

# THE McLEAN NEWS

Volume XXI.

McLean, Gray County, Texas, Thursday, May 15, 1924.

Number 20.

## MORSE 1 STRIKES OIL

### BACCALAUREATE SERMON AT THE METHODIST CH.

The baccalaureate sermon for the graduates of the McLean school will be given at the Methodist church Sunday morning by Rev. Ira T. Huckabee of Amarillo. Plans have been perfected for the commencement season and include an address to the graduates by Dean S. H. Condon of Clarendon College on the evening of May 23, when the graduating exercises will be held.

The expression class will hold their recital Friday evening, May 16. The grammar school graduates who number about 40, will hold their exercises May 22 at 8:30 p. m., and the grades will render a program beginning at 10 o'clock Friday, May 23.

College entrance examinations were held this week for those students who wish to add to their college credits, and a large number took advantage of this examination.

This year's term has been one of the most successful ever held here and the McLean community has reason to be proud of the record made by both faculty and students.

Following are the names of the twelve high school graduates: Gaylord Hodges, valedictorian; Jason Morgan, salutatorian; Opal Davis, Fern Upham, Floycie Jordan, Kathleen Copeland, Estelle Cooper, Mary Anderson, S. B. Morse, Rosser Rudolph, Norman Johnston and Osie Ginn.

### ASSOCIATIONAL E. Y. P. U. ORGANIZED LAST FRIDAY

On Friday evening of last week representatives from the different E. Y. P. U.'s of the Wheeler-Colingworth Baptist Association met at Shamrock for the purpose of organizing an Associational E. Y. P. U. After talks on the Associational E. Y. P. U. and its work by Revs. J. J. Baird, Lem Hodges and W. C. Garrett, a temporary organization was perfected. The following officers were elected to serve until the district Association meets: President, Rev. Lem Hodges of Wellington; secretary-treasurer, Miss Olivia Fain of Wellington; field secretary, Fred Landers of McLean; Junior leader, Miss Nell Adams of Shamrock; Intermediate leader, Mrs. W. C. Garrett of McLean. The first general meeting of the organization will meet at McLean on the 10th and 11th of July.

After the business session the Shamrock Union entertained their visitors with a social program, at the close of which refreshments of ice cream and cake were served.

### SHOWERS OF RAIN FALL THIS WEEK

A nice shower of rain fell here Sunday night, with one on Tuesday night and another Wednesday evening. While not a great amount of water fell at any one time the added moisture was needed and can be appreciated at the planting season.

### A BIRTHDAY DINNER

A dinner was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Landers of Heald Thursday, the occasion being in honor of Mrs. Landers' birthday. All of the children and a number of grandchildren were present.

C. C. Cook visited the Morse oil well Wednesday.

T. N. Holloway went to Amarillo Wednesday.

J. H. Easterling of Alanoed visited in McLean Saturday.

Donald Beall, M. D. Bentley, T. A. Landers and W. C. Carpenter visited the Morse oil well Wednesday.

D. W. and W. M. Polton from Alanoed were business visitors in McLean Saturday.

### The Mirage



### DR. VIRGIN LEAVES AMARILLO CHURCH FOR CHICAGO

Amarillo, May 12.—Dr. H. W. Virgin, for the past five years pastor of the First Baptist church, Amarillo, tendered his resignation Sunday morning to take effect July 1st, in order that he may accept the pastorate of the North Shore Baptist church of Chicago.

Dr. Virgin has been pastor at Kansas City, Roanoke, Nevada, Mo., Jackson, Tenn., and other places. He served as regional commander of the Y. M. C. A. in France during the war, and is a member of the Amarillo Rotary Club and is on the state board of the Texas Baptist General Convention.

The Chicago church has recently erected a new building in the most fashionable residence district of the city at a cost of \$250,000, equipped with social rooms, a gymnasium, an auditorium for lyceum programs and a modern dining room and kitchen, and is said to pay a larger salary than any other church in the South.

### SCHOOL TEACHERS ENJOY PICNIC TRIP

Miss Lillian Abbott and Mrs. Verna Stuckey entertained the lady school teachers and a number of their friends last Friday evening with a picnic.

Early in the evening they met at the J. S. Morse home in the west part of town and motored out to the Morse ranch. After a visit to the Morse No. 1 oil well, a supper was served out in the open near the ranch headquarters. The following were present at this enjoyable affair: Misses Norman, Strong, Cousins, Mellie Bird Richey, Miller, Orr and Abbott; Mesdames Boyett, Morse and Stuckey; Messrs. Strandberg, Guill, White and Morse.

R. O. Dunkle and Miss Margaret Miller motored to Clarendon Sunday.

Mrs. E. B. Hedrick of Alanoed visited friends in McLean Saturday.

C. M. Carpenter of Back was a McLean visitor Saturday.

Mrs. Buster Foster of Amarillo visited relatives here Sunday.

Roy Campbell made a flying trip to Pampa and back Tuesday.

Josh Chilton accompanied his baby to Oklahoma City Tuesday, at which place the latter is to undergo an operation.

### MASS MEETING OF SCHOOL PATRONS TONIGHT

C. E. Anderson, president of the McLean school board, has called a mass meeting of the patrons and others interested in the McLean school to discuss matters pertaining to the school, tonight at the Methodist church.

It is hoped that a representative crowd will be present.

### SHAMROCK E. Y. P. U. TO RENDER SPECIAL PROGRAM AT McLEAN, SUNDAY, MAY 18

The Senior E. Y. P. U. of the Shamrock church will give a special program at the McLean Baptist church on Sunday afternoon, May 18, at 3:30. The public is cordially invited to attend.

### News From Back

By Special Correspondent.  
R. H. Corum attended the Jersey cow drawing on the Sitter ranch last Wednesday.

Chas. Back and family went to Oklahoma Friday for a few days' visit with relatives.

Mrs. Bud Back visited Jonnie Back and family in McLean from Friday until Sunday.

T. F. Henley had business in McLean Saturday.

C. M. Carpenter was buying supplies in McLean Saturday.

W. I. Bacon was a business visitor in McLean Saturday.

Geo. Colebank and family attended church in McLean Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Glass of Skillet visited in the Chas. Back home Sunday.

R. L. Appling and family of McLean visited in the Jesse Cobb home Sunday.

Mrs. Bailey Lakey and children returned home Sunday after a two weeks' visit with her mother, Mrs. B. D. Fondren, of Gracey.

We are glad to report Miss Vida Colebank able to return to school this week after a two weeks' seige of the measles.

Mrs. R. H. Corum and daughter, Miss Maudelle, visited Mrs. C. M. Carpenter Saturday.

