

THE McLEAN NEWS

Volume XXII.

McLean, Gray County, Texas, Thursday, August 13, 1925.

No. 33.

BAPTIST REVIVAL PROGRESS

The revival at the First Baptist church began last Sunday with Rev. H. R. Whatley of Pampa conducting the services.

Rev. Whatley has been pastor of the Pampa church for the past five years, but this is the first opportunity for McLean people to hear him preach, and to judge from the expression of those who have been following his messages, he pleases his audience. The sermons are direct and uncompromising, delivered with an earnestness and force that is convincing.

Prof. J. B. Taylor, pastor's assistant of the Wellington church, came Monday and is directing the music in a very acceptable manner. Prof. Taylor is a real choir leader and his solos have the rare quality of being clear and strong with words enunciated so that they are plainly understood, and without the operatic effect sometimes practiced by religious song leaders. A junior choir has been organized with regular daily practices.

There has been one conversion up to this writing and two additions to the church by letter.

The services will continue all next week, morning hour 10 o'clock, evening at 8.

DALLAS C. OF C. TAKES NOTICE OF OUR NEW C. OF C. HEADQUARTERS

Dallas, Texas, Aug. 7, 1925. Mr. E. J. Lander, Secretary, Chamber of Commerce, McLean, Texas.

Dear Mr. Lander: We note in a recent issue of the McLean News that your Chamber of Commerce has secured a splendid location in one of the new buildings just erected in your city. Your organization is to be congratulated on this progressive move and we are sure that citizens in McLean territory will find the Chamber of Commerce even more useful in its new quarters.

I sincerely trust that it will be my good fortune to visit your section soon and at that time I hope to see you in your new office.

Yours very truly,
JOHN BOSWELL, Manager,
Southwest Development Service,
Dallas Chamber of Commerce.

FARMERS WARNED AGAINST "ENDLESS CHAIN" SCHEMES

The State Co-operative Extension Department has sent letters to all County Agents warning farmers against the "Endless Chain" schemes that are working in Texas, selling purebred sows on the "Buy Back" plan, in which the purchaser is at the mercy of the selling company.

C. OF C. DIRECTORS MEET

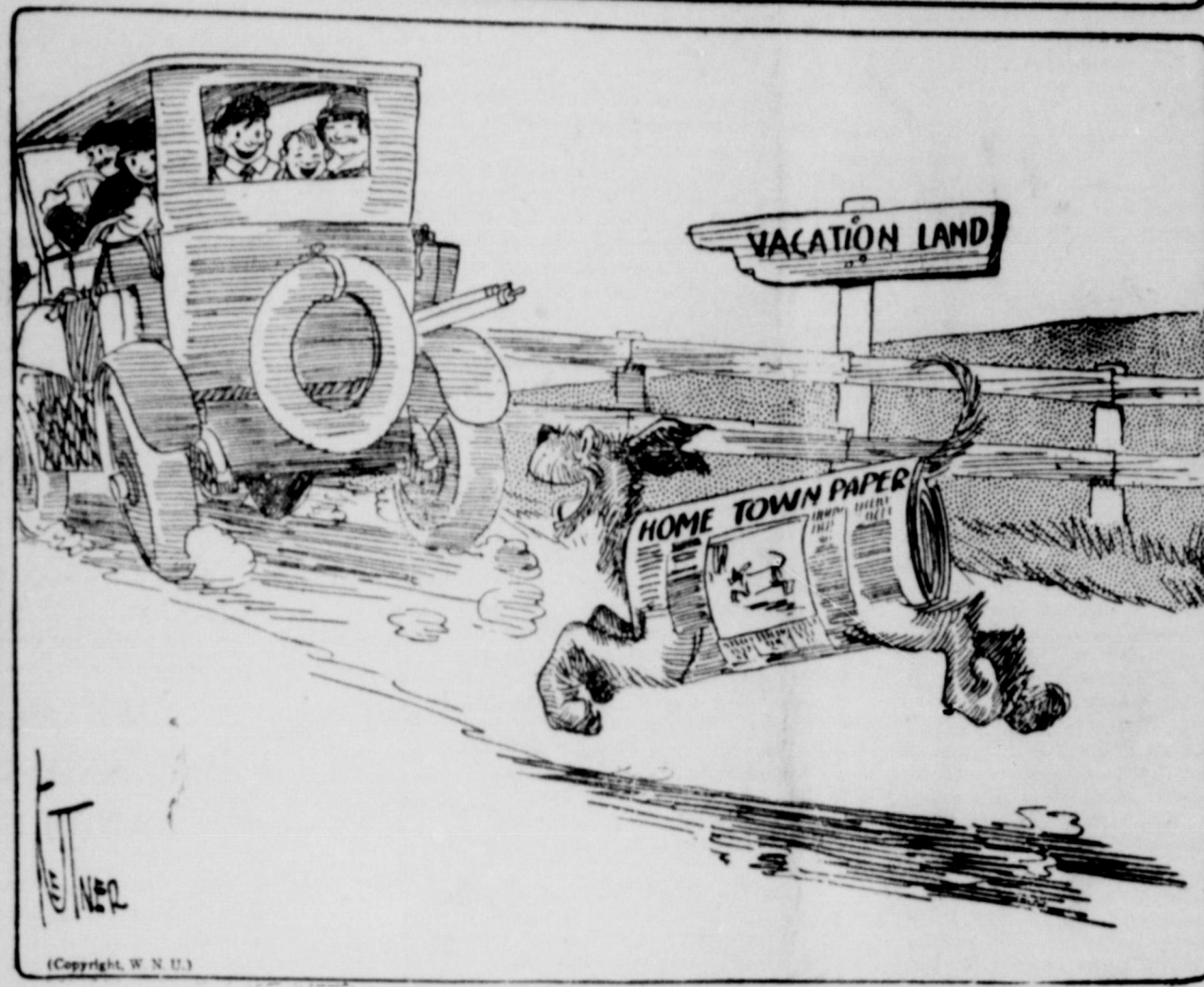
At a recent meeting of the board of directors of the Chamber of Commerce, office space in the new building was rented to T. N. Holloway, and the proposition of renting space to the Justice Court was reported unfavorably.

HERE'S THE PROOF

Occasionally the remark is made that the home town papers contain very little news, and to satisfy our own curiosity an actual count was made of the people mentioned in the news columns of The News last week. This count showed a total of 358 names concerning which some item of news was mentioned, and the number was a surprise even to the publishers, who did not realize that the number was so large.

The average family is composed of five people, according to government estimate, so it is not without reason to figure that close to 1800 people were reached by The News through the news items alone. This is another proof of the oft-repeated statement that the best way to reach the buying public with either news or advertising is through the columns of the home town paper.

Have Him Follow You on Your Vacation



Machinery Ordered and Site Secured for Farmers' Gin

The machinery has been ordered and is now in transit for the new Farmers Co-operative Gin to be erected on Main street between the Chickasha gin and the grain elevator, on the old wagon yard property.

A complete modern ginning outfit will be installed and in readiness for this season's crop.

A meeting has been called by the president, J. S. Howard, to be held at the Chamber of Commerce building Saturday, August 15, at 2:30 p. m. Two additional directors will be elected at the meeting and other business of importance will be disposed of. Every farmer interested is expected to attend the meeting.

ALANREED GIN SOLD; TO ADD EQUIPMENT

The Alanreed Gin has been sold to a good firm that knows the gin business, and will add all needed equipment to handle this year's crop. Read their advertisement on another page of this paper.

COUNTY AGENT MOVES OFFICE TO C. OF C. BUILDING THIS WEEK

County Agent P. E. McMeans now has his office at the Chamber of Commerce building, having moved this week.

With the assistance of the C. of C. officials, Mr. McMeans will construct and keep a permanent display of agricultural products in one window of the building, with perhaps a display of canning work done under the direction of Miss Seelbach in the other window.

MISS LOFTIN'S RECITAL IS ENJOYABLE AFFAIR

The recital given by Miss LaRue Loftin for the benefit of the Senior class of the Methodist church last Saturday evening was enjoyed by the music lovers present.

Miss Loftin is an artist of diverse talents and it was difficult to tell which the audience enjoyed most, the piano solos, the readings or the vocal solos. All were rendered in a most acceptable manner.

The class is to be commended for sponsoring this program, as it is seldom that an artist of Miss Loftin's ability appears before an audience in the smaller towns.

C. C. McCratheon of Dallas is visiting his sister, Mrs. L. O. Floyd, and family this week.

Rev. J. T. Howell of Falls, former pastor of the McLean Methodist church, visited friends here Thursday.

Ladies' Baseball Game Pleases Fans Friday Afternoon

The Fats won in the Fats and Leans ladies' baseball game last Friday afternoon. The official score at the end of the sixth and last inning was 11 to 6 in their favor.

One of the largest crowds that has witnessed a baseball game here this season was present, in spite of the fact that men were charged double price at the gate.

The game was hotly contested from the very start, and the crowd was kept guessing as to which side would win. Many of the players starred in the game. One of the sensational plays right at the beginning of the game was a third base hit by Mrs. John Grogan. The ball landed just to the right and rear of the catcher, but the main point in the game was to hit the ball; whether it went to fair ground or foul, the batter "run." The batting stars for the leans were Cook, Holloway, Bridge, Coffey and Hodges; for the fats, Kramer, Rogers, McCombs, Haynes, Bentley and Campbell. On the last inning the Fats ran in Mrs. C. S. Rice as a "pinch hitter." A corps of Red Cross nurses were present at the game to take care of the injured. A cot was provided and first aid was administered to Grogan and Campbell, who were injured during the game. Grogan was hit by a foul ball and Campbell fell trying to steal home base.

