

THE MCLEAN NEWS

Volume XXI.

McLean, Gray County, Texas, Thursday, November 13, 1924.

Number 46.

TREASURER'S REPORT LOCAL CHAPTER OF AMERICAN RED CROSS

Statement of receipts and disbursements local Red Cross, Nov. 1, 1923, to Nov. 1, 1924.

Bal. on hand Nov. 1, 1923	72.62
Received from roll call 1923	81.00
Total	\$163.62
Remitted to Natl. Hqrs.	\$40.50
Donated to T. B. patient	10.00
Donated to J. O. Holloway	10.00
Total disbursements	\$60.50
Bal. on hand Nov. 1, 1924	93.12
Total	\$163.62

Clay Thompson, Treasurer.

ARMISTICE DAY QUIET AFFAIR IN MCLEAN

As no preparations were made to celebrate Armistice Day, due largely to the fact that we have no active Legion Post here, the day passed off very quietly. The display of flags and the closing of the banks were the only noticeable things to call attention to the day.

News From Enterprise

By Special Correspondent.
W. W. Breeding made a business trip to Shamrock Saturday.

School has started and is going on fine.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Bentley entertained the young folks Saturday night. A nice crowd was present.

Robert Mathis of McLean visited home folks last week end.

W. H. Mahis and family visited in the J. B. Hart home at McLean Sunday.

Mrs. McIntosh and children visited relatives at Hedley Saturday and Sunday.

Prescott Mathis was a Wellington visitor Saturday.

Mr. Ray and family of the Ring community visited Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Nicholson Saturday and Sunday.

N. E. Savage and family attended a family reunion in honor of Mrs. Savage's parents' golden wedding anniversary Sunday near Clarendon.

HENLEY RAISES FINE TURNIPS NEAR TOWN

Our good friend, C. E. Henley, who lives southeast of town, presented us with three turnips Monday, the largest of which weighed 3 1/2 lb. Mr. Henley has harvested eleven bushels of these fine turnips, which are of the purple top variety and of superior flavor.

Mr. Henley says that diversification is the only safe way to farm. Cotton, in his opinion, should be grown only as a money crop, with plenty of feed; and market the feed on foot, by feeding it to stock on the place.

BOLLWORMS RUIN COTTON AT GROOM

While McLean folks are congratulating themselves on a bumper cotton crop, people on the edge of the Plains near Groom have nothing at all in the fields, on account of the bollworm. A gentleman from Groom stated last week that thousands of acres of cotton in the vicinity would not make a pound of cotton this year.

Mr. John W. Kibler orders The News sent to her son, J. B. Kibler, at Oklahoma City.

Mrs. J. M. Carpenter has our thanks for a subscription to The News.

Mrs. W. M. Meaders and L. L. Rogers returned Tuesday from a visit with relatives at Crowell.

Lee Cason was an Amarillo visitor Monday and Tuesday.

W. L. Haynes, A. A. Ledbetter and L. L. Smith attended court at Clarendon Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Thompson and children were in from the ranch Saturday.

Mrs. M. H. Kinard and son, Paul, spent from Monday until Thursday in their country home at Gracey.

The Melancholy Days



COLDER WEATHER IS PREDICTED

The prevailing pretty weather we have enjoyed all fall changed to a cold drizzle of rain this morning and the weather bureau predicts freezing weather tonight, with probable snows.

MRS. WILSON AND SON MOVE TO NEW LOCATION

Mrs. W. T. Wilson and Son, who have moved their stock of dry goods to the building formerly occupied by Frank Wofford.

News From Liberty

By Special Correspondent.
O. L. Mae Irvin spent Saturday night with Clara Bell Hardin.

J. F. Corbin and family spent Saturday evening in the Hardin home, the occasion being in honor of the birthday of Clara Bell Hardin. Refreshments were served at a late hour.

We enjoyed a good sermon Sunday. We want you all to come to Sunday school and be there to hear the sermons the second and fourth Sundays.

Jason Morgan came home from Clarendon Saturday afternoon to spend Sunday with home folks.

Miss Edith Trexell of Lela was present at Sunday school and preaching services Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hery Heston and baby were dinner guests in the A. C. Waldron home Sunday.

Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Garrett of McLean called at the Leo Irvin, H. C. Nelson and W. P. Irvin homes Tuesday afternoon. They took supper and spent a part of the evening at the J. F. Corbin home.

W. L. Haynes and A. A. Ledbetter were Amarillo visitors Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Prock of Albreed were McLean visitors Saturday.

Raymond Welch of Ft. Worth came in Wednesday for a visit in the J. W. Burks home.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Glass of Skillet were in town Saturday.

L. L. Morse was in from the ranch Friday.

P. H. Bonland is in Clarendon on business this week.

Clay Thompson, W. S. White, Edwin Rice and John Haynes attended the football game at Amarillo Tuesday.

STUDENTS TO FOLLOW OCCUPATIONS OTHER THAN THAT OF FATHER

Austin, Nov. 12.—Information obtained from the freshmen boys of the University of Texas this year by L. H. Hubbard, dean of students, show that very few of them intend to follow the occupations of their fathers. The sons of salesmen want to become journalists, and the sons of farmers want to become doctors or bankers or lawyers, and so on, it was noted. Business appeals to most of the students, and engineering, law, medicine and journalism follow in the order named.

Of the 875 men in the first-year class of the University, 292 have signified their desire to obtain the bachelor of arts degree, 236 are working for the bachelor of business administration degrees, 141 want bachelor of law degrees, 26 want to receive the bachelor of journalism degree, 77 want to be doctors of medicine, and 113 will apply for the bachelor of science degree in engineering. Of the 113 in the College of Engineering, 44 are studying electrical engineering, 31 are studying civil engineering, 15 are specializing in architecture, 11 are studying chemical engineering, and 10 are specializing in mechanical engineering.

When the freshman boys were asked to list their favorite subjects in high school, mathematics received first place, English was second, and history and physics followed.

In obtaining the statistics, Dean Hubbard also asked each freshman if he had any particular talent for entertaining. This information will be used in making out the programs for the Saturday night parties for those University students who do not dance. It was shown that one boy had two years' experience in a road show out of New York City and had assisted a magician, and many were able to play the piano, the guitar or some other musical instrument, or could entertain by singing or reading.

Riley Scott made a business trip to Shamrock Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Peters and family of Pampa spent the week end with friends here.

Elmer Reeves of Albreed was a McLean visitor Sunday.

John Haynes, Fred Bentley and Miss Minnie Morse were Pampa visitors Sunday.

Clyde Crump, who has been visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Colfer, returned to his home in Amarillo Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Denson of White Deer were in our city last Thursday.

DR. BALLARD BUYS BUILDING AND BUSINESS LOT

Dr. W. E. Ballard has bought the Legion Theatre building from W. L. Haynes and the vacant lot on Main street opposite Shell's Pharmacy, formerly owned by the Citizens State Bank.

Dr. Ballard recently purchased the brick residence on Main street from Mr. Haynes.

The doctor believes in the future of McLean, and these properties are very desirable from an investment point of view, being some of the more desirable locations in town.

ROWE IMPROVES STUDIO

C. O. Rowe, photographer, has overhauled the old News office building and now has an up-to-date studio fully equipped for portrait work and kokak finishing. In the finishing department will be found modern electric machines that will enable him to take care of any work that may be furnished him.

Mr. Rowe is also an oil painter of no mean ability, as some of his recent work will testify.

J. W. DENNIS WILL SING AT CHURCH OF CHRIST

Prof. J. W. Dennis and class from Erick, Okla., will sing at the Church of Christ Sunday morning. Everybody is invited to attend the service.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY

A party was given in the C. S. Rice home Monday evening in honor of the birthday of Vernon and Miss Verna.

After various games, refreshments were served to the following: Misses Lucile Astrian, Lena Sparks, Fern Upham and Floyde Jordan; Messrs. Chester Lander, Dwight Upham, J. F. Watkins and Vernon Johnston.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cristoph of Amarillo spent Saturday night and Sunday visiting the former's sister, Mrs. E. D. Smith.

Mrs. Ed D. Smith and daughter, Thelma, visited relatives at Childress last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Pugh of Arkansas came in last week to make their home here.

W. W. Mars of Ft. Worth came in Saturday on business.

Harold Smith spent Saturday night and Sunday at Clarendon.

Floyd Phillips, Charles Jordan and D. C. Carpenter went to Macador Monday on business.

Temple Rogers of Amarillo is visiting home folks here this week.

TEXAS SCHOOL SURVEY RECOMMENDS CHANGES PRESENT SCHOOL LAWS

Fort. Worth, Nov. 12.—Increased terms of office for all school trustees, provision for an appointive State Board of Education, abolishment of ex-officio county superintendency, and several other far-reaching changes in the Texas public school administration are urged by Dr. George A. Works, in a statement made today. Summarizing recommendations which he has made in previous statements, Dr. Works, who is director of the Texas school survey, makes the following recommendations:

There should be an increase in the term of office for which school trustees are chosen, in common school districts, independent districts and in the counties.

Provision should be made for an appointive State Board of Education. This board should have nine or eleven members, appointed by the governor, with one member's term expiring each year. The State Board of Education should elect the state superintendent of public schools and appoint members of his department as he recommends.

The ex-officio county superintendency should be abolished. Provision should be made in every county for a full time or part time superintendent, this superintendent to be a teacher of good training and successful experience. The selection of the county superintendent should be placed in the hands of the county board of education, which should be free to select a qualified individual. One evidence of a superintendent's qualification should be a special certificate issued by the State Department certifying that he is qualified to be a superintendent.

Increased powers over common school districts and independent districts of less than 500 scholars should be granted to county boards. They should have the power to consolidate schools, change district boundaries and classify the schools.

Local taxation should be basic in the financing of schools and provision should be made for a county tax for this purpose. In the apportionment of state funds to communities, recognition should be given to their differences in ability and willingness to support schools. There should also be state aid in the development of more adequate means for the supervision of rural schools. Experts should be appointed to make a complete study of the present provisions for raising funds for state expenditures.

A State Board of Higher Curricula should be made possible by legislation. This board should have eleven members appointed for terms of eleven years each. It should have power to appoint a research secretary, and to gather and publish facts with reference to the status of higher education in Texas.

