

# THE McLEAN NEWS

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

Volume 37.

McLean, Gray County, Texas, Thursday, February 8, 1940.

No. 6.

## McLean Wins Nat'l Red Cross Honor Award

McLean won a Red Cross Honor Certificate for "Distinguished Achievement" during the recent roll call membership drive under the direction of Roll Call Chairman H. C. Rippey.

The women of the Fifth Tuesday Church Council will observe the World Day of Prayer Friday of this week, meeting at the First Baptist Church at 10 a. m.

### Church Council to Observe World Day of Prayer

Lunch will be served at noon, and a short program will be given in the afternoon. All women of the community are invited to attend.

### Swafford Funeral Rites Here Sunday

Funeral services were conducted at the family home Sunday afternoon for Miss Sarah C. Swafford, aged 33 years, 4 months and 10 days, who died Feb. 3, 1940.

Services were in charge of Rev. W. A. Erwin, minister of the First Presbyterian Church, assisted by Lee Starnes, minister of the Church of Christ.

Flower bearers were: Charle, Amos and Dave Walker, Worrton and Linsy Swafford, Don Johnson and Weldon Walker, nephews and grand-nephews of the deceased.

Flower bearers were nieces: Mesdames Bryan Williams, Vera Swafford, Henry Akers, John Howell, G. F. Johnson, Norma Lackey; Misses Ava and Eva Swafford and Ophelia Akers.

Miss Swafford was a pioneer settler here, having come to McLean in 1913. Survivors include two sisters, Miss Eliza McLean, Mrs. Matilda Pevler of Ft. Worth; five brothers, Jake and Pete of Childress, Ed of Pampa, Allan of Amarillo and T. J. of Grandview.

### JUNIOR STUDY CLUB HONORS HUSBANDS

The Junior Progressive Study Club held its regular meeting at the J. T. Hicks residence, the evening of Feb. 6, honoring the members' husbands.

Mrs. John Cooper, club president, conducted the business meeting. The program followed, with Mrs. Norman Johnston as leader. The subject was History of Pairs.

Vocal solo, Indian Love Call—Mrs. J. E. Cooke.

Theme of the Pair—Mrs. Jack Van Beber.

Foreign Exhibits—Mrs. Dwight Stubblefield.

Piano solo, The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise—Mrs. Travis Stokes.

Those enjoying the social hour and refreshments were: Messrs. and Mesdames Dan Deen, James E. Cooke, Carl Jones, Frank Howard, John W. Cooper, Norman Johnston, Jack Van Beber, Travis Stokes, Ruel Smith, Murray Boston, Vernon Johnston, C. V. Hendren, D. L. Stubblefield and J. T. Hicks.

### DR. BOSWELL WRITES

In reply to an invitation to attend the McLean C. of C. banquet, Dr. G. C. Boswell, president of Weatherford College, former superintendent of the McLean schools and now president of the Weatherford chamber of commerce, says that nothing would suit better than for he and Mrs. Boswell to attend the banquet, but that it is impossible to leave their work there.

Dr. Boswell's father died Feb. 1, and Dr. Boswell himself is just recovering from five months in bed from a heart ailment.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Brooks and children visited the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Dauer, at White Deer Sunday.

Mrs. T. N. Holloway, Mrs. Ruel Smith and daughter, Glenda Joyce, are visiting Mr. Holloway at Savannah, Mo., this week end.

## Estel Bowen Dies Suddenly

### C. of C. Annual Banquet Tonight

## Owners to Have Cows Inspected Here Monday

### Lions Hear Reports from Committees

All standing committees made reports at the regular weekly Lions Club luncheon held Tuesday.

C. O. Greene reported the work of the club among underprivileged children and presented as a visitor a boy who spent 17 days in a hospital for a bone grafting operation at the expense of the club.

### SCHOOL HEADS REELECTED BY BOARD OF EDUCATION

Supt. C. A. Oryer was reelected for a three-year term by the McLean board of education at a recent meeting. Others reelected were Orville Cunningham, high school principal; Sam H. Branch, ward school principal; and C. J. Magee, vocational agriculture director.

Other faculty members are expected to be selected at an early date.

Supt. Oryer is now rounding out his 7th term here.

The present term is thought to be one of the best, if not the best term in the history of the school.

### 1940 FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

At a meeting of superintendents and coaches of district 3-A, the following schedule for McLean Tiger football games for the 1940 season was adopted:

- Sept. 20 Phillips—there.
- Sept. 27 Panhandle—here.
- Oct. 4 Lakeview—here.
- Oct. 11 Memphis—here.
- Oct. 18 Wellington—there.
- Oct. 25 Lefors—here.
- Nov. 1 White Deer—here.
- Nov. 8 Wheeler—there.
- Nov. 15 Clarendon—there.
- Nov. 22 Shamrock—there.

### GEORGE THUT DEAD

George Thut, 59, who came to Gray county 53 years ago, died Monday from pneumonia developed from injuries received in a gas explosion in the well house at his home in Lefors recently.

Survivors include his widow, one son, George William; a sister, Mrs. C. P. Buckler of Pampa; two brothers, Charlie and Henry, Jr., of Pampa.

Funeral services were held at the First Baptist Church of Pampa Tuesday afternoon. Burial was made in the Fairview cemetery at Pampa.

### MARINE ENLISTMENTS CURTAILED

According to Johnnie R. Back, McLean postmaster, the recruiting "or the U. S. Marine Corps has been curtailed, only 11 men being the quota for Texas this month.

Of the 5,000 men accepted during the past five months, 10% of them were from Texas.

### KELLERVILLE BANQUET

The Kellerville boy scout troop will give a Father and Son banquet Friday, Feb. 16.

Tickets to the banquet are now on sale and anyone interested is invited to attend.

Rev. Troy A. Sumrall and A. E. Roby attended a pastors' and laymen's conference in Plainview the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Coffey are visiting their son, Jeff, at Boonville, Mo., this week end.

A. J. Campbell of California is visiting his aunt, Mrs. C. P. Callahan, first of the week.

The twentieth annual banquet of the chamber of commerce will be held at the ward school gymnasium beginning at 7:30 o'clock tonight (Thursday).

Ticket sales have reached a new high and most of McLean's business interests will be represented, as well as many visitors.

Following is the program arranged by the committee, with C. A. Oryer as master of ceremonies:

Instrumental Ensemble—Directed by Prof. M. J. Newman.

Vocal Numbers—A Cappella Choir directed by Miss Dale Smith.

Orchestra—Directed by Prof. Orville Cunningham; Opal Tedder, vocalist.

Introduction of visitors—Creed Bogan.

Retirement and Installation of Officers—Leigh Fischer.

Retiring President's Report—Jesse J. Cobb.

Incoming President's Address—D. A. Davis.

Vocal Quartet—Ruth Bond, Beth Evonne Floyd, Frances Sitter and Mary Evelyn Foster.

Presentation of Speaker—T. A. Landers.

Guest Speaker—H. Deskins Wells.

The menu follows: Tomato juice cocktail, turkey and dressing, gravy, cranberry sauce, scalloped potatoes, green beans, combination salad, home made rolls, butter, celery curls, pickles, cherry pie, nuts and coffee.

The food and service will be furnished by the Methodist ladies.

### Large Crowd Sees John Deere Show

Upwards of 400 people saw the free picture show at the Avalon Theatre Monday, and partook of the free lunch served by the McLean Implement Co., John Deere dealers.

Mr. McLaughlin says that they appreciate very much the cooperation given them by the farmers and others who helped to make the day a success.

### NICHOLSON FOR CONSTABLE

The News is authorized to carry the name of C. G. Nicholson as a candidate for reelection as constable of Precinct No. 5, subject to the action of the Democratic primary.

Mr. Nicholson says he has no new promises to make at this time. His record as a peace officer in McLean speaks for itself and he is running strictly on the record he has made. He will appreciate any influence and vote in his behalf.

The News is glad to present Mr. Nicholson's name to the voters of this precinct and bespeak careful consideration of his claims in the July primary.

### HICKS PLEASED WITH ADV.

J. T. Hicks, manager of the Lone Star Theatre, began a series of advertisements last week and says he is well pleased with the results.

Saturday's matinee showed all afternoon to standing room only crowds. Another program of the Lone Star appears on another page.

### A SHOWER

Mrs. Walter (Blackie) Hill was honored at a pink and blue shower Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. E. H. Kramer.

The honoree received a number of nice gifts, and refreshments were served to those present.

Amos Williams, former manager of the Texas Station in McLean, now of Clinton Okla., has accepted a position with the Goodrich Rubber Co. and is now in Kansas City attending a two weeks' training school. He will have a position as store manager in the Kansas City district.

Miss Bill Houston of Paint Rock is visiting her sisters, Mrs. Dick Russell and Mrs. Guy Hibler.

Estel Bowen, aged 45 years, 10 months and 2 days, dropped dead in a local doctor's office Monday morning from heart failure.

Mr. Bowen had just returned from Alanreed where he had bought a cow, and stepped in the office and asked for the doctor, falling to the floor a few seconds later. He had complained of feeling badly the night before, but felt that he could make the trip to Alanreed.

Mr. Bowen came to McLean some 24 years ago. He was engaged in the stock trading business at the time of his death, but had been in the market business for many years.

The business district closed for the funeral services which were held Tuesday afternoon at the First Methodist Church, conducted by Pastor Leroy M. Brown.

Active pallbearers were: Perry Everett, Earl L. Bradshaw, D. C. Carpenter, T. E. Crisp, H. R. Trimble, O. R. Blankenship.

Honorary pallbearers: Murph. Roe, C. M. Carpenter, Ruel Smith, Marvin Hindman, Joe Hindman, Harry Butcher, T. N. Holloway, W. L. Haynes, C. G. Nicholson, A. W. Brewer, W. C. Karnes, O. L. Graham, Bill Davis, Vester Smith, Roy Bird, J. M. Noel, James Noel, J. M. Carpenter, Luke Graham, Wilb Fowler.

Flower bearers: Mesdames June Woods, J. E. Cooke, Hershel McCarty, Williams, Eldon McMullen, J. T. Hicks; and Miss Bessie Mertel.

Survivors include his wife, two daughters, Miss Geraldine and Mrs. Lois Pendleton; his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Bowen, and a brother, Neal.

Burial was made in Hillcrest cemetery.

### Mrs. Shaw Elected Club President

Mrs. I. D. Shaw was elected president of the 1934 Sewing Club at the regular semi-monthly meeting held with Mrs. N. W. Foster Friday.

Mrs. L. S. Tinnin was elected vice president, Mrs. J. S. Howard secretary-treasurer, and Mrs. T. A. Landers reporter.

A covered dish luncheon was served at noon, with turkey as the piece-de-resistance and sewing and games were indulged in until a late afternoon hour.

Mrs. S. L. Montgomery was a guest, and members present included Mesdames C. S. Rice, C. M. Carpenter, S. W. Rice, Byrd Guill, I. D. Shaw, J. S. Howard, C. E. Anderson, J. E. Kirby, Ellen Wilson, J. M. Noel, D. A. Davis, N. W. Foster and T. A. Landers.

The next meeting will be with Mrs. Noel.

### EASTSIDE CLUB MEETS

Due to icy weather, Mrs. Julia E. Kelley, county home demonstration agent, failed to meet with the Eastside Home Demonstration Club last Friday at the home of Mrs. Floyd Lively.

Seven members answered roll call by stating the number of eggs gathered each day. A business meeting was conducted with the president in the chair.

Mrs. Olen Davis, recreation chairman, gave an outline of the year's work, and a Valentine party was planned.

Mrs. Lively, chairman of the exhibit committee, gave a list of exhibits to be made at various places during the year. She urged cooperation of each member. Mrs. Luther Petty gave a council report.

Other members present were Mrs. H. M. Roth, Mrs. H. L. Dorsey and Miss Hettie Burr.

The next meeting will be an all day session in the home of Miss Hettie Burr on Feb. 16.

### SHAMROCK BANQUET TONIGHT

The Shamrock chamber of commerce will hold its 13th annual banquet tonight (Thursday) at the same time McLean is holding its 20th annual affair.

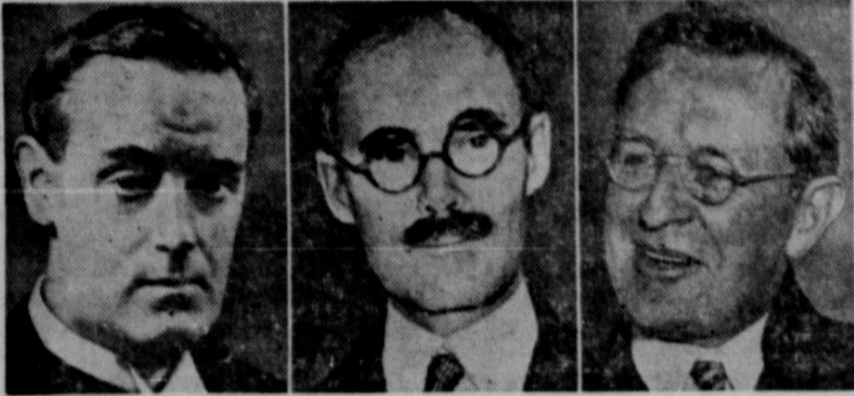
D. A. Davis has been appointed committeeman for Gray county, 63 the State Cotton Council.