B. I. Carpenter is visiting his sister, Mrs. Geo. Colebank, this week.

Mrs. J. E. Cubine visited in McLean Saturday.

L. F. Coffey was a Morse oil well visitor Wednesday.

C. C. Bogan was among the oil well visitors Wednesday.

### YOUNG MEN'S TENNIS CLUB ORGANIZED WITH TEN MEMBERS

A number of the business men of McLean, together with others, have been busy this week cleaning off the vacant lots just north of the Cousins Motor Company building. The lots have been graded and a first class tennis court laid off. The backgrounds for the court are full ten feet high and considerably longer than the average court, making it an ideal place to play this popular game. Ten men are responsible for this court which adds to the attractiveness of this part of the city as well as furnishing a place for recreation handy to the business part of town. The following are members of the club: Donald Beall, Harold Rippey, Fred Landers, John Haynes, Bill Bentley, Erwin Rice, Erey Cubine, W. S. White, Clay Thompson and S. B. Morse.

### QUARTERLY CONFERENCE AT METHODIST CHURCH

Rev. J. T. Griswold, presiding elder of the Clarendon district, will preach at the Methodist church Sunday night, at which time the 3rd quarterly conference will be held. The general public is invited to attend.

Mesdames Chas. Cousins and A. A. Christian returned Monday from Dalhart, where they have been visiting relatives.

Mrs. C. C. Sloan came in from Pampa Tuesday for a visit with relatives.

J. W. Skidmore and family of Shamrock visited friends in McLean Sunday.

C. L. Cooke made a business trip to Shamrock Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Prock of Alanoed were McLean visitors Monday.

Jess Kemp of Clarendon was a McLean visitor Saturday.

L. A. Kalka from Hedley was a business visitor in McLean Tuesday.

Robert Stokes of Shawnee, Okla., is visiting in McLean this week.

Miss Myrtle Strong spent the week end at Clarendon.

Fred Bidwell of Gracey was a McLean visitor Saturday.

## Good Showing of Oil Found at a Depth of 2800 ft. Wednesday

A showing of oil was found in the Holmes Morse No. 1 test north of town at four o'clock Wednesday morning. The first bucket showed traces of oil when the bit was pulled to flush the well at that hour, but the driller let the bucket down for the second time before spreading the news.

By Wednesday afternoon cars from surrounding town as far as Amarillo were parked about the well and men were watching operations with intense interest.

The depth of the well was found to be 2808 feet at 8 a. m. Wednesday, and another measure was taken at 4:15 in the afternoon, showing a depth of 2813.9. At this time when the drill was removed there was a decided odor of oil with oil dripping from the slush bucket.

### AMARILLO NEWS OFFERS FREE PAGE ADVERTISING

A representative of the Amarillo Daily News was in McLean last week in the interest of The News big Brownwood special edition and stated that the offer of a free page advertisement in the Daily News to the McLean Community Chamber of Commerce still held good, and all that is necessary to take advantage of the offer is to send in the copy necessary to the News office.

### LIVESTOCK JUDGING CONTEST

The preliminary livestock judging contest which was called off Saturday, May 3, will be held in McLean Saturday, May 17. Alanoed, McLean, Eldridge and Buck club boys will take part in this contest. Different types of cows and hogs will be judged, and the boys who make the highest score will represent the south side in a county meet.

### CLUB BOYS LIVESTOCK JUDGING CONTEST AT PAMPA

The club boys from the north side of the county met at Pampa last Saturday in a preliminary livestock judging contest. The following were winners, and will meet the winning boys from the south side of the county in a final contest: John Ayres, 1st; Shelby Gantz, 2nd; Bruce Cobb, 3rd; Oran Bernard, 4th.

### MISS COUSINS ENTERTAINS

Miss Nona Cousins entertained the lady teachers of the McLean school Wednesday evening with a supper. The entertainment was given at the Cousins home one mile north of town. The following were present: Misses Mellie Bird and Ann Richey, Margaret Miller, Myrtle Strong, Lillian Abbott, Louise Orr and Nela Norman; Mesdames Willie Boyett and Vigna Stuckey.

Arthur Erwin left Monday afternoon for Plainview to attend the bedside of his niece, Miss Lois Bullock, who was operated on Sunday night for appendicitis.

Sheriff E. S. Graves was a pleasant caller at the News office Tuesday.

Editor J. D. Merriman Jr. of the Wheeler News-Review called at the News office Saturday, enroute to Clarendon to visit his sister.

R. A. Burrows and family came in Saturday to spend the week end with relatives.

While it is thought that oil in paying quantities has been found, it is the intention to go on down to a greater depth in hopes of finding a bigger pool; however, if no more oil is found, this layer will be shot and the well brought in.

The log of the well shows correct indications of an oil well without troublesome gas, and everything connected with the test has been highly satisfactory from the geologists' standpoint. Two geologists from large oil companies predicted several months ago that the first oil would be found around the present depth.

Leases within a few miles of the well have been selling for as much as ten dollars per acre up to Tuesday. It is not known what they are worth today.

Drilling is now going on night and day, with expectations of further interesting developments at any time.

This has been a very popular test since the big barbecue given at the spudding in of the well. The general public has been allowed to know everything that anyone knew about the progress of the well. The drillers and operators have been high class men and the public has been made to feel that an honest-to-goodness test was being made in a very favorable location. There has been no unnecessary time lost since the well was started. The Texas well near the Morse test was over 1400 feet in depth at the time the Morse well was spudded in and now they are of about the same depth, which gives some idea of the speed obtained in drilling.

It is expected that the discovery of oil at this location will stimulate oil activity all over this section.

W. P. Dial of Memphis was a McLean visitor Saturday.

Simon and Rudolph Bush of Gracey were visitors in McLean Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Laura Taylor of Lelia Lake came in Friday to visit relatives.

Bailey Lakey from Northfork was a McLean visitor Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jno. W. Kibler went to Oklahoma City Saturday to visit their son, Byron.

H. C. Mowrer of Ramsdell visited in our city Saturday and Sunday.

Anson Lee was in from Gracey Saturday.

Miss Olivia Fain of Wellington visited Miss Sammie Roach Tuesday night and Wednesday of this week.

# ZEN of the Y. D.

A Novel of the Foothills

By ROBERT STEAD

Author of "The Cow Puncher" and "The Homesteaders"

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### SYNOPSIS

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

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

CHAPTER III—Y. D. and Zen ride to the South Y. D. Zen is a natural vamp, not yet halter-broke and ripe for mating. Y. D. has taken a liking to Tranley. Zen holds Tranley off and encourages Landson.