This board will not take from the existing boards of the higher educational institutions their present administrative power. Its purpose will be to provide for closer coordination of the legislation of the institutions of higher learning by placing facts and recommendations relating to them before the legislature.

It is the judgment of the survey staff that longer terms should be provided for the board members of the educational institutions.

Rev. and Mrs. J. G. Thomas left yesterday for McLean, in which city they will be at the head of Methodist church affairs the coming year. They have done a splendid work in Hedley during the twelve months just passed, and have made a host of warm friends here whose good wishes will attend them throughout the years to come.—Hedley Informer.

Mr. and Mrs. Crabtree and daughter returned to their home at Dalhart Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leland Wilkins of Albreed attended services at the McLean Baptist church Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Kibler were business visitors in Sayre, Okla., Monday.

Mrs. O. L. Derrick and daughter of Gracey were in town Saturday.

Siler Faulkner of Pampa was a McLean visitor last Thursday.

MORSE WELL STRIKES GAS AT 2104 FEET

The Holmes Morse No. 2 oil test struck gas Tuesday at a depth of 2104 feet.

Three showings of oil have already been found in this test and the drill is now in the hard lime and drilling about 8 feet per day. It is expected that the pay sand is just under this hard formation, and as the hard lime was 100 feet thick in the Texas well, it is not known just how soon the bit will hit the sand.

Interest is keen in this test and it is believed that oil and gas will be found in paying quantities as soon as the present formation is punctured.

ANNUAL RED CROSS ROLL CALL

The American Red Cross, through its local chapter at McLean, is taking this means of appealing to every citizen to again align himself with the Red Cross. The American Red Cross has become an intimate part in our national life, and cannot and will not fail.

Soon the Red Cross will come before the nation, and incidentally this city, to ask for that dollar which enables it to do its fine work. It is the most spontaneous and worthy charity in the country, and it is just as well for all of us even now to remember its great achievements and resolve to support it. The Red Cross is not a war time institution, but a great instrument for good in time of peace.

Show your interest in the development of a better and healthier American citizenship by acceptance of the invitation to join the Red Cross.

W. Sherman White,
Local Roll Call Director.

B. Y. P. U.'S. HAVE SOCIAL

The Senior and Intermediate B. Y. P. U.'s of the First Baptist church had a social at the pastor's home basement last Friday night. Halloween stunts and other amusements were indulged in until a late hour, when the evening's entertainment was closed by toasting and eating marshmallows.

The following were present: Misses Gladys and Laena Holloway, Wilma Grigsby, Elizabeth Wilkerson, Marie Browning, Vivian, Mildred and Floyde Landers, Ocella and Naomi Hunn, Merle Young and Vernie Savage; Messrs. Herman Lee, Chester Favage, Harvey, Arlie and Merle Grigsby, LeRoy and Fred Landers; Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Garrett.

News From Gracey

By Special Correspondent.
Everyone enjoyed the party at the Will Bush home Saturday night.

Ralph and Buren Lloyd returned to their home at Lipscomb Friday after an extended visit in the A. L. Lee home.

Henry Kinard of Dalhart visited home folks last week.

Guy Bidwell came in last week for a visit in the Bidwell home.

Several from here attended the show at McLean Saturday night.

Mrs. H. M. Belew and family spent several days last week with Mrs. J. A. Belew at McLean.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Lee and family spent Sunday in the Fondren home.

Mrs. Jewelle Norman, who was on the sick list last week, is better.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bidwell and Misses Birdie and Lorena Derrick spent Sunday in the Bidwell home.

Miss Leeta Bush spent the week end at home.

Luther Johnson and Anson Lee visited in the J. E. Williams home Sunday evening.

John W. Kibler takes advantage of our bargain rate on The News and Star-Telegram this week and also orders The News sent to Mrs. L. A. Thompkins at Denton.

Henry Kinard returned to his home at Dalhart Sunday.

T. N. Holloway went to Amarillo Sunday.

Hulon Collier of Groom visited his parents here Sunday.

The Mystery Road

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

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Synopsis

BOOK ONE—CHAPTER I—Pleading from a brutal stepfather, an unhappy home, and a proposed husband she detests, Myrtle, a young French girl, stands in a country road on the verge of desperation.

CHAPTER II—Halted by an exploded tire, two young Englishmen, Lord Gerald Dombey and Christopher Bent, are attracted by the girl's distracted appearance. She begs them to take her away from her misery. In a spirit of adventure they do so, conveying her to Monte Carlo and leaving her with friends. Myrtle speaks English, her mother having been an educated woman.

CHAPTER III—Gerald sees a beautiful young woman in the gambling rooms and is fascinated, but can only learn that she is called Pauline de Poniere and is with her aunt. He is unable to secure an introduction. Christopher and Gerald decide Myrtle shall not go back to her home. Lady Mary, Gerald's sister, secretly in love with Christopher, disapproves of the young man's guardianship of Myrtle.

CHAPTER IV—Gerald and Christopher arrange for a mutual guardianship of Myrtle.

CHAPTER V—Lord Dombey makes little progress in his courtship of Myrtle, who is completely infatuated with Lord Dombey and would gladly become his mistress. He really cares little for her, his interest being all in Pauline.

CHAPTER VI—Myrtle falls desperately in love with Gerald, but he is a natural flirt, is only mildly interested in the girl, while Christopher, bent really loves her and would marry her.

CHAPTER VII—A mysterious Russian, Zubin, wins a large sum at the gambling tables. Gerald learns he knows the De Poniere, but can get no information from him.

CHAPTER VIII—Christopher makes little progress in his courtship of Myrtle, who is completely infatuated with Lord Dombey and would gladly become his mistress. He really cares little for her, his interest being all in Pauline.

Gerald and Christopher, strolling round the room, came presently to within a few feet of them. Gerald bitterly though he resented it, was passing on after one swift glance at Pauline. She leaned over, however, and touched him on the arm.

"Lord Dombey," she said, "my aunt permits me to present you, Lord Dombey—Madame de Poniere."

Gerald, taken by surprise, bore the shock well. He bowed low and murmured a few polite words.

"I am afraid you will think that we are very mercenary," Pauline continued, "but we are going to ask a favor."

"It is granted," Gerald assured her swiftly.

"There is a Russian gentleman in Monte Carlo named Zubin."

"I know him by sight," Gerald declared. "Beetle."

"Then the rest is easy," Pauline interrupted, with a warning look. "Our request is that you search the casino for him, and if he is there, that you bring him to us."

Gerald bowed.

"Mademoiselle," he promised. "If he is there, I will bring him to you within a quarter of an hour."

Gerald, on entering the casino, made his way at once to the table at the farther end. The seat which had been occupied by Zubin, however, was vacant though the table itself was crowded. He was on the point of continuing his search in one of the other rooms, when he suddenly saw the man of whom he was in search seated on one of the sofas against the wall. He made his way thither at once.

"Sir," he said, "I have brought you a message from Madame de Poniere."

The Russian lifted his head, and for a moment Gerald was afraid that he had had a stroke. His eyes were horribly red, the flesh about his cheeks bones seemed to have become drawn tight, and his cheeks to display new hollows. His hands were trembling. All his traculence of manner had departed.

"From Madame de Poniere?" he repeated. "Where is she?"

"She is waiting now in the Sporting Club," Gerald replied. "I will take you to her if you will accompany me."

The Russian rose to his feet and the two men left the place. Many of the bystanders gazed after them, and Gerald heard something of their whispers.

"I'm afraid you've been having rather a hard time," he remarked.

"My companion took no notice. He walked, indeed, like a man in a nightmare. Not only was he unshaven, but his clothes were creased and tumbled. He was altogether a disconcerting-looking object."

"You are right, monsieur. Come this way."

He crossed the street with great strides and entered the Hotel de Paris. He turned once more to Gerald as he entered the lift.

"A quarter of an hour, monsieur," he said. "I give you my word that I will not keep you longer than twenty minutes."

"I will be waiting here," Gerald promised.

After the departure of the lift, Gerald made his way by means of the private passage to the Sporting Club. Madame de Poniere and her niece were seated where he had left them, the elder lady sipping some coffee. Pauline looking around her with a languid air of half-amused interest. Save for the fact that Madame de Poniere's lips tightened a little as she saw Gerald alone, there was not the slightest indication in their manner or expression that they were confronted in any way with an exceptional situation.

"I have found our friend," he announced. "He is making some alterations to his toilet. I am meeting him in a few minutes and shall bring him here."

"Was he playing?" Pauline enquired.

"Not when I arrived," was the cautious reply.

Madame de Poniere stirred her coffee negligently.

"Had he," she asked, "the air of a man who has been losing?"

"I fear," Gerald admitted, "that he rather gave me that impression."

Pauline smiled up at him.

"It is very good of you to give your self so much trouble," she said. "My aunt and I are greatly indebted to you. Please do not lose any time in bringing Monsieur Zubin here."

The words were almost a dismissal. Gerald made his way back through the passage and took a seat in the lounge of the hotel. Within the time promised, a transformed Monsieur Zubin made his appearance. Gerald found it difficult to restrain his surprise. His dinner suit was faultlessly cut, his black pearl studs were marvelous. He had been carefully shaved and his hair had been trimmed. He carried white kid gloves in his hand, a glossy silk hat, and a malacca cane crowned with malachite. He came down at once to Gerald and signed to a waiter who was hovering about with a bottle upon a tray.

"You will give me three minutes," he begged. "I was interested in a series of numbers, and I forgot to dine. I have ordered a bottle of wine. You will perhaps join me."

"Very good of you," Gerald replied. "It is rather between times for me. I'll have a fine champagne, if I may."

Monsieur Zubin bowed gravely and the brandy was brought. Without turning a hair, he drank two tumblerfuls of the wine. Then he turned courteously to his companion.

"If you have no objection," he proposed, "we will walk outside to the Sporting Club. The distance is the same and the air is fresher."

Gerald assented readily and they started off side by side. The Russian was walking with his shoulders back, like a man on parade, and Gerald suddenly felt that his own stature had become insignificant. All the way his companion seemed to be reciting to himself in some foreign tongue, reciting something which now and then seemed to have the swing of blank verse. As they reached the steps which led up to the Sporting Club he came to a full stop and glanced around.

