyllis—Phyllis, He Breathed.



Phyllis—Phyllis, He Breathed.

but she held him gently away; when he looked in her eyes they shone back at him through tears.

"Oh, Denny, you mustn't! I'm so sorry. You know what you have been to me. But you were so long, so long! Yesterday I promised Linder."

In the days that followed Denison Grant drank his cup of renunciation anew. He worked his fields early and late; he noted the tiny spirals of smoke ascending like incense from Zen's cottage; but he went no nearer the Transley home than the end of his furrow. He had handed back Transley's wife from the edge of the abyss; he had made up his mind; that much was settled.

The battle that raged within him now centered about Linder and Phyllis Bruce. When he had recovered from the first shock of Phyllis' revelation and was able to think sanely he was sure that her heart might still be his if he went after it—and took it. It was another case of a man being worth his salt. But Linder was not Transley. He had spared Transley; could he be less generous with Linder? And what of Phyllis? Would she be happy with Linder?

Then Truth stood up before him in the furrow, as he plowed his slow length one hazy summer afternoon, and called him a hypocrite. He heard her voice as clearly as the champing of his horses on their bits. "Hypo-

crit!" cried Truth to him. "You make a great virtue of your generosity to Linder. Easy generosity that, while you continue to love—Zen Transley!"

Down by the river a spiral of smoke wound upwards from the Transley chimney, and even as Grant looked he saw an automobile trailing dust about the shoulder of his hill. It was Transley returning to his home.

Transley's wife had fortified her good resolutions behind an outburst of activity.

But there were times when the craving to be quite alone, where she could re-survey her life and bask for a moment in the luxury of old imaginings, became irresistible. On such occasions she would follow the road that skirted the cliffs of the river bank to a point where it turned in the basin of a now deserted quarry. The old quarry lay on the edge of the hills like a cup from which a side had broken and fallen into the river which boiled in a green foam a hundred feet below. The only access to this cup was by the road, no longer frequented, which Zen had chosen for her solitary rambles.

Once inside the quarry she was isolated from the world; here her vision could sweep the sloping bluffs across the valley, or the circle of blue sky above, and her thoughts could rove at will without prospect of being interrupted. The road by which she entered the cup was the road by which any intruder must enter it. It was also, as Zen was suddenly to discover, the only road by which one could escape.

It was upon the afternoon when Truth confronted Denison Grant in his furrow that Zen made that discovery. Her self-imposed tasks completed for the day, she scoured the fruit stains from her hands, changed her frock, and took the now familiar trail up to the quarry. "I'll be back in an hour," she told Sarah; "I'm going to the quarry just to loaf and invite my soul." The quotation was lost upon Sarah, who took refuge in her gift of silence.

At a point where the road rose high enough to command a view of the surrounding valley she stopped and swung a slow, half-guilty glance to the southward. There, sure enough, was the plow team of Denison Grant, warping its slow shuttle back and forth across the brown prairie. For a long minute she fed her eyes and her heart; then resumed her slow course to the quarry.

Inside the great cup she was conscious of a sense of security.

Zen seated herself in a half reclining position on a great slab of rock and fell into a day-dream, watching the while with unseeing eyes the procession of white clouds which drove across the disc of blue sky above her.

Perhaps it was because of the position which she had taken, or her unconscious study of the sky, that she caught no hint of the presence of a man at the point where the road entered the quarry. From an ambush of willow scrub he had seen her stop and survey the fields where Denison Grant was at work, and had followed her stealthily down the trail which led to her trap. Now he had her.

"How do, Zen?" he said, suddenly stepping into the open. "Ain't you glad to see me?"

The girl sprang to her feet and turned startled eyes toward the road—the only exit from this stone dungeon.

"Who are you? What do you want? Go away! I don't know you at all!"

The offensive smile broadened. "That is where I have the advantage of you, Mrs. Transley. I have changed. I admit, but you—you are as beautiful as ever."

(Concluded next week)

NUMBER, PLEASE?

He was newly arrived in this country and was none too familiar with the use of the telephone. So he took the receiver and demanded: "Aye vant to talk to my wife?"

Central's voice came back sweetly: "Number, please?"

"Oh," he replied, perfectly willing to help out, "She bans my second yun."

Mrs. Bryan Burrows returned Friday from Amarillo. She was accompanied by Ms. A. J. Worley.

Orin Thompson of Plemons visited relatives here Friday and Saturday.

McLean Filling Station

Oils, Gas and Accessories Sudden Service

Magnolene Ford Oil will make your Ford run better

FLOYD PHILLIPS, Mgr.

INSURANCE

LIFE FIRE HAIL

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

Money to loan on farms.

T. N. HOLLOWAY Reliable Insurance

J. C. Collier, Cliff and Clyde Crump of Amarillo came in Monday to visit their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Collier. J. C. is a member of the Amarillo Daily News force.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Cash of Channing came in last Thursday to visit relatives.

Groceries are cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. Advertisement. tfe.

Amos Walker and family of Hollis, Okla., are visiting in the Swafford homes.

Mrs. E. B. Hall and daughters left Friday for their home at St. Louis after an extended visit with the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Rice.

A WARNING "It's tough to pay fifty cents a pound for meat." "Yes, ma'am, but it's tougher if you pay twenty-five."

Mrs. Temple Atkins and daughter, Mhrian, of Ramsdell were McLean visitors Friday.

We have the best flour in town; price way below flour in its class. Cheney and Callahan. Advertisement. tfe.

A. A. LEDBETTER Attorney-at-Law McLean, Texas

Vote for Ed. E. Weaver Candidate for Railroad Commissioner of Texas, Place 1

ECZEMA! THIS isn't one of those fake free treatment offers you have seen so many times. We don't offer to give you something for nothing—but we do guarantee that you can try this wonderful treatment, entirely at our risk, and this guarantee is backed by your local druggist. HUNT'S GUARANTEED SKIN DISEASE REMEDIES (Hunt's Salve and Soap) has been sold under absolute money back guarantee for more than thirty years. They are especially compounded for the treatment of Eczema, Itch, Ring Worm, Tetter, and other itching skin diseases. Thousands of letters testify to their curative properties. M. Timberlin, a reputable dry goods dealer in Durant, Oklahoma, says: "I suffered with Eczema for ten years, and spent \$1,000.00 for doctors' treatments, without result. One box of Hunt's Cure entirely cured me." Don't fail to give HUNT'S GUARANTEED SKIN DISEASE REMEDIES (Hunt's Salve and Soap) a trial. All druggists handle. SHELL'S PHARMACY

"It is often easier to keep part of what one has than to get what one has not."—Alexander Hamilton.

Let a Bank Account Start Your Success

Alexander Hamilton, the first Secretary of the Treasury of our country, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence—spoke wisely when he said the above.

It's one of the principles for a successful bank account. It is one of the pillars upon which riches are built. It marks the start of every great fortune in this country.

An account with this strong bank is an assurance for the future. You may start with one dollar and follow it up with consistent deposits. You will be surprised at its growth.