ENTERTAINMENT  
George Sanders  
7 o'clock  
evening, home  
wife, Mr. and  
table was adde  
decorated with  
close of the m  
side and from  
present.  
Mr. and Mrs. T  
Mrs. H. H. L  
Smith and da  
Mrs. Clarence  
M.; O. P. St  
host and bra  
mes were en  
an opportunit  
in . . . to  
parts anew, an  
And let us  
with the leav  
r Wendell Ho  
man plucked  
from the tre  
ous.  
Smith of Kern  
nts, Mr. and  
family.  
of Borger w  
ANNOUNCEMENT  
n of the Dem  
7, Precinct No.  
ENTER  
rk:  
LSON  
IUT  
'recinct No. 5  
IAIR  
ut Flower  
1 Shamrock  
DESIGNING  
Better Flower  
Less  
's Rice  
clusive agent  
McLean  
appreciated  
Floral C  
's  
ials  
25c  
33c  
47c  
26c  
25c  
32c  
25c  
21c  
25c  
15c  
15c  
15c  
10c  
10c  
25c  
25c  
20c  
10c  
18c  
50c  
10c  
12c  
33c  
17c  
12c

WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS BY JOSEPH W. LaBINE

# Britain Loses World Sympathy Through Harsh War Measures; U. S., Japan Protest Sea Action

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



LINLITHGOW CRAIGIE LOTHIAN  
There is trouble in the Lowlands and Rumania, too.

## GREAT BRITAIN: U. S. Trouble

IF U. S. public opinion once favored the British against Germany, it had shifted by late January until most Americans looked with equal disdain on both sides. Reason: British interference with American shipping, seizure of mail and refusal to recognize the 300-mile neutrality zone thrown around the Western hemisphere. To make it worse, all protests by Secretary of State Cordell Hull had been rejected peremptorily, until finally Mr. Hull slapped back with an *aide memoire*. Its gist: That U. S. vessels were being held up by the contraband control three times as long as Italian ships, therefore the U. S. could charge discrimination. There was every sign that this protest, like others, would be rejected. In Washington British Ambassador Lord Lothian saw unhappy times ahead.

## Indian Trouble

MOHANDAS K. GANDHI'S independence demands for India broke into print when Britain began demanding war assistance from the empire. Lord Linlithgow, viceroy, thought after the war would be time enough to talk about Indian independence. This provoked a storm of protest, but Gandhi cautiously urged a non-violence campaign. Lord Linlithgow, relieved, was willing to discuss terms. But he was still playing with dynamite.

## Japanese Trouble

ALREADY irked because Britain has been friendly with China's "rebel" Gen. Chiang Kai-shek, Japan's ire was heightened when a British warship stopped a Jap passenger vessel in the Pacific, removing 21 German merchant sailors being returned to the Reich via Russia. Next day Tokyo gave British Am-

bassador Sir Robert L. Craigie a note demanding amends, calling the incident an "unfriendly act" and warning that repetition would aggravate Japan's anti-British sentiment. Next day, when a British vessel halted Japan's *Tatsumaru*, Ambassador Craigie found thousands of Japs milling around his embassy, while the press bleated against his country.

## Lowland Trouble

WHEN Winston Churchill made a speech demanding that Netherlands and Belgium join the allies in fighting Germany, the press and government of these countries shouted angrily. To placate them without losing Britain's point, Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain next spoke, saying Britain was ready to help Belgium, but would reserve the right to decide when help was needed. Far from placating the neutrals, this speech only irritated them more. In the Netherlands all parties joined in telling Britain to keep quiet. In Belgium it was loudly proclaimed that the government can decide for itself when and if it needs help.

## Rumanian Trouble

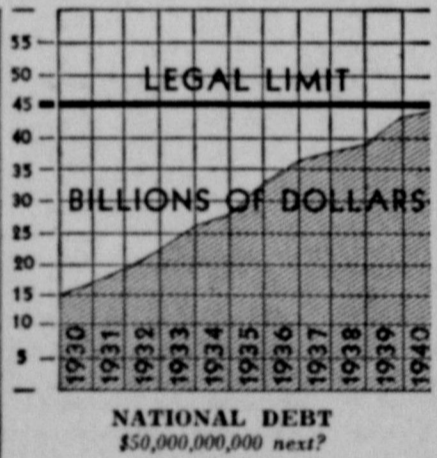
KING CAROL of Rumania has remained cautiously neutral despite British wooing. But in mid-January, when German troops were reported occupying the southern part of Rumania the British struck again, confident Carol would accept their aid gratefully. Instead they got the shock of their lives: Pressed by Germany to fulfill oil contracts, Rumania clung to neutrality and barked at British-French oil firms operating there. She insisted they provide their share of petroleum to help Rumania fulfill her contracts with Germany, thus providing oil to run Nazi planes to bomb English-French territory!

## CONGRESS: Yes, but—

"Do I think the budget should be balanced? Yes. Do I think expenditures should be cut down? Yes. Do I think taxes should be increased? Yes. But if you say, 'Morgenstau, what kind of taxes should there be?' I cannot answer that because I do not know."

This apparently frank recitation from the secretary of the treasury was no more than he had promised several months earlier, yet it made big headlines. On budget-balancing and decreased expenditures he probably was more outspoken than the President, but not on new taxes. Never has any administration spokesman suggested what kind of levies congress should enact this session, and Henry Morgenstau's statement before the house appropriations committee failed to clarify matters.

Biggest news was Mr. Morgenstau's contention that the federal debt limit should be hiked five billion dollars above the present \$45,000,000,000 mark with which it is now flirting dangerously (see graph). He remarked that there was "no particular danger involved" in this act, but his audience apparently thought otherwise. Trimming desperately, congress lopped \$11,491,000 from the treasury-postoffice supply bill, bringing to \$128,143,300 the re-



NATIONAL DEBT \$50,000,000,000 next?

ductions from administration estimates already in the mill. With enough such reductions congress hopes to avoid both new taxes and a boost in the debt limit.

Also in congress: To aid Finland without taking responsibility, the senate banking and currency committee rigged up a "finesse formula" to increase the Export-Import bank's revolving fund by \$100,000,000. Still to be adopted by congress, the measure would let Jesse Jones give Finland an extra \$20,000,000 for non-military purchases. However, since only a third of the present \$10,000,000 loan has been used, Banker Jones doubted whether Finland would be interested. Reason: The Finns want munitions, not food and clothing.

In the house ways and means committee, pros and cons continued fighting over the reciprocal trade act, which expires June 1. A breach in agricultural opinion was evidenced when Farm Bureau President Edward O'Neal testified for the trade program while National Grange Master L. J. Taber spoke against it.

The house voted Rep. Martin Dies of Texas \$75,000 for his committee investigating un-Americanism.

North Dakota's G. O. P. Sen. Gerald P. Nye was named to the senate foreign relations committee to replace the late Senator William Borah of Idaho, whose remains were escorted back home to Boise by 10 senators following state rites in Washington.

As U. S.-Canadian conferences on the proposed St. Lawrence seaway were adjourned, congressmen from interested states (like Ohio, New York, Minnesota, Michigan and Wisconsin) began stirring up interest for an appropriation to build the deep sea channel.

## WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON (Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

NEW YORK.—It is a tradition of the newspaper business, well known to the craft, that the reporter or photographer must never get into a news picture. But sometimes the drama he makes is, like that of old Omar's booze clerk, "more precious than the stuff he sells," and the rule breaks down.

Here's bucko young Arthur Menken of New York, in a news picture, as he grinds out the flaming chaos of the Finnish city of Viipuri after the Russian bombers passed over. He is close-in as he methodically films the blazing ruins, trussed up in military gear and quite in the mode with a snappy iron hat—which the well-dressed photographer will do well to wear these days. He is Harvard '25, of impressive social lineage, tall and slim, but husky, and, all in all, a fictional ace for adventurous youth, considering what he's been mixed up in.

Mr. Menken has brought nearly the entire latter-day apocalypse into sharp focus. He has dodged every kind of missile from South American poisoned arrows to Japanese shrapnel and Russian air bombs, nicked by a bomb splinter in the Spanish civil war, but suffering nothing worse than profound disillusionment about war in all its moods and tenses. Milton went blind, looking into the abyss of human horror, Mr. Menken just keeps on grinding with a sharp eye for focus, action and background and makes us see it, too. Just now, he's shooting the Finnish war for an American film company.

He is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. S. Stanwood Menken, New York social registerites. Out of Harvard, he started teasing the grim reaper by Frank Merriwell air exploits in which, miraculously, he always landed right side up. Here and in Europe, he qualified for his transport pilot's license, as a preliminary for his career as an explorer, which he had mapped out for himself.

In the Orinoco region in South America, he indulged his yen for narrow escapes and brought through his skill as a film photographer.

In Africa, he found elephants posed for him nicely, but he was charged by an angry badger. Wars diverted him from his exploring career. Banned from the Spanish conflict late in 1936, for his too-great zeal in taking pictures there, he hastily flew off to China, to record more of "the giant agony of the world," as Euripides characterized the mild dissemination of his day. There's nothing frivolous about Mr. Menken. One gathers that he would not advise restless youth to see what he's seen.

WORDS, like bullets, are ammunition, which might have something to do with an editor of Webster's International dictionary becoming chairman of the American national munitions control board. He is former Prof. Joseph C. Green of Princeton university, a teacher of history, now on the production line, as he helps deploy our munitions strategically, under the narrowing pressure of the state department's new "moral embargo."

Conferring in Washington with oil company executives, he is told that the withdrawal of high test gasoline from Japan and Russia will set back the oil companies quite a few millions, but the companies express a willingness to meet the issues of "national policy."

Mr. Green's office is at the fulcrum of weighty political and economic issues and naturally is concerned with the increasingly urgent consideration of munitions reserves for national defense. The word "munitions," like many other words, takes in more territory than it did when Professor Green herded it into Webster's dictionary, back in 1929. Incidentally, at that time, he was also an editor of American Indian terms. When moral issues intrude, as of today, it is well to have a word expert around.

A native of Cincinnati, born in 1897, Mr. Green was graduated from Princeton in 1918 and did post-graduate work there and in Europe. He was instructor in history at Borden-town Military institute, assistant professor of history at Princeton and associate professor from 1924-30. He was a major of infantry in the war, holding home and foreign decorations, was with Belgian Near East Relief missions, and entered state department in 1930. He came to munitions control as a humanist, widely known in the field of political, economic and social research.

## Plaids, Pleats and Boleros Hold Good in Spring Styles

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



IT'S time to come out in something new. A dress or a suit that will "ring out the old" and "ring in the new" style will rejuvenate winter-worn nerves almost without fail. Anyway, the experiment is worth trying.

See the new wool fashions for spring and if you do not become definitely clothes-ambitious, you will be the exception and not the rule. The beauty of modern woollens is they are that sheer and lightweight you can buy them with every confidence that you can wear them the whole spring through and into the summer with perfect ease and comfort.

Wool fabrics are wonderfully color-inspiring for spring. They are featured from a complementary viewpoint in color and texture alliances so that used together the costume becomes a perfect unit.

The attractive bolero costume to the left demonstrates the idea. Spongy wool makes this oxford gray dress, topped off with a bolero of the same weave but in a light silver gray. Handsome quilted applique and embroidery in darker gray is worked decoratively on the jacket. Here is one among the many instances where embroidery on the wool street costume tells of a reigning trend. The dress is cut with a high notched neckline and the belt is of self fabric. This is the type costume that is just the sort to wear under the winter coat and which, when coat is discarded later on, solves your problem of a fashion first suit for spring.

There is a tendency in manipulating vogueish woollens to indulge in striking color alliances. Such as, for instance, is a navy blue or black softly styled bolero suit with which is worn a grayed wool crepe blouse, the corselet girdle being in a lovely fuchsia red fastened with silver buttons.

If it is the bright side of life you are seeking, the stunning dinner suit

of vyvella flannel in red and white Victorian plaid illustrated, will tune to your happiest mood. The wool fabric is exquisitely textured yielding to dressmaker touch with utmost grace. The wide skirt is pleated, but with no bulkiness for modern wool materials have a sheer and fragile beauty and lightweight that does away with cumbersomeness. Then, too, the pleats are carefully stitched down smoothly over the hips to maintain the slender look. Wear this dress to the next dinner party and compliments galore will be coming your way.

If you are anxious to get an intelligent early start in assembling the new spring wardrobe, a few news items as to general style trends may not come amiss. The continued popularity of bolero suits and dresses continues throughout midseason collections. The new pegtop pocket dress is proving nothing less than a sensation and there is no doubt but what there is a tremendous vogue in store for it. Designers are so intrigued with the idea of pegtop skirts they are featuring them with utmost enthusiasm. As the pocket theme is involved in pegtop styling this new trend becomes of twofold importance. For than pockets there is no bigger factor motivating in spring 1940 costume design. We will be seeing a perfect wilderness of pockets before the new season is far spent.

Sleeves are longer. Either wrist-length or three-quarter bracelet lengths are taking the place of the shorter sleeve to a marked degree. Skirts are short and flaring, pleated, gored or circular cut. However there is rumor of the revival of straight slim silhouettes. Some few designers are showing them in their advance spring collections.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

## Smart Sportswear



Here is an ideal dress to take with you, if and when you go to the sunny southland. Makes a grand under-winter-coat frock too. It is a hand-somely tailored one-piece shirtmaker classic, styled of a herringbone twill weave of benberg rayon and tussah silk. The skirt has a kick pleat for ease and action. This dress is perfect for travel in that it is practically crush-resistant, launders beautifully and packs to advantage. Comes in all the new pastels.