The McLean "band" furnished music for the occasion.

Some were heard to say that the game was the best ever played on the local diamond, and the crowd as a whole seemed well pleased with the entertainment they received at the game. Following is the line-up:

ANTI-GLARE LAW TO BE ENFORCED SAYS CO. ATTORNEY

We are informed by County Attorney Studer that the new anti-glare auto headlight law will be rigidly enforced in Gray county after the first of next month. Testing stations have been established at McLean and Alanreed for the convenience of the motorists of the county, and a certificate from one of these stations will be necessary to protect you after the first.

COL. LEE FAILS TO APPEAR

Col. R. Q. Lee and party, who were to have spoken here today, failed to appear. The Amarillo papers stated the first of the week that the speaking tour had to be called off for the present on account of rains putting the roads in bad condition.

Lee Kimmell and family of Cordell, Okla., visited the gentleman's niece, Mrs. T. A. Landers, and family Friday and Saturday of last week.

Presbyterians Let Contract For Building

McLean Presbyterians have let a contract for concrete blocks to be used in a new building. Blocks are now being made and actual building operations will be started soon.

The proposed new church building will be made of blocks with brick trim, and have a full basement underneath, giving plenty of room for Sunday school classes and other departments of church activities.

The building will be worth in the neighborhood of \$20,000 when completed, and will be a credit to our town.

There were eight additions to the Presbyterian church last Sunday morning as a result of the recent revival.

HIGHWAY OFFENSES AFTER SEPTEMBER 1

Driving with faulty headlights.
Driving with cutout on car.
Driving while intoxicated.
Speeding.
Obstructing highways.
Depositing glass on public road.
Wilful and negligent collision.
Driving with faulty braking equipment.

Chauffering without license.
Failing to stop after being party to accident.
Driving without front and rear license plates.

Racing on highway.
Operation of auto without consent of the owner.

Driving truck with overload.
Offering for sale a car with dealer's license, or persistently using car with dealer's license for pleasure.

Being in possession of car with obliterated engine number.
Giving bill of sale in blank for sale of second hand car.

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H. C. Nelson of the Liberty community was in town yesterday and remembered The News with a big watermelon, for which he has our thanks.

Sam Brown of Alanreed was a McLean visitor Friday.

New Dry Goods Store Wallace & Company Will Open Sept. 5

Money in Grapes; No Trouble to Grow, Says Jones

Yesterday morning Banker F. H. Bourland and Attorney W. S. White invited the News man to accompany them on a trip to the Z. T. Jones farm to secure pictures for the use of the Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. Jones told us that there is good money in raising grapes on sandy soil with little or no effort beyond the setting of the plants, and to prove his statement showed us five year old vines with from 25 to 40 pounds of grapes upon them, covering a space of about 9 by 15 feet each, that he declared had never been cultivated in any way; the only attention given them was when some cuttings were secured from these vines and a little pruning done about three years ago.

The start of the grape business on the Jones farm is some 90 vines that are known to be 35 years old. These vines are pruned every other year and the ground kept clean, but are not on a trellis, being allowed to spread out over the ground about 8 feet in diameter to each vine. Mr. Jones says he has sold as high as \$400 worth of grapes from this old vineyard in one year's time, and taking the nine years he has lived on this place, including one year when the crop was damaged by hail and only about 1000 pounds gathered, he has made an average of \$200 per year from the 90 vines. The opinion was expressed that the year the crop was damaged by hail if the vines had been trained on a trellis, there would have been a total loss. No insect pests have ever bothered the crop. Mr. Jones is thoroughly sold on the idea of allowing the vines to spread over the ground, giving as his opinion that the moisture is conserved in this way and the grapes do not sunburn and are of a bigger and gettier flavor than when trained otherwise.

There are five acres of two year old vines adjoining the old vines that will begin bearing in marketable quantities next year, many of these vines bearing grapes this year. These vines were propagated from the old vines, and we were told that these cuttings make grapes of finer flavor than the parent vines.

Cuttings are secured by covering the ends of the old vines in the summer, which causes them to take root at the place covered, and these rooted cuttings are planted in the field without watering, taking root at once in the spring. The young vines are not cultivated until after the second year on account of danger of injury from rabbits. Mr. Jones stated that he has given away thousands of such rooted cuttings to his neighbors.

These grapes are grown on what might be called old wornout sandy soil that will not produce feed crops in profitable quantity, but bear grapes luxuriantly without work.

Grapes are not the only thing raised on the Jones farm of 480 acres; blackeyed peas being a profitable crop, bringing in some \$35 per week during the summer months, according to Mr. Jones; and snap peas, roasting ears and melons about the same each.

Mr. Jones spent 11 years in Hall and Donley county before moving to this farm, and was hailed out eight years during that time, five times in succession. Since coming to this farm he has steadily made money.

Coming back to McLean, we stopped at the A. L. Morgan orchard to get a picture of some of the finest peaches we have seen this year on young trees.

Another stop was made at Mrs. D. B. Veatch's vineyard in town, and then a trip was made to A. T.

McLean is to have a new dry goods store about the fifth of next month. Wallace & Company of Clarendon will establish a store here under the management of Mr. Slaughter.

Mr. Wallace was in town yesterday and closed a deal for the new Callahan building, and the show windows will be changed, shelving put in and everything done to make it a modern dry goods establishment.

Wallace & Company are not strangers to our people, as they have had a store at Clarendon for a long time, and they conduct their business strictly in accordance with modern merchandising.

Mr. Wallace stated that he believes in advertising, and doubtless further announcements as to the opening day will appear in our advertising columns.

GREAT REVIVAL AT HEALD

The pastor, assisted by Brother Webb of Chillicothe, closed a most successful revival at Heald last Sunday night. There were twenty-three conversions with fifteen additions to the church and more to follow. Brother Webb conducted the morning services and the pastor the evening. The meeting was well attended and a most beautiful harmony and co-operation was maintained by all the good people of the community throughout the week. In many services there was heard the old time shouting as people yielded themselves to Christ. The results will be lasting, we are quite sure. We will never forget the many expressions of kindness and appreciation on the part of the good people of Heald.

Sincerely,
J. G. THOMAS, Pastor
Methodist Church.

FAIR CATALOGS NOW BEING DISTRIBUTED

The McLean fair catalogs are now being distributed. Extra copies may be had at the Chamber of Commerce headquarters by anyone interested.

A SLUMBER PARTY

Miss Lucille Rice entertained a number of friends at a slumber party Friday night. A midnight supper was served to the following:

Misses Elgin Shell, Robbie Howard, Elizabeth Crews, Winnifred Howard, Jane Campbell, Maybelle Veatch, Dorothy Cousins, Lorene Sparks, Clara Anderson, Joellene Vannoy, Frances Noel, Mildred Landers, Johnnie Villa Haynes and Margaret Johnston.

BASTOR GARRETT CLOSED SUCCESSFUL REVIVAL AT LILLIE LAST WEEK

Pastor W. C. Garrett of the First Baptist church closed a six day revival at the Lillie church south of Wellington last Friday.

There were nine conversions during the meeting and four approved for baptism when the services closed.

Miss Lora Saunders came in Tuesday from Amarillo to visit home folks.

Wilson's farm, where we found Mr. Wilson at work in his big apple orchard. Everything bears in profusion at this farm. Mr. Wilson had just sold \$32 worth of tomatoes from three-fourths of an acre the day before and \$26 worth the day before that. With tomatoes bearing until frost, this tomato patch will make a record before the crop is all sold.

The pictures secured on this trip will be used for half-tone cuts to be used in advertising matter put out by the Chamber of Commerce.

Nameless River

By VINGIE E. ROE

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Cattle Kate Cathrew sat on the Broad Veranda at Sky Line. She was clad like a Sybarite.

CHAPTER I.—Kate Cathrew, "Cattle Kate," owner of the Sky Line ranch, on her way to McKane's store at Cordova, seemingly infatuated by the sight of a girl plowing in a valley below, places a rifle bullet near the horses' feet. The girl takes no notice.

CHAPTER II.—Nance Allison, the girl on whom Kate Cathrew had vented her spite, is with her widowed mother and crippled brother Bud farming land taken up by her father, killed a short time before in a mysterious accident. Bud is the victim of a deliberate attempt to maim or kill him. Kate Cathrew wants the farm for pasture land, and is trying to frighten the Allison into leaving.

CHAPTER III.—Big Basford, Sky Line rider, desperately in love with Kate, picks a quarrel with a fellow rider, Rod Stone. Kate, to part them, lashes Basford across the face with a quirt.

CHAPTER IV.—Nance discovers in a cave a fine doll, evidently guarding a child. She tries in vain to overcome the dog's hostility and goes home mystified.

CHAPTER V.—Next day Nance returns to the cave with food and makes friends with the dog and the small boy, Sonny. He tells her "Brand" takes care of him and "Dirk," the collie. Nance promises him to return next day with more "goodies."

CHAPTER VI.—Selwood is certain Kate Cathrew is the head of a "cattle rustling" gang, with Lawrence Arnold, her partner, who rarely visits the ranch. Minnie Kins, halfbreed at the Sky Line ranch, is in love with Rod Stone.

CHAPTER VII.—Ranchers complain of the stealing of their cattle and blame Sheriff Selwood for his seeming inactivity.

CHAPTER VIII.—Nance, visiting Sonny and Dirk in the cave, meets "Brand" and is favorably impressed. He tells her his name is Fair, which is also Sonny's, and obtains her promise to keep their presence a secret.