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM The American National Bank

READ THE WANT ADS IF YOU WANT A CHUCKLE

One of the framed mottoes of the columnar humorist should be, "Watch the Want Ads." Not that he can afford to buy anything of value therein, nor that he is capable of holding down any of the positions advertised, but because there is a rich supply of humor.

Every paper has fool ads now and then, but we wish to enter for first place a prize collection, these gems all taken from two issues of a four-page paper in a Kansas town:

"Notice—Party taking weather prophet off of house Saturday night. I. E. Egnia is known. Return and avoid trouble." We do not know how much of a supply of weather the prophets keep made up in advance, but unless the thief reports, the town will be without weather before long.

The Luther Burbanks of the animal kingdom should take advantage of this offer of an all-around breeding animal:

For Sale—Sow with ten pigs, also young calf.

Do you need anything in the way of a spring outfit? Try this:

For Sale—Car Tarpaquin. Also takes blue serge suit, size 36, practically new. Priced right. Also good garage.

Knowledge is power. Here is a chance to utilize waste power:

For Sale—Book of Knowledge, same as new. Never been used.

This should commend itself to most men:

For Sale—One good family Jersey cow, wife or child can milk.

And this to the ladies:

New spring hats are moderately priced. All winter hats \$1.

There's nothing like getting the good of your three lines three times, two nickles and one dime.

Princess:

Lost—Newly painted stepladder, also have K. I. roosters for sale.

This woman has a hard life:

Wanted—Cement boarders and roomers. Also washing and ironing.

Bad news awaits the patrons of this paper who had hopes of escaping the evils of housecleaning when they get to heaven. Hark to the chortling of the poet laureat!

1 2 3 4 5 6 7.

Make your home more like heaven. Do this for yourself and mate.

Paper, paint and decorate.

Of course you want the best one, so phone for Kindy, 1870.

Yes, you may frequent the barber shop, the billiard hall or the Bible school—but give us the want-ad section of the paper and we will repair—Helen G. Norton in the Topeka (Kans.) Capital.

Home made meal at Cheney & Callahan's. Advertisement. tfe

ASK TO SEE the new Remington portable typewriters on display at the News office.

THE KNOCKER

A farmer, who lives near Amarillo, made a wise remark recently. He owns his farm and has done well. "I have decided to quit knocking farming conditions," he declared. "I have noticed that the business men don't knock their lines of business as much as we farmers knock farming. I have come to the conclusion that we have been knocking ourselves. The more knocking we do, the fewer people will take up farming and the less our farms are worth."

The farmer is no more justified in knocking farming conditions than a hardware man is in knocking his hardware business. When he does it he is only harming himself and his own particular line. If the farmers during the last three years had done as much boasting as they have knocking, their farms would be worth considerably more.

This is a great agricultural year for the Panhandle. The wheat and the oats are in the row crops were made by Wednesday's soaker and the cotton is in wonderful shape.

It is likely the row crops will bring a satisfactory price this fall, as a world grain shortage usually has a beneficial effect on prices in the Panhandle. The corn crop will be the shortest since 1918, and if here should be an early frost, it could be badly damaged. Because of the excessive rainfall, the corn growers in Missouri and Kansas were late in planting and they are looking in their boots.

The most of the worries of the Panhandle farmers are over for 1924, and the prospects for ideal conditions for fall planting couldn't be brighter.—Amarillo Globe.

RADIO OPERATORS URGED TO BE CAREFUL OF WIRES

Since the general use of radio has come about, a number of amateur operators have been killed while putting up their aerials or other wires near poles carrying electric wires.

Some suggestions to radio amateurs have been compiled by electric engineers, says the Texas Public Service Information Bureau, that may be summarized as follows:

"Antenna, or any part of it must NOT be attached to electric lighting poles, or poles carrying wires at a greater potential than 220 volts.

"These wires must NOT be installed above any electric light or power wires, or nearer than three feet from them.

"The wires must NOT be installed below any electric light or power wires carrying more than 220 volts.

"When being installed, the wires must NOT be thrown over any wire of any kind, unless it is positively known that this wire does not carry any voltage.

"Transmitting sets must NOT be connected to secondary lighting or

power circuits to which any other customers are connected. A separate transformer must be set for any such connection to the radio apparatus.

"Many accidents, some of them resulting in death, can be averted if these few simple rules will be followed."

SNEAKING BACK

A Texan, who had moved to California, wrote the following lines on the eve of his moving back to Texas:

"My wisdom teeth, I think I've cut. I'm wiser day by day; no more for me a paradise there, a thousand miles away. I'm sneaking back to Texas, give me your shortest roast; I'll take the worst that you can say, but not the Pacific Coast. I don't like the flowers and earthquakes mixed, nor seas that sigh and moan—when every night they bring a fog that chills me to the bone. I'm sneaking back to Texas in hopes that I may find the paradise I sought so far, but surely left behind. Texas, gem of all the states, take back a weary child; I'll never roam among the land sharks bleak and wild. I'm sneaking back to Texas, you may jeer me if you will, but in the role of prodigal, you bet I've had my fill. You may boast about your Golden Gates, the shimmer of the sea, the beauty of your orange groves—Texas is good enough for me. I'm sneaking back to Texas I'm tired of hucks and chaff; I wonder if some friends of mine will kill the fatted calf? I do not seek to shun hard work; I care not much for ease, but heaven defend me from the pest—those California fleas I'm sneaking back to Texas, my heart and feet are sore; just let me reach that favorite, and I'll run no more!"—Exchange.

A PRACTICAL POET

Let poets sing their songs of June with white clouds in the sky; our song's the happy song of noon, with oats topped off with pie.—Houston Dispatch.

SAFETY FIRST

"Now then, fellows," said a gallant captain, seeing that his men were likely to be outnumbered. "You have a tough battle before you. Fight like heroes till your powder's gone, then run. I'm a little lame, so I'll start now."—Judge.

C. S. Rice, W. S. White and Johnnie R. Back were visitors at Lefors Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. McGee and son, LeRoy, of Amarillo visited Mr. McGee's parents, Capt. and Mrs. E. E. McGee, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Todd were Shamrock visitors Wednesday.

Miss Leora Kinard of Gracey spent the week end with Miss Gladys Holloway.

Mrs. W. L. Haynes and T. N. Holloway and Miss Gladys Holloway were Shamrock visitors Wednesday.

Mrs. E. J. Lander went to Erick, Okla., Sunday to visit relatives.

Mrs. George Wells of Dalhart came in Wednesday night to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Campbell.

Miss Vida Colebank of Back is spending the week in the home of her aunt, Mrs. Sidney Kunkel.

Misses Ena and Vita Schafer of Amarillo are visiting in the Allston home at Gracey this week.

R. B. Parkerson, Marion McClure and Bill Crawford of Amarillo are visiting in the Gracey community this week.

Misses Flora Ross and Louise Worrell of Amarillo were McLean visitors Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Randall of Amarillo visited Capt. and Mrs. E. E. McGee Wednesday.

Earl McKinley came in Wednesday to visit his grandmother, Mrs. J. H. Chambers.