CHAPTER IV—Zen enjoys the prospect of a race between Tranley and Linder for her favor, but secretly laughs at both. She has another and more serious encounter with Drank. Y. D. mowing machines are ruined by iron spikes set in the grass. Zen prevents open war with Landson. Tranley's hay wagon is turned off. Drank resolves to burn out the rival outfit.

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

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

"I'm afraid you turned your ankle getting free from your stirrup," he explained. "I had to do a little surgery. I could find nothing broken. It will be painful, but I fear there is nothing to do but bear it."

She reached down and felt her foot. It was neatly bandaged with cloth very much like that which she had used to blindfold Quiver. It was easy to surmise where it came from. Evidently her protector had stopped at nothing.

"Well, are we to stay here permanently," she asked, presently.

"Only for the night," he told her. "If we're lucky, not that long. Search parties will be hunting for you, and they will doubtless ride this way. Both of our horses bolted in the fire."

"Oh, yes, the fire! Tell me what happened."

He hesitated. "I remember riding into the fire," she continued, "and then next thing I was on this rock. How did it all happen?"

"Your horse fell," he explained, "just as you reached the fire, and threw you, pretty heavily, to the ground. I was behind, so I dismounted and dragged you through."

"Oh!" She felt her face. "But I am not even singed!" she exclaimed.

It was plain that he was holding something back. She turned and laid her fingers on his arm. "Tell me how you did it," she pressed.

The darkness hid his modest confusion. "It was really nothing," he stammered. "You see, I had a leather coat, and I just threw it over your head—and mine—and dragged you out."

She was silent for a moment while the meaning of his words came home to her. Then she placed her hand frankly in his.

"Thank you," she said, and even in the darkness she knew that their eyes had met.

"You are very resourceful," she continued presently. "Must we sit here all night?"

"I can think of no alternative," he confessed. "If we had firearms we could shoot a signal, or if there were grass about we could start a fire, although it probably would not be noticed with so many glows on the horizon tonight." He stopped to look about. Dull splashes of red in the sky pointed out remnants of the day's conflagration still eating their way through the foothills. The air was full of the pungent but not unpleasant smell of burnt grass.

"A pretty hard night to send a signal," he said, "but they're almost sure to ride this way."

She wondered why he did not offer to walk to the camp for help; it could not be more than four or five miles. Suddenly she thought she understood.

"I am not afraid to stay here alone," she said, with a little laugh. It was the first time Grant had heard her laugh, and he thought it very musical indeed. "I've slept out many a night, and you would be back within a couple

of hours." "I'm quite sure you're not afraid," he agreed, "but, you see, I am. You got quite a tap on the head, and for some time before you came to you were talking—rather foolishly. Now if I should leave you it is not only possible, but quite probable, that you would lapse again into unconsciousness. . . . I really think you'll have to put up with me here."

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of that! . . . Did I—did I talk—foolishly?"

"Rather. Seemed to think you were swimming—or fighting—I couldn't be sure which. Sometimes you seemed to be doing both."

"Oh!" With a cold chill the events of the day came back upon her. That struggle in the water; it came to her now like a bad dream out of the long, long past. How much had she said?

How much would she have given to know what she had said! She felt herself recounting events. . . .

Presently she pulled herself up with a start. She must not let him think her moody.

"Well, if we must enjoy each other's company, we may as well do so companionably," she said, with an effort at gaiety. "Let us talk. Tell me about yourself."

"First things first," he parried.

"Oh, I've nothing to tell. My life has been very unromantic. A few years at school, and the rest of it on the range. A very every-day kind of existence."

"I think it's the 'every-day kind of existence' that is romantic," he returned. "It is a great mistake to think of romance as belonging to other times and other places. Even the most commonplace person has experienced romance enough for a dozen books. Quite possibly he has not recognized the romance, but it was there. The trouble is that with our limited sense of humor, what we think of as romance in other people's lives becomes tragedy in our own."

"How much did he know? . . ."

"Yes," she said, "I suppose that is so."

"I know it is so," he went on. "If we could read the thoughts—know the experiences—of those nearest to us, we would never need to look out of our own circles for either romance or tragedy. But it is as well that we can't. Take the experience of today, for example. I admit it has not been a commonplace day, and yet it has not been altogether extraordinary. Think of the experiences we have been through just this day, and how, if they were presented in fiction, they would be romantic, almost unbelievable. And here we are at the close, sitting on a rock, matter-of-factly people in a matter-of-fact world, accepting everything as commonplace and unexceptional."

"Not quite that," she said daringly. "I see that you are neither commonplace nor unexceptional." She spoke with sudden impulse out of the depth of her sincerity. She had not met a man like this before. In her mind she fixed him in contrast with Tranley, the self-confident and aggressive, and Linder, the shy and unassertive. None of those adjectives seemed to fit this new acquaintance. Nevertheless, he suffered nothing by the contrast.

"If I had been bright enough I would have said that first," he apologized, "but I got rather carried away in one of my pet theories about romance. Now my life, I suppose, to many people would seem quite tame and unromantic, but to me it has been a delightful succession of somewhat placid adventures. It began in a very orthodox way, in a very orthodox family. My father, under the guidance, no doubt, of whatever star governs such lucky affairs, became possessed of a comfortable fortune, and I was brought up to fit my station in life, whatever that means. There were just two boys of us, and I was the elder. My father had become a broker. He wanted me to go into the office with him, but some way I didn't fit in. I've no doubt there was lots of romance there, too, but I was of the wrong nature; I simply couldn't get enthusiastic over it. Being of a frank disposition I confided in my father that I felt I was wasting my time in a broker's office. He, being of an equally frank disposition, confided in me that he entertained the same opinion.

"I could see that my father was pained and disappointed, even in his anger. You have upset all my plans, you have destroyed all my hopes," he charged me. His voice was hard, but I think that was to keep it from breaking. What's the use of making money if you haven't a son to carry out? Roy—that is my younger brother—is too young as yet, and I think, a trifle reckless for responsibility. I was counting on you to take up the load when I laid it down. Besides," he went on, "I had other plans for your future." The dear old fellow had been giving more thought to it than I had suspected. "Within a few years you should marry. Now there's Emily Forcep—that wasn't her name, but it will do for purposes of conversation—good family, and well off. Co-fonel Forcep and I are agreed that it would be just the thing. Capital match for you, my boy—"

"But, I protested, 'I don't love Miss Forcep. Why, I hardly know her!'"

"That will come in time," said he. "You're at the romantic age just now, but later you'll understand it isn't hard to love a girl who is well brought up and has a million in her own right—"

"At that I flared up. 'Nothing doing,' I said, very disrespectfully, 'I am afraid. If your business, and your money, and Miss Forcep, and her

money, not to speak of Colonel Forcep, have to be counted as a going concern, you can keep the lot. My life is my own and I'm going to live it in my own way.'"