CHAPTER IX.—Nance becomes keenly interested in Brand Fair. The girl is relying on a field of corn to pay off debts she owes "Kane."

CHAPTER X.—Fair sees Sud Provine, one of the Sky Line ranch riders, in Blue Stone canyon, and tells Nance he and Sonny must make a date. The girl begs him to leave the boy with her, and he consents.

CHAPTER XI.—A few nights later cattle are turned into Nance's cornfield and the crop destroyed. The Allison realize the destruction is the work of Kate Cathrew.

CHAPTER XII.—Nance tells McKane of the disaster and her consequent inability to pay her debt to him. She meets Kate Cathrew and humiliates her. Kate threatens to shoot her, but Selwood intervenes.

CHAPTER XIII.—Fair visits the Allison home and is warmly welcomed. He tells Nance he is on Kate Cathrew's trail for various reasons. While they are talking, by a lighted window Nance is wounded in the arm by a rifle shot, fired with deadly intent.

CHAPTER XIV.—A prospector, "John Smith," really Brand Fair, shows Sheriff Selwood the entrance to a passageway in the hills through which Kate Cathrew and her riders drive the stolen cattle.

CHAPTER XV.—The Sky Line riders raid Bossick's ranch, driving off seventy-one head of cattle. Sheriff Selwood, on the watch since his talk with Fair, joins the thieves without being detected, getting all needed evidence to convict Kate Cathrew and her followers. His horse betrays him and he is shot and desperately wounded, but reaches McKane's store before he loses consciousness. The rustlers believe him dead.

CHAPTER XVI.—The Sky Line riders learn that Selwood, who they know was the spy they had shot, is not dead, though unconscious, and his recovery is looked for. Fair tells Nance of his love, and finds it is returned. He gives her a package, telling her it explains the reason for Sonny's presence and evidence which will convict Kate Cathrew and her partner, Lawrence Arnold, of crimes which will send them to prison for life. She is not to open it unless something happens to Fair.

CHAPTER XVII.—Sonny finds in the package left by Fair a picture of Kate Cathrew, and Nance reaches the conclusion that the woman is Sonny's mother and Brand his father. Lawrence Arnold visits the Sky Line ranch.

Cattle Kate Cathrew sat on the broad veranda at Sky Line. She was clad like a sybarite, in shining satin. Rings sparkled on her fingers, lights sparkled in her hard eyes, a close-held excitement was visible in her whole appearance. She looked down across the vast green-clad slopes of Mystery and held her breath that she might the better listen for a sound in the stillness.

For she was waiting for the writer of those letters, the man from New York who came at regular intervals to bask in the peace of Sky Line—for Lawrence Arnold himself.

It had been months since she had seen him, and the passion in her was surging like molten lava.

She was in a trance of expectation, as exquisite as the fullest realization. She had been so ever since the departure at early dawn of Provine with a led horse—none other than Bluefire whose proud back no one but this man ever crossed, except herself.

For three hours she had sat in the rustic rocker like a graven image, her hands spread on the broad arms, her immaculate black head seemingly at rest against the back.

And not a soul at Sky Line would have disturbed her.

From a distant corral where he tinkered at some trivial task Big Basford

watched her with wild red eyes. At these times the man was a savage who would have killed Arnold joyfully had the thing been possible. Minnie Pine, busy at the kitchen window, watched him.

"The Black Devil is in hell, Josefa," she said guardedly, "he knows the master's coming—and that the boss will lie in his arms."

"He pays for his sins," said Josefa calmly, "which is more than the others do."

"Rod," returned the half-breed, "has no sins."

"He-ugh! He-ugh!" laughed the old woman, "so says the young fool because she loves him."

"I know what I know," said Minnie, "the Blue Eyes has a clean heart. One sin, maybe, yes—or two, maybe—but he sits sometimes with his head in his hands, and he mourns—like our people for death. He says it is for death—a death of a man's honor killed by mistake. I know, for I've sat with him then—and he has put his face in my neck."

There was a high beauty about the simple words and the ancient dame looked at the girl with understanding. For a moment the cynicism was absent.

"You speak truth," she said softly, "the man is a stranger to these others. Also he is of a white heart. He should have been a Pomo chief in the old days."

Noon came and passed and Kate Cathrew did not eat.

She watched the sun drop over toward the west, the pine shadows turn on the slopes.

And then, far down, she caught the sound of hoofs and rose straight up from her chair, one hand on her thundering heart. The action was her only concession to the fierce emotion which was eating her. When Sud Provine came out of the pines below with Bluefire and his rider in convoy she was seated again in the broad-rimmed rocker, to all intents as calm as moonlight on snow.

Lawrence Arnold dismounted stiffly and handed the rein to Provine, then raised his eyes and looked at her.

Over his white-skinned, aquiline features there passed a smile of the coolest understanding.

He knew the volcano covered in and shut from sight under this woman's cool exterior—this woman who was his woman.

Cattle Kate rose languidly and came to meet him and her brilliant eyes returned the understanding to the nth degree—they were full of passion, of promise.

"Ain't," she said under her breath, as their hands met, "Oh, man! It's been so long!"

That was all for the prying eyes that compassed them.

They entered the house and Minnie Pile served the meal which had been waiting and which was the best Sky Line could produce, and afterward Lawrence Arnold reclined on a blanket-covered couch in the living room and smoked in smiling peace.

There was a step at the door, and a dusty rider stood there.

"Want to report," he said, "that I've just come up the Pipe and I found tracks—brushed out—at the mouth in Blue Stone—there were two men on foot. No hoof marks. They looked in behind the willows."

Kate Cathrew rose straight up to her feet.

"It—It's fire!" she said.

CHAPTER XVIII

The Fighting Line at Last.

Brand Fair haunted the Selwood ranch. He hung to the side of the unconscious man almost night and day.

"What do you think, doctor?" he asked anxiously of the medical man brought in from Bement.

"Frankly, I don't think," said that worthy, "these lumps, superinduced by concussion, are treacherous things. He may recover suddenly, or he may die without regaining consciousness. It's a gamble."

But anxious as he was to know the secret locked in the unconscious brain of Pricce Selwood, Fair had not been idle.

He and Bossick had been very busy. Many things had been done, a plan arranged, secret conferences held at which grim and determined men sat their horses and pledged themselves to do a certain thing.

Then Fair went to the cabin on

Nameless, for the longing in his heart to see Nance Allison grew with every passing hour.

He held her in his arms and kissed her forehead and her smooth cheeks, caressed the shining coronet of her hair with reverent hands.

"Sweetheart," he whispered, after the age-old fashion of lovers, "there was never a woman like you! You are my light in dark places, my rain in the desert. Oh, Nance, what if I had never found you!"

And the girl leaned on his heart in an ecstasy of love that was shot with sadness, holding fast to her trust with desperate hands.

"It's bound to come soon now," he told her, "we are organized and ready—only waiting for Selwood, poor fellow, to regain his reason that he may tell us where to strike."

"There'll be gun play and—blood," said Nance miserably, "and I pray God that you will not be taken. I—I wouldn't lose you, Brand, and live. I wouldn't dare to live—for if they kill you—Oh, that black hatred which has stirred in me so long, is getting beyond my strength to hold it! I'll go and and fire either, Brand if they kill you! I know it—I feel it here—she hid eloquent hands on her heart—and then my soul will go into the pit of damnation."

"Buck up," scoffed the man playfully, "we'll all come through with colors flying and see this nest of vipers caged. Then think of life on Nameless, Nance—safe and happy, with our fields and our herds and peace in all the land. I shouldn't have suggested anything else. Come—be my brave girl again, my good fighter."

Obedient to his words, Nance straightened and tried to smile in the starlight.

"That's it," he said, "you're resilient as willow wood—ready with a come-back. You'll never leave the line, sweetheart, never in this world!"

It was late in the night when Fair rode away.

He went south, going back to look again on the quiet face of Sheriff Selwood, then on to the Deep Heart prairie to meet Bossick and Jernym.

As for Nance Allison, she was seized with a great restlessness that made inaction unbearable.

"I think I'll ride the lower slopes of Mystery, Mifmmy," she said next morning, "and look for that black shoot that's missing. . . I can't afford to lose it."

The mother looked at her with worried eyes.

"You faked your pappy's gun," she said at last, "I feel to tell you so. Th' time has come."

But the girl shook her head.

"I don't care," she said, "I can't trust myself of life." She kissed Sonny, ran a hand over Bud's bronze hair, and went out to the stable where she saddled Buckskin and rode away.

In every likely place she looked and listened for the black shoot, but it seemed to have disappeared from the face of the earth, like the six-fat steers. She followed a small ravine for longer than she had intended, sat for a while in a sunny opening high along the breast of Mystery, and sidled back toward the west again.

And here it was that two men far above looked down and saw her with ejaculations of delight.

"Well, if this ain't luck!" said Provine grinning, "then I'm a liar! I thought this morning when Arnold handed us that last bunch of instructions that he was due for once to come out th' little end of th' horn. I didn't see how any human was goin' to be able to carry them out. I didn't think we'd ever get near enough to get her and do it on th' q. t. But she's brought herself to us!"

"If she's armed," said Caldwell shortly, "it's not time yet to crow. I think she'd fight."

"Fight, h—!!" said the other, "she don't believe in fightin'. She's religious. We'll pick her up too easy an' present her to th' boss with our compliments."

An hour later Nance, riding along a dim trail made by the traveling hoofs of deer, came out above a spring in a pretty glade.

She was warm and thirsty, so she dismounted and pushing back her hat from her sweating forehead, knelt on the spring's lip and putting her face to the limpid water, drank long and eagerly a foot from Buckskin's muzzle.