Quick Lunches
Hamburgers—Coffee—Pies
At All Hours
Good food served as you like it
J. A. Meador

W. L. Haynes, W. P. Rogers, Kid McCoy, Carl Overton and Buck Cooke were Shamrock visitors Wednesday.

Miss Loree Kinard of Gracey visited her sister, Mrs. Carl Carpenter, this week.

Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Montgomery left Sunday for a visit at Purlena.

AN APPROPRIATE PLACE?

An editor and a merchant were discussing the virtue of billboard advertising. The merchant contended that more people read the billboard than the newspaper. After a lengthy conversation in which neither man would give in, the merchant came tearing down the street to the newspaper office wanting to know why the obituary of his wife's mother was not in the paper, especially after he had seen that a copy was taken to the newspaper office.

"Well," said the editor, "I knew you wanted the obituary read by people, so I took it out and nailed it up on your billboard."—Dell Rapids (S. D.) Tribune.

Wants
GROCERIES are cheaper at Pickett's Cash Store. tfe
DESK BLOTTERS, large size, at the News office.
TYPEWRITER PAPER, any size, at the News office.
GARBAGE and trash hauled from any part of the city at reasonable rates. Frank Haynes. tfe
CARDBOARD for any purpose at the News office.

YOU TELL'EM



One reason the country is short of homes is that too much money has been put in cellars.

Money spent for building material represents a permanent investment. Let us figure on your lumber bill. Plenty of good niggerhead coal on hand.
Cicero Smith Lumber Co.
W. T. Wilson, Mgr. Phone 3

When Your Car Needs Attention
PHONE 141
We are well equipped to handle any repair work you need done, from overhauling your engine to changing a tire.
Expert workmen are always at your service and all work is fully guaranteed to satisfy you.
A complete line of accessories.
Cousins Motor Co.
All Work Strictly Guaranteed
Repairing, Storage, Gas, Oils and Accessories
Day Phone 172 SERVICE CAR Night Phone 141

Meats that Are Cooked Ready to Serve
Every housewife has experienced the undesirable sensation which arrives with unexpected company about meal time and not a thing in the house to serve.
The answer is simple—phone us and we will send, rush, any of the fresh cooked, ready-to-serve, meats we have in stock, and you are relieved from further work and worry.
THE CITY MARKET
BRYANT HENRY, Prop. PHONE 165

\$100.00 Reward
Both James E. Ferguson and Mrs. Ferguson say she has been his adviser during his political career.
In 1920, when he had quit the Democratic Party and was running for President of the United States on the American Party Ticket, the following is what he said in his paper, Ferguson's Forum, about the Democratic Party and about Democrats:
"To hell with the Democratic Party!"
"The Democratic Party stands for nothing and is nothing."
"The Texas politicians, all Democrats, have not got the pride of a jackass, nor the decency of a skunk."
Now, just four years later, he comes back to this same Democratic Party and to these same Democrats, and tells us he is not backing up on anything he has said or done, and asks us to elect him governor in his wife's name. The undersigned will pay \$100.00 reward for satisfactory evidence that he did not compare us to the right kind of animals, if we elect him.
Anti-Ferguson Committee
(This advertisement is paid for by 35 men voters of Stamford who are not members of the Ku Klux Klan and have never been.)
(Reprinted from The Stamford Leader, and paid for by McLean Democrats who are not members of the Ku Klux Klan and have never been.)

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL
By Charles S. Hughes
Clear Profit
"DID I SAY MY GIRL WAS AN EYE FOR BUSINESS? SHE HAS SENT OUT 100 INVITATIONS TO OUR WEDDING! 100 PRESENTS! NOT DOGGIE!"
"HER FEELIN' GOOD, AMY Y?"
"YEAH, BUT WHAT ABOUT TH' TIME WHEN YA MAY HAPPA SEND PRESENTS TO THEM FOLKS?"
"NOT A CHANCE, LAD! NOT A CHANCE!"
"SHE SENT THEM INVITATIONS ONLY TO MARRIED FOLKS!"

THE McLEAN NEWS

Published Every Thursday

T. A. Landers Fred Landers LANDERS & LANDERS Editors and Owners

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

Subscription Price One year...\$1.50 Six months... .75 Three months... .40

Four issues make an advertising month. When five issues occur in the calendar month, charge will be made for the extra edition.

Fergusonism is the only issue confronting democracy in Saturday's primary, despite the efforts to becloud the issue with other matters.

It is high time some sidewalks were ordered in under the recently adopted sidewalk ordinance, if we are to have the benefit of walks next winter.

It is none too soon to begin boosting our fair. If anyone has not secured a copy of the catalog, they should do so without further delay.

The Sunday school picnic that was rained out on the 4th of July should not have been abandoned altogether. There is yet time to hold a picnic and the proper persons should see that such an affair is held soon.

There are at least two candidates to be voted upon Saturday that there can be no question as to their fitness for the offices sought, or upon the personalities of the candidates themselves.

The county clerk's annual exhibit for Roberts county was published in that county's papers last week, and while a condensed report, it contained all the necessary information to enable the taxpayers to know just how the county's money was spent.

We notice the quarterly report of the treasurer of Hemphill county published in the papers of that county last week. We are sure the citizens of Hemphill county appreciate the fact that it is proper to follow the law in this case and let the taxpayers know just how their money is being spent.

The window card habit has grown to such proportions in McLean that a merchant cannot dress a show window without it being littered with several cards advertising most any and everything.

The boys and men who are usually found on the fringe of the crowd as church and other services may have more excuse than they are sometimes given credit for, as in practically all cases they will be found to be cigarette addicts and cannot do without the weed long enough to sit calmly through a service, and are thereby compelled to stay outside and content themselves by looking in at other folks who are not so unfortunate in their habits.

A McLean business man stated this week that he was inclined to stay out of the second primary on the promise that if Ferguson is elected he would vote for a Republican candidate.

that there will be a good chance for a Republican governor of Texas if Ferguson is nominated on the Democratic ticket.

We have wheat, winter barley and rye seed for winter pasture, Cheney & Callahan. Advertisement. ttc

Groceries are cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. Advertisement. ttc.

MAIL ORDER HOUSE IS ADVERTISER

One of the largest mail order concerns in the United States, heretofore exclusively a mail order concern as far as Texas territory goes, has now invaded the retail field, and has opened a master retail store at Ft. Worth. A significant fact in connection with its opening is that the retail store is buying large quantities of advertising space in the local papers.

AT CHURCH NEXT SUNDAY

If I knew you and you knew me, How little trouble there would be. We pass each other on the street, But just come out and let us meet At church next Sunday.

Each one intends to do what's fair, And treat his neighbor on the square. But he may not quite understand Why you don't take him by the hand At church next Sunday.

This world is sure a busy place, And we must hustle in the race. For Social hours some are not free the Six week days, but all should be At church next Sunday.

We have an interest in our town, The dear old place must not go down; We want to push good things along, And we can help some if we're strong At church next Sunday.

Don't knock and kick and slam and Slap at everybody on the map, but Push and pull and boost and boom, And use up all the standing room At church next Sunday.