## Skirt Fullness Is Correct Anywhere

The vogue for full flaring skirts brings up the question as to "where" the fullness. Designers there are who consider back fullness the proper thing. Others of high authority advocate fullness brought to the front. Many very smart skirts carry fullness all around in gathers, gores, unpressed or pressed pleats. In the newest models there is a tendency to accent fullness to the sides now that hips are the center of interest.

Which all goes to show there is no arbitrary rule, according to the statement of a prominent leader in costume design who recently addressed a gathering of women on outstanding styling trends. That full flaring skirts are in fashion we all know but as to where and as to method of achieving fullness, "anywhere" is the answer. Let good judgment be the guide. The fullness that is best tuned to your individuality and to your figure is the one to select.

## Lingerie Touches On Jacket Suits

Watch the new navy and black jacket suits and count how many there are with dainty lingerie touches at neckline and wristline, on lapels and even bits of lace and embroidery, pique or dotted swiss to embellish the new vogueish pockets. It has been a long time since immaculate lacy collar, cuff and rever "seis" have been in evidence but fashion seers tell us we may expect these dainty accessory touches to make their appearance this spring.

## Shirred Dress With Corsette Waistline

THE corsette waistline is scheduled for much popularity this coming season, probably because it makes you look so beguilingly slim. This simple little dress (8634) with a piquant peasant air about it, has bodice fullness and a rippling skirt, shirred at the top, that look perfectly



8634

charming on slender figures. The square neckline is quite deep, the sleeves very round.

This dress will be very pretty made up in bold-colored cottons like percale, calico or gingham for house wear, with rows of ricrac braid. And you'll also like a dress like this for street and informal afternoons, of printed silk or flat crepe. It's one of those easy, becoming styles that you'll repeat several times. Your pattern includes a helpful step-by-step sew chart.

Pattern No. 8634 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14 requires 3 3/4 yards of 39-inch material without nap; 1 yard binding; 8 1/4 yards ricrac.

For a pattern of this attractive model send 15 cents in coin, your name, address, style, number and size to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1324, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill.

## Range of Family

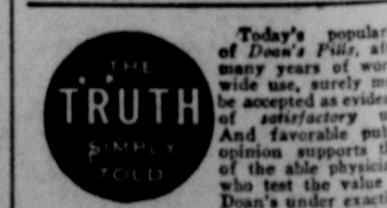
Owing to the variety of ways in which people live, the United States census bureau, for census purposes, is obliged to place a wide meaning on some of its terms. A "family," or those who constitute a household, ranges from a man living alone in a tent to a thousand inmates living together in an institution. A "dwelling," or a place where persons sleep regularly, ranges from a freight car to a hotel.—Collier's.

## CONSTIPATED?

Here is Amazing Relief of Conditions Due to Sluggish Bowels. Doan's Pills. If you think all laxatives are alike, you are wrong. Doan's Pills are not only a laxative, but a mild, thorough, refreshing, invigorating, dependable relief from constipation. Without Risk. Get a 25c box of Doan's Pills from your druggist. If not delighted, return the box to us. We will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Write for a free trial of the pain and worry it causes. Get Doan's Pills today. NORTON'S

WNU-T 6-40

What We Do Everywhere in life, the true question is not what we gain, but what we do.—Carlyle.



Today's popularity of Doan's Pills, after many years of world-wide use, surely must be accepted as evidence of satisfactory results. And favorable public opinion supports that of the able physicians who test the value of Doan's under exacting laboratory conditions. These physicians, too, approve every word of advertising you read, the objective of which is only to recommend Doan's Pills as a good diuretic treatment for disorders of the kidney function, and for relief of the pain and worry it causes. If more people were aware of how the kidneys must constantly remove waste that cannot stay in the blood without injury to health, there would be better understanding of why the whole body suffers when kidneys lag, and diuretic medication would be more often employed. During, scanty or too frequent urination sometimes warns of disturbed kidney function. You may suffer nagging headache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up at night, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, allayed out. Use Doan's Pills. It is better to rely on a medicine that has won world-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Ask your neighbor!

## DOAN'S PILLS

**THE TIGER POST**



**STAFF**

Editor—Opal Thacker  
 Reporters: Marie Brooks, Naomi Hancock, Robert Wilson, Marie Eudey, Iona Batson, Leonard Glass, Madge Burrows, Hazel Smith, Bernice McClellan, Juanita Hornsby.

**AN EDITORIAL**

**Appreciation of the Trophy Case**  
 By Gladys Day

I am speaking for the high school as a whole on how much we appreciate the trophy case that was presented to us by the senior class of '39. It is very good looking and appropriate. I am sure it will be cared for with the greatest of care, and that it will be sparkling all the time.

The fact that the '39 seniors presented this case shows that they are loyal to dear old McLean high school, and also to their classmates and sponsors. It shows that they have an interest in the school now, and they had when they were going to school and enjoying it.

In this case we are able to display all of the trophies that this school has been fortunate enough to win, and there is still more room for the trophies that are to be won in the years to come.

As one of the seniors, hope this year's senior class can give something as nice as this case to the school when we graduate.

**SNOOPER**

Wonne, what were you doing out at Benworth chasing Kenneth Brown's car the other Sunday?  
 Wilfred's new car is really getting him the girl friends, eh, Peggy Sue?  
 Now, Melvin, there are other boys who would like a chance at Wanda F. Please be careful on party nights.  
 Attention, John Byrd and Wilfred! Who were the girls in the maroon car following you Sunday?  
 Why was Christine Kennedy so absent minded that she handed in a chemistry experiment for an English theme and the theme for a chemistry experiment?  
 Miss Hall is trying to shove the high school students a new method of ice skating. It couldn't be on your stomach, could it?

**"HERE COMES PATRICIA"**

A high school play will be given next month in the high school auditorium.

Members of the cast are as follows: June Blackerby, Mrs. Carroll, Opal Thacker, Elsie Crowder; Christine Kennedy, Mrs. Smith-Porter; Margarette Kramer, Angelina Knopp; Glenda Lenders, Minnie Knopp; Bernice McClellan, Patricia Grayson; Sandy Mantooth, Jimmy Clark; Donovan D'Spain, Elbert Hastings; James Fullbright, Adam Wade; Junior Wadsworth, Tim Hopper; Clint Doolen, Bud Flanagan.

The cast began practicing on the play Monday.

**RIGHTS AND SOUNDS DURING THE NOON HOUR**

When the 12 o'clock noon hour bell rings, there is a mad scramble for lockers and coats. In five minutes all is quiet again and the snapper sack diners have retired to the study hall while others have gone home or to town.

One by one the students begin to drift back to join in the various activities or just be a spectator. Walking down the hall, one is greeted by the strains of "Rubber Dolly" or "Oh, Johnnie," coming from the string band in the balcony. Students coming in and out often join the chorus led by John Bond, James Windom, Clint Doolen, Paul Bond and Oran Black often combine a chorus all their own in a unique style.

Weather permits, the tennis courts are kept busy by the Bailey brothers, the Combs, or Dean Andrews. If you would like a black eye for some reason (I imagine it would be to special) you might go to the gym or two with the boxers, Fuzzy Oran Back or Clyde Glenn would be glad to oblige.

Cupid does not sit idly by during the noon hour, either. In the study hall such famous cases as Blackerby-D'Spain or the Morris-Blackerby are carried forward. In the privacy of a hall corner, Joe Bond is probably talking very seriously to Virginia Blackerby.

If you are cramming for a test period, you seek the shelter of the study hall only to begin a lively conversation with some of your friends.

If there is memory work for senior English due next period, you will hear Percy Elmer chanting such phrases as "Methought I heard a voice cry" (Shakespeare).

The 12:45 bell rings; there is a mad scramble; but in a few moments quiet reigns again.

**MEET THE SENIORS**

**Julia Maye Morris**  
 Julia Maye Morris' hobby is drawing pictures, no particular type of pictures; just pictures.

That well known sport called basketball is her favorite.

As for the movies and movie stars, Julia Maye thinks that Alice Faye is the best movie star and "It Happened One Night" is the best movie. Her pet peeve is conceited boys, but she likes boys whose names begin with a J.

Julia Maye, 17 years of age, was born at McBestie. She attended school there for a time and then moved near McLean and attended school at Pleasant Mound and McLean.

Julia has been a member of the home economics and speech clubs. She plans to attend business college in Oklahoma City and become a secretary.

**Joe D. Bruton**  
 Joe D. Bruton is a member of the Future Farmers of America. Even though baseball is one of his chief activities, his favorite sport is football.

Tyrone Power is his favorite movie star; he says "San Francisco" is the best movie.

Joe's hobby is making bows and arrows and collecting arrowheads.

Joe was born in Chickasha, Okla., 16 years ago. He has gone to school in Wheeler, Magic City, Borger and McLean. He plans to attend Texas Tech and major in a civil engineering course.

Joe has a novel pet peeve which is leaving his locker key at home.

**1940 SENIOR PICTURE**

If you enter the front door of the McLean high school building, walk straight ahead, and happen to look up above the trophy case and bulletin board, you will see a picture of the senior class of 1940.

The individual pictures are neatly arranged around a three-bladed airplane propeller. The propeller is blue on a gold background, indicating the class colors.

One can pick the seniors out of a group gazing at the picture, for the seniors stand and admire it just a little longer than the others, and then move reluctantly away.

**JUNIOR LIVESTOCK SHOW MARCH 1**

The McLean junior livestock show will be held on March 1, 1940. The show will be open to all F. F. A. and 4-H members in Gray county and all boys in the McLean trade territory.

Exhibits in the baby beef division will be light, under 850 pounds; and heavy, over 850 pounds.

We will have an exhibit of fat barrows and open gilts in the light and heavy divisions.

About eight calves and 25 fat hogs will be sent to the Amarillo fat stock show from McLean, after showing in the local show.

**MUSICAL NUMBERS TO BE GIVEN AT C-C BANQUET**

The musical side of the high school will be given a chance to "show off" Thursday evening at the chamber of commerce banquet in the grade school gymnasium.

The numbers included on the program are selections by the string band, two solos by Opal Tedder, "I Want to Be a Cowboy's Sweetheart" and "Twilight on the Trail," three numbers by the A cappella choir, "Hush-a-Bye My Baby," "Cornfield Medley" and "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia;" three numbers by the girls' quartet, "Tell Me Why," "To You Sweetheart, Alcha" and "Chatterbox."

**KWIZZ COLUMN**

Answers to questions in issue of Jan. 25:

- "Gone with the Wind" is the Civil War story that has been made into a movie.
- Elva Blankenship wears the reddest lip stick, even though she does have a lot of stiff competition.
- Some of the boys do not have their sweaters yet, so naturally they can't wear them, but there are five who wear 1939 football sweaters.
- About 42% of high school students like English.
- There are 221 doors in M. H. S. (We counted them).
- "Snooper" creates more interest

because it is about you and you and you.

7. You should have figured this one out by now. As a hint, they might have something we haven't got.

**McLEAN WINS DOUBLE HEADER**

McLean boys and girls won two basketball games Tuesday night at the local gymnasium. The boys won from Wellington 27-24, and the girls won over Alanreed 27-5.

**CANDIDATES SELECTED FOR "GOOD CITIZENSHIP" TRIP**

Opal Thacker, June Blackerby and Margarette Kramer have been chosen as McLean's candidates for a free trip to Washington, D. C., sponsored by the Daughters of the American Revolution, of Texas. These girls were selected by the combined vote of the junior and senior classes, on the following qualifications: dependability, service, leadership, patriotism and scholarship.

**Final Winner Selected by Lot**  
 This is a national contest. The final state winner from Texas will be selected by lot under the supervision of the state superintendent of education at Austin, and will be the guest of the national society, D. A. R. in Washington from Friday, April 12, to Tuesday, April 16, in the personal care of D. A. R. chaperones at the same hotel with other state "pilgrims"

**CARD OF THANKS**

We wish to thank each and every one for the kindness and beautiful floral offering during the illness and death of our sister and aunt.

**THE SWAFFORD FAMILY.**

Marvin Davis and family of Pannhandle visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Davis, Saturday.

**Trimble's**

**Friday and Saturday SPECIALS**

- COFFEE**  
 Mission vac. pack 19c  
 1 lb. 19c
- Vienna Sausage** 5c each
- POTTED MEAT** 2 1/2c each
- POP CORN**  
 Jolly Time 25c  
 2 10-oz. cans
- MATCHES**  
 Big Diamond 19c  
 6 box carton
- SALMON**  
 fancy pink 25c  
 2 No. 1 cans
- SPUDS**  
 strictly No. 1 25c  
 10 lb mesh bag
- OATS**  
 Mother's with premium 25c
- COCOA**  
 Hershey's 1 lb can 15c
- PEAS**  
 Mission 25c  
 2 No. 2 cans
- SPINACH**  
 Del Monte 25c  
 2 No. 2 cans
- CORN**  
 Del Monte 10c  
 No. 2 can
- PEACHES**  
 Del Monte 29c  
 2 No. 2 1/2 cans
- CUT BEANS**  
 Pecan Valley 9c  
 No. 2 can
- PEANUT BUTTER**  
 full quart 25c
- SOAP FLAKES**  
 Big 4 33c each
- Market Specials—**  
 Pork Sausage 25c  
 2 lb for
- BACON**  
 DeLuxe sliced 22c  
 1 lb

**WHO PAYS?**



She—Oh, Bob, dear! I traded our old antique buffet today for a nice shiny new one.  
 He—Urk!