Grant paused, and the girl found her fingers resting on his knee. . . . It was very delightful to have the curtain lifted on this strong man's career. "Go on," she whispered.

"I've been sorry for it since—not for what I did; I've never been sorry for that—but for what I said. You see, my life wasn't my own; it was his, who gave it to me; his, and my dead mother's. But young fellows don't think of that—not, at least, until it is too late.

"Well, there was more talk, and the upshot was that I got out, accompanied by an assurance from my father that I never would be burdened with any of the family duccats. Roy succeeded to the worries of wealth and I came to the ranges, where I have been able to make a living, and have, incidentally, been profoundly

ing from the west, mild and balmy. Presently one of the segments of light grew and grew. It was as though it were rushing up the valley. They watched it, fascinated; then burst into laughter as the orb of the moon became recognizable. . . . There was something very companionable about watching the moon rise, as they did.

Zen had a feeling of being very happy. True, a certain haunting spectre at times would break into her consciousness, but in the companionship of such a man as Grant she could easily beat it off. She studied the face in the moon, and invited her soul. She was living through a new experience—an experience she could not understand. In spite of the discomfort of her injuries, in spite of the events of the day, she was very, very happy. . . .

If only that horrid memory of Drank would not keep tormenting her! She began to have some glimpse of what remorse must mean. She did not blame herself; she could not have done otherwise; and yet—it was horrible to think about, and it would not stay away. She felt a tremendous desire to tell Grant all about it. . . . She wondered how much he knew. He must have discovered that her clothing had been wet.

She shivered slightly. "You're cold," he said, as he placed his arm about her.

"I'm a little chilly," she admitted. "I had to swim my horse across the river today—he got into a deep spot—and I got wet." She congratulated herself that she had made a very clever explanation.

He put his coat about her shoulders and drew it tight. They sat beside her in silence. There were many things he could have said, but this seemed to be neither the time nor the place. Grant was not Tranley. He had for this girl a delicate consideration which Tranley's nature could never know. Grant was a thinker—Tranley a doer. Grant knew that the charm which enveloped him in this girl's presence was the perfectly natural product of a set of conditions. He was worldly-wise enough to suspect that Zen also felt that charm. It was as natural as the bursting of a seed in moist soil; as natural as the unfolding of a rose in warm air. . . .

Presently he felt her head rest against his shoulder. He looked down upon her in awed delight. Her eyes had closed; her lips were smiling faintly; her figure had relaxed. He could feel her warm breath upon his face. He could have touched her lips with his.

Slowly the moon traced its long arc in the heavens.

"I'm sorry I bored you with that harangue," he said contritely. "You couldn't possibly be interested in it."

"On the contrary, I am very much interested in it," she protested. "It seems so much finer for a man to make his own way, rather than be lifted up by some one else. I am sure you are already doing well in the West. Some day you will go back to your father with more money than he has."

Grant uttered an amused little laugh. "There's no sign of it yet," he said. "A rough hand, even a foreman, doesn't need any adding machine to count his wages. Besides, I am getting other things that are more worth having."

"What other things?"

"Why, this life—its freedom, its confidence, and health! When one's soul is a-tingle what does all the rest matter?"

"But you need money, too," she added, thoughtfully. "Money is power; it is a mark of success. It would open up a wider life for you. It would bring you into new circles. Some day you will want to marry and settle down, and money would enable you to meet the kind of women—"

She stopped, confused. She had plunged farther than she had intended.

"You're all wrong," he said amusedly. "It did not even occur to Zen that he was contradicting her. She had not been accustomed to being contradicted, but then, neither had she been accustomed to men like Dennison Grant, nor to conversations such as had developed. She was too interested to be annoyed.

"You're all wrong, Miss—?"

"I don't wonder that you can't fill in my name," she said. "Nobody knows Dad except as Y. D. But I heard you call me Zen—"

"That was when you were coming out of your unconsciousness. I apologize for the liberty taken. I thought it might recall you—"

"Well, I'm still coming out," she interrupted. "I am beginning to feel that I have been unconscious for a very long time indeed."

Grant was aware of a pleasant glow excited by her frank interest. She was altogether a desirable girl.

"I have observed," he said, "that poor people worry over what they haven't got, and rich people worry over what they have. It is my disposition not to worry over anything. As for opening up a wider life, what wider life could there be than this which I—which you and I—are living?"

She wondered why he had said "you and I." Evidently he was wondering too, for he fell into reflection. She changed her position to ease the dull pain in her ankle, which his talk had almost driven from her mind. The rock had a perpendicular edge, so she let her feet hang over, resting the injured one upon the other. He was sitting in a similar position. The silence of the night had gathered about them, broken occasionally by the yapping of coyotes far down the valley. Segments of dull light fringed the horizon; the breeze was again blowing



"At That I Flared Up."

### NOTICE BY PUBLICATION

No. 123. THE STATE OF TEXAS. To the Sheriff or any Constable of Gray County—GREETING:

B. E. Finley, administrator of the estate of M. S. Thompson, deceased, having filed in our County Court his FINAL ACCOUNT of the condition of the estate of said M. S. Thompson, together with an application to be discharged from said administration;

YOU ARE HEREBY Commanded, That by publication of this writ for twenty days in a newspaper regularly published in the County of Gray you give due notice to all persons interested in the Account for Final Settlement of said estate, to file their objections thereto, if any they have, on or before the May term, 1924, of said County Court, commencing and to be held at the Court House of said County, in the town of Lefors, Texas, on the 19th day of May, A. D. 1924, when said Account and

Application will be considered by said Court. WITNESS R. B. Thompson, Clerk of the County Court of Gray County.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, at my office in the town of Lefors, Texas, this 18th day of April, A. D. 1924. R. B. THOMPSON, Clerk. (Seal) C. C., Gray County. CCC-17-4c

ASK TO SEE the new Remington portable typewriters on display at the News office. Pay for them like rent.

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

Headquarters for all kinds lumbering material. Cicero Smith Lumber Company. Advertisement. 15-3c

### The Rush Season

is here and you want blacksmith work done on time. Bring your work here where you may expect good service from competent workmen.

We sell lister shares.

### The McLean Blacksmith Shop

All Work Guaranteed

### ITCHY!

MONEY BACK WITHOUT QUESTION

"HUNT'S GUARANTEED SKIN DISEASE REMEDIES" (Hunt's Salve and Soap) fails in the treatment of Itch your druggist is fully authorized to return to you the purchase price.