CHUCKS

Workers who kick, growl and seem to make continual trouble for the management in these days when managers of businesses have problems confronting them which require every ounce of energy they possess, remind us of the story of the green brakeman who was making his first trip up the Sierras.

The train was laboring up a very steep grade. It was only with unusual difficulty that the engineer succeeded in reaching the top.

At the station, looking out of his cab, the engineer saw the new brakeman and said with a sigh of relief: "I'll tell you what, we had a job to get up there, didn't we?"

"We certainly did," agreed the brakeman, "and if I hadn't put the brakes on, we'd have slipped back."

Yet those kickers and complainers never seem to understand that every "wrench they throw"—meant well enough, no doubt—only serves to retard the progress of business.

It is hard enough to play the business game without being forced to contend with an occasional "green brakeman."

A FARMER'S EDITORIAL

There are good reasons other than civic pride why you and I should stand back of our home trading center. Our farms are worth more than the market will pay for them. No one wants to live near a dead town.

A careful survey was made of 650 farms about a certain town.

Seventy-nine farms were within two miles of town and had an average value of \$78.70 per acre. One hundred and eighty-three farms were located within the two to four mile belt of town and had an average value of \$70.20 per acre. One hundred and twenty-six farms four to six miles from town averaged \$60.90 and one hundred and thirteen farms six to eight miles out, \$58.20 per acre.

We are each one a part of our home trading center whether we live within its corporate limits or not. I am just as much interested in having a good store from which to buy as a customer. I am just as much dependent upon a good school and church to serve my family as the church and school are dependent upon me to support them.

The live town is the one to tie to, but the life of the town is dependent upon you and me.—The Dairy Farmer.

WHERE DO YOU BELONG?

We read in a magazine a few evenings ago a statement by a noted business man of the country to the effect that only about two per cent of all the workers in the world are what you'd call leaders—foremen, superintendents, managers, proprietors, etc. That's largely true, he says, because the rest of the population is simply dead set against accepting new things, even those that are worth while, without making a kick.

Puckett Says---

Not having the time to come out on the CORNER and tell you personally about the good qualities of Royal Seal, we take this method of informing you that we are still selling this reliable flour at the same old stand. "NONE BETTER."

Puckett's Grocery

7--Big Days--7

Six Days of Horse Races—Auto Races Four Nights of The Pageant o' the Plains

(Under Direction Potter County Federation of Women) Hudson Coach given away to the Duchess voted the most popular; open to all towns except Amarillo

The Greatest Agricultural Exhibit Ever Displayed in West Texas Exhibits of Livestock, Poultry, Sheep Goats, Mules, Horses, Dairy Cows For Further Information or Catalog Address

Amarillo Tri-State Exposition September 22nd to 28th, 1924

OPEN SEASON ON "KNOCKERS" IS HERE

It's open season on knockers. You are at liberty to overpower and subdue them on any corner. They come in droves to this city and to every other city in the country. This particular season doesn't make much difference to them. Conditions don't make much difference to them. They are chronic and will find some way to knock, in spite of everything.

Are you armed against the knockers? Do you know what kind of ammunition to use against them?

Facts—plain truthful facts and lots of them—is the most effective ammunition to use against any class of knocker—either chronic or temporary. Arm yourself now and be prepared for the next you meet—and you will meet him soon.

You will hear the knocker harangue the Chamber of Commerce. Meet him face to face and shove facts at him. Tell him what the Chamber of Commerce is doing for him, for his city, and for his business.

You will hear this same type of knocker tell you that business is rotten, that things are dead and that we are due for a depression. Feed him facts and feed them to him fast. You will see the improvement quick. This improvement may be evidenced in total silence on his part, but that's a cure for knockerism.

Why not steal the Boy Scouts' slogan and "Be Prepared"? Read the letters, notices and publications of the Chamber of Commerce and be prepared to know whether or not your knocking friend is right or wrong. Let him know that you believe or half believe him and he will continue. Let him know that you have facts at your tongue's end and he will quit.

Nothing will kill a city, a bus-

H. J. TAYLOR JEWELER Shamrock, Texas Send me your repair work. All mail orders taken care of promptly.

ness or a man quicker than the habitual knocking of that class of men who are never satisfied unless they are spreading pessimism. The fewer knockers any city has the better will be its business.—Ex.

BLIND ARGUE WITH BLIND

Every so often we hear a spirited argument on the streets over religion and the Bible, and usually between men who lack a whole lot of qualifying as Bible experts. Only the other day we heard three men arguing religion and the Bible, and to our certain knowledge, not a one of the three were ever affiliated with the church or made any pretensions toward religion, yet they thought themselves qualified to interpret the word of God.

They will hear the same type of knocker tell you that business is rotten, that things are dead and that we are due for a depression.

Why not steal the Boy Scouts' slogan and "Be Prepared"? Read the letters, notices and publications of the Chamber of Commerce and be prepared to know whether or not your knocking friend is right or wrong.

Nothing will kill a city, a bus-

ness or a man quicker than the habitual knocking of that class of men who are never satisfied unless they are spreading pessimism.

NOT COMPLIMENTARY

The wife woke her husband up in the middle of the night to tell him that she had eard burglars moving about.

"You'd better go down, William," she said. "Good gracious!" replied William. "What a low opinion you must have of me! I'm not in the habit of associating with burglars."—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Justin Boots New Stock Just Arrived Come in and look them over. You can buy no better boot for the money. John Mertel Fine Shoe Repairing

Why Tungsten? Because tungsten, being a soft, yielding metal, makes the ideal reproducing point and saves your records from wear. Tungstene Stylis are truly economical; one package will play at least 1,000 records. Made only by the Victor Company. Buy a package today. Erwin Drug Co. The Rexall Store

Remington Portable This keyboard is taken from the Standard Remington YOU don't have to teach your fingers all over again when you write on the Remington Portable. It has the same Writing Keyboard as any standard machine—no shifting for figures. THE McLEAN NEWS

By Spec... weather... every nig... Joe Ba... Okla., vi... and Bud... leaving... Plains to... mother, I... led them... Clyde L... near La... Lean vi... C. M... visitor St... Bag B... Coel, we... arday... Vertner... Saturday... Chas. J... McLean... Mrs. M... Margaret... week etc... ister, M... family... Geo. C... McLean... Jay... Miss M... Oret... McLean... Miss P... ing her... and fam... Mrs. C... ters visit... home in... T. F. I... several c... glad to... h's writ... Miss... relatives... rival... Subject... Mrs. Aga... Scriptu... Leader... Inrodu... Revist... Janice S... Lying... Onkla H... Elarph... L-Roy... El... Subject... Gates... Leader... Hymn... Frayer... A Chm... Cotton... Italian... ins... Slavic... and... Piano... Jewish... The Ir... die Jord... Natura... Quobot... Ruby... After... short bu... please b... President... Dr. J... rook will... work F... tember... Advertis... W... A... 1923-A... 1923-C... 1923-C... 1923-C... 1923-C... 1923-C... 1923-K... 1923-M... 1923-P... 1923-P... 1923-P... 1923-S... 1923-S... 1923-S... 1923-S... 1923-S... 1923-S... ent Sch... an an... School 1