"Young man," he said, facing Gerald, "you are probably a little curious about me. This is the truth. Let those know it who may be interested. I am the steward of Madame de Poniere and the trustee of as much as is left of her revenues. I came here ashamed of their scantiness, and the wild idea of enlarging them at the tables occurred to me. I have failed. There is a fortune here, you see, by my side, and the commissionaire is there to help you. I apologize for the trouble I am giving. I churte you to deliver the expression of my undying devotion to Madame and Mademoiselle."

His right hand, which had been fumbling in the pocket of his dinner coat, shot out like lightning. A small revolver, flashing in the electric light, was pressed to his temple. There were two almost simultaneous reports.

Rumors were already floating about the club when Gerald hurried in. Five minutes later, both women looked at him in half-fearful inquiry. Gerald was very grave.

"Madame," he announced, "I bring bad news."

Madame, unfurled her black lace fan and fanned herself slowly.

"One hears that a man has shot himself outside," she said. "It is, perhaps, the man whom I sent you to seek?"

"It is he," Gerald acknowledged.

Madame de Poniere rose to her feet. She was an ugly woman whom, up to that moment, Gerald had detested. He found himself now admiring her profoundly. She leaned a little upon the stick which she carried in her left hand. Her right she extended towards Gerald.

"If you will give me the support of your arm downstairs, Lord Dombey, I shall be glad," she continued. "I am an old woman, and these shocks become more poignant with the years. Zubin was a faithful servant of my house. I am affected."

"Looks upon me as a kind person but an intolerable nuisance. She dreams of nobody but Gerald. If he lifts his little finger, she is his."

"Really?" Mary drawled coldly.

"Please don't judge her too harshly," Christopher begged. "Myrtle is temporarily incapable of a mean or an immoral action. She is just a child of nature, only instead of being swayed by the lower instincts, she is swayed by the higher ones. She loves Gerald, and neither she commits what her. She

these things. Their automobile was already in attendance, and the two women took their places at once.

"We are most obliged for your assistance, Lord Dombey," Madame declared. "I regret that we should have given you so tragical an errand."

"You will permit me to call, perhaps, at the villa?" Gerald begged.

"I shall not be receiving for several days," Madame replied. "If you are so gracious as to leave a card, my servants will tell you when I am disposed to see friends."

The car glided off. Madame leaned back with closed eyes. Gerald caught just a faint glimpse of Pauline's profile, ivory pale, a gleam of terror in her eyes, as though she knew that they were passing over the spot where Zubin had died.

Chapter X

It was after dinner at the Villa Acacia, and Lady Mary and Christopher, hardest of the little gathering were strolling back and forth on the terrace in the violet darkness. The two were old enough friends to speak intimately on many topics. They were talking tonight of Gerald.

"Gerald, as a rule," his sister declared, "is almost over-candid about his love affairs. This is certainly the first time I remember him to have been mysterious."

"I don't think he has seen anything of Mademoiselle de Poniere since the tragedy at the Sporting Club," Christopher remarked.

"Really," Mary sighed, "you young men who should be our greatest comfort are actually our greatest responsibility. First of all you pick up a peasant girl on the road, over whom you both seem to have lost your heads or less, and now Gerald is behaving like a lunatic about this young foreign woman."

"Has Gerald told you of the great developments with regard to Myrtle?" Christopher inquired. "I have some friends in London who have promised to take her for a nursery governess."

"Are either of you in love with her?"



"Are Either of You in Love With Her?" Mary Asked.

Mary asked, raising her eyes and looking her companion in the face.

Christopher hesitated for several moments before answering. Mary began to tear into small pieces the sprig of oleander which she was holding. Her face seemed suddenly to have become very white and tired.

"I am sure that Gerald is not," Christopher answered. "As for me—well, that sort of thing is a little out of my line, isn't it? The most serious part of the situation is that I am afraid the child is in love with Gerald."

"She will get over that," Mary said dryly. "Most of the girls I know have been in love with Gerald at some time or another. Sooner or later, the wise ones find him out and the butterfly ones fly away somewhere else. It may seem unkind, but I am more concerned about you, Christopher, than Gerald."

He passed his arm through hers, an action which their increasing intimacy seemed to render perfectly natural.

"Mary," he began, "you are just the one person in the world to whom I could confess an impulse of folly, and this is I suppose, the one place I could do it in. I frankly don't understand what you mean by being in love. When I have thought of marriage, it has been in connection with some dear woman friend who would make a home for me and be a companion. Of course, I expected to care for her and all that, but—promise you won't laugh at me?"

"I shall not laugh," Mary promised.

"For the first time in my life, that child has made me think of other things," Christopher acknowledged simply. "I don't know that it amounts to anything. I dare say really it is an unexpected vein of kindness which she has touched, but there it is. I have an absurd feeling of fondness for her. The idea of her becoming a plaything for Gerald or anybody makes a madman of me."

"And she?"

"Looks upon me as a kind person but an intolerable nuisance. She dreams of nobody but Gerald. If he lifts his little finger, she is his."

"Really?" Mary drawled coldly.

"Please don't judge her too harshly," Christopher begged. "Myrtle is temporarily incapable of a mean or an immoral action. She is just a child of nature, only instead of being swayed by the lower instincts, she is swayed by the higher ones. She loves Gerald, and neither she commits what her. She

would have thrown herself into the river sooner than have given herself in marriage to the housekeeper. She is equally capable of giving her life and her soul to Gerald, if he requires the sacrifice."

Mary turned her head towards the window.

"I think that father wants his game of backgammon," she observed. "We had better go in, I am afraid. We must talk of this again some time. Will you go first and say that I shall be there directly?"

Christopher stepped obediently through the window, and Mary passed on to the farther end of the terrace, where the shadows were deeper. For a moment her self-control slipped away. Her fingers gripped the ivy stalks fiercely. There were tears in her eyes, her rather firm but sensitive little mouth quivered passionately. It seemed so many years since Christopher had first represented to her all that she desired in manhood—a man of character, a worker, a sportsman when the time came, always ambitious, always ready to pit his brain against others. She had fancied him in parliament, a cabinet minister later in life, perhaps. She had thought with happiness of the many ways in which she could further his career; had dreamed with pleasure of playing hostess for him in a joint establishment. She had known that the consummation of her wish was inevitable, unless something should come between. And something had most unexpectedly come between—this peasant girl, this birth of a spurious sentiment—nothing in a man like Gerald, but very much to be dreaded in a person of Christopher's poise and steadfastness. She was a proud young woman, for all her gracious ways, and although she refused to find anything final in his attitude, the pain that she suffered in those few moments was not only of the heart.

Christopher and his host, in the intervals of their game, talked of the latest suicide. With the usual amazing serenity of the local press, not one word had appeared in any paper published in the vicinity.

"I feel a great deal of sympathy for our neighbors," Lord Hinterley remarked. "Old Colonel Hushinson, whom I met on the terrace this morning, told me that the man was bringing them money for some estates he had sold, which were practically their only means of subsistence."

Lord Hinterley picked up his cards. Mary came in from the terrace and seated herself by Gerald's side. The quietness of the evening, however, was almost immediately disturbed. The butler threw open the door, announcing guests.

"The Ladies Victoria and Millicent Cromwell, Mr James Cromwell, Lady Esseden."

They all trooped in—intimates of the young people of the house.

"We want you to come down to the club for an hour or two," Lady Victoria, who was always the leading spirit, suggested. "Dad's just paid my dress allowance, and I'm dying to lose it, and Jimmy's going to give us supper and take us to dance somewhere afterward."

"Added to which," her sister, Lady Millicent, went on, "we have brought you news. We know all about the man who committed suicide the other night."

(Continued next week)

IN THE OLD DAYS

Blinks—"I often was entertained with comic pictures long before the movies came along."

Jinks—"Yes, I, too, often spent an evening with a girl who would entertain me with the old family album."

Groceries are cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. Advertisement, etc.

REAL DRAY SERVICE

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

KUNKEL BROS

Quick Lunches

Hamburgers—Coffee—Pies At All Hours Good food served as you like it

J. A. Meador

ITCHU

ITCHU GUARANTEES HUNT'S GUARANTEED KIDNEY PILLS. ITCHU GUARANTEES HUNT'S GUARANTEED KIDNEY PILLS. ITCHU GUARANTEES HUNT'S GUARANTEED KIDNEY PILLS.

For Sale by Shell's Pharmacy

BETRAYED BY THEIR EARS

Now that ears have come back into view, the amount you today is supposed to reveal your situation in life. So you'd better adjust your coiffure to the inner ear you want to give out, or bystanders will get you all wrong.

In fact, ears are developing a sign language all their own. If you want to know whether a girl is married—and how much she's married—look to see how much of her ears are exposed. If she's up on the new language, that will tell the story.

Demure, unmarried damsels still have the ear practically hidden. Engaged girls show the tip. Newly married girls expose about half an earful.

The more married they are, the more ear they reveal. Suspicious wives are more inclined to uncover the ear than trusting ones; they're afraid they'll miss something.

Matrons and old maids don't care how much ear they show. They're as careless with their ears as some girls are with their knees.—Ex.

THAT IS QUITE NATURAL

Salesman—"Madam, you will sink nearly out of sight in the luxurious cushions in this new car."

Lady (decisively)—"No. When I ride in a new car I want to be plainly visible."—London Tit-Bits.

BETWEEN GIRLS

Ann—"You should have seen how terribly foolish he looked when he proposed to me."

Maud—"No wonder, when you consider the terribly foolish thing he was doing."

QUICK SERVICE

That's what we provide our patrons. Expert workmanship, neat, quick and absolutely sanitary. A clean, comfortable place.

Ladies' bobs any style.

Elite Barber Shop

WEST & EVERETT, Props.

An Insurance Policy

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

C. C. BOGAN

Insurance that Protects



Yukon's Best Flour Smith's Best Flour

Say, Mr.