A Medford, Oklahoma man, among thousands who praise HUNT'S SALVE, says: "Some people dislike to call it the Itch, but candor compels me to admit I had it badly. Your Hunt's Salve, however, cured me after many other remedies had totally failed."

"HUNT'S GUARANTEED SKIN DISEASE REMEDIES" (Hunt's Salve and Soap) are especially compounded for the treatment of Itch, Eczema, Ringworm, Tetter and other itching skin diseases, and is sold on our money-back guarantee by all reliable drug stores.

Remember, if it fails it costs you nothing, so give it a trial at our risk.

### SHELL'S PHARMACY

### Meats that Are Cooked Ready to Serve

Every housewife has experienced the undesirable sensation which arrives with unexpected company about meal time and not a thing in the house to serve. The answer is simple—telephone us for meats cooked and ready to serve. Our meats are always fresh and clean and appropriate for any meal.

We handle fresh creamery butter.

### THE CITY MARKET

BRYANT HENRY, Prop. PHONE 165

### LOOK GOOD AND FEEL GOOD

Ever notice how they go together? A man perks right up as soon as he gets a clean shave. Try our service.

### McCLESKEY'S BARBER SHOP

### H. J. TAYLOR JEWELER

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

### 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

### ASK TO SEE the new Remington portable typewriters on display at the News office. Pay for them like rent.

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

Headquarters for all kinds lumbering material. Cicero Smith Lumber Company. Advertisement. 15-3c

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Reliable Insurance

### Balloon Tires

are the latest development in the automobile industry. Makes your car ride easier and last longer. We have some sizes in stock.

Plenty of other standard tires. See our stock before buying.

We sell STUDEBAKER cars.

### Cousins Motor Co.

All Work Strictly Guaranteed. Repairing, Storage, Gas, Oils and Accessories. Day Phone 172 SERVICE CAR Night Phone 141

**STATE INTERSCHOLASTIC LEAGUE MEET AT AUSTIN**

Reported. Following is a detailed account of the work done by the McLean contestants in the state meet at Austin: Tennis began at 2 p. m. Thursday. Floycie Jordan and Fern Upham from McLean, representing district No. 1 in doubles, played until the last round before the semifinals, eliminating some real good players, but due to the extreme sultry weather between showers, they were unable to continue at their best and lost to Taft, a team that many thought were weaker than some that had already been defeated by the McLean girls.

Minnie Morse in singles drew and eliminated some of the hardest teams in the state, including Dallas. In the beginning Dallas apparently had the first set, as the games stood 5 to 1 in favor of Dallas. Then with the same old determination and hard playing Minnie was able to duce the set and finally won it 9 to 7. The next set was easy. She continued to win until Friday afternoon when she lost in the semifinals. Many had been predicting the state championship for her.

George West school won in girls doubles and Plainview in singles. We are expecting that arrangements can be completed soon for Minnie to meet the champion, who has won first place in the state three times straight along.

Although winning no points, the three boys who went from here were also a credit to our town that we are proud of. Martin Dwyer, Lee Wilson and Oale Ginn made the trip, while Arthur Dwyer had won a trip but had to stay at home with the measles.

Martin threw the discus 125 feet in the finals, but the effects of the atmosphere were so great that he fainted and was unable to continue his work. Lee was running in the 220 hurdles several steps ahead in the preliminaries, when he tripped on a hurdle which put him back to 3rd place. He was gaining and came out about 1 foot behind 2nd place and about 4 feet behind 1st place. The same two that beat him in the preliminaries won first and second in the finals. One of them was Leo Baldwin, who won the class A meet from Wichita Falls. Baldwin was the only man from Wichita Falls who scored a point but he made 23 out of a possible 25, which won the meet. Baldwin took four first places and one second, breaking three state records.

Oale in the preliminaries took 3rd place. He was about 6 inches back of 2nd place man, who was about the same distance back of 1st place, who won first place in finals. First and second places only qualified for the finals. This means that slower men in slower heats qualified and won points.

Herman Hunt was in from White Fish Saturday.

P. M. Keller and family of Gracey were shopping in McLean Saturday.

W. Farren of Gracey was in town Saturday.

Bird Gull was visiting friends in Clarendon Sunday.

Miss Dorothy Tomlinson of Shamrock spent the week end with Miss Floycie Jordan.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Morse and son, S. B., visited the Morse oil well Wednesday.

Mrs. Ola Bailey of Wellington visited relatives here Friday.

J. Lee Turner, who is working at Shamrock, spent Sunday with home folks.

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

**BAPTIST PASTOR TO PREACH BACCALAUREATE SERMON AT CROSBYTON**

Rev. W. C. Garrett, Baptist pastor, will preach the baccalaureate sermon for the Crosbyton schools next Sunday. There will be no preaching service at the First Baptist church Sunday morning on this account. Other services as usual.

Rev. S. A. Cobb will preach at the evening hour.

**SCHOOL CLOSING**

Reported. The present term of school will close Friday of next week. Examinations will begin Monday and continue until finished. There is a great deal more work connected with school closing, if properly done, than most people would think. The principal part of next week's work so far as the teachers are concerned is grading examination papers, averaging and recording these grades and making reports of different features of their year's work.

**Seventh Grade Program**

On next Thursday evening, May 22, in the school auditorium, beginning at 8:30, the seventh grade graduating exercises will be given.

**The Grades Program**

Beginning at 10 o'clock next Friday morning, May 23, in the school auditorium, the grades, one to six, inclusive, will give a joint program.

**Baccalaureate Sermon**

On Sunday, May 18, the baccalaureate sermon will be preached at the Methodist church.

**Commencement Program**

On Friday evening, May 23, in the school auditorium, beginning at 8:30, the commencement program will be given by the senior class. There are no admission charges to any of these events, and everyone is cordially invited to attend them.

**News From Ramsdell**

By Special Correspondent. Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Bones, Mr. and Mrs. H. Longan, Harry and Miss Fay Mowrer attended the singing school at Lela last Friday night. The singing here Sunday evening was enjoyed by all present. Several visitors from Lela were present.

Rev. Duncan of Shamrock filled his appointment Sunday night.

Floyd Johnson and family of Alameda visited in the Robert Jones home Saturday night and Sunday.

A Mr. Godfrey is teaching a ten night's singing school, which began Monday night.

J. I. Bones and H. Longan went to Shamrock Tuesday on business. Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Scott were McLean visitors Tuesday.

Little Miss Joellene Vannoy of McLean is recovering from the measles and is spending the week with her mother.