News From Back

By Special Correspondent.
Last week was excellent crop weather. A good shower almost every night with a week end soaker. Joe Back and family from Carter, Okla., visited his brothers, Chas. and Bud Back, Thursday and Friday, leaving Saturday for the South Plains to visit other relatives. His mother, Mrs. E. V. Back, accompanied them.
Clyde Holloway visited home folks near Liberty Friday night.
Lois Morse and family were McLean visitors Friday and Saturday. C. M. Carpenter was a McLean visitor Saturday.
Bud Back and sons, Ansel and Carl, were visitors in McLean Saturday.
Verner Bacon went to McLean Saturday.
Chas. Back and children were in McLean Saturday.
Mrs. McMurry and daughter, Miss Margaret, of Clarendon spent the week end with their daughter and sister, Mrs. C. M. Carpenter, and family.
Gen. Colebank and family were McLean visitors Saturday and Sunday.
Miss Maudelle Corum visited Misses Orta and Claudie Ayers near McLean last week.
Miss Powell of Texarkana is visiting her sister, Mrs. T. F. Henley, and family.
Mrs. C. M. Carpenter and daughters visited in the D. M. Graham home in McLean last Wednesday.
T. F. Henley was on the sick list several days last week but we are glad to report him improving at his writing.
Miss Vida Colebank is visiting relatives and attending the Baptist revival in McLean this week.

SENIOR B. Y. P. U.

Subject—Doctrinal Meeting, Three Ems Against the Holy Spirit.
Scripture reading—Matt. 12-22-23.
Leader—Gladys Holloway.
Introduction—Letader.
Rec't Net the Holy Spirit—Janice Stratton.
Lying Against the Holy Spirit—Onella Hun.
Blasphemy Against the Holy Spirit—Roy Landers.

EPWORTH LEAGUE

Subject—The Stranger Within Our Gates.
Leader—Marvin Davis.
Hymn.
Prayer.
A Challenge to the Church—Lucile Cotton.
Italian Background—Jewell Cousins.
Slavic Background—Marie Cope-land.
Piano solo—Jewell Shaw.
Jewish Background—Opal Davis.
The Immigrant in America—Floyd Jordan.
Naturalization—Laura Bumpus.
Question, "I am the Immigrant"—Ruby Anderson.
After the program there will be a short business meeting. Everyone please be present and be on time.—President.

Dr. J. A. Hall, dentist, of Shamrock will be in McLean to do dental work Friday and Saturday, September 5 and 6. Two days only. Advertisement. 32-4c

W. Sherman White
Attorney-at-Law
McLean
Texas

NOTICE FOR BIDS

The Commissioners' Court of Gray county will receive bids at Lefors, Texas, on September 8th, A. D. 1924, for the purchase of one or more Tractor type tractors. The right to reject any or all bids is reserved.

Signed at Lefors, Texas, July 30, 1924.
J. N. B. AYRES, County Judge,
32-4c Gray County, Texas.

SAME OLD WET LEADERS

The Palestine Herald believes that the wet element is making a final grand drive in Texas to stage a come-back through its line-up. The Herald comments as follows on the coming primary:

"Students of the political situation in Texas are persuaded that the whiskey ring are making their final grand drive in an effort to get the saloon back on the corners. Encouraged by the things that happened in New York during the sessions of the Democratic national convention, when the wets headed by Governor Smith of New York, were able, by strategy and feigned war on the Ku Klux Klan to make such a strong fight, the wets all over the country and here in Texas have taken on new courage, and hope in some way to re-enthroned the whiskey business.

"If they ever succeed it will be because so many good people are lulled into a false position by side issues. At present the wets are using the Klan and their opposition to it as a means of helping swell their vote. The Herald is hopeful that the voters of the state will come to themselves in time to prevent the thing now attempting to be done.

"Some say we can never get whiskey back. It can be done if people who oppose it allow themselves swayed by other things."

Home made meal at Cheney & Callahan's. Advertisement. ttc

ASK TO SEE the new Remington portable typewriters on display at the News office.

Groceries are cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. Advertisement. ttc.

W. H. Craig of Alanreed was a McLean visitor Friday.

BLAME IT ON THE EDITOR!

When our morals are low—blame it on the editor—because someone says he is publishing some kind of propaganda. When the crime wave is at high tide—blame it on the editor—because he publishes the criminal details—what the public asks for. When war is declared—blame it on the editor—because someone has said that newspapers make money during the war (quite overlooking the high price of labor, paper and other supplies needed). When a prize fight is matched somewhere in the U. S.—blame it on the editor—because someone has insinuated that he has a safe bet on the winner (inside dope). When it rains a little too often—blame it on the editor—because he recently gave an umbrella manufacturer a gratuitous puff. When we have an unusually long dry spell—blame it on the editor—because you've heard he's a thirsty bird. When folks don't go to church—blame it on the editor—because he gave last Sunday's ball game the front page. When you have dyspepsia—blame it on the editor—because he published a recipe for a dainty dish. When your medicine is bitter and unpalatable—blame it on the editor—because he recently published some modern prescription. When congress enacts a law you did not want—blame it on the editor—because he, too, is a (light) taxpayer. When a show is rotten—blame it on the editor—because it was advertised in his paper. When the show is par excellent—don't forget to ring up the editor and ask for

passes, as he usually gets one or two comps. When the opposite party wins—blame it on the editor—because he refused to publish columns of whispered (criminal) scandal about the winners. If some popular drive does not bring the expected amount of cash—don't forget to hold the editor responsible—because he only gave space, labor, etc., equal to about twice the value of the amount of the man whose name heads the column. When you arise in the morning feeling all out of sorts—blame it on the editor—for you read a gruesome story on the syndicate side of the paper and dreamed it over and over all night. When sadly in need of a new suit—blame it on the editor—because his paper carries clothing advertisements.—B. E. B. in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

IDLENESS LEADS TO OLD AGE

Idleness, more often than work, leads to early old age and death, says Dr. W. L. Ranson, Canadian physician, in the July Hygeia. It is idleness that ages and decays a man's mind and body, he believes. In India, the lifetime of the slow-going, peaceful native averages from 19 to 21 years; in China from 22 to 25 years. In the more wide-awake Occident the average length of life is from 36 to 56 years. A century ago in New York and Chicago the average length of life was from 30 to 50 years. To lay with the "killing speed" we hear

so much about, the mortality has been reduced by 12%. "Octogenarians," advises the doctor, "should guard against solitude; they should mingle with youth in employments, amusements and travel. Properly understood, youth is but another name for vital force, a quality much needed by aging folk. "Youth is a spiritual energy and, properly speaking, there is no old age, but rather spiritual decay. Decadence, disillusion and weariness are the things we mean when we speak of growing old."

Robert Jones of Ramsdel was a visitor in McLean Thursday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Wilson returned Saturday from a trip to Lubbock.