Did you ever stop to think that we are a firm right here in your town, doing business in McLean, Texas, own our homes, pay tax in your town, school community and county; help you to pay your bonded indebtedness? Yes, we are doing that—and we know that we deserve your consideration, and ask that you always remember us with a liberal share of your patronage. We are very grateful to those who have become our customers and we want to insist on you who have not patronized us to give us a trial. If not, why not? Our place is headquarters for the best in flour, corn meal, shorts, bran, cotton seed meal, cake and other mill feeds. Our coal is as good as the northern fields of Colorado produces, and you make a mistake when you don't buy the best.

Yours for business,

CHENEY & CALLAHAN

Yukon Meal Salt Harris Meal

Flour Feed Coal Flour Feed Coal Flour Feed Coal Flour Feed Coal

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LIBERAL MILKMAN

"My dear," remarked the young husband, "did you ask the milkman why there is never any cream on our milk?"

"Yes, darling, and he explained quite satisfactory. I think that it is a great credit to him."

"What did he say?"

"That he always fills the jug so full there is no room for cream."—New York World.

SURE CURE

"Doctor, how can I keep awake? I'm always closing my eyes."

"Go to Atlantic City and sit on the beach."—Virginia Reel.

Hail-Fire-Tornado Insurance

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

RIPPY & BEALL

Office at Citizens State Bank

QUICK SERVICE

That's what we provide our patrons. Expert workmanship, neat, quick and absolutely sanitary. A clean, comfortable place.

Ladies' bobs any style.

Elite Barber Shop

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Money Speaks All the Languages; Performs Miracles

Most men work for money, yet few ever have any great amount of it at one time, even though reputed to be rich. It's like the old stage gag of a generation ago: "If money is the root of all evil, then please send me a stamp puller."

Henry Ford is a very wealthy man, yet Henry says that he can only wear one suit of clothes, sleep one bed and drive only one automobile at a time; that he can eat only a limited amount of simple food and still live and do well.

Andrew Carnegie was a wealthy man, yet he frequently hit a friend for the loan of ten or twenty dollars, in order to have cash for food, tickets and other emergencies. He was worth many millions, yet had but little pocket change.

Great capitalists, old boys now on the evening slope of life, make long time loans to foreign governments at a very low rate of interest. They can't possibly live long enough to collect the principal, and the interest they collect will be but a fraction of the total sum loaned.

A great business man keeps putting his money back into his business, installing new machinery, building new buildings, hiring more people to work for him, even borrowing money to make extensions in his business and of his business facilities. He keeps this up to the end, and then leaves the business—the result of a lifetime of work and accumulation—to others. All he takes with him is the money spent for his funeral equipment.

The more money a man makes, the more he spends. He never keeps it. A very wealthy man does as more than give employment to a large number of men and women—men and women who in turn spend money for living expenses, thus making prosperity for all.

Money is a medium of exchange, a friend in need. It speaks a universal language, and performs miracles. It makes crooks out of some men, and saints out of others. You are out of luck if you have not it, and a fool if you don't control it when you get it. Money is a wonderful servant, but a tyrant as a master.

Money burns holes in the pockets of some, and freezes to the palm of others, in each instance proves itself the master. The miser is no worse than the spendthrift and the spendthrift is no worse than the miser. The good citizen is the man who uses his money for constructive work, reserving a definite percentage of it for charity, for entertainment, for self-improvement.

Eating Favorite Indoor Sport of Large Population

Eating is the favorite indoor sport of a large per cent of our population. We once heard of a man who learned to live without eating—but he died the next day.

In a group of one hundred men you'll find fifty-seven varieties of appetites—including the Scandinavian.

There's the garbage can variety of eater. His mouth is a yawning basin that takes food like a sink-hole takes soap-suds; the more he eats, the more he wants, and he fixes them from worms to nuts and then duplicates the order and starts all over again.

The opposite extreme is the Aves-wotic. He can't eat anything scarcely and not much of that. His idea of a square meal is a couple of graham crackers, a glass of skimmed milk and a goose-quill toothpick.

Then there's the eater who has a sweet tooth. He runs to gooey things and a large waistline. He even puts sugar on his lettuce and tomatoes, syrup in his buttermilk and cream, and shallow and chocolate wrap on his ice cream. A deep fish pie, a plate of lady fingers and a banana split is this guy's idea of a banquet.

The off-my-feed type of eater is a half brother of the garbage can variety. He eats with a comical appetite. He starts out by munching, and at the last scrap, a head of lettuce, covered with Thousand Island dressing, proceeds to a bowl of noodle soup, a half dozen blue points on the shell, a porthouse steak smothered in mushrooms, french fried potatoes, creamed cauliflower, carrots and peas, two slices of apple pie, three cups of coffee and a half pound of salted almonds. His only regret is that he isn't as husky as he used to be. The sampler-feeder is another in-

evitable in every crowd. You order what you want, he orders something different, hoots you for your lack of finaise in things edible and gas ronic, and then samples everything you get by picking around here and there, taking a bite of this and a couple of bites of that. The law against homicide is the only thing that gets him out alive.

Who doesn't know the lecture-feeder? He knows the calory content of everything from sawdust at grind-tones, and gives a running lecture on this and that from the time you pick up the menu card until you pick up the change from paying the check. (He lets you pay without a murmur.) You really would like to sprinkle Paris Green on his tapoca pudding; instead, you take it out by telling him the story about the guy who hired a hall. (Nobody heard him but the janitor—who stayed around to put out the lights when the lecture was over).

We might name the Dieter, the soup yoder and the knickknacker, but they are too well known to bear further exploiting. The best way to eat is to take what you want and say nothing about it.—W. D. Trotter.

KEEP GOING

A railroad recently elected a new president. I read attentively the newspaper stories of his career, and nowhere did I discover any intimation that he is a genius, or endowed with brilliancy beyond the measure of his fellows. Rather, the reports laid emphasis on the fact that he began work in the lowest ranks and for thirty-five years had plugged steadily ahead.

It reminded me of the conversation which took place between a friend of mine and the conductor of that railroad's crack train. "We do not seem to be going very much faster than ordinary train," said my friend as he puffed his cigar in the comfortable club car. "I suppose that is a tribute to the smoothness of the roadbed."

"Not entirely," replied the conductor. "the truth is, we don't go very much faster than an ordinary train." "No?" exclaimed my friend in surprise. "Not very much faster," the conductor repeated; "but we keep going all the time."

Every single year in New York I am more impressed with the certain triumph of steady-going mediocrity. The meek—which is to say, the pluggers—go vesily in herit; the earth.

"Do you know who it is that loses money in Wall Street?" a veteran broker asked one. "It is the temperamental men who are easily enthused and easily depressed. They get discouraged when things don't go right, and sell out at the bottom. The solid man takes another hitch in his belt, hangs on and rides up again."

Said the president of one of the biggest corporations in the world: "There are only two brilliant minds in this whole organization." The brilliant minds occupy places of importance and profit, but not the top places. The top places are held by men who have arrived there through steady application and staying power.

I remember the first high-salaried man on whom my youthful eyes ever rested. I was a high school kid, and an older friend pointed him out to dazzle me. "There," he whispered in awed tones, "is a ten-thousand-dollar man."

That was many years ago. The other day I met that glittering phenomenon. He is middle-aged and not at all dazzling; hundreds of pluggers who were hardly making ends meet when he was in his glory are far ahead of him today. I do not covet for my sons any brilliance, any magnetism, any striking personal attributes that will open all doors to them at a touch. I covet for them hard jaws and firm ankles, the capacity to stay with their work an hour longer than the other fellow, and to hold on when more brilliant men have decided that the thing is too slow and have quit.

I propose that they add a thirteen exercise to their daily dozen—this to consist in reading this brief autobiographical note:

"Five times received I forty stripes save one; thrice was I beaten with rods; once was I stoned; thrice I suffered shipwreck; a night and a day have I been in the deep. In journeyings often, in perils of water, in perils of robbers—in weariness and painfulness—in hunger and thirst—in cold and in nakedness."

Some life, wasn't it? Yet the hand which penned those words also wrote: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." He kept the faith and kept

going; and his soul still marches on.—Southland Farmer.

UNNECESSARY DELAY

He—"Darling, I have a question I've wanted to ask you for weeks." She—"Go ahead—I've had an answer ready for months."—Wisconsin Octopus.

J. S. Searcy, Jack Steger and J. W. Kibler were Amarillo visitors Tuesday.

Misses Leora, Loree and Beatrice Kinard, Gladys and Laeuna Hollo way went to Amarillo Sunday.

Wants

STAR-TELEGRAM readers may renew their subscriptions to The News and the Star-Telegram both for \$8.45. Save 50c by giving The News your renewal.

FOR SALE.—East one-half of southeast quarter of Section No. Ninety-one, Block No. Twenty-three, also three acres out of the northeast corner of northeast quarter of Section Sixty-six, Block Twenty-three, Gray County, Texas. If interested write John Burns, Clemons, Iowa. 49-26p.

GROCERIES are cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. ttc

BROTHER FARMERS.—We can save you one to two dollars per ton on high grade coal. See I. D. Shaw, McLean, and O. P. Hommel, Abilene. 44-3p

GARBAGE and trash hauled from any part of the city at reasonable rates. Frank Haynes. ttc

CARDBOARD for any purpose at the News office.

COTTON PICKERS wanted—\$1.75 per hundred. Free transportation both ways. N. E. Savage. 1c

BUNDLED sorghum, grown broadcast, fine stem, 5c per bundle, delivered. Wilson Brothers. 45-3c

STORAGE.—Clean dry storage under daily supervision. Inquire at News office.

THESE little ads bring results. Try one. 25 words for 25c.

LOST.—On Postal Highway near McLean, nearly grown female black and tan Alredale dog, black leather collar studded with large white color studs. Communicate with Ira Stewart, R. F. D. No. 1, Clayton, New Mexico. Reward! 1p

WAGON FOR SALE.—Inquire at Second Hand Store. 1p

A REAL TURKEY to head your table. Two-year-old Mammoth Eroose tom, weighing between 40 and 45 pounds, \$10.00. Mrs. M. R. Landers. 1p

FOR SALE.—6 registered Hereford cows and calves, 1 bull. 1 Jersey milch cow, 1 Jersey heifer, teams and farm implements, kafir bundles and corn. My farm for sale or trade, or might rent to desirable party. Ira Chambers' 46-2c

COTTONSEED for sale. For the next 30 days (30) I will sell my own improved cottonseed at \$1.00 per bushel. In 1923 I picked 24 bales from 27 acres, 1924 I have out 18 bales off of 32 acres, quite a bit opened at present. Buy my seed and have early cotton next year. 1500 lb made 536 1 1-16 staple strict middling. N. E. Savage Phone 117. 3. 46 2c

BETTER place your order for Christmas cards with The News now. We have an exclusive line, printed to order. Prices as low as \$2.50 for 25 cards with envelopes to match.