As she straightened up, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand, she caught a sound where had been silence

turning quickly, still upon her knees, she looked up into the grinning face of Sud Provine, the frowning one of the Sky Line foreman.

"By Jing!" said Provine wonderingly, "never havin' seen you outside that there ol' bonnet of yours I didn't know how purty you was! Them eyes now—they're right blue, ain't they? An' that wide mouth—all wet where you stopped wipin' it—"

"You d—n fool!" said Caldwell disgustedly, "shut up and mind the business entrusted to you. Miss Allison," he said to Nance, "you're just the person we wanted to see. We were sent this morning to fetch you to Sky Line, so you may as well go along sensibly, for we'll take you anyway."

Nance rose to her feet.

"Then you'll have to take me," she said curtly, "for I'll not ride a step with anyone from Sky Line."

She swung into her saddle and struck her heels to Buckskin's sides in a forlorn hope of escape—little Buckskin, stock, slow and faithful.

Provine laughed again and dashed forward with a leap of his gray Silver-tip that put him alongside in a second.

"Ain't no use, purty," he said and caught her rein.

He turned the little horse up the slope, Caldwell fell in close behind and in a matter of two minutes Nance Allison was a prisoner headed for Sky Line ranch.

The pink flush was gone entirely from her face, leaving it pale as wax. Her lips were faintly ashen.

"Help me, Lord!" she whispered inaudibly, "Oh, say God, be not far from me!"

There was no fear in her, only a deep and surging anger that seemed to make her lungs labor for sufficient air. Her usually smiling lips were set together in a thin line.

So, in silence, save for Provine's occasional jesting observations, they climbed the breast of the great ridge and presently struck into the well-worn trail which led direct to Sky Line.

At the broad steps to the right Nance was ordered to dismount.

Provine took Buckskin and Caldwell motioned her to ascend the steps. With her head up and her mouth tight shut Nance Allison strode forward into the stronghold of her enemies.

The door was open, and she saw first only a pale darkness within as she stopped on the threshold.

Then, pushed forward by the foreman with a none too gentle hand, her eyes slowly became accustomed to the shadowy interior and, in spite of herself, they widened with amazement at the splendor she beheld.

A man was sitting on a broad couch, a cigarette in his fingers. He was a stranger to Nance, a stranger to the country, but she catalogued him swiftly as the man from New York of whom all Nameless had heard. He was slim and fair skinned, and the gray eyes, set rather close together across the arch of the high-bridged nose, were the sharpest she had ever seen in a human.

A fox she had once seen caught in a trap had had just such eyes.

They were cold and appraising, without a spark of kindness.

In one of the gorgeous chairs Kate Cathrew, dressed like a princess, sat bolt upright.

At sight of Nance in her faded garments, straight and defiant in her controlled anger, her handsome face flushed beneath its artistry.

"Ah!" she said, like a vixen, "get—out—of—that—door. Step over to the right a bit, you obscure light."

The big girl did not move.

She stood with her hat pulled down above her narrowed eyes, one hand on her hip.

"If you've got anything to say to me," she said coldly, "say it."

Kate Cathrew leaned to her feet, but the man put out a hand and touched her.

As if a spring had been released she sank down, obeying that calm touch like an automaton.

"Miss—ah—Allison," said Arnold, "there is no need for dramatics. Neither will they avail you. We wanted to see you—to talk business with you. So we sent for you."

"So I see," said Nance, "or rather you kidnapped me."

"Not so decided, please. We don't like such words. They are—ah—crude, I might say."

"Not half so crude as you will find the methods of Nameless when this gets out, I guess," said Nance. "Heaven knows I don't amount to much, but I am likely to be a torch for a fire that's smothering."

"We have extinguishers," smiled Arnold. "Sky Line is a pretty fire department, if I do say it. The thing for you to do just now is—think. I'll give you ten minutes."

"I don't need them," said Nance. "I've thought for several years—about my father's death—my brother's crippled body—my missing cattle—my burned stacks—and many other things. I'm thinking now about Sheriff Selwood—and Bossick's latest loss."

The man's face hardened, yet a reluctant admiration drew a slight smile across it.

"You take liberties, Miss Allison. Are you not—speaking in jest—a little—ah—afraid to speak so broadly?"

Nance laughed bitterly, shifting her feet in their worn boots.

"Afraid? No—not of you—nor of your hired rustlers—nor Cattle Kate, there, with her paint and her tempers. I'm not afraid of anything but the wrath of . . ."

(Continued next week)

TO MAIL your parcel post packages, they must be properly tagged. You can get printed tags in any amount at the News office.



Looked and Listened for the Black Shoot.

You need a typewriter. The Remington Portable has all the advantages of any machine made. The cost is small. See the sample machine at the News office.

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

WORSE AND WORSE

Buck and Bud had not seen each other for several years when they met at a Legion convention. "Hello, Bud, old scout! Howsawife?"

"She's in heaven," replied Bud sorrowfully.

"Is that so? I'm sorry." Then realizing that this did not sound quite right, Buck asked: "I—I mean I'm glad—no, that is to say,

I—I'm surprised."
A MYSTERY
How do you get along with your wife?
"I wonder sometimes myself."

DR. J. A. HALL
Dentist
Of Shamrock, Tex.
Will be in McLean on Thursday and Friday after the first Monday in each month.

Watch Repairing
We Pay Postage Both Ways
Quick Service—Reasonable Rates
McCormick Brothers
Shamrock, Texas
Leave Work at Shell's Pharmacy or Send Direct

LIFE INSURANCE
FARM AND RANCH LOANS
LANDS FOR SALE
Improved farms or unimproved raw land suitable for farm or stock-farm purposes. Reasonably priced with attractive terms.
O. G. STOKELY **McLean, Texas**

Notice to the Public

The Alanreed Gin has been sold to a good firm of strong financial ability; men who know the gin business. A big boiler, engine, more gin stands, a grist mill and everything needed will be added to make the gin complete to handle this year's crop. We will appreciate your patronage.

Moreman Gin Co.
Alanreed, Texas

"I Got a Bank Book"

There is a sense of pride in the possession of a bank book for everyone.

Has your boy made this start toward a successful life? If not, now is the time to help him get started.

Give your boy a chance to make good in life.

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

The American National Bank

BIGGER AND BETTER



His Mother—Yes, your father gave you some severe beatings, but I think he taught you to be truthful.
The Prominent Citizen—On the contrary, he taught me the necessity of telling plausible lies and more of them.

RIGHT AT HOME



Friend—Well, did you feel at home at Mrs. DeSmith's dinner?
Naval Men—Perfectly. I was put in command of the gravy boat, you see.

NOT ILL



He—Why sweetheart, the color has left your face. Are you ill?
She—No, you boob! It's all wiped off on your coat.

A NIGHTMARE



Mr. Tinkeltfinger—That little fantasy I just played is a thing of my own. I call it "An Angel's Dream."
The Lowbrow—Say, your angel must have been trying some of my wife's home-made angel-food cake.

POPULAR SUBSTITUTE



"What substitute for anthracite has your coal dealer offered you?"
"Only hot air."

VERY PECULIAR



Pup—That's funny. That tree has a bark and so have I, but the tree can't grow!

BET HE WILL



Big—A fortune-teller told me I was going on a long journey soon but I don't believe it!

MUSIC

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK
Dean of Men, University of Illinois.

GRAHAM came to the town in which he is now living a good many years ago without friends and without money. He was honest, hard working, and dependable, and in time he got on in business. He made friends and married a sensible girl. He started a little greenhouse out on the edge of town, going into debt for the land and for the equipment, but he had a good business and the future looked promising.

He had one recreation—music. He could sing and he could play the violin marvelously well. It was his one talent, and he used it skillfully for his own enjoyment and for the satisfaction of his friends.

Then one unlucky spring day a cyclone struck the town and laid waste a considerable part of the residential district and left Graham's greenhouse a heap of tangled iron and broken glass. His dwelling house, which was adjacent to the greenhouse, was torn into fragments by the swirling wind and there was not a piece of glass left in the greenhouse as big as a man's hand.

Graham's wife and his three children were seriously, if not fatally injured, and the whole family was in the hospital, he with a crippled back and a broken arm and a spirit pretty well crushed. He was almost wrecked physically, but a few days after the storm he was driven out from the hospital to see the remnants of what was once home. It was a bizarre sight of broken glass, twisted window frames and withered vegetables that met his gaze. Nothing was left; he had nothing with which to start anew and he was three thousand dollars in debt.

He would have shot himself, he said, and ended his troubles at once, if he had had a gun. Then suddenly as he was sitting despondent in the midst of the ruin of his possessions, a robin came and perched upon the broken branch of a fallen maple tree and began to sing riotously and courageously. And then nearby he saw a torn nest, the little birds within it dead. It was another home wrecked. Tears came into his eyes, and courage crept back into his heart, and he pulled himself together.

"If that bird can sing," he said to himself, "by God, I can sing too," and he did.

Friends came to his assistance, he made a new start, and today business is flourishing. And still he sings and plays the violin.

© 1925, by Western Newspaper Union

MRS. CLEMENT ACCIDENTLY INJURED AT SLUMBER PARTY

Mrs. W. E. Clement attended a slumber party at the home of Mrs. L. W. Wilson Wednesday night, and in attempting to step off the porch fell and sustained three gashes in her scalp, besides being bruised pretty badly.

The porch was about three feet from the ground, we are told, and Mrs. Clement thought she was stepping on a step, but there was no step, and she fell into a flower bed, her head hitting the sticks placed about the border.

Mrs. Clement has been confined to her bed since, but it is thought that she will be up soon, unless further complications set up.