Groceries are cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. Advertisement. ttc.

Hail-Fire-Tornado Insurance

The kind that absolutely protects you against financial loss, in case of fire, hail or tornado.

RIPPY & BEALL
Office at Citizens State Bank

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Glass and baby of Wichita Falls are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Glass.

REAL DRAY SERVICE

We excel in Service because we have more experience and better equipment, so our customers say.

KUNKEL BROS

Firestone GUM-DIPPED CORDS

Famous for their world records on track and speedway, their splendid mileage in everyday service, their economical performance in the service of the largest taxicab companies, Firestone Gum-Dipped Cords are constantly producing stronger and more definite evidence of their leadership.

STAR FILLING STATION
Headquarters for Service
L. L. ROGERS, Prop.
Phone 131



LET TAYLOR DO YOUR TAILORING
Give us your order for that fall suit.
THE CITY TAILOR SHOP
Lee Cason, Prop.

We Deliver Anywhere

Ring us up any time from anywhere in town and we will deliver your grocery order promptly.

Has the larder run low? Has something been forgotten entirely for the meal, or has unexpected company shown up? We are here to serve you. Phone us and we will deliver promptly. Our phone number is 23.

You always get the best at this store because quality goods are the only kind we carry.

Every item is fresh and pure, be it canned goods, bakery goods or fruits and vegetables.

Our low prices help you to economize.

Free Delivery Any Part of the City

McLean Supply Company

Storms and Struggles or Peaceful Sailing?

Life offers both, in work, in the home, in every age period.

Which do you choose?

Your financial condition will show you. For the person who is building up a savings account is steering for quiet, enjoyable times where security and happiness are.

This institution offers a safe route to peaceful times ahead—if you open an account and add to it regularly.

The Citizens State Bank

A Guaranty Fund Bank

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$33,750.00

J. S. MORSE, President CLAY THOMPSON, Cashier

DELINQUENT TAX ROLL OF PROPERTY IN ALANREED INDEPENDENT SCHOOL DISTRICT—1921-1923.

1923—Alanreed Auto Company—Personal property \$1300—Tax \$13.00—Int. & Pen. \$1.70—Costs \$1.25—Total tax \$15.95	1923—Castleberry, G. E.—Abst. No. 165—Cert. No. 9-1817—Surv. No. 7—Orig. grantee H. & G. N.—A 640—Lot No. 1-3—Block No. 46—Val. \$675—Costs \$25
1923—Castleberry, G. E.—Abst. No. 529—Cert. No. 294—Surv. No. 181—Orig. grantee D. & P.—A 45—Lot No. 7-9—Block No. 45—Val. \$60—Costs \$25	1923—Castleberry, G. E.—Abst. No. 517—Cert. No. 13—Surv. No. 67—Orig. grantee D. & P.—A 32—Lot No. 10-12—Block No. 37—Val. \$60—Personal property \$1445—Total val. \$7360—Tax \$73.60—Int. & Pen. \$9.21—Costs \$1.25—Total tax \$84.56
1922—Castleberry, G. E.—Abst. No. 165—Cert. No. 9-1817—Surv. No. 7—Orig. grantee H. & G. N.—A 640—Lot No. 1-3—Block No. 46—Val. \$675—Costs \$25	1922—Castleberry, G. E.—Abst. No. 529—Cert. No. 294—Surv. No. 181—Orig. grantee D. & P.—A 45—Lot No. 7-9—Block No. 45—Val. \$60—Costs \$25
1922—Castleberry, G. E.—Abst. No. 517—Cert. No. 13—Surv. No. 67—Orig. grantee D. & P.—A 32—Lot No. 10-12—Block No. 37—Val. \$60—Personal property \$1490—Total val. \$6805—Tax \$68.05—Int. & Pen. \$12.58—Costs \$1.25—Total tax \$82.88	1921—Kennedy, W. E.—Personal property \$762—Tax \$3.81—Int. & Pen. \$1.25—Costs \$1.25—Total tax \$8.32
1923—Margan, L. C.—Personal property \$725—Tax \$7.25—Int. & Pen. \$1.25—Costs \$1.25—Total tax \$11.75	1923—Prock, T. J.—Abst. No. 498—Cert. No. 86—Surv. No. 5—Orig. grantee D. & P.—A 300—Lot No. 7—Block No. G—Val. \$500—Costs \$25
1923—Prock, T. J.—Lot No. 1-16—Block No. 21—Val. \$600—Personal property \$725—Total val. \$3925—Tax \$39.25—Int. & Pen. \$4.93—Costs \$1.25—Total tax \$45.68	1923—Prock, T. J.—Lot No. 1-16—Block No. 21—Val. \$600—Personal property \$725—Total val. \$3925—Tax \$39.25—Int. & Pen. \$4.93—Costs \$1.25—Total tax \$45.68
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1922—Prock, T. J.—Lot No. 1-16—Block No. 21—Val. \$600—Personal property \$725—Total val. \$3925—Tax \$39.25—Int. & Pen. \$4.93—Costs \$1.25—Total tax \$45.68	1922—Prock, T. J.—Lot No. 1-16—Block No. 21—Val. \$600—Personal property \$725—Total val. \$3925—Tax \$39.25—Int. & Pen. \$4.93—Costs \$1.25—Total tax \$45.68
1923—Stockton, L. S.—Abst. No. 1192—Surv. No. 35—Orig. grantee W. R. Lee—A 320—Val. \$3415—Costs \$25	1923—Stockton, L. S.—Abst. No. 1328—Surv. No. 35—Orig. grantee B. C. Barker—A 160—Val. \$1280—Personal property \$820—Total val. \$5515—Tax \$55.15—Int. & Pen. \$6.92—Costs \$1.25—Total tax \$63.57
1923—Stockton, L. S.—Abst. No. 1192—Surv. No. 35—Orig. grantee W. R. Lee—A 320—Val. \$3415—Costs \$25	1923—Stockton, L. S.—Abst. No. 1192—Surv. No. 35—Orig. grantee W. R. Lee—A 320—Val. \$3415—Costs \$25
1923—Stockton, L. S.—Abst. No. 1328—Surv. No. 35—Orig. grantee B. C. Barker—A 160—Val. \$1280—Personal property \$893—Total val. \$5588—Tax \$55.88—Int. & Pen. \$10.34—Costs \$1.25—Total tax \$67.72	

I, W. H. Blakney, Tax Collector of the Alanreed Independent School District, hereby certify that the foregoing page is a compilation of the delinquent taxes of the Alanreed Independent School District for the years 1921-1923 inclusive, and contains a complete list of the lands and lots that have been reported delinquent since January 1st, 1921, and also containing the names and information mentioned in Article 7886 of the Revised Civil Statutes of 1911, and which have not been redeemed, and is a correct delinquent tax record of said Alanreed Independent School District, compiled as provided for by House Bill No. 68, Acts of the Second and Third Sessions of the 38th Legislature.