NEWSPAPERS AND CRIME

Some recent statistics show that big metropolitan newspapers are devoting as high as 31.6% of their news space to crime.

Important industrial and world news about progress and development is crowded out with sensational matter that tends to develop more crime.

In a southern Illinois town the other day the merchants met and asked the local paper to print less about crime and give more constructive news.

This criticism is not applicable to the country weeklies and small city dailies that reach about 60% of the people.

To gain circulation and make a little more money by degradation of the reading matter that goes into the home is a crime in itself against the purity of the thought in the household circle.

TAME GAME

They've changed the football rules again, to make 'em safe and sane; To take far from our loved ones' reach all broken legs and pain; And football's now a gentle sport, polite and tame enough. Much like a game of dominoes, except not quite so rough.

No more a wild, bloodthirsty youth and fierce beyond belief, Comes along with a foeman's ear gripped proudly in his teeth; No more will Arthur's face be warped beneath sole leather boots, Or will his hair, his mamma's joy, be torn out by the roots.

For gentle ways of gentlemen such modern rules must wield, And no man makes the team unless he be a Chesterfield; But some of us, lost souls, regret the change, but feel no shame.

V. H. Moore Auctioneer

Wheeler, Texas

Dates made at News office or call me collect.

CLEANING AND PRESSING

Let us clean and press your clothes. Prompt and efficient service.

Made-to-Measure clothes fit better and wear longer. Let us take your order.

Service Tailor Shop

Hansel Christian, Prop. 1st door north of McLean Hardware

Car Service

When you need parts, accessories, tires, gasoline, oil, etc., for your car, you are entitled to the kind of service you have a right to expect. You will find that kind of service here. Try us.

SNAPPY SERVICE STATION "Service With a Smile" W. M. Meaders, Mgr.

LIFE INSURANCE

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

E. M. RICE

Agent, McLean, Texas Life Accident Health

Flour Satisfaction



Smith's Best flour is made of pure soft wheat, tried and true. Every sack absolutely guaranteed to give satisfaction to the last pound. The price is away below the present market. Special price on quantities. Try a sack on our guarantee.

Cobb's Cash Grocery

And long to see 'em use their teeth and elbows in the game. —Harry Lee Marriner in Dallas News.

WRONG PLACE

Defendant (in a loud voice)—"Justice! I demand justice!" Judge—"Silence! The defendant will please remember that he is in a courtroom."

OR EVEN LESS

A Chicago mechanic put a car together in forty-three minutes, but a fool can take one apart in three seconds. —AM. Lumberman.

Dwight Upham made a business trip to Shamrock Friday.

Ross Biggers returned to his home at Bethany, Okla., Friday.

Mrs. Norman Johnson visited her sister, Mrs. Johnnie Back, at Lefors Monday.

Bazaar Sale

One Day, Saturday, Nov. 22

Art and Christmas goods Tickets with every purchase Cake free to the lucky number

MRS. M. J. EVERETT At Mrs. W. T. Wilson & Son's Store

Scott's Kitchen

Short Orders The Best of Food Courteous Service Your Trade Appreciated RILEY SCOTT, Prop.

Beginning next Tuesday we will show on Tuesday night of each week as well as Friday and Saturday nights. Saturday, Nov. 15, "Flaming Barriers", a super thriller. Coming, "Human Wreckage," Tuesday night, Nov. 25. Legion Theatre. Advertisement. 1c

L. S. Turner of Amarillo was a McLean visitor Friday.

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

H. J. TAYLOR

JEWELER Shamrock, Texas Send me your repair work.

All mail orders taken care of promptly.

DR. J. A. HALL Dentist

Of Shamrock, Tex. Will be in McLean on Thursday, Friday and Saturday after the first Monday in each month.

INSURANCE

LIFE FIRE HAIL I represent some of the strongest companies in the world. I insure anything. No prohibited list. Money to loan on farms.

T. N. HOLLOWAY Reliable Insurance

CUNNINGHAM FLOWER SHOP

Plants, Cut Flowers, Designs, Flower and Garden Seeds Mail or Phone Orders Filled Promptly AMARILLO, TEXAS

1909-11 Van Buren St.

Phone 1081

Free Rug

To each person purchasing an Axminster, Wool and Fibre, or Congoleum rug or a pattern of Linoleum from this store at any time before November 15th, I will give one 18x36 Neponset Ash rug, absolutely free.

C. S. Rice

Phone 42

The Quality Is Built in---

There is only one way to make satisfactory hardware and that is to build the quality in. Once you have tried the standard brands of tools, stoves, kitchenware, etc., we handle, you will realize that the quality is a built-in part of every article. They cost no more than less satisfactory articles.

McLean Hardware Company

W. B. Upham, Manager

THE McLEAN NEWS

Published Every Thursday

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

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

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

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

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912 of The McLean News

Publishers, editors and owners: T. A. Landers, Fred Landers. There is no indebtedness of any kind against The News. Sworn to the 10th day of Nov., 1924.

The law very wisely requires that buying most things of public nature by state, county, city or school officials be let to the lowest bidder and that regular statements be published, showing just how the public's money is being used. While the law cannot apply to things of a semi-public nature, still it would be wisdom on the part of the officers involved that such tactics be pursued in every instance, with few exceptions. Any time any large amount of the public's money is expended, there should be no chance for misunderstanding or dissatisfaction on the part of any one.

More economic crimes are committed in the name of advertising than perhaps any other one thing. Everyone knows that it pays to advertise, but it is not everyone that knows the different forms of advertising. This fact is traded upon by outside solicitors who have various schemes to put over under the guise of advertising; and in every case possible they use some local tie-up to help their scheme. When a man is asked to advertise he expects to get results from his expenditure, otherwise he is donating money to the stranger. It is sometimes wise to make donations, but a donation should be called by its right name, and not allowed to masquerade as advertising.

Cotton raising is a tricky proposition. As long as it is made a money crop, all right, but just as soon as one thinks he can put all his land in cotton and make a living, it usually ends in failure. McLean has been unusually fortunate this season, which will mean a largely increased acreage next season. We need more cotton planted here, but not with the exclusion of feed crops. This section is primarily a feed country, and nothing will ever take the place of feed and livestock on the farm, if the farmer is to be the success he should be. Cotton should be raised, but in moderation; not over a third of the land in cultivation on each farm should be planted to cotton. That would mean money in good years and not so much loss when the bollworms or other pests wipe the crop out. No one crop system can long succeed, and cotton is one of the worst single crop systems known.

A solicitor was in McLean one day this week asking for charity for a certain organization that the gentlemen claimed was much older than the Salvation Army and the third largest organization of its kind in America, but at the same time admitted that it was not generally known. This seems strange, that any set of folks could be engaged in work similar to the Salvation Army, with stations most everywhere, and yet be comparatively unknown. The average man who contributes through regular church channels will do well to refuse to give anything to outsiders, with claims of unknown value. The printed cards carried by such solicitors do not mean anything, and in many cases the supposed charity does not exist, the money being used for the private benefit of the solicitor.

Sometimes we hear preachers deplore the fact that so much crime news is printed in the daily press, as compared to church news. Regardless of the truth of the matter as to the dailies, there is no question but that the weekly home town papers are always willing and anxious

to co-operate to the fullest extent with the local pastors. No home town paper ever charges for ordinary church announcements, and the live pastor will use the paper to help build up the church and community. At the same time a fair-minded pastor will see that when the church needs any printing, the home town editor gets it. That represents living by the Golden Rule.

We have in mind a church organization in whose field there are a number of good newspapers whose columns carry church announcements each week, and who must have printing to say in business. Two years ago this organization quit patronizing a home town printer and sent their order for their yearly proceedings booklet to an out-of-the-district printer, on the plea that they could save money thereby; but we have been unable to find that any home printer ever had a chance to figure on the job. When the same booklets were printed at home, small type was used, resulting in fewer pages to pay for at so much a page, and proofs were furnished so that the secretary could check every page. The out-of-town work has resulted in more than double the number of pages, with no more reading matter, which adds materially to the cost. A whole page is used to list 18 names on the Executive Board (spelled "Executive"); another page is used to list 10 names of deceased members. Where the former booklets used only one page for the constitution and rules of order, the later ones use two full pages. The statistical supplement, which is the only part of the yearly proceedings of any consequence for preservation, is filled with errors, which makes it valueless. Other errors are scattered promiscuously though the booklet that would have been easily corrected with the personal touch afforded by the home town printer.

The printer is, perhaps, not to be blamed for all the errors, for it is not always possible to understand what the cop. means, and with the patron at a distance, the time and trouble necessary to get in communication with him cannot be taken. Ordering your printing at home means service and satisfaction, and at the same time you are only doing a duty to the home man who helps support every home institution.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy McGee of Amarillo were McLean visitors Sunday.

Harold Clement, Roger Powers and Charles Jordan attended the football game at Pampa Friday.

Groceries are cheaper at P. & V. Cash Store. Advertisement. etc.

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

YOU TELL 'EM



The counterfeit coin may be lead but it's hard to push

Genuine Niggerhead coal will give greater satisfaction than something "just as good." Better let us fill your bins now.

Cicero Smith Lumber Co.
W. T. Wilson, Mgr. Phone 1

SOME SPECIES OF HAWKS OF BENEFIT TO FARMER

Hawks, it seems, like crows, are not altogether as black as popular fancy has depicted them, according to the Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture. That is to say, there are hawks and hawks, and of these several species are actually beneficial to the farmer, because they destroy field mice, rats and other rodents, while the comparatively little damage done by the species which occasionally prey upon chickens or insectivorous birds does not warrant the wholesale slaughter of hawks regardless of species.