**AIN'T NATURE QUEER?**

"Queer, isn't it?"  
 "What's queer?"  
 "Why the night falls—"  
 "Yes."  
 "But it doesn't break."  
 "No."  
 "And the day breaks—"  
 "Yes."  
 "But it never falls."

Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Upham of Plainview visited relatives here Friday and Saturday.

**Grade School News**

**7TH GRADE HONOR ROLL**

**3rd Six Weeks**  
 A—Carl Dwyer, Iva Nora Simpson, Loyce Thacker.  
 B—John Dwyer, James Hinton, Martha Howard, Pauline Simpson, Grace Smith, Raymond Smith, Ruth Strandberg, Anna Lynn Wilson.

**1st Semester**  
 A—Carl Dwyer, John Dwyer, James Hinton, Martha Howard, Grace Smith, Ruth Strandberg.  
 B—Frank Simpson, Iva Nora Simpson, Pauline Simpson, Raymond Smith, Loyce Thacker, Anna Lynn Wilson.

**SWEDEN'S FREE MILK**

In most Swedish hotels and pensions milk is served free of charge at meals just as water is in America.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Price and son of Shamrock visited the lady's sister, Mrs. O. L. Graham, Sunday.

**Neglect May Invite Pyorrhea**

An astringent for superficial soreness that must please the user or druggists return money if first bottle of "LETO'S" fails to satisfy. CITY DRUG STORE.

We always get a kick when some lady whose husband is a Perryton business man who never spends one dime for advertising in the Ochiltree County Herald calls to give us news for publication concerning a party or something else that happened in their home. Our first thought is that if every business man in Perryton was like her husband, there wouldn't be any newspaper published in Perryton.—Ochiltree County Herald.

Newspaper editors have reason to grow old before their time. A Kansas widow is said to be suing a newspaper for saying in an obituary notice that her husband "has gone to a happier home."—South Dakota Press and Print Shop.

Everything that is worth while has a fence around it—but there are always a gate and a key.

**AGGRESSIVE PHILOSOPHY**

You have heard it said that there is nothing to do, but there is more to do now than there was at any time in all history and more to do it with. A man can take \$25.00 and make him a job. I know, because I have been there and what I can do a little of, other people can do more of.

A. T. WILSON  
 at the HERMITAGE



Thursday, Feb. 8—Family Nite  
 "DANGER ON WHEELS"  
 Richard Arlen, Andy Devine

Friday, Saturday—Double Bill  
 "ARIZONA KID"  
 Roy Rogers

"SWISS MISS"  
 Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy

Prevue, Sunday, Monday  
 Tuesday

"MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON"  
 James Stewart, Jean Arthur

Wednesday, Thursday  
 Feb. 15, 16

"TOM SAWYER"  
 COMING—

"Charlie McCarthy, Detective"  
 Charlie McCarthy, Mortimer Snerd, Edgar Bergen

DR. A. W. HICKS - - Dentist

Office Hours 8:30-6:00 Phone 250

**Your Valentine**

WILL APPRECIATE A BOX OF PANGBURN'S CANDY

Beautifully decorated heart-shaped boxes filled with the choicest candy the market affords.

Make selections now.

**CITY DRUG STORE**

"More Than a Merchant"  
 Roger Powers, Manager

**NEW CAR SALES SOAR AT CHEVROLET DEALERS'**

**SEE US FOR THE BEST USED CAR BUYS IN TOWN**

**USED CAR PRICES DROP**

5 REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD BUY YOUR USED CAR FROM YOUR CHEVROLET DEALER!

- The finest selection of used cars and the best used car values in town.
- You can buy from your Chevrolet dealer with confidence.
- Best reconditioning methods.
- Lowest prices commensurate with quality.
- Your Chevrolet dealer stands firmly behind every used car he sells.

9,262,068 people bought used cars and used trucks from Chevrolet dealers during the last six years.

5 REASONS WHY YOU WILL SAVE BY BUYING NOW!

**SAVE**  
 All used cars priced to sell fast in order to make room for more trade-ins.

**SAVE**  
 Buy now—before prices rise—and save the difference.

**SAVE**  
 Save depreciation on your old car. Trade up now.

**SAVE**  
 Save winter conditioning expense.

**SAVE**  
 Save costly repairs on your old car.

Only Chevrolet dealers offer used cars with an "OK that Counts" tag.

Look for your Chevrolet dealer's listings in the classified pages of this paper!

Cooke Chevrolet Co. McLean, Tex.



Miniature Army

A military museum in Paris has a collection of 19,000 dolls. Each is about two and a half inches tall, and clad in period uniform. The uniforms and weapons are perfect replicas of those used in the Napoleonic wars. The whole army of 19,000 was made by one man—an Alsatian soldier who fought under Napoleon, and spent the rest of his life making miniature soldiers.

SANDPAPER THROAT. Get a cold? Every swallow seems to scratch your throat till it's rough and raw? Get a box of Luden's. Let Luden's special ingredients with cooling menthol help bring you quick relief from itchy, touchy, "sandpaper throat!" LUDEN'S 5¢ Menthol Cough Drops

As Our Convictions

Reputation is in no man's keeping. You and I cannot determine what other men shall think and say about us. We can only determine what they ought to think of us and say about us, and we can only do this by acting squarely up to our convictions.—Holland.

CAP AND BELLS



GUARANTEED DEPOSIT

An old Indian, down in Oklahoma, had up, went to the bank to borrow \$100. The banker said it would be all right, provided he had some security. The deal finally was made, the Indian giving a mortgage on 20 ponies.

Not long after that, oil was struck close to the Indian's allotment, and he sold his oil lease for a lot of cash, so he stepped into the bank and peeled off a \$100 bill to pay the loan.

"That's fine," remarked the banker, when the business was completed, "but you don't want to carry all the rest of that money around with you. Better leave it here with me."

"All right," replied the redskin, "how many ponies you got?"

Fast Talkers

Two men in a car went past the traffic lights when they were red, and were stopped by a policeman.

"I'm sorry, officer," said the driver, thinking quickly. "I happen to be a doctor and I'm taking a patient to the asylum in a hurry."

The policeman was suspicious—but the passenger was just as quick. Looking up at the constable with a sycophantic smile, he whispered: "Kiss me, darling!"

They got away with it!

YOU WANT TO RUN ME A RACE? WHAT KIND OF A RACE COULD YOU WIN? A SLOW RACE! JIM HANOVER

Innocent

With a wild lurch, the motor-car swung round the corner and crashed into a lamppost.

Then six men, who had obviously been celebrating, climbed out of the wreck and stood eyeing it owlishly.

Up came a policeman to take particulars, but the spokesman of the party forestalled him.

"Sall right," he said; "no one's fault. There's no-hic-one to blame. We were all riding in the back seat."

Here's Why

Mettler—How do you account for that Milt hasn't said a word about the fish he caught on his last trip?

DeLancey—For once, he had good luck and he caught so many that he new nobody would believe him if he told about it.

Poultry Business

Stranger—Never count your chickens until they are hatched.

Farmer—Say, you must be one of them city experts who would take the chief pleasure out of the poultry business.

Tossed All Night

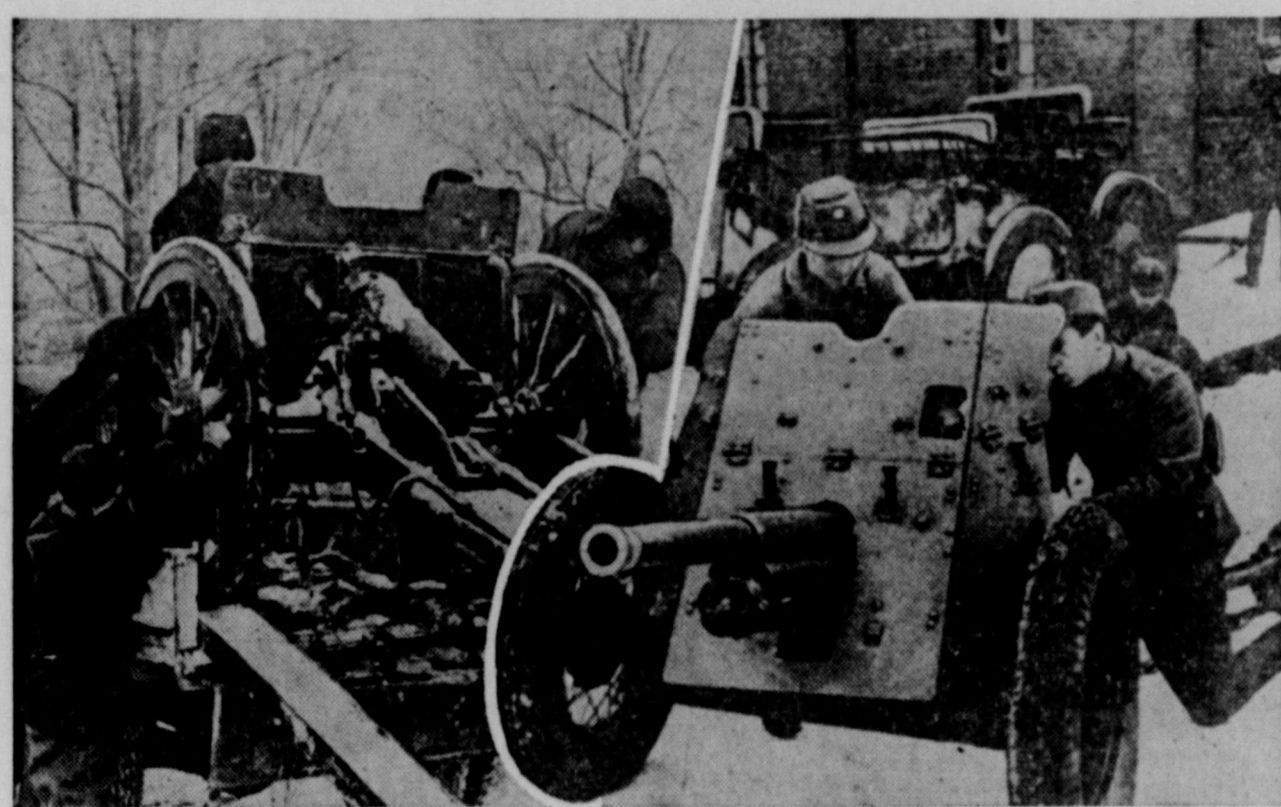
Corporal—I don't feel equal to a parachute jump this morning, Captain. I'm tired. I tossed all night? Captain—Insomnia? Corporal—No, dice.

Snow, Cold Weather Handicap Windy City Firemen



Subzero weather in Chicago proved a dangerous handicap to Windy City fire fighters recently. Heavy snow and freezing temperatures called for drastic measures. Firemen John Donovan, left, equipped with skis and carrying a ladder, hastens to a fire just outside the city's Loop. Right: A parked automobile sealed with a heavy coating of ice from water sprayed by firehose. After each blaze firemen were forced to chop their hoses free from ice-covered streets.

Finnish Soldiers Examine Captured Soviet Field Guns



Finnish soldiers examine field pieces and other spoils of war captured from the Russians in fierce fighting near the Karelian peninsula front. A recent Soviet dispatch solemnly announced that Russia would declare war on Finland unless that country returned all munitions material which she had captured. The Finns are reported to have taken great stock of ammunition and other war sinews from the Red troops.

They Join Forces to Fight Long Machine



Sam Houston Jones, left, who ran second to Gov. Earl Long in the Louisiana Democratic primaries, embraces James A. Noe, third place candidate. The vote given Jones entitles him to a run-off election against Long in February. Noe announced he will swing his support to Jones in an attempt to beat Long, a brother of the late "Kingfish" Huey Long.

'Abe Lincoln' and Wife Visit White House



A railroad accident didn't prevent Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Massey from reaching a dinner party given by President and Mrs. Roosevelt. Their train stalled en route to Washington from Chicago, the pair completed the trip by plane. Massey, an actor, has won fame through his portrayal of Abe Lincoln.

Heroine Weds



Jessie Simpson, beauty contest winner and photographers' model who lost her legs in a train accident in 1937, has a "hair-do" for the most important event of her life—her marriage to James Steward of Hackensack, N. J. Miss Simpson is proprietor of the Hackensack beauty shop.

Harvard Thespian



Peter Saltonstall, 18, son of Gov. Leverett Saltonstall of Massachusetts, makes his debut as wit, mimic and actor in the Harvard dramatic club play, "Too Late to Laugh."

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D., Dean of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for February 11

Lesson subjects and Scripture texts selected and copyrighted by International Council of Religious Education; used by permission.

THE PERILS OF REJECTING CHRIST

LESSON TEXT—Matthew 21:28-43. GOLDEN TEXT—I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.—John 14:6.

Fearlessly facing crucifixion within a few days, Jesus stood in the temple, there facing His bitter enemies and replying to their attacks in words such as no man ever spoke. He brought them face to face with the very essence of sin, which is the rejection of Christ. Their own words condemned them, but when they should have repented, they became embittered and hardened in their sin. Let no one who reads these lines follow their example, but if the Holy Spirit brings conviction, turn to Him in repentance and faith.