Rev. C. A. Duncan, Methodist pastor of Shamrock, preached the commencement sermon to the 7th grade graduates Sunday night. His subject was "A Life Worth While." The school building was decorated for the occasion and a large audience was present.

Nat Woods of Clarendon had business in McLean Wednesday.

W. L. Campbell made a business trip to Amarillo Wednesday.

Dewey Wood of Alameda was a McLean visitor Wednesday.

C. C. Bogan was in Amarillo Thursday.

Mrs. R. S. Jordan and daughter, Miss Floycie, went to Shamrock Saturday on business.

Don't forget the Avery Reo Tag cultivator sweeps. Plenty of all sizes for sale by McLean Hardware Company. Advertisement. 20-2c

**POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS**

The following announcements are subject to the action of the Democratic primary to be held in July:

- For State Senator, 31st District: J. W. REID
- For Representative, 122nd District: DEWEY YOUNG
- For County Judge: F. P. REID
- T. M. WOLFE
- C. S. RICE
- For County Attorney: A. A. LEDBETTER
- JOHN F. STUDER
- For County and District Clerk: CHARLIE THUT
- For Sheriff and Tax Collector: E. S. GRAVES
- L. D. RIDER
- For Tax Assessor: D. M. GRAHAM
- EWING LEECH
- For County Treasurer: R. L. COTTRELL
- MIRIAM WILSON

**Peterson Creek News**

By Special Correspondent. Mr. and Mrs. Rish Phillips and little daughter and Allison Cash of McLean visited in the C. A. Cash home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Marrs and family went to Ramsdell Sunday.

Misses Maude and Jessie Cash, Lorene, Ruby and Lucille Marrs visited in the W. I. Bacon home Monday, where the children are very sick with the measles.

Walter Cash spent the week end with home folks.

Misses Maude and Jessie Cash spent Saturday with Misses Lorene and Ruby Marrs.

J. W. Marrs was a McLean visitor Saturday.

Mrs. J. W. Marrs spent Saturday with Mrs. W. I. Bacon and family.

Harvey Wiggins was a McLean visitor Saturday.

Howard Haddins went to McLean Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. McClellan and daughter, Lilla, were in McLean Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Barrow and family and Misses Alma and Lillian Cothran spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. V. R. Jordan.

Homer Marlar and Wayland Ayers spent Sunday afternoon with Clifford Cash.

Hansel Christian was a Pampa visitor Wednesday.

Mrs. Kennedy of Pampa visited Mrs. L. E. Cunningham Tuesday.

Mrs. I. G. Fowler is spending the week with Mrs. L. E. Cunningham.

J. F. Watkins and S. B. Morse were Clarendon visitors Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Upham motored to Amarillo Tuesday.

John Harris from the Mars ranch was in town Wednesday.

Evan Sitter was in from Enterprise Thursday.

Will Holt of Alameda was a McLean visitor Thursday.

Hugh Holt of Alameda was buying supplies in McLean Thursday.

If some fellows could be as wide awake in working hours as they are at 1 a. m. when out with the sports, it would promote their prosperity.

You can buy a Remington portable typewriter at the News office on easy monthly payments if you like. The Remington portable is a standard keyboard machine and for convenience cannot be beat.

Headquarters for all kinds building material. Cicero Smith Lumber Company. Advertisement. 15-3c

**BUSINESS MEN TALK FAST OVER THE TELEPHONE**

Telephone conversations are shorter in proportion to how busy the telephone talkers may be. Few business calls hold the lines more than five minutes, says the Texas Public Service Information Bureau, while some residence calls occupy the lines ten times that long.

Observations made by telephone companies in some of the larger cities of the country show that in the downtown sections the average conversation lasted two minutes, while in the residence sections the time averaged four minutes.

In commenting upon the situation which is a part of surveys constantly being made with a view to maintaining and providing for adequate service, a telephone executive said:

"There seems to be a consistent increase in the length of telephone conversations as the grade of service decreases. For example, the average conversation on party lines is longer than on the average individual lines, and persons having message rate service seem to talk longer than those having flat rate service.

"No effort has been made to determine whether women telephone users talk longer than men, and telephone engineers say that it is a matter of pure scientific research with no place in their present problems.

"An interesting feature of these studies is the discovery that in large centers of population having more than one central office subscribers served by the same central office do not talk as long to each other as do subscribers served by different central offices."

**THE MODERN HUSBAND'S JOB**

Being a husband has not been any lazy man's job since the cost of living went up. Any normal wife demands a fair share of life's benefits.

Legs of lamb, bread, butter, carpets and other essentials cost money. The means for a happy home cannot be gained simply by reporting to some office at 9 a. m. and "holding down" the desk until closing time.

But the demands of the Emancipated Woman go beyond mere physical comfort. Some people may think that the women want "cave man stuff," or forceful and dominating control. Those who think so would better reflect on the very great independence of the girls of today. They will not put up with many things that their mothers used to endure without complaint.

If the young married men of today do some things that were formerly done by many husbands, these independent girls are likely to flounce out of the house and go home to mother, or set out to earn their own living. The capacity for self support makes them independent, and they won't spend much time arguing about it, either. They often regard their marriage vows too lightly, but the husbands may be even more to blame.

The wives of former years feared a separation so much that they often cut up with neglect and even infidelity. Husbands got the idea that their wives would stand for anything. They know better now after a little while.

Even the man who does nothing very wrong, but is just inconsiderate and selfish, may find that no woman will live with him. Perhaps she ought to overlook more in view of her pledges to husband and children, but the husband should be careful to keep his part of the obligation.

The modern husband would better wake up to the fact that the home is a partnership in which the wife has an equal voice, also that his courting days were only begun when the minister said those brief but fateful words in the church.

Ed Elms of Alameda was in our city today.

**AN ADVERTISING LESSON**

Whenever a small town merchant tells us that it doesn't pay to advertise, we are prone to wonder why President Story of the Santa Fe railroad and thousands of other big men all over the country have never found it out.—Pampa News.

The small merchant has been accustomed to dealing in smaller figures and when he sees a fair sized bill for advertising he looks at the outgo without considering the income. Advertising is a science and some men are so poorly advanced in that line of scientific knowledge that they even yet regard advertising expenses as that much charity extended to the newspaper.

Sometimes a merchant will tell the solicitor that his goods are his advertisement. But he cannot say how his goods are to go out to the public unless his store is known.

Country newspaper men have in the past been in a measure responsible for the impression that formerly obtained that money spent for advertising should be charged up to charity. The small town paper man

in years past would haggle with the penurious storekeeper over advertising prices and then often take an ad at whatever the merchant would pay. That practice has gone now. Newspaper management has been placed on a higher business level and publishers and live merchants are now generally agreed that the newspaper, as well as the merchant, has a right to put a reasonable price on his wares and to make a reasonable profit.—Amarillo Daily News.