An instance is told of a hawk shot on emerging from a poultry yard with something clutched in its claws. When the bird fell it was found with its talons deeply embedded in a large Norway rat, which evidently had been stealing the chickens the hawk was suspected of taking.

From time to time the Biological Survey reports that county-wide campaigns against hawks are being conducted in spite of the innocence of such species as the red-shouldered hawk, the Swainson hawk and the rough-legged hawk.

From the evidence presented by scalps submitted by bounty hunters it is apparent that such hunters do not distinguish between beneficial and injurious species. The extermination of beneficial species means the increase of insect and rodent pests on which these birds live. In the opinion of the bureau, it is a good rule not to kill hawks, although in a case where an individual hawk is unmistakably detected in the midst of its depredations, an exception might be made, as with any other marauder.

HIS CONTRIBUTION

"I was surprised to hear old Titewad give three cheers at our meeting of charity workers."

"Why, man, that was his contribution to the cause."

GUIDE TO HAPPY MARRIAGE

Don'ts for husbands and wives have been compiled by City Clerk Michael J. Cruise head of the New York marriage license bureau. Mr. Cruise issues about 35,000 marriage licenses a year, so he ought to have a fair smattering on the subject. The title of his pamphlet is

"Guide to Happy Married Life."

His don'ts for wives are as follows: Don't nag. It gives men the carache.

Don't let your house or yourself get untidy. A wife is judged by the condition of her home.

Don't make catty remarks if he snores. Be sympathetic.

Don't get millinery mania or a clothes complex.

Don't get peeved if he shows he likes a pretty face in your presence.

Don't cabaret unless he is with you.

Don't encourage relatives to park at your house.

Don't grouch if he's late for dinner. Smile a bit.

The don'ts for husbands are as follows: Don't be a tightwad. Treat her like a sweetheart.

Don't be a killjoy. Make every day a honeymoon.

Don't wait till she's dead to send her flowers.

Don't take boarders, male or female.

Don't sneer at her dog if she has one.

Don't think she is a dumbbell. Treat her human.

Don't forget she works as hard as you do—and gets less.

Don't make a fuss over other women unless she is present.

Don't treat her rough. She may fool you.

Don't love her less or yourself more.—New York World.

HER HUSBAND

New Boarder—"Who was that man I saw drive in a few minutes ago?"

Mrs. Henry Mudge—"Do you mean that little, ornery lookin' cuss with the dirty red whiskers, ma'am?"

N. B.—"Yes."

Mrs. H. M.—"I reckon you must be referin' to my husband."—Everybody's.

STEER CLEAR

of trouble by filling your tank with Texhoma gasoline at our station. Your car will run better.

Try our service—you will like it.

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

QUITE CUSTOMARY

"I make it a rule to tell my wife everything that happens," said Browning.

"Oh, my dear fellow, that's nothing," said Smithins. "I tell my wife lots of things that never happen at all."

GHOSTLY

She—"The song I sang at the party last night has been haunting me ever since."

Friend—"I'm not surprised. Look at the way you murdered it!"

OLD SCHOOL DAYS

Sometimes when cares and troubles come to torment me at night; When in the darkness of my thoughts I'm groping for the light I lie awake and wonder if this grim vis-tewee pays.

And I long to be transported to those happy old school days.

I'd like to smell the apples from a tattered pocket warm;

I wouldn't even mind a strap about my shrinking form.

I'd like to hear the scratching of a nail upon a slate.

And stand up in a corner when happened to be late.

It's true those happy moments were not quite untouched by care, But I'd like to turn life backward to those older, happy years.

IGNORANCE IS BLISS

"Rather sudden, isn't it? I don't see how a girl can marry a man she's known only a fortnight."

"I don't know how she can marry one she's known longer."

A New Suit

will fit perfectly and please you if ordered from our line of made-to-order goods. Your old suit will look better when cleaned and pressed the modern way. Give us a trial.

City Tailor Shop
CLARENCE GRAY, Prop.

Glenn King of Shamrock was a business visitor in the city Monday.

Greater Home Comfort on Cold Days

As winter approaches, our thoughts turn to the heating problems for keeping our homes comfortable. The problem is easily solved, however, when you look over our stock of coal and oil heaters. They are built to give the maximum amount of heat with the minimum amount of fuel.

If you need a heater, we have it in a variety of styles and prices.

Western Lumber & Hardware Company

H. F. WINGO, Manager

The Decision Is up to You

When you get paid will you spend it all and then when misfortune befalls will you have to look for a job—or will you save a part each pay day and be ready with a good cash balance to meet any bad luck with a smile?

Then, too, if you have saved, and an opportunity comes for a good investment you may be able to make yourself financially independent.

Start a Savings Deposit at our bank now.

The American National Bank

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

Battery Charging

Injury will be done to a battery when continued to be used in a discharged condition. If your generator will not keep your battery fully charged, come and let us examine and make the necessary repairs or recharging.

GRIGSBY'S AUTO SHOP
McLEAN, TEXAS
"A Square Deal Always"

BIG SALE
on
MEN'S OVERCOATS and COWBOY BOOTS (JUSTIN'S HAND-MADE BOOTS)

Men's \$26.00 Overcoats, sale price only.....	\$18.95
Men's \$24.00 Overcoats, sale price only.....	17.95
Men's \$20.00 Overcoats, sale price only.....	15.95
Men's \$18.00 Overcoats, sale price only.....	12.95
Justin Boots	
\$25.00 Boots for only.....	\$21.95
20.50 Boots for only.....	18.45
20.00 Boots for only.....	17.95
18.50 Boots for only.....	16.95

Sale continues only as long as present stock lasts. Come early and get your choice.

JOHN MERTEL
McLean, Texas

Prepare for War in Time of Peace

We believe now is a good time to look over our large selection of work coats, better and larger than ever, this year.

We also have a nice selection of overcoats. While we have sold several this year, we still have some dandy numbers to offer at a price that is interesting.

Bundy-Hodges Mercantile Co.

Sandpaper

Published by Students of McLean High School
 Editor-in-Chief.....Marvin Davis
 Assistant Editor.....LeRoy Landers
 Sponsor.....Miss Young

FRESHMAN EDITION

Editor-in-Chief.....Mildred Landers
 Assistant Editor.....S. A. Cousins Jr.

Fall

By D. E. Dean
 Fall with her cool lonesome days is now here;
 Leaves are now brown, and with wind, trembling fear,
 Quiver do they with a dull mournful sound,
 Falling and winding their way to the ground.
 Thinned are their ranks by the season's quiet hand;
 Death with his call gives to them his command.
 They, in sad meekness, obey his last call;
 Down from their fellows they fall, yes, they fall.

Hulls from the nuts are now splitting away;
 Nuts are now falling from hulls every day.
 Birds are now storing their food for the cold;
 Songs are not heard in the trees as of old.
 But in their stead is a rattling of leaves.
 "Caw," yes, a "caw" from the crow as it sees
 Fall in her brown suit of clothes passing by;
 Acorns and berries and nuts all so dry.

Winds in a tone all so low with a "Woo,"
 Mourns for the dead as they slowly go thru.
 Death's yellow chamber with dull golden sheen
 Fills with the dead which was once all so green.
 Heaps of the dead are now mouldering nearby,
 Soon they'll be joined by their pale friends who sigh;
 "Death, awful death, comes to us, comes to all;
 Death, when you speak, we must answer your call."

Poor little flowers, with heads bent so low,
 Motes are now gone and they, too, must soon go;
 Beauty's all faded, their life's work is done;
 Death is now passing; they, too, must pass on.
 Go, little flowers, the summons slight's none;
 Others must follow—yes, we shall soon come.
 Fall is not only for flowers and field,
 Fall is for all—she comes and we yield.

Sweet little flowers, you leave your small seeds
 Spring will return, you well know, and you'll need
 Something to bring your sweet fragrance again—
 You will then be sweet flowers the same.
 Sweet flowers, when we, too, are dead,
 When stiff cold earth is deep over our heads,
 Will there be a spring when we, too, shall revive,
 When we, ourselves, shall again be alive?

Ancient Grecian Religion
 By Elgin Shell, History 8
 The Grecians believed in a life after death and in future rewards and punishments according to the conduct of the mortals during life. They believed that the body decayed and the second soul went to the dreary banks of the river Styx, where Charon acted as ferryman. He rowed the departed spirits across this stream, which formed the boundary of Pluto's Domain.

The deceased had to be buried to obtain a passage in Charon's boat. If there were any who in any way were deprived of the customary rites of burial, or were drowned at sea, they were forced to wander on the banks of the river Styx for one hundred years before they could cross.

After leaving Charon's boat, they advanced to Pluto's palace, whose gate was guarded by the monstrous three-headed dog, Cerberus, whose body was covered with snakes instead of hair. They were then brought by Hermes before three judges, who condemned the wicked to perpetual torments in Hades

and rewarded the righteous with celestial pleasures in the happy islands of Elysium.

The Greek worship of gods and goddesses consisted of thanksgivings, prayers and sacrifices or an offering. The great deities were called Olympian. Mount Olympus was once thought to be their home. Three special features of Olympian religion helped to bind Greeks together—the Olympic games, the Delphic oracles, and various amphi-cyonies.

Men flocked from all Hellas to the Olympic games and festivals. These Olympian games were celebrated every fourth year at Olympia, in Elis, in honor of Zeus, "the father of gods." The contests consisted of foot and chariot racing, wrestling and boxing. The victors felt to have won the highest honors open to any Greeks. They received merely a live wreath at Olympia, but at their homes they were usually honored with inscriptions and statues.

The Greeks believed that the gods communicated with mortals, and made known their will by oracles. The most celebrated oracle of all was that of Apollo at Delphi. High in a ravine at the southern base of Mount Parnassus, in the midst of magnificent scenery, stood his temple. Within, was a fissure through which a volcanic vapor issued. Over this, on a tripod sat Pythia, Apollo's prophetess, who made known Apollo's sayings. The Delphic priests kept themselves acquainted with current events, in order that they might give intelligent advice, but the credit was given Apollo. Sometimes the oracles were bribed, and later became less famous because of this.