Every Sunday School lesson is of great importance, but possibly no lesson we shall ever have to teach will be as important as this one, for it deals very plainly with the awful peril of rejecting Christ. Eternal destiny depends upon the choices made in response to this lesson. Let every one of us study it and teach it with solemn earnestness.

I. Actions Speak Louder Than Words (vv. 28-32).

All church members, who have come into that relationship by smoothly spoken words of acceptance and devotion to Christ which then have not been lived out in the daily walk, may see themselves pictured in the son who courteously and glibly assured his father that he could depend on him, and then promptly went his own way. They will see that they need to repent and substitute real heart-moving and life-changing action for their words, lest the harlots and publicans pass them and go into heaven before them. Professing church member without any evidence of God's power in your life, turn to Him now!

Note the word of encouragement to repentant sinners. Perhaps someone who reads this paragraph has at some time rejected Christ and has since thought that he could not turn back, that it was too late for him to do the thing which his heart tells him to do even though his lips have spoken unkind words of rejection. Friend, consider the one who said, "I will not," but who did his father's will. Come to the Saviour now; you will find Him ready to receive you.

II. Selfish Unbelief Results in Christ-Rejection (vv. 33-41).

This parable clearly relates to the Israelites who had rejected the prophets sent to them by God and who were now about to kill His Son. The heartbreaking story of Israel's unbelief and rejection of Christ and the judgment which has been upon them all the years since then, is not something over which we should gloat, but rather something which should move us to tears and prayer for our Jewish friends. After all, are we any better than they? Are not the appalling majority of Gentiles walking in that same road of selfish unbelief which leads inevitably to the rejection of Christ?

No man or woman can go on selfishly taking the benefits of God, using them for self advantage or comfort, turning a deaf ear to the cries of God's messengers, and hope to have any ultimate result other than Christ-rejection. It is high time that thoughtless people who perhaps have no deliberate intention to be wicked or to turn Christ away, should awaken to the fact that they are doing just that by their manner of living.

III. Rejection of Christ Does Not Defeat God (vv. 42, 43).

At first glance one wonders why Christ at this point turned so abruptly from the figure of the vineyard to that of the cornerstone. "The reason why He leaves for a moment the image of the vineyard, is because of its inadequacy to set forth one important part of the truth which was needful to make the moral complete, namely this, that the malice of the Pharisees should not defeat the purpose of God—that the Son should yet be the heir—that not merely vengeance should be taken, but that He should take it. Now this is distinctly set forth by the rejected stone becoming the head of the corner, on which the builders stumbled and fell, and were broken—on which they were now already stumbling and falling, and which, if they set themselves against it to the end, would fall upon them and crush and destroy them utterly" (Trench).

God was not defeated by the crucifixion of Christ. Christ will not be defeated simply because men reject Him in the world. We who are on His side, we who are the followers of the Lord are on the victorious side. Those who oppose Him and speak ill of His name may appear to be victors for the moment, but the judgment of God is yet to come upon them.

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

Chewing gum can be removed from washable material by softening the gum with egg white, then washing.

White sauce for boiled potatoes, cauliflower, carrots and asparagus can be dressed up by a liberal sprinkling of paprika.

Tasty Nuts.—To give a better flavor to nuts heat them for five minutes in a moderate oven. Such heating is especially advisable in the winter time when nuts are likely to be stale.

New Flannels.—It is an excellent plan before washing new flannels to soak them for a quarter of an hour in cold water with a good handful of salt. Then wash them in the ordinary way. This makes washing much easier and the articles look beautiful when dry. If new colored goods are allowed to stand in salt water and rinsed in the same water, there is no chance of the color running.

One pound of loaf sugar is sufficient for serving 25 persons.

When measuring syrups or molasses, dip cup in hot water and mixture will not stick to the sides of the cup.

Look over dahlia bulbs stored away for the winter. If they seem dry or shriveled sprinkle them with water.

Cooking Apples.—Apples are over 80 per cent water, thus in cooking them only enough water should be used to prevent them from scorching or sticking to the pan.

Garnishes.—Thin slices of lemons, oranges, limes or grapefruit, sprinkled with sugar and broiled 10 minutes, make effective and tasty garnishes for roasts or fowls. Red or green jelly, dotted on top of the slices, gives added color and flavor.

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 fast 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 laxative. Buy Dr. Caldwell's Laxative—Senna with Syrup Pepsin at your druggist today!

Strong Through Suffering. Know how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong.—Longfellow.

FIGHT COLDS

by helping nature build up your cold-fighting resistance

If you suffer one cold right after another, here's sensational news! Mrs. Elizabeth Vickery writes: "I used to catch colds very easily. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery helped to strengthen me just splendidly. I feel better, have more stamina, and was troubled very little with colds." This great medicine, formulated by a practicing physician, helps combat colds this way: (1) It stimulates the appetite. (2) It promotes flow of gastric juices. Thus you eat more; your digestion improves; your body gets greater nourishment which helps nature build up your cold-fighting resistance. So successful has Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery been that over 30,000,000 bottles have already been used. Proof of its remarkable benefits. Get Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery from your druggist today, or write Dr. Pierce, Dept. N-100, Buffalo, N. Y., for generous free sample. Don't suffer unnecessarily from colds.

Deeds as Words. Let deeds correspond with words.—Plautus.

SOOTHES CHAFED SKIN MOROLINE WHITE PETROLEUM JELLY

KNOWN FROM COAST TO COAST—NEXT TIME BUY KENT'S Single Edge BLADES 10¢ 10 Double Edge

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY

Read the advertisements. They are more than a selling aid for business. They form an educational system which is making Americans the best-educated buyers in the world. The advertisements are part of an economic system which is giving Americans more for their money every day.

**THE McLEAN NEWS**

Published Every Thursday  
 News Building 210 Main Street  
 Day Phone 47 - - Night Phone 147

T. A. LANDERS  
 Owner and Publisher

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES**  
 In Texas  
 One Year \$2.00  
 Six Months 1.25  
 Three Months .65  
 Outside Texas  
 One Year \$2.50  
 Six Months 1.50  
 Three Months .85

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

**MEMBER**  
 National Editorial Association  
 Texas Press Association  
 Panhandle Press Association

Display advertising rate, 25c per column inch, each insertion. Preferred position, 30c per inch. Resolutions, obituaries, cards of thanks, 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.

Silence is the best substitute for brains yet discovered.

The best way to destroy an enemy is to make him your friend.

An onion can be made much more palatable by adding a pound of good steak to it.

Many a man's financial trouble comes from building a two-car garage on a one-horse salary.

Chain stores existed in China 200 years before the birth of Christ, so it would seem that the agitation of a few years ago in fear of chain-store domination was not well founded. Any system as old as the chain store system should hold no terrors for anyone at this time.

According to the Taxpayers' Digest three-fifths of all the local proposals for bond issues were defeated last year. Most bond issues are put over by a small bunch of boosters who whoop-it-up by calling on all "progressive" voters to help, forgetting entirely to say anything about the fact that bonds must be paid for by increased taxation. As people begin to see the evils of excessive taxes, it will become much harder to interest them in bond issues, no matter how "progressive" they may seem.

This editorial is going to sound political. Well, it is political, but it is non-partisan. It is political because we think it is high time that business men became more political minded. It is non-partisan because we have no axe to grind.

We have been troubled for a long time over the inroads which government has been making in fields that are meant for private business. We have been troubled at the spread of government controls. We believe that the flexibility of American business has helped to make it great—with all its faults—and that flexibility should not be lost through the rigidity of unnecessary governmental controls. We believe that government is elected to serve not compete with decent private business.

Hence we believe that business men of all parties should become political and lend their best efforts, within all parties, to curbing the insidious growth of governmental business control and governmental competition with private industry in fields that have been the inherent right of private industry for many generations. That way lies safety. That way lies progress—progress for Business, progress for Government!—Daily Indev, Tacoma, Washington.

**COMPANY DINNER**

"Well!" sighed the minister, patting his stomach fondly. "I don't often eat a dinner such as I've had today!"

The atmosphere seemed so congenial and clubby that the host's small son felt obliged to say something. "Neither do we!" he confided.

When a man says, "This is a hard job," he really says, "I am a scit drill on a hard piece of steel."

**News from Skillet**

Kenneth Preston, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Preston, had his tonsils removed Sunday. His condition is satisfactory and it is thought he will be able to be back in school within a few days.

Miss Ida Bell Hunter, who has been visiting her brother, Gus, for the past several months, has gone to Borger to visit another brother.

Hermis Maye Hunt visited her aunt, Mrs. George Hunt, at Alanreed Saturday morning.

Misses Sara and Bonnie Preston visited Mr. and Mrs. George Baker Sunday.

Miss Catherine Dotson spent Tuesday night with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Preston.

Mrs. Gus Hunter spent Friday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Burr.

Mary Louise Preston spent Sunday and Sunday night with Odessa Preston.

Jean Burr spent Wednesday night with Mrs. Dotson.

Mr. and Mrs. Buck Glass visited Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Rhodes Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Giesler visited Mr. and Mrs. Buck Glass Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Billingslea visited Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Rhodes Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Giesler spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Perry Hunt of Alanreed.

Louise Preston spent Saturday with Susan Baker of McLean.

Mrs. Fannie Rector of Clarendon visited Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Wood recently.

Mr. Kavanaugh of Clarendon and Mr. Wilson of Denton visited school this week. Others visiting the school were Joe Carol Glass and Mrs. W. M. Rhodes.

Mr. and Mrs. Buck Glass were in Groom Monday, Mrs. Glass receiving medical treatment.

Donald and Doyle Davis of Watkins, Wilmer Hunt and Dale Burch were in Pampa Thursday night.

Miss Dotson spent Thursday night in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Buck Glass.

**News from Liberty**

Sunday school at 11 a. m. Preaching each Sunday night.

Mrs. Joe Thompson and son of Kellerville visited Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Curry Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Hardin and daughter, Miss Oma Lee, visited in the Dorsey home Sunday.

Eddie Cunningham of Amarillo visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Cunningham, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Fuller and children of Shamrock visited the lady's cousin, Mrs. Floyd Lively, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Roth were in Shamrock Friday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Myatt visited Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Rutledge Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Lively and daughters, Minnie and Sus, visited in the Eimer Tristle home at Lela Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Fannie Ford and Mrs. W. C. Combs of Lefors visited the former's niece, Mrs. M. D. Curry, Tuesday.

Mrs. H. N. Dorsey spent Thursday with her daughter, Mrs. C. V. Hendren, at McLean.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Lively and children were in Shamrock Saturday afternoon.

A. L. Morgan, E. P. Curry, C. A. Myatt, T. H. Hardin and Olen Davis attended a farmers' meeting at Wheeler Tuesday night.

The ideal of our forefathers was a government where each man might go as far as his efforts would take him. His path in life should be of his own choosing, he should enjoy the pursuit of happiness in his own way. Under this system America prospered. Undeniably great fortunes were built up and undeniably many became millionaires while others failed to secure as many of the good things in life as did their neighbors. But the opportunities were there for everyone. The hope of America lies in more and more profits in business. Mass employment comes from men who can pay wages. If all of us depended on our neighbors for jobs, we should soon go back to the old days of tallow candles and ox transportation. The larger part of the present depression comes from the penalties and abuse of the wage-paying class. The man who can hire hundreds of other men is a benefactor, not a drawback.—Boulder, Grays River, Wash.

Two colored men were up before the judge in police court for speeding in their ramshackle auto.

"Have you a lawyer?" asked the judge.

"Naw, suh," replied the spokesman. "We has decided to tell de truf."

**News from Pakan**

Paul Macina, John Hrnclar, John Cadra and son, Edward, transacted business in Wheeler Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Bodeen of Shamrock was a visitor at the Mertel home Thursday. Miss Betty Ptak of Amarillo came Thursday night to visit home folks. She returned to Amarillo Tuesday.

Misses Christina Pakan and Louie Risan attended the shower given for Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Mertel at McLean last Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Paul Stauffer and Miss Louise Risan attended a meeting in Wheeler Saturday morning.

**PAKAN COMMUNITY CLUB**

"The present valuation of Wheeler county is eleven million dollars," said County Commissioner Tom Montgomery, addressing the Pakan Community Club at the school house Friday night.

"The county tax rate is \$1.00 while the state rate is 75c," said Mr. Montgomery. Wheeler county is in good shape financially at the present time, according to figures given by Mr. Montgomery.

Mrs. Paul Stauffer discussed prevention of disease by the use of vaccines and serums.

Assistant Agent M. J. Simms also spoke to the club.

In spite of the unpleasant weather, a large percentage of the club members were present.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Norman of Pampa visited the lady's aunt, Mrs. C. J. Cash, and other relatives here Sunday.

**LYNCH'S SECOND HAND STORE AND PIPE YARD**  
 Phone 9502 East of Post Office

Lefors, Texas  
 Water well casing and pumping equipment, windmill towers, tanks, cattle guards, 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.

**TREES! TREES!**

Time to place orders for trees, vines and shrubbery. Any pretty day is a good time to set them this time of the year. Come, phone, or write, today.

**Bruce Nursery**  
 Trees with a Reputation  
 Alanreed, Texas

**"ACID STOMACH UPSET MY WHOLE SYSTEM"**

Says E. Hentges: "I tried a \$1.25 bottle of Adia Tablets under your guarantee. Now pains are gone and I eat anything." Try Adia for excess stomach acidity. SOLD AT ALL DRUG STORES.

Our services are available at any time of the day or night. Satisfactory service means so much—for a service is a memory everlasting.