W. H. BLAKNEY, Tax Collector, Alanreed Independent School District.

EVERY SICKNESS IS FATAL

Any Illness Steals Years from Life's Span

Every illness is a fatal illness; every accident a fatal accident. This is the opinion of Dr. H. P. McPhail, Canadian physician.

"Whether caused by accident, overwork, too little work, improper eating, poisoning or any cause whatsoever, every illness is death pronounced," he asserts. "Sickness and bodily neglect kill the prime years of life, just as they did John Smith's in the following narrative:

"John Smith was an average individual who reasonably might be expected to live to the age of 90. He had never had any gross disease to cut down his life's expectancy. As a child he had had whooping cough, scarlet fever and these had taken large from the middle years of his life, but he was not responsible for them although he had to pay the piper.

"But the winter that he cut loose and showed the whole town what a real sport was like, he could have saved himself. The abscessed tooth he was advised to have pulled, the pyorrhea that flooded his system with poison, he could have neglected in the winter of '84, his overfondness for rich food, these, and a thousand odds and ends that he never took cognizance of, account for the loss of at least ten years. He died at seventy.

"So it is with all of us," Dr. McPhail declares. "Every illness and every indiscretion committed against the flesh speeds up cell destruction and slows down cell construction. They increase the amount of waste matter and lessen the efficiency of the organs which have to get rid of this waste.

"We cannot measure our march to the grave by any chronometer. We glide not at any even pace, but rather like a child on an errand, now loitering by the wayside, now speeding on winged feet, now skipping and now lagging. We must complete the journey, but to a limited extent we can time it."

IN DEFENSE OF FRECKLES

Summer always brings a recurrence of a special kind of dismay that afflicts mere man's heart. It is caused by the advertisements which bloom upon the newspaper pages stigmatizing freckles as a blemish, and urging the girls to get rid of them. Why, oh why, should a girl so blessed want to lose an adornment so significant and a hallmark so valuable?

In all the mazes of nature and artifice that works wonders with the feminine physiognomy, there is nothing so downright intriguing as freckles. When they are stippled upon the clear skin that usually goes with the combination, in fairy wings that straddle a slightly upturned nose and sweep in sunned wholesomeness under eyes from whose deep wells a blithe soul looks out on life unafraid, there is no more alluring sight in all the palaces of beauty.

Freckles are not surface things; they come from the heart out. They are the sign of a vital escape from the dead level, the smooth monotony—the escape to variety that is the spice of faces as well as life. Back of them is a soul that has absorbed the warmth of the sun, the clean breath of the wind, all the laughter and joy that nature heaps into her overflowing days of youth.

You fortunate ones, you "speckled beauties," whatever you may do to your hair, your arms, your skirts and your feet, do not succumb to the propaganda which we are persuaded is inspired by the jealous plain ones who envy your freckled charm. Keep your freckles. They are worth your weight in the gold from which they are made.—Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

DO FARMERS STICK TOGETHER?

It was not many years ago when one would frequently hear the statement that "it is all right for farmers to organize, but they won't stick together." Well, farmers have organized, and although they have made many mistakes, they are sticking together. In the South there are over 1,000 farmers' organizations transacting business of over a million dollars annually. Their numbers are increasing and their business is growing. Farmers have called the turn on those who did not believe they could successfully conduct co-operative associations, and now, instead of sneering at their efforts, their business and their influence are much in demand.

Co-operative marketing is growing in favor of the producers. It is taking time to iron out the rough places. Managers had to learn by experience, and for a time the overhead more than consumed the profit

of pooling. Today, organizations are running more smoothly. Office forces have been reduced and cost of operation brought down to reasonable figures. Co-operative marketing associations are winning the respect of the business world, and channels of trade are now opening to them that were closed during the earlier years of their existence. They are now recognized as important wheels in the business machinery of the country. Farmers are sticking together.—Farm and Ranch.

KING TUT WOULD BE JEALOUS

King Tut would be jealous if he could see the dinner table of one of our poorest citizens today, says Dr. Richard E. Etifel in Hygeia, popular health magazine.

For all of their gold plate and jeweled goblets, the ancient kings did not fare half so well as the humblest of us, thanks to our present day methods of preserving and transporting food, declares this Cleveland physician.

Canning, refrigerating, preserving and drying food—the four great methods of keeping it—are all comparatively recent in development.

In 1825 fruits and vegetables were first canned in this country for commercial use. Cold storage plants and the refrigerator are late developments. The newest method is called desiccation or hydration and means drying.

By this method meat, vegetables and even eggs and milk can be reduced to powder form and kept indefinitely.

Statisticians already anticipate the day when New York City alone will have a population of 25,000,000. Each person of these millions, through the perfection of methods of preserving and transportation of food will enjoy a diet such as ancient kings in all their glory never knew, Dr. Etifel says.

HEALTH

If the average person got from his auto as few miles per gallon of gasoline, as much engine trouble or as much irregular service as most of us are content to get from our bodies, he would make changes. Dr. Frances Scott of Smith College says this is a lecture.

How many people take as good care of their bodies as they do of their autos or radios?

And yet the human body, a thousand times more delicate than the auto, radio or any other machine, is given very little attention. Its fuel (food) is added to it haphazardly with little of the care we bestow in buying gas for the auto or batteries or tubes for the radio.

The owner, careful not to put too much "juice" on the filaments of the radio tubes or too heavy a task on his auto, repeatedly throws too much strain on his body—especially his nerves, stomach and heart.

The noted surgeon, Dr. Charles H. Mayo, probably had all this in mind when he said recently that civilization can end "mass diseases," but individual ailments such as cancer and nervous indigestion, are gaining.

Diet and proper exercise—neglect of these are the big enemies of health, Dr. Mayo emphasizes.

"Continuous over-eating is the bane of our modern existence."

One trouble with most people is that they want to buy good health and long life in pill or bottled form.—Amarillo Evening Post.

YOU NEED A typewriter. The Remington portable has all the advantages of any machine made. The cost is small. See the sample machines at the News office.

Remember Yukon's Best is the best flour. Advertisement. tfe

K. E. Windom and family of Alameda were in town Saturday.

Groceries are cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. Advertisement. tfe

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Gregory and children of Wichita Falls are visiting the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Sullivan.

Carl Wall of Lubbock was a McLean visitor last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmett LeFors of Pampa visited relatives here Saturday and Sunday.

CARBON PAPER for embroidering, in large sheets at the News office.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine is a Combined Treatment, both local and internal, and has been successful in the treatment of Catarrh for over forty years. Sold by all druggists. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio

THE SINS COMMITTED IN NAME OF ADVERTISING

"Take \$5 worth and charge it to advertising."

Maybe it was space on a wall card back of a beauty folder, a promoted envelope with a dozen merchants to be represented on the back, a donation to get a tight-wire walker, a contribution to a hamburger party, or a hundred other things that arise in the course of a year's business that don't quite fit under any regular heading in the ledger—so "charge it to advertising."

Then at the end of the year totals are taken and "I'm spending too much money for advertising—I have simply got to cut down this year"—and January and February are usually pretty slow advertising months for the newspapers until the merchant begins to feel the loss of business from lack of advertising and opens up again.