J. E. Kirby and family have returned from an extended visit with relatives in Arkansas.

Buy your boy or girl a Remington Portable for use in their school work. It has all the advantages of the large machines, standard keyboard, no shifting for figures. The price is small and you can buy them on monthly payments. Come to the News office and let us demonstrate.

Magnolia Petroleum Co.

C. J. CASH, Agent
86 101
Day Phone Night Phone

V. H. MOORE

Auctioneer

Get your date at the News office or phone me collect.
Wheeler, Texas

Good Bread

Why be bothered with baking when you can buy the best of freshly baked bread and pastry at our place. The quality of our goods will please, and prices are reasonable.

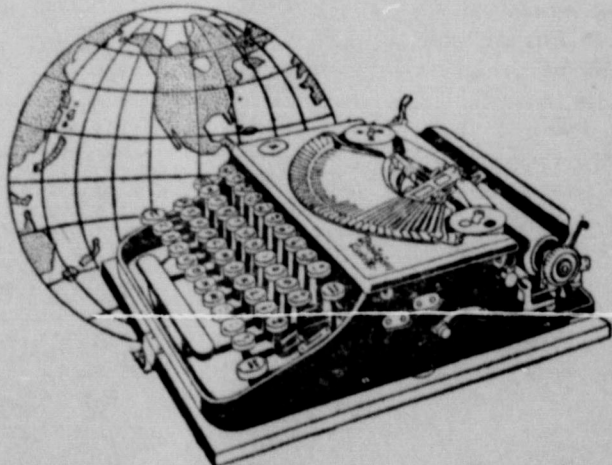
McLEAN BAKERY

F. W. WAYLAND, Manager

We Are Always

glad to serve our customers in any way we can. We appreciate everyone of you. We are anxious to add new customers to our list. Just phone 19—your order will be sent up at once. We are giving a good price for cream.

S. A. Cobb Grocery



The little machine that is changing the world's writing habits

YOU must own a Remington Portable in order to realize what a wonderful helper and time saver it is, and how it takes the drudgery out of every writing task.

The New Remington Portable has every quality the personal user needs and every feature common to the big typewriters.

It has the longest writing line of any portable, it takes the standard long envelope, the writing is completely visible, and for ease and lightness of action and beauty of work it has never been surpassed by any typewriter. The lightest and smallest portable with standard keyboard.

Call in and let us give you a demonstration which will convince you of its surpassing qualities.

Price, complete with case, \$60

THE McLEAN NEWS
Remington Portable

RUBBER STAMPS. Order rubber stamps, daters, etc., at the News office. Prompt service and the best of work.

Wants

GROCERIES ARE cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. tfe

PEACHES.—A few bushels of nice Elberta peaches at \$1.00 per bushel at the orchard. T. C. Landers, Phone 145, 3 1/2. It

MILK! MILK! MILK! The best grade of Jersey milk delivered anywhere in town. A. L. Hibler. Phone 61. tfe

GARBAGE and trash hauled from any part of the city at reasonable rates. Phone 40, 2. Frank Haynes.

RIPE GRAPES for sale, 4c per pound. Phone 49, 11. John Valencik. 32-2p

GRAPES for sale at the vineyard at 4c per pound. Delivered in 100 pound lots 5c. Less than 100 pounds delivered 6c. Z. T. Jones. 32-4p

ELBERTA peaches for sale, at my farm 10 miles N., 5 miles E. of McLean. \$1.25 per bushel. Ripe now. W. A. Derrick. 33-3p

INFERTILE EGG stamps. Order at the News office.

Patronize Advertisers

\$5,000 Insurance

for
\$46.90

Based on Age 35

Come in and let me explain.

E. M. Rice, Agent
Kansas City Life

READ THE ADS

Auto Repairing

When your automobile needs repairs, bring it to our shop. We find the trouble and fix it with the least possible delay.

GRIGSBY'S AUTO SHOP

"A Square Deal Always"

Eat More Meat

Meats such as we handle are healthful, and just the thing to make a well balanced meal. Try one of our steaks or a nice juicy roast, you will like it.

THE CITY MARKET

Be There!

The entire Panhandle, eastern New Mexico and southern Oklahoma are asked to join hands to make the Tri-State Exposition of 1925 one that will go down in history as hard to match.

Reservations are already being sought and prizes are being offered, surpassing that of any preceding year.

Only through the very best of exhibits can a profitable interchange of ideas and advertising be obtained.

The amusements alone make this fair worth attending.

The Tri-State Exposition
AMARILLO, SEPT. 26—OCT. 1

It's Your Fair—Be There!

Coming

Betty Compson in
"THE GARDEN OF WEEDS"
Friday and Saturday, Aug. 14 and 15

Harold Bell Wright's
"WHEN A MAN'S A MAN"
Friday and Saturday, Aug. 21 and 22

The gradual transformation of the young fop into an honest-to-goodness man. One of Wright's best. Don't miss it.

"BLACK OXEN"
Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28 and 29

Millions have read the book. Now see the astounding motion picture. The most unique theme of all time. A miracle drama that will amaze you—thrill you and hold you.

Legion Theatre

W. L. Haynes, Mgr. McLean, Texas

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, extra charge will be made for the extra edition.

We could see all this cross word puzzle and monkey trial stuff in the papers without being affected, but news of a coal strike is a different matter.

"Eat all you can and what you can't eat, can," is at least 50% good advice at this season of the year. Most of us eat too much, but few of us can enough stuff to last through the winter months.

We will need some quinces to fill out the county score card for the Dallas and Amarillo fairs this fall. Anyone knowing of this fruit in our community, would confer a favor by notifying the County Agent or the Chamber of Commerce.

Clarendon now has a city ordinance that will prohibit carnivals and tent shows coming to their city. There is nothing to be said in favor of the carnival with its gambling schemes, and the "high class entertainment" always promised by the tent shows is usually something entirely otherwise. Let's have such an ordinance in McLean. Our people are just as law abiding as are those in any other town, and we are entitled to protection from such practices.

One of the problems of modern city life is lack of loyalty on the part of the citizens. All of the older towns have had to make some expensive changes to overcome the mistakes allowed in their early stages. There is only one solution for such a situation, and that is to make a clean start and treat everyone alike, regardless of political pull or individual opinion. There is no justice other than treating everyone alike in a democratic government, and it is only in this way that property values may be unimpaired, or future expensive changes prevented.

A cash deficit of \$37,149,000 for the fiscal year of 1925, which closed June 30, has been announced by the postoffice department. We wonder how much of this deficit can be charged to the printing of envelopes below cost. Of course the taxpayers will make up the difference, but we ought to be able to buy groceries and dry goods below cost, too, if that kind of printed matter is desirable. Let the department do all the printing it wants to, but it ought to charge a profit and not expect the rest of us to dig up for a yearly deficit.

The Dearborn Independent, Henry Ford's paper, is to change its policy in regard to advertising, beginning with the October 3rd, 1925, issue. The Independent has not carried a line of paid advertising since Mr. Ford bought it in 1918. Under the new policy it will become a 42 page magazine with 16 pages of advertisements. No objectionable advertising will be accepted, which is in line with the policy of The News and other progressive home town papers. The reading public is entitled to find advertising as a buying guide in any paper, and we are glad to see Mr. Ford recognize this fact.

The merchant who says he does not believe in advertising seldom fails to bite on all the schemes of the solicitor for the hotel register that his patrons may never see, on signboards that people whiz past without reading, or a dozen and one others not one of which meets the eyes of the people he expects to sell. There are only three means of store advertising worth the money: newspaper, show window and direct letter; and they are valuable in the order named. Newspaper advertising costs less, results considered, than any form of advertising, and consistent newspaper advertisers enjoy a class of trade foreign to the man who falls for the schemes.

We have interviewed several of the leading members of the various churches in McLean, and we find a decided tendency toward the advisability of holding a similar revival next year. Wherever the plan of all churches holding their revivals at the same time has been tried, it has been entirely successful. There are many arguments in favor of such a plan in the smaller towns. With meetings strung out all through the summer months and everyone expected to attend more or less regularly all of them, there is no time left for anything else, to say nothing of churches dismissing their regular services as a courtesy to other churches. This is like the business men closing their stores; no distinction can consistently be made for any one meeting, but all must be treated alike; meaning that the whole summer is given over to the revivals. With a revival going on at every church in town at the same time, a better attendance at all of them has been the result, and as there is no building in town big enough to hold all who should attend a union revival, if such were practicable, it seems that we could at least give such a plan a trial next year.

THOUGHTS ON BRYAN

By W. D. Jamieson

Washington, D. C., July 31.—Mr. Bryan, our friend, yours and mine, lay down for a Sunday afternoon nap; he slept—his body still sleeps. "And Enoch walked with God; and he was not, for God took him."

It was an inspiring service for him, just concluded, in the church only a block away from the office where I am writing this; I am so glad I went. I will always be a better man for having gone. You can't ever dwell on these things without being eternally better for it. Why don't we do it more?

Even now, at this moment, they are gently carrying him across the river to Arlington; from this window I can see over toward where they will leave him, and I can see the trees next the White House. Ah, the White House, and Bryan, how close! yet as distant as the East from the West. Bryan, who couldn't be president, and Coolidge who couldn't help being president; the one with such a vision and such a longing for Democracy and such a pulsing, burning sympathy for humanity, and the other, yes, the other—I suppose at such a time it is best to let it go that way—the other. How past all understanding are the decrees of Fate.

I can't help feeling Bryan has been, and is, and will be a greater power for good than if he had been President.