**C. S. RICE**  
**Funeral Home**  
 Day Phone 42 - Night Phone 13  
 McLEAN, TEXAS

**Delightful Food**

Each meal here is a delightful treat. Try one of our delicious meals. You'll come back for more.

**MEADOR CAFE**  
 On Highway 66

**MILES Per Gallon**

One of the standards of performance of any motor car is its mileage per gallon of gasoline used.

**66 Gasoline**

is a mileage raiser. It comes from our pumps clean, full measured and full of pep. Try it and see the difference.

**66 Service Station**

**MILD BREEZES**



Polar Bear (in zoo)—Shucks, it is only down to zero. I wish we'd have a nice cold, bracing spell!

In addition to other factors, a child's clothing must not arouse the ridicule of his playmates. His clothing must be similar to his playmates so that he feels he is a part of the group.

**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 Anything Goes Wrong with Your

**Car or Tractor**

call Hervey . . . he knows his motors. A clean-cut repair job . . . reasonable charges, too.

**Geo. A. Hervey**  
**Pontiac Co.**

Machine Shop and Garage

**Tasty and Tempting**

**MEALS**

prepared right, served right, priced right. You will like our generous portions of fine foods served at any hour of the day or night.

**HIBLER'S CAFE**

Open Day and Night

**TRI-STATE RECORD**  
 The fields of Texas, California and Oklahoma alone have produced more oil to date than have all the fields in Russia.

**NATIONAL HEALTH PROBLEM**  
 According to health statistics, 600 babies are born in the United States each year with congenital syphilis.

Forney Biggers of Memphis was in McLean Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Andrews were in Shamrock Thursday.

**PUCKETT'S**

Friday and Saturday Specials

LARD pure pork 3 lb pail	30c
LARD pure pork 6 lb pail	53c
SPUDS No. 1 red 100 lb	\$1.75 peck
COFFEE Folger's 1 lb	26c
HONEY made by 3B 5 lb pail comb	52c
PEAS Kurer's 2 No. 2 cans	25c
HOMINY 2 No. 2 cans	15c
TOMATOES 2 No. 2 cans	15c
MILK Armour's 3 large or 6 small cans	20c
PINEAPPLE Del Monte crushed No. 2 can	15c
JELI-O each	5c
RINSO 25c box	19c
SOAP P & G 6 bars for	22c
SOAP FLAKES Balloon 5 lb box	32c
BACON Cudahy's sliced per lb	15c
SAUSAGE pure pork 1 lb	10c
CHEESE American 2 lb box	50c
OLEO 1 lb	12 1/2c
WEINERS pure meat per lb	15c
SAUSAGE 1 lb bag	12c

**OUR BOYS AND GIRLS**

Must Be Trained in highly efficient schools to meet the growing demands of farm and business.

TEXAS OIL plays a vital part in providing our boys and girls with school buildings and other educational facilities that are among the finest in the world.

Oil taxes collected and used only for Texas public school purposes during 1938 amounted to \$21,425,773.00.

Based on the per child educational cost of \$55.30, this sum provided education for 387,446 children—or 25% of our entire 1938 scholastic enrollment.

To No Better Cause Could This Tremendous Sum Be Dedicated

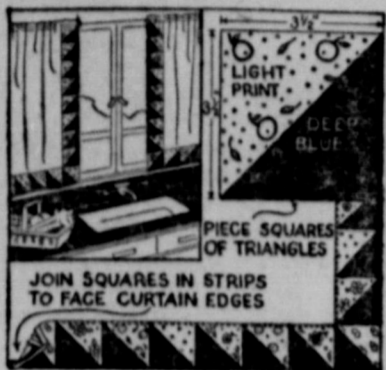
This Advertisement Paid for by Various Units of the Industry and Sponsored by

**TEXAS MID-CONTINENT OIL AND GAS ASSOCIATION**

### Pieced Border for Kitchen Curtains

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

DO YOU remember this old-fashioned Saw Tooth quilt pattern? It has been used for the border of many a handsome quilt. It is so effective and so simple to piece that it should serve more decorative purposes. Here it trims kitchen curtains of unbleached muslin. It surprises one a little to see how modern it looks. Cut a piece of stiff paper in a perfect square and then cut diagonally through the center. One half will



make your triangle pattern. The size suggested in the sketch makes a very striking border. If a very strong, bright color is used for the plain triangles, a narrower border in this design will also make a good showing.

NOTE: Mrs. Spears has prepared for our readers a set of three Quilt Block Patterns from her favorite Early American designs. Included in the set is the Kaleidoscope, and the Whirlwind. The third is the Ann Rutledge, which Mrs. Spears sketched from an original in the Rutledge Tavern at New Salem, Ill., where Abe Lincoln boarded, and where he courted the proprietor's daughter, according to the romantic legend so familiar to movie goers. It is an unusual variation of the Nine-patch, and rich with historical background. For set of three complete patterns, send 10 cents in coin to Mrs. Spears, Drawer 10, Bedford Hills, New York.



### "You Can Too!"

Prize-winning flowers! People all over the country are growing them from FERRY'S Seeds. Why not you? Select them the convenient way from your local dealer's display.

**FERRY'S DATED SEEDS**

#### Worthless Book

If time is precious, no book that will not improve by repeated reading deserves to be read at all.—Carlyle.



### MERCHANTS

#### Your Advertising Dollar

buys something more than space and circulation in the columns of this newspaper. It buys space and circulation plus the favorable consideration of our readers for this newspaper and its advertising patrons.

LET US TELL YOU MORE ABOUT IT

# IRISH EYES

by . . . Kathleen Norris

© KATHLEEN NORRIS—WNU SERVICE

### CHAPTER I

To her own office desk, adjoining that of Cecilia Moore, came Sheila Carscadden. It was half past five o'clock on a dark and heavy winter day. Most of the girls had gone home; a few were still lingering under the circles of light dropped by green, dangling lamps above their desks. The office was lighted only by these little, brilliant cases; outside the night was already black.

Cecilia was the familiar Irish-American type: small, thin, eager, with blue eyes and a very white skin, with a curled cap of black hair. Her expression was one of constant suspicious watchfulness, shrewdness and mirth. She was an expert stenographer and typist at twenty-three, and knew all about air mails and steamer sailings and special delivery, and most of the firm's business as well. Cecilia even had a smattering of Spanish, for Marks and Manheim dealt in South American table exports: such brands as the "Marks of Quality" fruit pastes, avocados, bananas, guavas and coconuts, and the "Wedding Feast" pineapple and date specialties.

Sheila was younger than her office neighbor, but she looked more than her twenty-one years; Cecilia had been "going with" Sheila's older brother Joe for some years, and the two girls, were intimate. Sheila was taller than Cecilia, and broader of build; her white forehead was broad, under her loose dark-red hair; her slender shoulders were broad, even her young, untrained hands were square and boyish.

For the rest, Cecilia was more boyish than Sheila, for Cecilia was flat-built and thin, with nervous hands and narrow hips, and Sheila was rounded and generous in line; her white throat flawless, her chin a smooth curve and her whole body vibrant with a sort of warmth and light.

Even the fringe of coppery hair that escaped in a silky film over her forehead, and the little rebel curls that lay outside of the knot on her neck were unconventional, different, human. The touch of her square, firm hand was human, as was the look from her round, eternally surprised blue eyes. She had the daisy-white skin that sometimes goes with blue eyes and reddish hair; her mouth was large, her teeth were large, her voice was unexpectedly large and vibrant. Altogether she did not fit into an office whose manager lived only to reduce the young women employees to the status of smooth-running machines, and to ignore their individual personalities as much as possible.

This girl, introduced as "Miss Moore's friend," had been there for seven months now, and they had been stormy months. The heads did not understand her. She was the sort of person who is always trying to change things; she had a disturbing way of suggesting short-cuts, by eliminating details. With the greatest simplicity and good humor she threatened the firm fortress of inefficiency that had supported the business of Marks and Manheim for years and years. Sheila Carscadden had entered the office knowing nothing; she knew little now. But she upset everyone; at her innocent questions time-honored customs shrank back into decent shadow.

Her expression tonight was rueful, her surprised eyes more surprised than ever.

"Call-down?" Cecilia asked, trying to read her face.

Sheila seated herself at her desk, moved a paper, looked at the other girl unsmilingly and shrugged.

"Ye good old bounce act," she stated simply.

And suddenly a delightful, broad all-enveloping smile lighted her face.

"Don't look like that, Ceel," she said.

"Fired!" Cecilia ejaculated, in a whisper.

Sheila laughed joyously.

"What do you know about that?" she asked. Cecilia's expression remained horrified.

"Sheila—he didn't!"

"I tell you he did."

"I don't see," Cecilia commented, after a space during which they had looked at each other. "I must say that I don't see that it's so funny."

"Well, I think it's funny," Sheila said, with a faint accent on the pronoun.

"To be fired?"

"By old Drayton. I don't care!" the younger girl added, after a moment in a reckless voice.

Cecilia saw that she did care, that she was shocked and humiliated. After all, this was no year to be fired. Jobs were scarce. There were breadlines and unemployment parades downtown.

"What'd he say?"

"Drayton?" Sheila was looking into a desk drawer. "My gloves—"

she said vaguely. She closed that drawer, opened the one above it.

"Oh, here they are!" she said.

"New purse?" Cecilia asked, distracted, innocently interested, as purse and gloves were brought to the surface of the desk.

"Ten cents," Sheila answered, watching Cecilia's face for approval.

"Ten cents!"

"That's all. Rummage sale," Sheila explained briefly.

"For heaven's sake! Why, it's

marvelous," the older girl admiringly observed.

"I thought it was nice. I lost my other—left it in the pew Sunday. You'd think anybody'd be afraid to steal in church."

"You would think they'd be afraid," Cecilia agreed, with an awed expression in her bright, shrewd eyes.

They both fell to thinking; Cecilia aroused herself with a start.

"But go on. What'd Drayton say?"

"Oh, a lot of hooley!" Sheila answered, with an air of indifference.

"But what'd he say? You know, Sheila," Cecilia added, as the other girl made no immediate reply.

"You're a hundred times better than Miss Hodgson, for instance, or Miss Grace. What'd he say?"

"Oh, he didn't say anything against my work. He said I took too much upon myself."

"But for heaven's sake, how could you take too much upon yourself?"

Sheila, as if their conversation in the office had been uninterrupted, answered tranquilly:

"Not right away. She'll kill me."

"I love your purse," Cecilia said.

"I wish you could have seen the coat I could have gotten for twelve. Twelve, mind you! I'll bet it cost sixty. I had her put it aside for me. It was dark blue with a sort of rolled collar. It was simply grand," Sheila said.

She fell to musing. She hated the word grand, thus misused. The nun who had taught her English had always corrected that way of employing the word. Coats were not grand, movies were not swell, good times were never simply elegant.

She thought of meeting Peter when thus attired. Peter what? She did not know his last name. She could only think of him as Peter. But there was not an hour of her waking day when she did not remember the laughing face he had brought down from his great height, close to her own, his hard brown hand cupping her chin, his lips meeting hers for a dizzying, drowning eternity of moonlight and summer night, against a dim background of music from the Casino—waltz music, and the ceaseless rustle and swish of waves breaking on the sand.

She was still in the dream when Cecilia said suddenly, "Come on!" and it was time to jam their way out through the surge again, and ascend the packed stairs to the icy cold wind and darkness and blowing films of dirty snow on One Hundred and Forty-ninth Street. Both girls were tired from the office day, the assaulting cold wind, and the stupefying, poisonous air of the underground railway. They did not speak as they fought their way about the worst corner of all, and passed the crowded bright bakery and the movie entrance, away from the racket of the elevated train. Then, when they were passing the dark portals of the church, Cecilia made a faint inclination of her head toward them.

"Want to go in for a minute?" Sheila urged her on.

"He said I changed the young gentlemen's letters."

"Who? Foster's and Foote's, I suppose?"

"And young Sig's," Sheila admitted, with her sudden, irrational smile.

"What's funny about that?"

"What I think of young Sig is funny, if he ever knew it," Sheila observed.

"You didn't change his letters?"

"I certainly did."

"The vice president's son," Cecilia murmured.

"He could be the vice president's guardian angel, and if he dictated the way he does, I'd change it."

"You should of knew, and it looks like what he done was did under the impression that ours of recent date was nothing but maybe a bluff," Sheila quoted with scorn.

The older girl studied her thoughtfully.

"You might know you'd be fired," she observed. "Why, we send out a hundred letters a day that aren't as sensible as that one of Sig's."

"I know we do."

"You certainly didn't think you could change things, Sheila?"

"No," Sheila admitted, with her doubtful look followed by the characteristic wide smile. "But I just suddenly got mad," she confessed.

She had put on a shabby hat and coat, put them on with that dash and certainty that is typical of the American-born Irish office worker; now both the girls were walking toward the hallway and the elevators.

They descended to become instantly a part of the uproar and late-afternoon crowding of the streets, to be drawn like two living, vital threads into the great pattern of the city's afternoon story. To both girls this was a commonplace; they felt neither particular interest nor any apprehension as they surrendered themselves to the clicking

and hammering and jarring machine.

Cecilia and Sheila moved through it all rapidly, almost absent-mindedly. It was their native air; it had envired them from boyhood.

This was merely a winter evening, an uninteresting one; Wednesday night. Monday night was apt to be tinged still with the memories of Sunday's relaxation and enjoyment; Friday evening was definitely anticipatory. Wednesday evening was nothing.