While the rest of Greece was distracted by wars, Delphi, the chosen spot of Apollo, escaped the ravages of armies, and in order to protect the temple, it was placed under special protection, that of the Amphictyonic Council. They were strictly religious in purpose and not like ordinary political unions.

Besides the worship of ancestors and the city worship of local heroes, there was another religion which was common to all Greeks. This was a nature worship. The early Greeks personified the sun, moon and all powers as primitive people did. The later Grecian gods were chosen from nature. The poetic imagination of the Greeks gave an intense reality and a human character to their personifications, so that they came to have the most complete and beautiful system of myths in the world.

Kittens Defeat C. C. 24 to 22
 The McLean Hi Kitten basketball team won their third consecutive victory last Saturday on the home court, from Clarendon College, by a score of 24 to 22. The game was hotly contested throughout and was a demonstration of girls' basketball which is seldom seen in a high school of this size.

The Kittens were true to old form and showed splendid team work. A. Wilson at forward and V. Stratton at center proved to be the stars for McLean. Wilson threw goals for a total of 18 points, and with Stratton's splendid work at center, the ball was kept out of the Kittens' territory. The Bull Dogs had a wonderful team and at several times were ahead of their opponents in points. They made the Kittens work, and work hard, for what they earned. Gaby at center and Spencer at forward were the stars for the visitors.

A number of boosters accompanied the C. C. girls, so they were well supported from the side lines. The supporters of the black and gold were at the game with lots of pep and had a great influence in helping their team win.

If the girls keep working hard, there is no reason why McLean Hi cannot turn out a championship team this year, as they have plenty of material and support.

Yea! Boom! Rah! Kittens!

Heavier in the Scales
 "Do fishes grow fast, Ben?"
 "Some of them do. My father caught one last year that grows an inch every time he tells somebody about it."

Left the Ache with It

Mildred—"Does your tooth still hurt?"
 Versie—"I don't know."
 Mildred—"What do you mean?"
 Versie—"I left it at the dentist's."

All Set
 Harold—"What'll we do tonight—stay at home?"
 Roger—"No. I've got a terrible cough; let's go to the theatre."

To the Last
 Ekton—"Papa, why did Fido bite you when you were trimming his tail?"
 Papa—"He was faithful to the end, my son."

An Eyeful
 "What are you studying now?" asked Mrs. Cousins.
 "I have taken up the subject of molecules," answered the son.
 "I hope you will be very attentive and practice constantly," said the mother. "I tried to get your father to wear one, but he could not keep it in his eye."

Preparedness
 Tailor—"A new suit, sir? Yes, sir, what color, sir?"
 Mr. Rogers—"Any old color on which face powder won't show."

Feeling, Indeed
 "Don't you think Floye plays with great feeling these days?"
 "Yes, she seems to experience difficulty in finding the next note."

The Forgery!
 Dere teacher, please excuse my son for absent yesterday;
 I had to keep him hoam because My servint went away.
 He washes dishes, sweeps an' dusts As expert as could be;
 We're all so proud of him at hoam, He's sech a help to me.

"Say, mother," he sez yesterday,
 "Us kids all love Miss Drew;
 She's jist as nice as she kin be,
 An' mighty pretty too."
 And wen I made him stay at hoam His face growed awful sad.
 "I can't see teacher, then," he sez;
 "Alas! Ain't that too badd?"

My son writes all my notes for me,
 He's writin' this to you;
 I hirt my hand a weke ago,
 Er maybe it was two,
 'But Willie's sech a darlin' boy,
 He's helped me all he could.
 Excuse his absints, if you please,
 Yours truly, Mrs. Wood. —Ex.

The Modern Version
 Sunday School Teacher—"Who was it saw the handwriting on the wall, S. A.?"
 S. A.—"The landlord."

Lacuna was admiring her beautiful new silk dress. "Isn't it wonderful," she said, "that all this beautiful silk comes from the insignificant worm?"
 "Daughter, is it necessary to refer to your father in that manner?" inquired Mrs. Holloway.

Mr. Rogers—"What happens when a man's temperature goes down as far as it can go?"
 Roscoe—"He has cold feet, sir."

An Arabian Proverb
 He who knows not, and knows

not that he knows not, is a fool; avoid him.
 He who knows not, and knows that knows not, is simple; teach him.
 He who knows, and knows not that he knows, is asleep, awake him.
 He who knows, and knows that he knows, is a wise man, follow him.

The Pen Still Mightier
 Fond father—"What are you going to do for a living?"
 John B.—"Write."
 "Write what?"
 "Home."

The Dark-eyed One
 Miss Astracan—"Who knows what races of people have black eyes?"
 Frances—"Sheiks and prizefighters, teacher."

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

VULCANIZING
 McLean Vulcanizing Shop

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

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

ECZEMAV
 Money back without...
 For Sale by
 Shell's Pharmacy

W. H. M. S.
 The Woman's Home Missionary Society will meet next Tuesday at 2 p. m. at the Methodist church. We will study the lands of all nations, mission study. We invite all members of the class to be present. Publicity Committee.

Mrs. Charlie Thut of Lefors was in the city last Thursday.

INSTRUCTED
 She was anxious to find out where her husband was, so she rang up a club to which he belonged.
 "Is my husband there?" she asked the hall porter.
 "No, madam."
 "But I haven't even told you my name," said the astonished woman.
 "That's all right, madam," said the discreet porter. "Nobody's husband is ever here."—London Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Charlie Thut of Lefors was in the city last Thursday.

Public Sale

Thurs. Nov. 20, 1924

At my place 10 miles N. E. of McLean 12 miles W. 3 miles N. of Shamrock 2 1/2 miles E. of the Heald Store

The following.

2 mares 8 and 9 years old.	1 Oliver lister.
1 filly 2 years old.	1 Avery cultivator.
3 yearling mules.	1 old go-devil.
11 head milch cows. Good ones	1 old wagon.
5 head calves.	1 three-section harrow.
	2 stoves.
	2 bedsteads with springs.
	1 two-hole corn sheller.

Other things to numerous to mention.

Terms of Sale— All sums under \$20.00 cash. All over \$20.00, 12 months time with 10 per cent interest or 5 per cent discount for cash. Notes to be approved by the Citizens State Bank, McLean, Tex.

SALE STARTS PROMPTLY at 1 p. m.

Mrs. G. W. Henshaw

OWNER
 V. H. Moore Auctioneer
 Clay E. Thompson Clerk

Set A Good Table Three Times a Day

A car load of Cabbage and Spuds

Give your family plenty of good wholesome food for every meal. It is not only economy to do so, but it adds much to the pleasure of living.

Take advantage of our prices on cabbage and spuds.

just in that we are selling at only 2 1-2c per pound.
 Stock up now, while the supply lasts.

Free Delivery Anywhere in the City

Our telephone number is 23.

McLean Supply Company

T. N. HOLLOWAY, Mgr.

1911 Lipscomb Street
 FORT WORTH, TEXAS

EGGALL

IMPORTANT MESSAGE

EGGS GUARANTEED

Eggall is guaranteed to increase your egg production to your own satisfaction, cure Cholera, Limber Neck, Diarrhea, etc.

Eggall is sold on a positive money-back guarantee, without question, your money as cheerfully refunded as accepted.

Sold at grocery and drug stores everywhere. Ask your dealer. If he doesn't have it in stock, send \$1.00 direct to us for a prepaid package.

Manufactured & distributed by
Guaranty Products Mfg. Co.
 1911 Lipscomb Street
 FORT WORTH, TEXAS

NEW CALENDAR SAMPLES

The News has a line of new calendar samples for 1925 for those who failed to order last winter. All calendars ordered have been printed and delivered to the merchants, but there is yet time to order from the new line now on display at the News office.

We can supply calendars in various sizes and scenes for as low as \$6.00 per 100, printed to order, to as high as you want to pay. Phone 47 and we will be glad to bring you our complete line of samples.

AT THE METHODIST CHURCH

J. G. Thomas, Pastor
 Sunday school 10 a. m.
 Preaching 11 a. m.
 Epworth League 6:30 p. m.
 Preaching, evening, 7.
 Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.
 Everyone invited to these services

EPWORTH LEAGUE

Subject—The Methodist Church.
 Leader—Lena Sparks.
 Hymn.
 Prayer.
 The Heart of Methodism—Sinclair Rice.
 Experience—Marvin Davis.
 The Methodist Teaching Concerning Regeneration—Beatrice Cash.
 Duet—Vera and Theodore Carpenter.
 Sanctification—Bryan Roby.
 A Universal Atonement—Verna Rice.
 The Discipline of the Methodist Church—Margaret Glass.

MUST HAVE BEEN

Hebbs—I was married once.
 Dobbs—I'm a married man, too.

LETTING IT BE KNOWN.

"Why does Kubix wear his hair so long?"
 "It's the only way he can create the impression that his brain is fertile."

THE REASON FOR BACHELORS

The reason why a lot of men are bachelors is because they failed to embrace their opportunities. —Ill. State Journal.

GOOD RESULTS FROM THE USE OF PRINTER'S INK

A peddler knocked at great-grandmother's door, says the Portland Press-Herald. "Want any nutmegs?" he asked, as he showed her his offering of beautiful big nutmegs at a price ridiculously low. Grandfather and all the then-little great-aunts and great-uncles loved the nutmeg's spicy flavor, so great-grandmother stocked up with a generous order. That night out of the oven came a glorious old-fashioned rice pudding, and out of the cupboard came the grater and one of the new nutmegs to give it the final touch of deliciousness. But the scrape of the nutmeg upon the grater did not produce the tasty flavoring—the result was sawdust. Grandmother had bought a wooden nutmeg from the Connecticut peddler.

We do much better nowadays. Advertiser's merchandise protects great-grandmother's great-granddaughters. Today the manufacturer uses printer's ink to tell about his product and he signs his name to the statement. And then he makes his statement good, for advertising builds confidence, and confidence means trade. The continued patronage of the advertising columns shows that it pays the advertisers; the fact that no wooden nutmegs are sold today is one of the many signs that show how advertising helps readers.