There was one fundamental thing in Mr. Bryan's conception which I have not seen referred to anywhere, and which probably is not known by many, that changed, and shaped, and held his course more than anything else; he had a firm conviction that he was called of God to be President. You can scarce conceive what such a thing would mean to a Scotsman, with his traditions of hanging on to a notion forever, and to a Presbyterian, with his traditions of foreordination. Bryan, you know, was both Scotch and Presbyterian.

My authority is General James B. Weaver, the leader of the old populist movement, and their candidate for President in 1892, when he received 22 electoral votes, with a popular vote of over a million, and when they elected five U. S. Senators and carried several state legislatures. Along about Christmas time before the convention of 1912 I had an oyster stew with him at his home in Colfax, Iowa, and we were talking about how to get the Iowa delegates for Champ Clark—we were both of us devoted to the Speaker's candidacy. It was a bitter cold night, and the General insisted on building the roaring fire in the old brick fireplace himself—nobody else knew how to do it just right. What a setting for a visit, and to reminisce. The General was one of the great men of the earth, with a faith and a character equal to Bryan's. He and Bryan were intimate friends, often exchanging with each other the sacred things of their hearts. At such a time Bryan told the General he was as sure God had called him to be President as he was sure he lived—not to satisfy any selfish or personal ambition, but as an instrument for service in the hands of the Almighty. The General could no more misquote this than he could have misunder-

stood it. Interpreting many of Mr. Bryan's actions in the light of this conception, they change from alleged selfishness to apparent self-centering. This reasonably accounts for his telling Champ Clark, as they were riding across Missouri on the train together some three months before the famous convention at Chicago in 1896, that he expected to be nominated—nobody else dreamed of it. It accounts for his planning to make the famous speech at Chicago that nominated him—he had the nomination deliberately in mind, while the one who granted him the privilege of the platform to make a speech thought he was going to make a speech for an entirely different purpose.

This idea of his about the Divine call accounts for the strangest look I ever saw on a man's face. Some three weeks before the Baltimore convention in 1912, we had dinner together in the States restaurant in Chicago. I was trying hard to get him to pronounce emphatically for Champ Clark; his state of Nebraska, under the leadership of Arthur Mullen of Omaha had voted at the presidential primary for Mr. Clark, and at the same election had made Mr. Bryan a delegate; it seemed to me every moral pull was for such an emphatic pronouncement; in the course of the conversation I said to him: "Of course, you could neither be nominated nor elected this year." It was a mistaken remark. He had a sort of horrified look, just as if I were defying the Almighty. In a way it scared me, and I didn't understand it until afterward. It took him some years to act toward me as if he felt the old way.

This Divine call may account for his changing his support from Champ Clark to Woodrow Wilson, when at the Baltimore convention the former had a clean majority of the delegates and should have been nominated by every rule of the game, on the excuse that New York crowd had come over to Clark. Only four short years before Mr. Bryan twice sent his personal representative, Senator Frank Pettigrew of South Dakota, to see Mr. Charley Murphy, leader of Tammany, once before the Denver convention to get the New York crowd to support him before he was nominated, and once after the convention to get the New York crowd to support him in the election. I have never gotten over the idea (Mr. Bryan hoped to be nominated at Baltimore.

What a flood of memories rushed by as I stood in the church yesterday and looked at him, wonderful, wonderful man. I was a candidate for Congress against Col. Pete Hepburn in the eighth Iowa district in 1908, when Bryan was also a candidate. There were a lot of Democrats in my district who liked Hepburn, and thought he was a great man, and were inclined to vote for him—didn't think much, anyway, of a young country editor being elected to Congress. I went over to Lincoln with a couple of letters in my pocket that I had written about myself, telling what a splendid fellow I was, and got Bryan to sign them, and have them printed on Common (his paper) letter heads, and sent them out two weeks apart to about 2,500 of the leading Democrats in my district—they were tickled to get a letter from their idol, changed their minds about me, went to work—without those letters I would not have been elected. I have never published this before.

A funny little incident happened one time. Bryan was at our Shenandoah home for dinner. We had raised some splendid radishes in our garden, and we got good butter from a farmer; holding a big, juicy radish, on which he had put a big chunk of butter, he turned to my wife with a twinkle in his eye, saying, "Mrs. Jamieson, I compliment you on being such a good cook." She is, too.

But I never thought Bryan had a real sense of humor. He enjoyed a joke, and a story, and could tell them, but there's a difference between that and a sense of humor—it is something that makes you laugh away inside at situations or circumstances. For instance, I was at his home at Lincoln one time for dinner, and he said he made money on his little farm there; when Mrs. Bryan protested he said he didn't take into account the amount he spent on the place. I thought that was funny. It was at this dinner that I heard for the first time when he said, "An agriculturist is one who makes his money in town and

spends it on the farm; a farmer makes his on the farm and spends it in town. I am an agriculturist."

What was his outstanding quality? My mother said it was his sincerity; another, his courage; another, his faith. Seems to me it was his industry. I never saw a more industrious man—and work and success generally go hand in hand.

As I looked at him yesterday, I was thankful he had been; he made some think; he made many think they were thinking—which may help a little—and he made all feel; he has brought more of religion into the world and into politics; as I looked I thanked God for Bryan.

Mrs. Ethel Stockton came in from Norman, Okla., Saturday to visit her mother.

Mrs. J. L. Collier returned today from a visit with relatives at Groom.

J. L. Collier has our thanks for a subscription renewal for himself and J. C. Collier of Amarillo.

Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Savage and son, Chester, have returned from an extended trip to Florida points. Mr. Savage says he did not see any place that looked as good to him as our community.

D. W. Turner of Albreed was a McLean visitor Friday.

C. C. and Roy Bird and families of Vernon came in Friday to visit their parents.

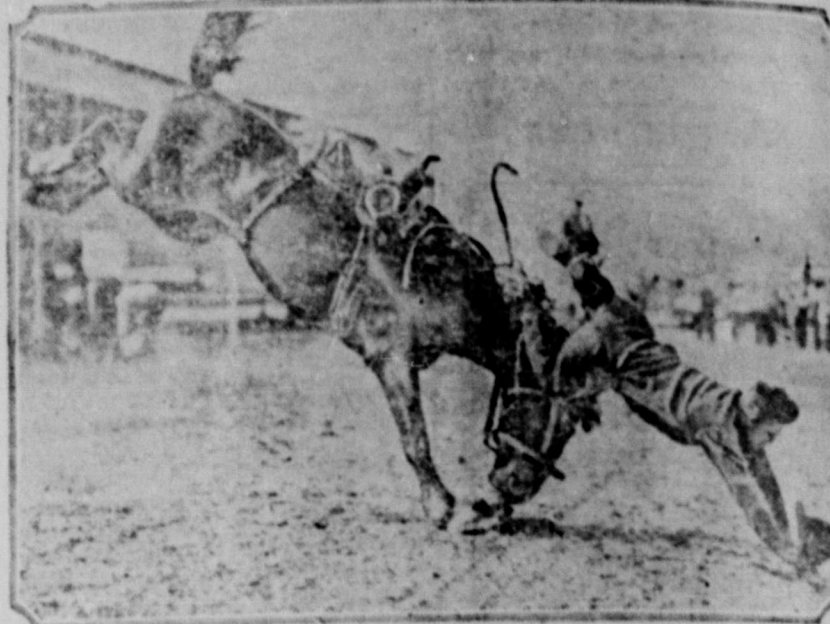
Groceries are cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. Advertisement. ttc

S. B. Fast and Misses Ethel McCurry and Ruby Cook went to Shamrock and Wheeler Wednesday.

O. T. Smith of Pampa was a McLean visitor Wednesday.

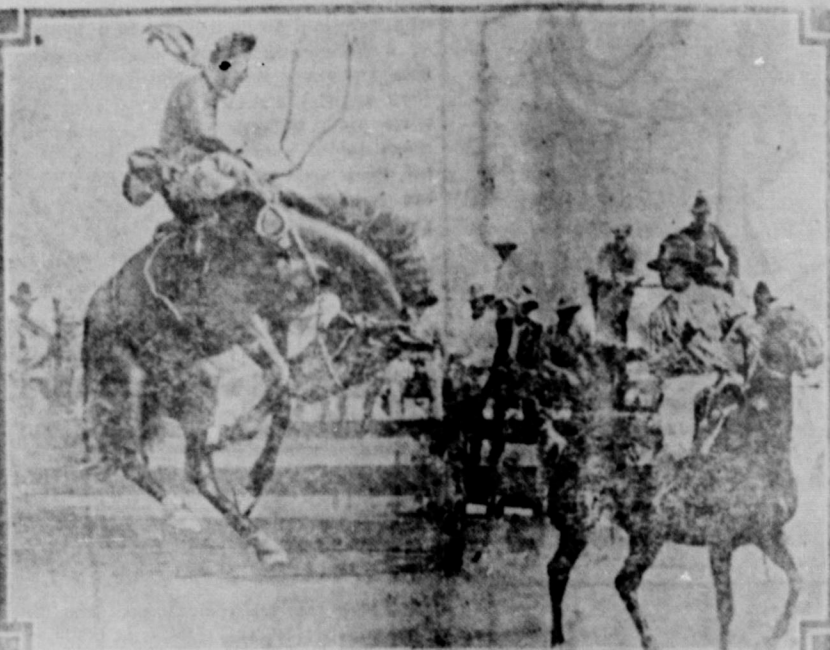
F. B. Thomas of Albreed was a McLean visitor Wednesday.

NO DAYLIGHT SAVING HERE



DANGER BOY. See him in action at the American Legion Rodeo, August 21 and 22, 1925.