Many people claim that some jinx is following them and spoiling their luck. The name of that jinx in many cases is Mr. L. A. Zines.

Some of the people who talk the most claim that there is no free speech in this country.

The time has gone by when a man could expect to get credit merely by jingling the keys in his pocket.

**Magnolia Petroleum Co.**  
C. J. CASH, Agent  
Day Phone 184 Night Phone 101

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

**VULCANIZING**  
Frank's Vulcanizing Shop

**House Slippers**  
For Ladies  
We have received a nice shipment of new house slippers for ladies. They are good ones and the price is only \$1.00 per pair.

**John Mertel**  
Fine Shoe Repairing

**W. Sherman White**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law  
Associated with Hugh L. Umphres in District and Federal Court cases.  
McLean, Texas

**Wants**

DWARF champion tree tomato, 40c a hundred or \$3.50 a thousand delivered. Cash with order. N. B. Gragg, Box 311, Shamrock, Texas. 20-3p

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

GROCERIES are cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. tfe

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

STRAYED.—About 10 days ago, 2 black gilts, weight about 50 pounds, unmarked. Please notify Jas. Burrows. 1p

BUY YOUR typewriter paper at the News office.

GET WALDRON'S kafirita seed at Cheney's Feed Store. A. C. Waldron. 19-2c

STOCK WANTED to pasture.—90c per month for horses, 75c for cows. Salt furnished. O. P. Hommel, Alameda, Texas. 20-2p

FOR SALE.—100 feet 3 1/2 inch pipe, complete with working barrel and valves, one cow, one Jersey heifer. See me for pasture. R. N. Ashby. tfe.

PASTURE.—Horses and mules pastured by the month. I. X. Kachelhoffer. 1p

ROYAL TYPEWRITER for sale at the News office.

**Linoleum and Rugs**

Big stock on hand and more coming. Expecting a big shipment of 9x12 genuine linoleum rugs this week. Come in and inspect our stock before you buy.

**BUNDY-HODGES**  
MERCANTILE COMPANY

**AW, WHAT'S THE USE**

LET ME BLOW THE NEW POLICE WHISTLE THE CHIEF GAVE YOU

NOTHING DOING! YOU'D HAVE ALL THE COPS IN TOWN UP HERE

AW, I WANT TO HEAR HOW IT SOUNDS—JUST BLOW IT EASY!

I'LL STICK MY HEAD UNDER THE PILLOW & BLOW IT—HOW'S THAT?

ALL RIGHT—AND I'LL HOLD THE PILLOW DOWN FOR YOU

WELL—WHY DIDN'T YOU BLOW IT?

By L. F. Van Zelm

Didn't Have Any Wind

**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.

We understand that the roads committee appointed by the Chamber of Commerce has a plan about perfected whereby we may see some actual work being done on our lateral roads within a very short time. We are all agreed that better roads are needed, and any plan that will do the work would be acceptable.

The Southwestern Bell Telephone Company has been continuously advertising for the past fourteen years. This advertising, according to a letter from the president, is a strictly business proposition, must show a profit and is necessary for the most economical operation of a public utility.

The value of a school to the community cannot be measured in dollars and cents—the cost can never be more than the value obtained for the children of the district. On the other hand, property values are higher where there is a good school. Should the school standard be lowered in any way it will reflect at once upon the community.

The city ordinance governing peddlers, circuses, etc., published in this issue of The News should be read by every citizen interested. Outside interests of this kind have been in the habit of coming to our town and plying their trade without leaving anything in the way of taxes, but under the provisions of the new ordinance, they will contribute something to the city treasury whenever they want to sell anything. This will mean that only the better class of things of this character will stay in our town.

The offer of the Amarillo Daily News to donate a page advertisement to our community is a very generous one when it is remembered that the News has a greater circulation than any other daily in this section, and such an advertisement would be worth money to our community. We have paid hundreds of dollars for publicity of this kind at various times in the past, and this offer will give us desirable publicity for only a few minutes' time spent in preparing copy for the advertisement. Our Chamber of Commerce should accept this offer at once.

All advertising has value except that which irritates rather than pleases the reader. As one example of advertising thrust under unwilling noses, take the motion picture slide. People do not go to the movies to read garish ads shoved in front of them from right to left until they become dizzy, before the amusement they paid to see begins. These ads do the advertiser no good and are not used by the large advertisers of the country. The fact that the majority of this class of advertising is developed by outside concerns who come into the town and sign up the merchants for a period of time is a good argument against it, for outside concerns have no interest in the town except the money they get from the people.

The American Tobacco Company is the only big concern using billboard advertising that has refused to take down its ugly signs from the highways of the country. The billboard war has reached such proportions that the outdoor advertising agencies are taking ads in the newspapers to defend their positions. To be consistent, they should make their appeals from billboards, but when they want publicity they go to the best medium they can get—the newspapers. There is a law in Texas prohibiting the use of public property for private gain and the proper officials should see that all signs are torn from the highways, streets, alleys, parks and public buildings. This is being done in many places and we may confidently expect to see the law observed all over the state in the near future; then this useless waste of money will be spent with the newspapers with profit to

the advertisers and the community at large.

**IN CASE OF FIRE**

A system of fire alarms has been worked out that will pay each citizen of McLean to learn, so that it may be known just what part of town the fire is located, thereby saving time in getting to the fire. One long blast from the siren means a fire is in the business district; one long and one short blast for the north part of town; a long and two shorts for the east part of town; a long and three shorts for the south part of town, and a long and four shorts for the west part of town. In case of a cyclone or other dangerous looking storm cloud, two long blasts will be given.

Done by order of the City Council this the 9th day of May, 1924.  
T. A. LANDERS, Mayor. 1c

**ASSOCIATIONAL B. W. M. U. MET AT SHAMROCK TUES.**

The Associational Baptist Womens Missionary Union met at Shamrock Tuesday with about 50 ladies present.

Chairwomen were appointed from each church in the Association to visit the Baptist hospital at Wellington and otherwise look after hospital needs. Mrs. T. A. Landers was appointed from the McLean church.

Among the McLean visitors present were Mesdames T. A. Landers, W. C. Garrett, L. O. Floyd, D. L. Abbott, Hugh Kunkel, H. H. Lamb, and E. L. Minix, and Miss Eunice Floyd.

**GOVERNMENT vs. NEWSPAPER?**

In another column of this issue of the News appears the sworn statement of the publisher, showing the ownership, management and control of this publication, together with a list of the stockholders, bond holders, mortgages, etc., which is required by act of Congress to be published semiannually, and in the case of daily papers, the circulation statement must also appear.