"A flirt, am I?" exclaimed Mary Ann, under notice to go. "Well I know them as flirts more than I do, and with less hexence." She shot a spiteful look at her mistress and added:
 "I'm better looking than you, more handsome. 'Ow do I know? Your husband told me so."
 "That will do," said her mistress, frigidly.
 "But I ain't finished yet," retorted Mary Ann. "I can give a better kiss than you! Want to know 'oo told me tat, mum?"
 "If you mean to suggest that my my husband—"
 "No, it wasn't your 'usband this time," said Mary Ann. "It was your chauffeur."

ADVICE FOR OUR TOWN

In every city, town and hamlet we may find strong competition in business, differences in politics and religion, social rivalries and personal antagonisms—and these will probably always exist to a greater or less extent.

But there is one common ground on which all should be willing to meet, laying aside personal grievances and prejudices—that is, where the common welfare of "our town" is concerned.

In other words, no matter how much we may disagree and fight among ourselves, we should stand up for our town against all opposition. This sort of teamwork is what makes a town worth while, insures its progress and a better understanding among its people.

By joining with an enemy or rival in some movement for the betterment of the community, we often find him to be a pretty good sort of fellow, after all.

Development of a strong community spirit is essential to community advancement and no personal feelings should be permitted to stand in its way. Loyalty and teamwork are the things that count.

A SURPRISE

He—"Did you know some counties prohibit the marriage of the feeble minded?"
 She—"Why, no. I thought we could get married anywhere."—London Answers.

PAST A DOUBT

"Did you know Polly was getting married?"
 "No. Who's the lucky man?"
 "Her father."—Georgia Tech. Yellow Jacket.

TO REMEDY

Landlady (to applicant for rooms)—"Might I ask what your occupation is?"
 "I am a doctor of music."
 "You're just the man we want. There's a lot of bad music in this neighborhood."—Sydney Bulletin.

Frank Wofford of Shamrock was in town Monday.

PUBLIC ENEMIES

If you build a line of railway, over hills and barren lands, Giving lucrative employment to about a million hands; If you cause a score of cities by your right-of-way to rise, Where there formerly was nothing but some rattlesnakes and flies; If, when bringing kale to others, you acquire a little kale, Then you've surely robbed the peepul, and you ought to be in jail.

If, by planning and by toiling, you have won some wealth and fame, It will make no odds how squarely you have played your little game; Your success is proof sufficient that you are a public foe— You're a soulless malefactor; to the dump you ought to go.

It's a crime for you to prosper where so many others fail; You have surely robbed the peepul and you ought to be in jail.

Be a chronic politician, deal in superheated air, Roast the banks and money barons, there is always safety there; But to sound a note of business is a crime so mean and base, That a fellow guilty of it ought to

go and hide his face. Change the builder's song triumphant for the politicians' wail, Or we'll think you've robbed the peepul and we'll pack you off to jail. —Walt Mason.

Mr. and Mrs. Vester Cooke and children of Elk City, Okla., came in Saturday to visit relatives. Groceries are cheaper at Pickett's Cash Store. Advertisement Use.

Sure I'm Healthy

My wife always buys her meats from the City Market, and that is the reason I never have indigestion. Try it yourself. It pays to eat only the best meats.

THE CITY MARKET

BRYANT HENRY, Prop. PHONE 163

The World Holds Nothing Better

than a modern, thoroughly equipped farm, and its smiles are always kindly for the successful toiler in its Great Out-of-Doors.

A connection with a strong, helpful bank is the most essential of all farm "equipment" and is something the modern farmer cannot successfully do without.

We cordially solicit the accounts of farmers and invite them to make the freest use of our every facility.

The Citizens State Bank

A Guaranty Fund Bank

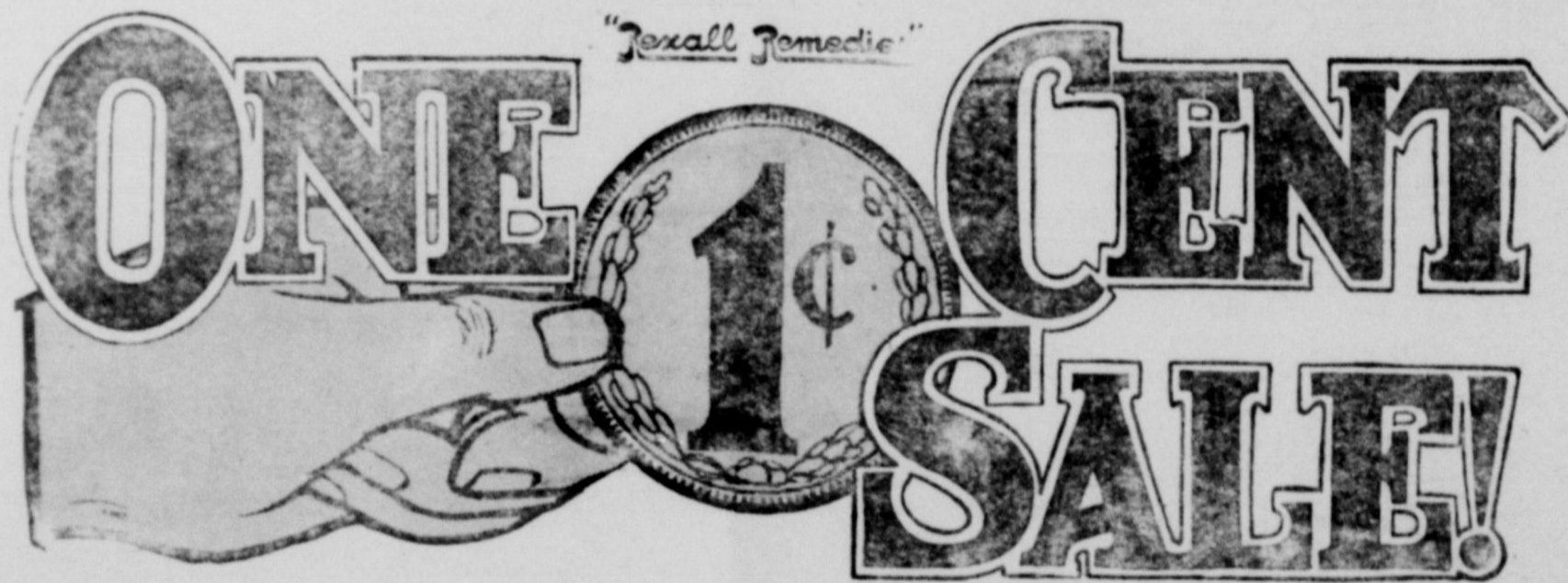
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$33,750.00

J. S. MORSE, President CLAY THOMPSON, Cashier

W. Sherman White
 Attorney-at-Law
 McLean Texas

McLean Filling Station
 Oils, Gas and Accessories
 Sudden Service
 Magnolene Ford Oil will make your Ford run better.
 FLOYD PHILLIPS, Mgr.

Your Opportunity to Save Money



Your Opportunity to Save Money

Remember the Days! **Next Thurs. Fri. & Sat., Nov. 20-21-22** Remember the Days!

Rexall Shaving Cream
 Produces a thick creamy lather. Will stand up on your face throughout the shave.
 Standard Price 1 Tube 35c, 2 Tubes 50c. This Sale 2 Tubes 36c.

Jonteel Face Powder with Cold Cream Base
 So soft and clinging. Blends perfectly with the complexion. Perfumed with the wonderful Jonteel odor.
 Standard Price One Box 50c, Two Boxes 75c. This Sale Two Boxes 51c.

Georgia Rose Toilet Water
 A true reproduction of the fresh flowers. Comes in a beautifully designed frosted glass bottle. Sprinkler top.
 Standard Price One Bottle \$1.25, Two Bottles \$2.25. This Sale Two Bottles \$1.26.

Riker's Mentholated White Pine and Tar
 For the relief of coughs, colds, bronchitis, hoarseness and throat irritations.
 Standard Price One Bottle 50c, Two Bottles 75c. This Sale Two Bottles 51c.

Cascade Linen
 One pound in a package. We also have envelopes to match. A good quality of writing paper and always in the best of taste.
 Standard Price One Pound 50c, Two Pounds 75c. This Sale Two Pounds 51c.

Bouquet Ramee Talc
 It is made from pure Italian Talc and is fine, soft and smooth. Perfumed with a fascinating Oriental odor.
 Standard Price One Can 50c, Two Cans 75c. This Sale Two Cans 51c.

Maximum Hot Water Bottle
 A high quality bottle. Moulded all in one piece and guaranteed for one year.
 Standard Price One Bottle \$2.25, Two Bottles \$4.25. This Sale Two Bottles \$2.26.

Maximum Fountain Syringes
 Standard Price One Syringe \$2.25, Two Syringes \$4.25. This Sale Two Syringes \$2.26.

Klenzo Liquid Antiseptic
 Cleans and whitens the teeth. Economy size.
 Standard Price One Tube 50c, Two Tubes 75c. This Sale Two Tubes 50c.

Klenzo Dental Creme
 Wonderful for combating germs in the mouth, nose and throat.
 Standard Price One Bottle 50c, Two Bottles 75c. This Sale Two Bottles 50c.

Lemon Cocoa Butter Lotion
 Relieves chafing, windburn and chaps. Not greasy.
 Standard Price One Bottle 50c, Two Bottles 75c. This Sale Two Bottles 50c.

Rexall Milk of Magnesia
 Antacid and laxative. A very high-grade quality. A corrective for stomach disorders.
 Standard Price One Bottle 50c, Two Bottles 75c. This Sale Two Bottles 50c.

Quality Tooth Brushes
 Adult's size. Assorted styles. Good quality white bristles.
 Standard Price One Brush 40c, Two Brushes 75c. This Sale Two Brushes 40c.

Rose Dawn Assorted Chocolates
 A delicious assortment of chocolates in a beautiful box.
 Standard Price One Box \$1.25, Two Boxes \$2.25. This Sale Two Boxes \$1.26.

Goodform Hair Nets
 Nets of the highest quality and carefully selected. They fit and last longer. Double mesh.
 Standard Price One Net 15c, Two Nets 25c. This Sale Two Nets 16c.



Erwin Drug Co.
 The Rexall Store
 McLEAN, TEXAS