RIDE 'EM, COWBOY



UTAH, the horse that disqualified a first-money man of Cheyenne, in Campo, Colorado, in 1924.

The two horses mentioned above, along with many other famous rodeo horses, are regular tornadoes on four legs, living dynamite, "outlaw" broncs, of the first degree. Wiry and daring, coolest when facing almost certain injury—such is the type of men who will fight it out with the "bad" horses in the American Legion Rodeo.

American Legion Rodeo
Aug. 21-22
McLean, Texas

W. Sherman White
Attorney-at-Law
McLean Texas

ECZEMA
Money back without question if you get relief from ECZEMA, ITCHING, BURNING, BLEEDING, SORENESS, and all other skin diseases. Try the treatment of Eczema, Itching, Burning, and all other skin diseases. Try the treatment at our risk.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine will do what we claim for it—rid your system of Catarrh or Deafness caused by Catarrh.
Sold by druggists for over 40 years
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio

Tires That Last
Fisk, United States or Michelin tires will give you the maximum service. They have the lasting qualities. Let us fix you up with a new set.
SNAPPY SERVICE STATION
E. L. CUBINE, Mgr.

SPEED BROS.
General Contractors and Builders
Sidewalks, Paving, Stucco
CLARENDON AND McLEAN TEXAS

Rexall
FACTORY TO YOU
MONEY-SAVING-SALE
ALL DURING AUGUST
We offer remarkable bargains of quality, seasonable goods. We cordially invite you to visit our store, and take advantage of this money-saving opportunity.
Erwin Drug Company

New
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A. L.
house for
John L.
Frank
Mr. an
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News from Liberty

Special Correspondent.
 Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bell and children went to McLean Saturday afternoon.
 A. L. Morgan is helping build a house for M. F. Corbin in McLean.
 John Lively is busy selling watermelons.
 Mr. and Mrs. Luther Petty and children were dinner guests in the Kid McCoy home Sunday.
 Frank Bell and family took dinner in the J. F. Corbin home at McLean Sunday.
 Misses Opal and Levie Nelson attended preaching services at McLean Sunday.
 A. L. Morgan and family attended meeting at Heald some last week.
 Lucian Pursell and Bud Blake of Shamrock and Jim Casey of Wichita Falls called at the Frank Bell home Sunday.
 Andy Nelson and family of Heald visited in the H. C. Nelson home Sunday afternoon.
 Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Calvert of Shamrock called at the A. L. Morgan and Frank Bell homes Friday afternoon.
 R. O. Cunningham attended all-day services at Heald Sunday.
 Miss Clarabell Hardin visited in the W. P. Irvin home Saturday night.
 W. P. Irvin and family visited at Sandspur Sunday.

News from Back

Special Correspondent.
 R. L. Appling and family of McLean visited in the Jesse Cobb home Thursday night.
 Mr. and Mrs. Milford Hendricks of Wichita Falls visited the lady's sister, Mrs. Jesse Cobb, and family last week.
 C. M. Carpenter was a business visitor in McLean Saturday.
 Jesse Cobb and family were shopping in McLean Saturday.
 Miss Maudelle Corum spent the week end with Miss Ava Lee Back.
 Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Dougherty of Heald visited in the Frank Bidwell home Sunday.
 Mrs. E. V. Back is at home from a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Raymond Glass, near Skillet.
 Mrs. E. V. Back and Misses Lelia, Beatrice, Oleta and Charlie Marie and Nevil Back visited in the R. H. Corum home Sunday.
 Shorty Johnson of Heald visited in the Clyde Holloway home Sunday.

NOTICE

The Methodist ladies will serve dinner on Saturday, the last day of the McLean fair. Advertisement

JUNIOR R. Y. P. U.
 Group No. 1 in charge.
 Subject—Some Stories of the Kingdom of Heaven.
 Leader—Venita Savage.
 Introduction—Leader.
 The Ten Virgins—Edna Mae Kunkel.
 The Bridegroom Comes—Laverne Kunkel.
 The Wise Virgins Meet the Bridegroom—Bonnie Bible.
 Preparations for the Feast—Glen Kunkel.
 The King Has the City Burned—Woodrow Wilkerson.
 The Wedding Garment—Odessa Kunkel.
 Conclusion—Lillian Carpenter.
 Elmo Phillips, Mrs. G. W. Henshaw and Mrs. Henshaw's son and wife from Jones county are visiting relatives and friends here this week.
 Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Turner of Breckenridge are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. Lee Turner.

LISTED AS N. G.
 A woman may work in her home sixteen hours a day, cook three meals each twenty-four hours milk fourteen cows, make butter from the milk, care for a flock of two hundred chickens, do the family washing, care for the family sick, do all the family sewing and mending, look after her small children, pack water from a well to her house, and "work in the field in a pinch," and yet be listed as "N.G."—non-gainful, or having no employment—by the census taker. Her work has not money equivalent.
 The two million Federated Club Women are taking steps to change this situation, and to have home-making listed as a profession, or at least an "occupation."

T. J. Coffey, of T. J. Coffey & Brother, dry goods, is in St. Louis this week buying goods for the fall trade.
 Groceries are cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. Advertisement. tfe

IT PAYS TO SHOW LIVESTOCK

By Dr. C. W. McCampbell, Professor of Animal Husbandry, Kansas State Agricultural College, Manhattan, Kans.

There is no central market where the breeder of purebred livestock can market his animals in any quantity at any time he might desire, as in the case of market livestock. The breeder of purebred livestock must find individual customers here and there. In other words, he must interest individual prospective buyers over a wide range of territory in what he has to sell.

There are many ways of reaching prospective buyers of purebred livestock, but the most effective of all is to show representative animals of one's herd at livestock shows—and the bigger the show and the higher the rank of one's animals in such a show the more prospective buyers one will attract. (Many instances might be cited, but let one suffice. A few years ago a corn-belt farmer who was raising purebred cattle was receiving from \$150 to \$175 a head for his surplus animals. He had a splendid well-bred herd and he was an excellent feeder. Many breeders that had no better herds and were no better feeders were receiving from \$500 to \$1000 a head for their surplus animals. Why this difference? The explanation lies in the fact that the general buying public was not familiar with the kind of cattle he was producing, and the general public wants to be shown not on an individual's farm, but in competition with the good livestock of the country—which means that if the purebred breeder would make the most out of his business it is necessary that he show samples of his herd at livestock shows.

This particular breeder was finally convinced that it would pay him to show some of his animals—preferably animals of his own breeding. His first attempt was at a comparatively large livestock show. He showed two bull calves and two heifer calves, all well-bred and well fed. Before showing he was asked what the four head were worth and he replied \$200 a head. Fourth place was as far down the line as any of his calves stood. He received the shock of his life when a stranger offered him \$800 for one of the heifer calves as he was leading her back to the show barn after winning second place with her. With general purebred average prices no higher, his average for all surplus animals sold the following year was \$675 a head. This is only one of hundreds of actual experiences demonstrating the great value of showing purebred livestock if one hopes for greatest success in this business. The buying public wants to be shown, and when shown will pay the price.

DON'T KICK YOUR TOWN

There is no better evidence of a commendable community spirit than that of loyalty to a town in which a person lives. If a town is worth living in it is worth defending and supporting in its efforts to advance with the rest of the world. Yet in almost every community you will find people who can see nothing good in their surroundings. They cannot realize the fact that though it may be humble, it yet is home—that it has clothed them and fed them and cared for them in sickness and in health, and has furnished them friends who have been steadfast and true. They magnify its imperfections and spread clouds wherever they go. They often make life miserable for others and invariably make it a reproach to themselves. But there is a brighter side to this story. The abuse these short-sighted people heap upon their place of abode generally falls upon unsympathetic ears. Their neighbors and friends know them as they are—as people who might have been valuable citizens, capable of constructive work, but whose disposition has been warped in younger days, possibly through no particular fault of their own. Their criticisms are listened to with good natured patience, but are forgotten about as soon as uttered. The views of the chronic kicker and fault finder have less weight than those of any other adult element of the human race. When he thinks he is kicking his town, he generally finds that he is kicking himself instead. —Lubbock Avalanche.

THE PSALM OF LIVE BUSINESS MAN

(With Apologies to Longfellow)
 Tell us not in mournful numbers that this town is on the bum; Rouse up from your peaceful slumbers, get out and make things hum. If we go to work in earnest we can

BLACKSMITHING

We are prepared to do your blacksmith, wagon and woodwork promptly, at reasonable prices.
 Give us a trial.
 McLEAN BLACKSMITH SHOP
 CHAS. EUDY, Prop.

make things go on high; "Dust thou art to dust returneth," is a song of by and by. All the past is gone forever—you can't call one moment back—and the future may come never, this is true, so help me Mack. Now's the time to do your boosting, do not wait tomorrow's dawn; in the grave you may be roosting, all of your chances gone. Lay aside your hammer, grab a horn and toot a few, squelch the kicker's dad burned hammer with a joyful blast or two. This old town is sure a pippin and we ought to boost it big; when we hear a growler yipping, we should smite him on the wig. Mighty oaks that grow and

flourish come from acorns plain and small; with your boosting you may nourish something that will help us all, something that will prove a blessing too the toiling sons of men—that's the point that I am stressing, boost and boost and boost again. People love the smiling booster, and for him they loudly cheer, but they hate the knocking rooster, long to pelt him in the ear. Boost your country and your business, boost the people

of your town, they will dub you wise and witty, and you'll gain a wide renown.—Contributed by a Booster.
RUBBER STAMPS. Order rubber stamps, dates, etc., at the News office. Prompt service and the best of work.
 Mrs. Will Harlan and children of White Deer are visiting Mrs. J. W. Kibler.