There are a number of recognized dependable advertising mediums available to business men, merchants and worthwhile enterprises. Newspaper advertising, show windows, well lighted signs, direct-by-mail folders, circulars, etc.—are some of the recognized forms of advertising that have been found by actual test to be profitable. And the cost of these, in proportion to the results obtained when intelligently employed, is the lowest of any form of advertising. And the cost is not added to the commodity to be sold and passed on to the consumer, but the increased volume of business made possible through an intelligent and consistent program of advertising has actually been found to make a reduction in the price charged for the article possible.

"It pays to advertise"—there is no doubt of the statement—but only when the money spent is for real, recognized advertising and not for every little skin game, fly-by-night advertising scheme, so-called, that is presented. Set aside from 2 to 8 per cent of the gross income of your business to be spent in carefully planned recognized advertising year in and year out and the records show that your chances for success as a merchant and a business man are 83% against 17% as a non-advertiser.—Lubbock Plains Journal.

NERVOUSNESS IS BAD HABIT

Most nervousness is just bad habit, according to Dr. Lydia Allen De Wilbiss of the Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia.

The nervousness probably had its beginning in some physical disorder, improper diet or an irritating environment, but it is likely to persist after these have been remedied, until the person is willing to fight about face and learn to control his unruly emotions, the woman physician declares.

Nervous persons are like a trolley car on a rainy day, when trolley wheels give off sputtering sparks of electricity. In the same way nervous people leak their nerve force and vitality.

The first and last step in the cure of nervousness is for a person to learn to relax the tension of taut nerves and to rest.—Health Round-up.

SOME ECONOMY

"So the Jones-Brown match is broken off, is it?"

"Yes. The Browns objected to Jones being so economical."

"You astonish me." "Yes. He knows he is a contractor, so he sent out circulars to all the ministers in town asking for their lowest estimates for performing the ceremony."—London Tit-Bits

IT WORKED

Wilbiss—"You know that excuse you told me to spring on the boss when I was late this morning?"

Gillis—"Yes. I said it was a sure-fire excuse. Wasn't it?"

Wilbiss—"It was. He sure fired me."—Life.

WHAT DID HE MEAN?

Mrs. Jones was entertaining friends at a select five o'clock tea, and Tommy was in high feather. "Ma," he said, as cake was being handed around, "may I have some tongue, please?"

"There isn't any tongue, dear," answered his mother.

"That's funny," commented Tommy. "I heard father say there would be plenty of it."

LIFE INSURANCE

Insure your life in the Kansas City Life Insurance Company The Successful Western Company

E. M. RICE

Agent, McLean, Texas Life Accident Health

THIS MAN REGRETTED BORROWING PAPER

Don't ever borrow a paper from a neighbor to read every week. The Sebea (Ky.) Banner knows a man who does this and is therefore the most miserable of all men. The Banner does not call any names, but it states as a fact that a man who is too stingy to take his home paper sent his little boy to borrow the copy taken by a neighbor. In his haste the boy ran over a \$4 stand of bees and in ten minutes looked like a warty summer squash.

His father ran to his assistance, and failing to notice the barb wire fence, ran into that, cutting a hole in his anatomy and ruining a \$5 pair of trousers. The old cow took advantage of the gap in the fence and got into the corn field and killed herself eating green corn. Hearing a racket, the wife ran out, upset a four gallon churn of cream into a basket of little chickens, drowning the entire bunch. In her haste she dropped a \$35 set of false teeth and broke them. The baby, having been left alone, crawled through the milk into the parlor, ruining a \$25 carpet. During the excitement the oldest daughter ran away with the hired man, the hog broke up eleven setting hens and the calves got out and chewed the tails off four fine shirts on the clothes line.

WHO DOES YOUR "THINKS?"

A delightful story is told of an elementary school girl where the children were required to define the difference between an educated and an uneducated man. A little Polish girl of ten explained that an educated man was a man "who does his thinks for himself," while an uneducated man gets someone else to do them for him!

There are two classes of people in the world, those who think for themselves and those who let other people do their thinking for them. The number of people in the first class are pitifully few. Most of us are quite content to repeat parrot-wise what others say, sentiments

from our habitual newspaper, our favorite preacher, or affirmative friend. We are satisfied to leave our reason in the care of our pastor, our church or the conventional opinions of our social set.

Most of us suff. from that distressing self-depreciation of the old parishioner with who the curate was walking home after the service, and being asked if she understood the sermon, replied, "Lud, sir, who am I to so presume?"

It is the creed. It is in the party platform! The preacher said it last Sunday! Everybody says so. It is not in good form!

And so the old idea is forever established and the new idea is anathema even before it is born.

But the hope of the world is forever in the brain of the man who "does his thinks for himself."—Scottist Rites News Bureau.

Magnolia Petroleum Co.
C. J. CASH, Agent
Day Phone 86 Night Phone 101

VULCANIZING
McLean Vulcanizing Shop

SANITATION FIRST
That is the rule in our shop. Best barbers—best service. Try us. Modern methods.
Elite Barber Shop
WEST & EVERETT, Props.

CUNNINGHAM FLOWER SHOP
Plants, Cut Flowers, Designs, Flower and Garden Seeds
Mail or Phone Orders Filled Promptly
AMARILLO, TEXAS
1909-11 Van Buren St. Phone 1081

PICTURE FRAMING
I can frame your enlarged pictures, including those with convex glass, and save you money over solicitors' prices. Ask to see my line of framing material.
EUNICE FLOYD
Telephone 70 McLean, Texas

An Insurance Policy
is your best protection against Fire, Hail and Tornadoes. Let me write you a policy in a strong company that will fully protect you against loss.
C. C. BOGAN
Insurance that Protects



Form of Democratic Run-off Primary, Saturday, Aug. 23, 1924.

Official Ballot

I am a Democrat and pledge myself to support the nominees of this party.

- FOR GOVERNOR**
Felix D. Robertson of Dallas County
Miriam A. Ferguson of Bell County
- FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR**
Will C. Edwards of Denton County
Barry Miller of Dallas County
- FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL**
Dan Moody of Williamson County
Edward B. Ward of Nueces County
- FOR COMPTROLLER**
S. H. Terrell of McLennan County
O. D. Baker of Milam County
- FOR RAILROAD COMMISSIONER**
6-Year Term
Clarence E. Glimore of Van Zandt County
Ed. E. Weaver of Bowie County
- FOR RAILROAD COMMISSIONER**
4-Year Term
W. A. Nabors of Wood County
Lon A. Smith of Travis County
- FOR CHIEF JUSTICE SUPREME COURT**
C. M. Cureton of Bosque County
Wm. C. Wear of Hill County

Fall Building

Like spring, fall is the season of renewed building activities. The music of the hammer and the saw is heard everywhere

The greatest aids to good building are good tools.

Standard brands of tools such as we handle will play an important part this fall in building, just as they have for the past 50 years.

Not only can you buy good tools here, but we handle the best grades of lumber, paints and builders' supplies.

Let us figure on your bill.

Western Lumber & Hardware Company

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