The subway smelled of heat, cement, steam, heavily clothed, unclean bodies. A few passengers, angry and vituperative, struggled out of the train's sliding metal doors as the girls and the home-going crowd pushed in. Cecilia and Sheila did not expect to be offered seats; they did not wish to be. Getting home was an equally dull performance, whether one stood or sat, and anyway the girls would have generously argued. "The boys are as tired as we are."

"Going to tell your mother?" asked Cecilia.

Sheila, as if their conversation in the office had been uninterrupted, answered tranquilly:

"Not right away. She'll kill me."

"I love your purse," Cecilia said.

"I wish you could have seen the coat I could have gotten for twelve. Twelve, mind you! I'll bet it cost sixty. I had her put it aside for me. It was dark blue with a sort of rolled collar. It was simply grand," Sheila said.

She fell to musing. She hated the word grand, thus misused. The nun who had taught her English had always corrected that way of employing the word. Coats were not grand, movies were not swell, good times were never simply elegant.

She thought of meeting Peter when thus attired. Peter what? She did not know his last name. She could only think of him as Peter. But there was not an hour of her waking day when she did not remember the laughing face he had brought down from his great height, close to her own, his hard brown hand cupping her chin, his lips meeting hers for a dizzying, drowning eternity of moonlight and summer night, against a dim background of music from the Casino—waltz music, and the ceaseless rustle and swish of waves breaking on the sand.

She was still in the dream when Cecilia said suddenly, "Come on!" and it was time to jam their way out through the surge again, and ascend the packed stairs to the icy cold wind and darkness and blowing films of dirty snow on One Hundred and Forty-ninth Street. Both girls were tired from the office day, the assaulting cold wind, and the stupefying, poisonous air of the underground railway. They did not speak as they fought their way about the worst corner of all, and passed the crowded bright bakery and the movie entrance, away from the racket of the elevated train. Then, when they were passing the dark portals of the church, Cecilia made a faint inclination of her head toward them.

"Want to go in for a minute?" Sheila urged her on.

"He said I changed the young gentlemen's letters."

"Who? Foster's and Foote's, I suppose?"

"And young Sig's," Sheila admitted, with her sudden, irrational smile.

"What's funny about that?"

"What I think of young Sig is funny, if he ever knew it," Sheila observed.

"You didn't change his letters?"

"I certainly did."

"The vice president's son," Cecilia murmured.

"He could be the vice president's guardian angel, and if he dictated the way he does, I'd change it."

"You should of knew, and it looks like what he done was did under the impression that ours of recent date was nothing but maybe a bluff," Sheila quoted with scorn.

The older girl studied her thoughtfully.

"You might know you'd be fired," she observed. "Why, we send out a hundred letters a day that aren't as sensible as that one of Sig's."

"I know we do."

"You certainly didn't think you could change things, Sheila?"

"No," Sheila admitted, with her doubtful look followed by the characteristic wide smile. "But I just suddenly got mad," she confessed.

She had put on a shabby hat and coat, put them on with that dash and certainty that is typical of the American-born Irish office worker; now both the girls were walking toward the hallway and the elevators.

They descended to become instantly a part of the uproar and late-afternoon crowding of the streets, to be drawn like two living, vital threads into the great pattern of the city's afternoon story. To both girls this was a commonplace; they felt neither particular interest nor any apprehension as they surrendered themselves to the clicking



"Want to go in for a minute?" Sheila urged her on.

"He said I changed the young gentlemen's letters."

"Who? Foster's and Foote's, I suppose?"

"And young Sig's," Sheila admitted, with her sudden, irrational smile.

"What's funny about that?"

"What I think of young Sig is funny, if he ever knew it," Sheila observed.

"You didn't change his letters?"

"I certainly did."

"The vice president's son," Cecilia murmured.

"He could be the vice president's guardian angel, and if he dictated the way he does, I'd change it."

"You should of knew, and it looks like what he done was did under the impression that ours of recent date was nothing but maybe a bluff," Sheila quoted with scorn.

The older girl studied her thoughtfully.

"You might know you'd be fired," she observed. "Why, we send out a hundred letters a day that aren't as sensible as that one of Sig's."

"I know we do."

"You certainly didn't think you could change things, Sheila?"

"No," Sheila admitted, with her doubtful look followed by the characteristic wide smile. "But I just suddenly got mad," she confessed.

She had put on a shabby hat and coat, put them on with that dash and certainty that is typical of the American-born Irish office worker; now both the girls were walking toward the hallway and the elevators.

They descended to become instantly a part of the uproar and late-afternoon crowding of the streets, to be drawn like two living, vital threads into the great pattern of the city's afternoon story. To both girls this was a commonplace; they felt neither particular interest nor any apprehension as they surrendered themselves to the clicking

and hammering and jarring machine.

Cecilia and Sheila moved through it all rapidly, almost absent-mindedly. It was their native air; it had envired them from boyhood.

This was merely a winter evening, an uninteresting one; Wednesday night. Monday night was apt to be tinged still with the memories of Sunday's relaxation and enjoyment; Friday evening was definitely anticipatory. Wednesday evening was nothing.

The subway smelled of heat, cement, steam, heavily clothed, unclean bodies. A few passengers, angry and vituperative, struggled out of the train's sliding metal doors as the girls and the home-going crowd pushed in. Cecilia and Sheila did not expect to be offered seats; they did not wish to be. Getting home was an equally dull performance, whether one stood or sat, and anyway the girls would have generously argued. "The boys are as tired as we are."

"Going to tell your mother?" asked Cecilia.

Sheila, as if their conversation in the office had been uninterrupted, answered tranquilly:

"Not right away. She'll kill me."

"I love your purse," Cecilia said.

"I wish you could have seen the coat I could have gotten for twelve. Twelve, mind you! I'll bet it cost sixty. I had her put it aside for me. It was dark blue with a sort of rolled collar. It was simply grand," Sheila said.

She fell to musing. She hated the word grand, thus misused. The nun who had taught her English had always corrected that way of employing the word. Coats were not grand, movies were not swell, good times were never simply elegant.

She thought of meeting Peter when thus attired. Peter what? She did not know his last name. She could only think of him as Peter. But there was not an hour of her waking day when she did not remember the laughing face he had brought down from his great height, close to her own, his hard brown hand cupping her chin, his lips meeting hers for a dizzying, drowning eternity of moonlight and summer night, against a dim background of music from the Casino—waltz music, and the ceaseless rustle and swish of waves breaking on the sand.

She was still in the dream when Cecilia said suddenly, "Come on!" and it was time to jam their way out through the surge again, and ascend the packed stairs to the icy cold wind and darkness and blowing films of dirty snow on One Hundred and Forty-ninth Street. Both girls were tired from the office day, the assaulting cold wind, and the stupefying, poisonous air of the underground railway. They did not speak as they fought their way about the worst corner of all, and passed the crowded bright bakery and the movie entrance, away from the racket of the elevated train. Then, when they were passing the dark portals of the church, Cecilia made a faint inclination of her head toward them.

"Want to go in for a minute?" Sheila urged her on.

"He said I changed the young gentlemen's letters."

"Who? Foster's and Foote's, I suppose?"

"And young Sig's," Sheila admitted, with her sudden, irrational smile.

"What's funny about that?"

"What I think of young Sig is funny, if he ever knew it," Sheila observed.

"You didn't change his letters?"

"I certainly did."

"The vice president's son," Cecilia murmured.

"He could be the vice president's guardian angel, and if he dictated the way he does, I'd change it."

"You should of knew, and it looks like what he done was did under the impression that ours of recent date was nothing but maybe a bluff," Sheila quoted with scorn.

The older girl studied her thoughtfully.

"You might know you'd be fired," she observed. "Why, we send out a hundred letters a day that aren't as sensible as that one of Sig's."

"I know we do."

"You certainly didn't think you could change things, Sheila?"

"No," Sheila admitted, with her doubtful look followed by the characteristic wide smile. "But I just suddenly got mad," she confessed.

She had put on a shabby hat and coat, put them on with that dash and certainty that is typical of the American-born Irish office worker; now both the girls were walking toward the hallway and the elevators.

They descended to become instantly a part of the uproar and late-afternoon crowding of the streets, to be drawn like two living, vital threads into the great pattern of the city's afternoon story. To both girls this was a commonplace; they felt neither particular interest nor any apprehension as they surrendered themselves to the clicking

and hammering and jarring machine.

Cecilia and Sheila moved through it all rapidly, almost absent-mindedly. It was their native air; it had envired them from boyhood.

This was merely a winter evening, an uninteresting one; Wednesday night. Monday night was apt to be tinged still with the memories of Sunday's relaxation and enjoyment; Friday evening was definitely anticipatory. Wednesday evening was nothing.

The subway smelled of heat, cement, steam, heavily clothed, unclean bodies. A few passengers, angry and vituperative, struggled out of the train's sliding metal doors as the girls and the home-going crowd pushed in. Cecilia and Sheila did not expect to be offered seats; they did not wish to be. Getting home was an equally dull performance, whether one stood or sat, and anyway the girls would have generously argued. "The boys are as tired as we are."

"Going to tell your mother?" asked Cecilia.

Sheila, as if their conversation in the office had been uninterrupted, answered tranquilly:

"Not right away. She'll kill me."

"I love your purse," Cecilia said.

"I wish you could have seen the coat I could have gotten for twelve. Twelve, mind you! I'll bet it cost sixty. I had her put it aside for me. It was dark blue with a sort of rolled collar. It was simply grand," Sheila said.

She fell to musing. She hated the word grand, thus misused. The nun who had taught her English had always corrected that way of employing the word. Coats were not grand, movies were not swell, good times were never simply elegant.

She thought of meeting Peter when thus attired. Peter what? She did not know his last name. She could only think of him as Peter. But there was not an hour of her waking day when she did not remember the laughing face he had brought down from his great height, close to her own, his hard brown hand cupping her chin, his lips meeting hers for a dizzying, drowning eternity of moonlight and summer night, against a dim background of music from the Casino—waltz music, and the ceaseless rustle and swish of waves breaking on the sand.

She was still in the dream when Cecilia said suddenly, "Come on!" and it was time to jam their way out through the surge again, and ascend the packed stairs to the icy cold wind and darkness and blowing films of dirty snow on One Hundred and Forty-ninth Street. Both girls were tired from the office day, the assaulting cold wind, and the stupefying, poisonous air of the underground railway. They did not speak as they fought their way about the worst corner of all, and passed the crowded bright bakery and the movie entrance, away from the racket of the elevated train. Then, when they were passing the dark portals of the church, Cecilia made a faint inclination of her head toward them.

The air within the house was dank and chilly, yet some degrees warmer than that of the streets. It was thick and fetid with the smells of unaired living quarters, defective plumbing, dust, human beings, and every sort of cooking and cleaning. Boiling cabbage, stove ashes, coal smoke, hot laundry suds, broiling meat, frying eggs, all united with a thousand other domestic scents to give it color; drawn like a red thread through the web of odors was that of carbolic acid.

"Isn't it?" Cecilia agreed. "You think you'll never make it."

"Come up and have dinner with us, Ceel."

"I can't. Mamma's alone. And I think it's the anniversary of my aunt's death or something. Anyway, she was crying at breakfast."

Cecilia stopped on the second floor. Sheila mounted on to the fourth, as high as she could go.

Mary Carscadden, now cooking dinner, had, in defiance of all theories of housing, budgeting, and the bearing of young, brought seven children into the world in these three dark rooms and had raised five of them. How it had been done, how she had weathered widowhood, the children's illnesses, poverty, cold, ignorance; from whence their thousand meals a piece per annum had come, she knew as little as the mice that hid behind her woodbox, or the dirty doves that came to her sooty fire-escape for crumbs every morning. Her anxieties had rarely gone ahead farther than the next meal, the next month's twenty-seven and a half dollars for rent.

During the war the rent had jumped to forty-two dollars, and Joe and Marg'ret, mere children, had gone stanchly to work to

With the Churches

PENTECOSTAL HOLINESS CHURCH

W. R. Maxwell, Pastor
Sunday school 9:45 a. m.
Preaching 11 a. m.
P. Y. P. S. 6:15 p. m.
Evangelistic service 7:15 p. m.
Bible study Monday night.
Prayer meeting Wednesday night.
Preaching Saturday night.
Next Sunday morning is regular missionary day. Mrs. H. O. Byerly will speak in behalf of foreign mission work.

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH

Leroy M. Brown, Minister
10 a. m.—Sunday school, C. O. Greene, superintendent.
11 a. m.—Morning worship, sermon by the pastor.
6:45 p. m.—Epworth League.
7:30 p. m.—Evening worship, address by Tom Elzey of Perryton. Mr. Elzey is a very enthusiastic speaker and his messages are helpful.
The public is cordially invited to all our services.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

W. A. Erwin, Minister
Sunday school 10 a. m.
Morning worship at 11.
Evening worship at 7.
The Christian Endeavor will observe Young People's Day by giving a program, "Christus Victor," at the evening worship hour. The public is invited.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Troy A. Sumrall, Pastor
Sunday school 9:45 a. m.
Time Religion.
Preaching at 11. Subject, "Old Training service at 6:30 p. m.
Preaching at 7:45. Subject, "Way Preach."
You are welcome.

CHURCH OF CHRIST

Lee Starnes, Minister
Bible school at 10 a. m., preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. young people's Bible class 6:15 p. m.
The public is invited to attend any or all of these services. A welcome awaits you.