INSURANCE
 LIFE FIRE MARL
 I represent some of the strongest companies in the world. I insure anything. No prohibited list.
 Money to loan on farms.
 Reliable Insurance
T. N. HOLLOWAY
 Reliable Insurance

Texhoma Oil & Refining Co.
 For Value and Service Use
TEXHOMA PRODUCTS
 Amalie Motor Oils 100 per cent Pure Pennsylvania.
L. L. ROGERS
 Agent
 Phone 131 McLean, Texas

Life Insurance
 Life insurance is not an expense, it is an investment that pays big interest. Let me write you a policy today that will care for your loved ones in case of your death.
EUNICE FLOYD
 Life Insurance

Men's Hats and Suits
 A new shipment just arrived of Stetson and Davis hats, and Schloss Bros. suits in the latest patterns. Buy your fall outfit here.
John Mertel
 Shoe Repairing Done While You Wait

Save in Youth
 AND ENJOY OLD AGE
 A striking, yet not exaggerated example of what is happening daily in every city, town and village of this country. A little forethought, a little self-denial when young, will place you in a position where you can enjoy your declining years.
The Citizens State Bank
 A Guaranty Fund Bank
 CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$33,750.00
 J. S. MORSE, President C. C. BOGAN, Cashier

for Economical Transportation

New Low Prices
 The Coupe - \$675 —former price 9718
 The Coach - \$695 —former price 9738
 The Sedan - \$775 —former price 9828
 All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan
 Increased demand has made it possible to improve the quality and lower the price. Come in and see these remarkable values.
Smith Bros. Chevrolet
 QUALITY AT LOW COST

Breakfast Foods and Cereals
 Little bodies must have the best of nourishment to make them strong and healthy—to build them up to robust manhood and womanhood.
 And grown folks need it to sustain their vitality and energy. The popular breakfast foods and cereals must meet the needs of both young and old.
 We have them in all their tasty goodness—the wheat foods, corn, oats, rice, barley, etc. Include one or more packages in your next order.
 Telephone orders given prompt attention
 Telephone No. 23
McLean Supply Company
 Chas. Lester, Mgr.

MR. BUSINESS MAN

How would you like to have the government for your competitor in business?

In 1890, the government manufactured and sold over five hundred million stamped envelopes and in 1924 approximately 3 billion. These figures represent the enormous growth of government competition with private business in the manufacture and sale of stamped envelopes.

How would other business men feel if the Federal Government unnecessarily introduced competition with them and supplied consumers with goods at cost and less than cost?

Equality of opportunity is impossible under the present system. The postoffice department contracts with one manufacturer for producing about eleven million envelopes per day and thus secures the efficiency of individual management and control and less cost.

The additional margin to cover cost of handling is so figured that they can and do sell one thousand envelopes boxed and packed and all delivery cost absorbed in Maine, Alaska, California and Manila at the same price as at the door of the factory—rather difficult competition.

Stamped envelopes were first devised to enable the postoffice to get the revenues due it even when letters were carried outside of the mail. The corner card is to relieve the dead letter office and should be required on all letters, but we contend that Uncle Sam should not be either printing or selling them in competition with his taxpayers.

The true field of government is realized where it aids and protects equal opportunity everywhere. It is decidedly unfair to all classes of taxpayers, especially printers and merchants of the country, to have the employees of fifty-five thousand Federal postoffices using their official positions to compete with individuals engaged in private business. The present policy of making every postoffice a branch house and turning four hundred thousand postal employees into salesmen selling envelopes and printing, is unquestionably a step in the wrong direction where a government of free men blocks or hinders the pathway of individual endeavor.

It is to the interest of all the postmasters to sell as many of these stamped envelopes as possible, because the greater the sale

will be the receipts of their offices and their salaries are based on receipts. Compensation is, therefore, in direct ratio of damage done industry, without profit to the government.

The government, under the present law cannot receive a profit arising from the sale of these envelopes, so that a claim of financial advantage cannot be urged in support of the continuance of this system.

The printers and merchants in the small towns of this country are making an effort to obtain relief from this harmful practice. Nobody would expect manufacturers and dealers in other lines to submit if the government were a direct competitor selling to their customers at cost or less than cost, collecting all accounts, and using the mails to take away their customers.

The printing of envelopes in the average printing office is done on platen presses, and it is easy to realize the magnitude of the government's business in this line when it is reduced to platen press hours. It would take one press, running at the rate of fifteen hundred an hour, a total of 754,829 hours to print the envelopes the government sold in bulk during 1922. This is equivalent to 94,354 days of eight hours each. Divided equally between 12,000 printing offices, it would mean for one press eight days of eight hours each for each office of 96,000 impressions. Quite some job the government is taking from the printing industry of the nation!—Hydro Review.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Glenn and children and the Misses Stratton were Shamrock visitors Sunday afternoon.

Shell's Pharmacy advertisement featuring an image of a person and text about pharmacy services.

QUICK LUNCHES advertisement for J. A. MEADOR, offering waffles, hamburgers, roasts, steaks, pies, and cold drinks.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Savage of Wellington came in Wednesday for a visit in the N. E. Savage home.

R. S. Jackson and family left this morning for Lakeview in Hall county for a visit with relatives.

A. H. Carver and family of Texola, Okla., visited relatives in the Heald community Sunday.

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

Buy your boy or girl a Remington Portable for use in their school work. It has all the advantages of the large machines, standard keyboard, no shifting for figures. The price is small and you can buy them on monthly payments. Come to the News office and let us demonstrate.

COMPULSION NOT POPULAR. Published figures show that ratio of automobile accidents is

REAL DRAY SERVICE. We excel in service because we have more experience and better equipment, so our customers say. Kunkel Bros.

steadily decreasing and has dropped 50 per cent since 1915.

In the face of this, says Ira Nelson Morris in Illinois State Journal, automobile owners should not be burdened with compulsory liability insurance. Efforts should be concentrated on accident prevention. Compulsory insurance is only a partial and ineffective remedy for the public against losses caused by irresponsible drivers. In many accidents, blame cannot be fixed, and insurance would not help.

Can You Afford? Fire, Hail, Tornado Health, Accident. You are fully protected when insured in the strong companies we represent. Harold C. Rippey, At Citizens State Bank.

Firestone Tires. Now is the time to buy Firestone Gum Dipped Balloons. Tire prices are advancing every day. Firestone Balloons give the maximum amount of service and comfort under all conditions. STAR FILLING STATION "Headquarters for Service" L. L. ROGERS, Prop. Phone 131.

INSURANCE. Fire, Hail, Tornado Health, Accident. You are fully protected when insured in the strong companies we represent. Haynes & Ledbetter, Office Theatre Building.

Ora Oliver Gooch, Graduate Optometrist. Glasses Correctly Fitted. All work first class and guaranteed. First National Bank Building, Shamrock, Texas.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Henry and children, Mrs. T. W. Henry, Mrs. Alva Alexander and little daughter visited in Alanreed Sunday.

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

Best and Quickest Service. That's what we provide our patrons. Expert workmanship, neat, quick and sanitary. Let us demonstrate. Elite Barber Shop, Everett & West, Props.

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

TAXES REPORTED DELINQUENT ON THE TAX ROLLS OF THE CITY OF MCLEAN, IN GRAY COUNTY, TEXAS, FOR THE YEARS 1920-1924 INCLUSIVE

Table listing delinquent tax payers with columns for name, year, address, and amount. Includes names like Brown, C. W., Cooke, Louis, Walker, J. G., Drennon, W. L., etc.

KING OF THE RODEOS



Tex Austin, a name that is known in every locality in the country where horses are bred or cattle raised. Such is the man who will draw on his years of experience to manage the Chicago Roundup and World's Championship Rodeo to be held for nine days, beginning August 15. "King of the Rodeo" is the title Austin has won. Born in the great state for which he was named, he was raised in the atmosphere of the range. He participated in the thrilling deeds of the famous contests of the Far West and then became a ranchman himself. Wherever the roundups have been staged, Austin's name has become synonymous with the cowboy sport. In the effort to perpetuate the spirit of the West, he managed all directed numberless rodeos in the West, also giving the East its first thrills from cowboy contests. Then, spreading the fame of Uncle Sam further, he put on the great international rodeo at Wembley, England, under the auspices of the British government.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including "Postal D", "The Pe", "designated", "ing to a", "eral High", "This ac", "those who", "to the", "ention, if", "come acco", "many.", "The har", "sky has", "years by", "are told", "been reme", "Amurillo", "soon to k", "side of t", "to Amari", "The F", "been at", "end of t", "time and", "now see", "a ha", "our town", "WEAVER", "ADI", "At a", "Co-Operat", "day, C. F", "here elect", "rectors, a", "the board", "The Fe", "city No.", "concern a", "going fo", "McLean t", "HEADOR", "J. A.", "taurant", "board of", "take char", "The ne", "restaurant", "keep up", "ood food", "joyed sinc", "Mr. Me", "ing, but", "owners.", "Mr. M", "hamburger", "one cot", "me as", "E. A.", "visited he", "ly retu", "Rev. at", "family of", "ad with", "R. L.", "ranch Sa", "Mrs. J.", "the Fall", "Yes", "visited M", "day.", "Mr. an", "Sallie C", "an wer", "day.", "DID Y", "THA", "a bush", "able in", "THA", "come r", "it tells", "buy?", "THA", "able at", "sponsh", "THA", "service", "THA", "THA", "as rep", "THA", "hind it", "store", "they e", "for ag", "THA", "ave", "proud