PENTECOSTAL W. M. S.

The Pentecostal Holiness W. M. S. met Monday afternoon in the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Puckett, who have been ill for some time.

The service opened with song and prayer. Mrs. L. E. Carter led the devotional. Several members were present.

A program has been arranged for next Monday at the church. The theme will be "The Rapture." Whether you are a member of the society or not, you are welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Worley have received announcement of the birth of a girl to their daughter, Mrs. J. O. Hudson, and Mr. Hudson, of Houston. The baby has been named Charlotte.

Mrs. D. C. Regal and children, Janet and John, of Amarillo visited their parents and grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Sparks, Monday and Tuesday.

Mrs. Clyde Horrell and sons, Max, Martha Riemer and Mrs. Geo. Van Huss visited at Hollis, Okla., Sunday.

Mrs. Lee Wilson and daughters visited Mr. Wilson at Tucumcari, N. M., last week.

Mrs. J. D. Davenport, who has been ill, was able to attend church Sunday.

Mrs. T. H. Andrews visited her son, Clyde, and family at Tucumcari, N. M., last week.

Mrs. C. A. Cryar visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Stone, in Amarillo last week.

Clyton Wilkerson of Oklahoma City visited home folks here over the week end.

Frank Moore was in Crowell Friday to attend the funeral of a nephew.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Meier and daughter of Amarillo visited relatives here Saturday night and Sunday.

Hosaa Riggers of Wheeler was in McLean Saturday.

Alton Moore of Pampa was in McLean Saturday.

Lee Atwood of Borger visited home folks here over the week end.

PSALMS OF LIFE

Be neat in all the things of life. Be ruled by tidiness; Let order guide you day by day And bring you happiness.

Help mommer keep the house quite neat— Don't litter up a room; When others have to tidy up It fills them full of gloom.

Put everything where it belongs When you return from school; The shiftless, careless little girl But aces the senseless fool.

Put all your clothes where they belong When you undress at night; Hang all your garments so they can Be found next morn all right.

A scrubbing give yourself each morn And then throughout the day Be careful not to tear or soil Your garments in rough play.

Be neat in all the things you do, And when you've grown, we think, You will not be a wife who leaves THE DISHES IN THE SINK.

HOW TO BECOME A SCOUT

It's fun to be a scout . . . and it's easy, too. Wherever you live is America you can be a scout, or a lone scout, if you've passed your 12th birthday.

You'll want to join the troop nearest your own home. It probably is already meeting in your church . . . or school. Ask your pastor or school teacher about it. If no luck, look up the address of the boy scout office in the telephone directory, or inquire from the editor of your newspaper.

You and your mother or father should arrange to meet the scoutmaster, who will explain how scouting works. Ask him for a boy scout membership application. Fill it out and have your parents sign it.

Next you'll want to master your tenderfoot requirements quickly, as you must pass them with the scoutmaster before you can be awarded your scout membership card and tenderfoot badge. If you're wondering what these tenderfoot requirements are, you'll find the answers beginning on page 30 in the "Handbook for Boys," which you can get at any boy scout office, at most public libraries, or by writing to the boy scouts of America.

Of course, you and your parents want to know how much scouting will cost. All expenses other than the 50c annual scout registration fee are completely optional. Most troops establish small weekly dues to care for expenses incidental to running the troop.

If there are no boy scouts near your home, that need not stop you from becoming a boy scout. For full particulars on how to start a boy scout troop or a lone scout patrol, write to the boy scouts of America, Box 718 Pampa, Texas.

ETERNAL QUEST

I'm a fall-guy for all the success books, and all the speakers on the secrets of achievement. I eagerly read the new books on psychology and philosophy. Let a man announce that he has discovered a plan for making more of our lives and there isn't much that can stop me from going to hear him. I'll be one of the expectant looking men in the front row!

Ever since I was a boy, I've been searching for the magic formulas. Always I'm hoping to see the curtain drawn back and the Holy Grail revealed. How to make life bigger, happier, more glorious, is something in which I seem to be perennially interested.

Even as I grow older I find myself still expecting miracles, still reaching for a better understanding of how to live. I'm thankful that life has not as yet grown dull, prosaic, drab. I'm thankful that I'm not one of those who have grown bitter, cynical, and weary. I still have faith in the triumph of ideals. I still believe that life holds shining possibilities for me.

Just around the corner the supreme secret may burst upon me. There's always a chance I'll find it—and the searching is a great adventure!—Exchange.

Mr. and Mrs. Allison Cash of Dumas visited the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Cash, Sunday.

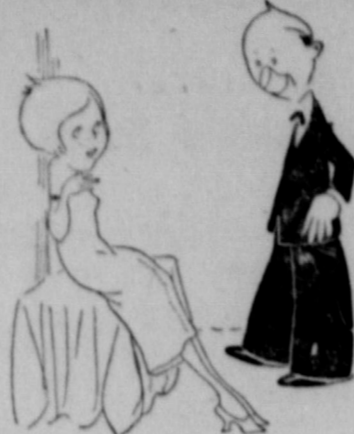
Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Davis visited in Childress Sunday.

Miss Leta Mae Phillips left Sunday for Denton to enter college.

Mrs. Ben Chilton of Amarillo visited relatives here this week.

Emory Smith went to Kermit on business the first of the week.

OUCH!



Hubby—Of course, like all women, you have an inordinate curiosity. Wifey—Got a curiosity, have I? I've got a freak.

It is the little things well done that go to make up a successful and truly great life.—Theodore Roosevelt.

We do not count a man's years until he has nothing else to count.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Dyer were in Pampa the first of the week.

J. W. Agee is a new reader of the News.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Jones of Sunray visited here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Banta visited at Holdenville Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Trimble visited at Dodson Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Whitsitt of Alameda were in McLean Tuesday.

W. D. Hall of Alameda was in McLean Wednesday.

J. H. Wade made a business trip to Erick, Okla., Wednesday.

Tom Kirby of Jericho was in McLean on business Wednesday.

Buford Reed of Pampa was in McLean Saturday.

D. Medley of Lefors was in McLean Wednesday.

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 OR TRADE

FOR SALE—Farm & timber land near Pauls Valley, Okla.—20 A in cultivation 20 A in timber—running water, orchard, improvements, \$1,000 cash. Would trade for property in McLean. Mrs. Ed Clifton, Alameda.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Hammer mill in good repair. \$50, including long drive belt. W. L. Hinton. 1p

FOR SALE—Team, cows, tools, feed and possession of place. See Mrs. Myrtle Killingsworth at Bain Hotel.

HAMBURGERS 5c, hot dogs 5c, chili 10c. Eat your next lunch with us. Peirce's Luncheonette. tfc

WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS at News office.

MERCHANTS SALES PADS 5c each at News office.

TYPEWRITER RIBBONS 60c each; portable 40c. News office.

ADDING MACHINE paper and ribbons at News office.

CASH REGISTER rolls at News office.

LOST AND FOUND

STRAYED, Monday, 2 9-weeks-old black pigs, left ears cropped. Notify H. O. Eyerly or Elmer Decker.

FOUND.—Pair glasses. Owner prove property and pay for this notice. News office. 1

WANTED

WANTED.—Team work, farm and garden. Will satisfy you. W. J. Hanner. tfc

MISCELLANEOUS

SHOE REPAIRING.—All work guaranteed. John Mertel. tfc

GOOD SERVICE PAYS

The modern small town business man has many problems, but if he keeps his feet on the ground and uses his head, there is no reason why he should not hold his own with any other all competition," says the Chief-tan of Enterprise, Ore. "He has the means at hand to give personalized service, sell good merchandise at fair prices, and above all be a friend of his customers."

The fact is that the small town business man has demonstrated beyond argument his ability to do just that. Gone is the day when the intelligent independent merchant, for instance, spent most of his time beating his breast and demanding that his chain store competitors be hamstrung with every device of legislation and class taxation. The modern independent goes to work in the face of competition, exerts himself still more to please his trade—and the customers keep right on coming in. The small merchant, no less than the big one, has ideas and vision—and the small merchant has been responsible for many innovations which have helped build and hold business.

It is to the credit of the American business man that he has always adjusted himself to the changing times. But it is not surprising. The biggest businesses this country knows, and especially those in the food and merchandising field, have grown from little businesses. About the only capital most of their founders had at the beginning was intelligence, ideas, and a willingness to work. The public pays well those who serve it well. And service is the stepping stone of all progress.

Our grand business in life is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—Carlyle

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.

SOMETHING

"Did any of your ancestors do things to cause posterity to remember them?"

"I reckon they did. My grandfather put mortgages on this place that aren't paid off yet!"

Judge—What's the defendant's reputation for veracity?

Witness—Excellent, your honor. I've known him to admit that he'd been fishing all day and hadn't got a single bite.

Visiting in the home of their parents and grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Moore, are Mrs. Amos Williams and son, Amos Ray, Jr., of Clinton, Okla.

Joe Billy Bogan of Lubbock visited home folks here last week.

Miss Mary Alice Wilson of Canyon visited home folks here last week end.

Addie Turnbow made a business trip to Pampa Saturday.

Miss Florene Mullins visited at Alameda Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Addie Turnbow visited in Shamrock Sunday.

Miss Floy Wynn of Lefors was in McLean Thursday night.

SCHOOL LUNCHES

Sandwiches, malts, good coffee, cold drinks, etc. You will find quick, economical service at our fountain.

McLEAN DRUG
Arthur Erwin, Manager

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

Subject to action of the Democratic Primary July 27.

For Commissioner, Precinct No. 4: C. M. CARPENTER

For District Clerk: MIRIAM WILSON

For County Clerk: CHARLIE THUT

For Constable, Precinct No. 5: CLIFFORD HAIR C. G. NICHOLSON

Mr. and Mrs. Sammie Cubine made a business trip to Skellytown last Thursday.

Fresh Cut Flowers

Grown in Shamrock EXPERT DESIGNING More and Better Flowers for Less

C. S. Rice is our exclusive agent in McLean Your trade appreciated.

Shamrock Floral Co.

Avalon

Thursday, Feb. 8 "REMEMBER THE NIGHT" Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray

Friday, Saturday, Feb. 9, 10 DOUBLE FEATURE "ALLEGHENY FRONTIER" Claire Trevor, John Wayne

"TELEVISION SPY" Judith Barrett, William Henry

Prevue, Sunday, Monday Feb. 10, 11, 12 "RULERS OF THE SEA" Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Margaret Lockwood

Tuesday, Feb. 13—Family Night "MARRIED AND IN LOVE" Alan Marshall, Barbara Read

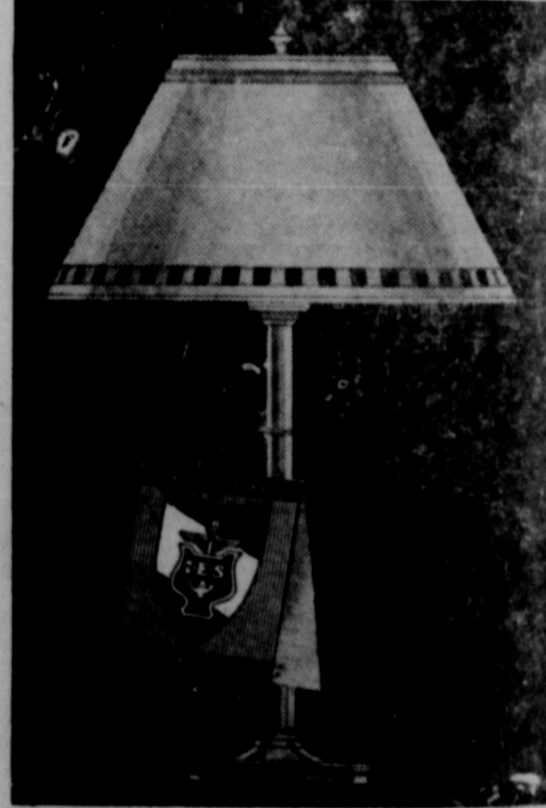
Wednesday, Thursday Feb. 14, 15 "JUDGE HARDY AND SON" Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone

COMING SOON "REMEMBER" Robert Taylor, Greer Garson

I. E. S. Better Sight Lamps

are CERTIFIED for Safe Seeing

These lamps carry the emblem of that world-famous authority on lighting—the Illuminating Engineering Society. This emblem certifies that the lamps comply with fifty-four standards developed for your protection: 11 standards assure light to protect your eyesight when you read, sew, play cards, or study. 29 standards guarantee sound mechanical construction. 14 standards insure electrical safety. So these lamps are triply guaranteed—by ourselves—by the maker—and by this famous organization of lighting experts. We have many other styles of



I. E. S. Better Sight Lamps, all embodying graceful beauty as well as sight-saving light. See them at our store. Easy terms.

WHY THEY PROTECT YOUR EYESIGHT

- ENOUGH LIGHT: These lamps give several times as much light as ordinary lamps.
FREEDOM FROM GLARE: Translucent bowl eliminates glare and gives light as pleasant as the light under a shady tree on a bright sunny day.
WIDE SPREAD OF LIGHT: They give you light over a wide working area—where you need it when you read, work, or play cards.
DIRECT AND INDIRECT LIGHT: They send most of the light down on your work, but send enough light to the upper walls and ceiling to provide general illumination. This reduces eye strain.

Your electric rate has come down again. Now you can use more. Southwestern PUBLIC SERVICE Company