This great government of ours conceded by all the world to be the greatest on earth, has seemed to have it in for the newspapers in more ways than one.

During the late war they were curtailed and controlled as no other branch of business, and this notwithstanding that the president and secretary of the treasury publicly announced that had it not been for the publicity and support afforded by the press of the land the Liberty Loans would never have been put over, and we all know that that would have meant in those trying hours, and this was done gratuitously, while other industries were coining money.

Not only this, but the government printing office enters into direct competition with the publishers in the matter of furnishing printed envelopes to the business public at prices that cannot possibly be met. What would the hardware men think if the government was to engage in the retail handling of tinware at prices that would exclude them from the field? Yet this is no more a part of their business than that of printing envelopes is a part of the stock in trade of the country newspaper.

There may be some good purpose served by requiring the publishing of this statement, and being in the class that has no indebtedness hanging over us we do not seriously object, but what would the average business man think if he was required to make and publish a similar statement pertaining to his personal affairs? It does not seem just right, that's all.—Mudley County News.

Not only this, but there are many other laws passed directly against the newspapers that, to us, seem unjust. For instance, the libel laws are so stringent that a newspaper man is almost afraid and hardly dares publish anything about anyone unless it is a "big boost" for them or a lot of flattery that has no just foundation whatever. As a concrete example of this we cite the case of one of the big papers in Texas. A reporter went to the police records on his daily rounds and found a record on the docket to the effect that a certain man, listed as a negro, had escaped from the county chain gang the night before. The record also showed that this man had served a five-year term in the Texas penitentiary and had a lot of jail records behind him. The reporter stated that this man (saying that he was a negro) had escaped, and gave his record in a short five or six-line article. The paper was used for libel. When the trial came up the man acknowledged that he was an ex-convict, that he was wanted at other places at that time, that he had served jail sentences in a num-

ber of places, that he had been on several county chain gangs, that he escaped from the chain gang as the article stated. But he denied and proved that he was not a negro—as the police record showed. The outcome was that that paper paid the handsome little sum of \$60,000 for libel. And yet some of our "brainy" law-makers tried to just last year require all newspaper men to give bond for not less than \$25,000 so that a person can be sure of his money in case a newspaper accidentally makes a mistake about them as did the above mentioned paper. Some justice, isn't it?—Paducah Post.

**News From Liberty**

By Special Correspondent.

There has not been much planting done yet, for it is too cold.

Grover Terry of near Memphis spent Thursday night in the T. H. Hardin home.

Reuel Smith left last Saturday for Prague, Okla.

Mrs. Peppers of east of McLean spent Friday with Mesdames Hardin.

Opal, Levi and R. B. Nelson have the measles this week.

Busber Stokes has been quite sick with the measles, but is better now.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Middlebrooks of McLean visited in the Hardin home Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Harbison's baby, Curtis Vannoy, died Friday, May 9th. Interment was made in Hillcrest cemetery Saturday.

A number attended a birthday party at the Z. T. Jones home one night last week in honor of Frank Jones' birthday.

Mrs. R. O. Cunningham is feeling better at present, and little Fleta is sitting up some.

Bernie Morgan has the measles this week. Roscoe and Nora Lee are almost well.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brooks of McLean and Mr. and Mrs. Luther Petty took dinner in the C. E. Francis home Sunday and attended Sunday school in the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Porter Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Bodenhammer of McLean spent Monday evening in the W. M. Smith home.

Mrs. Myatt and children, Doris, Audie and Inogene, are sick with measles.

Misses Ethel Harbison, Parker and Alice Waldron visited in the Henry Harbison home Monday afternoon.

Charabelle Hardin visited in the Bob Middlebrooks home Sunday night.

Alice and Emily Waldron, Doris, Elvyn and Geneva Corbin visited in the H. C. Nelson home Sunday afternoon.

The following McLean people attended the B. Y. P. U. meeting at Shamrock Friday evening: Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Garrett, Misses Gladys and Laeuna Holloway, Ila Abbott, Vivian Landers, Bobbie Hodges, Oma Arnold, Eunice Floyd, Ozella Straton; Messrs. Fred and LeRoy Landers and Homer Abbott.

G. D. Hunt is a new reader of The News.

The applications of General Lee Cason and Forrest Rogers have been accepted for the Citizens Military Training Camp at Fort Sill, Okla.

Remember the Aermotor Oil Splash windmill. Runs a year with one greasing. Plenty on hand and still making them. For sale by McLean Hardware Company. Advertisement. 20-2c



**Remington Portable**

An ideal gift for graduates  
The best aid to self-expression.

Price complete \$60

**The News Dealers**

**THE WISE WIFE**

Flivver Sam says that he had been married about a year, and had taken to spending his evenings downtown with the boys. One night his conscience worried him. So he called his young wife up.

"Hello, kid," he began, "say, slip on some old clothes and run down to meet me on the quiet. We'll have a good dinner, and then we'll get a machine and smear a little red paint around. How about it?"

"I'll be delighted to join you, Jack, but why not come on up here and get me? There's nobody home."

As his name was Sam, he now spends his evenings at home.

**SHE DIDN'T NEED IT**

"Madam," briskly spoke up the gentleman in the check suit when the lady of the house appeared at the door. "I have here an invaluable invention for daily domestic use, a combination of useful articles no housekeeper should be without, consisting as it does, in one compact tool, of a pipe-cleaner, a paper-cutter, a bodkin, a shoe buttoner, a—"

"No, thank you," she answered curtly. "I have all the hairpins I need." The next moment the door slammed in his face.

Many people who have their attics littered up with unused furniture, could sell the same by just a little For Sale ad in The McLean News.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther McCombs of Heald were in town Saturday and Sunday.

F. R. McCracken of Alanreed was a business visitor in the city Saturday.

L. P. Preston of Skilled was a McLean visitor Saturday.

W. C. Stanton of the Watkins community was in town Saturday.

L. C. Parker of Alanreed was a McLean visitor Saturday.

Paul Fisk of Shamrock was in McLean Saturday trading.

Groceries are cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. Advertisement. 1fc.

**READ THE ADS**

**REAL DRAY SERVICE**

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

**KUNKEL BROS**

It is claimed that the girls of McLean are not exercising their Leap Year privileges, but they probably feel unable to support a husband.

It is being asked how railroad crossing accidents can be prevented. Such inquirers are respectfully informed that they can be avoided by not crossing the tracks ahead of a train.

Dr. and Mrs. W. R. Orr and Mrs. F. B. Crabtree of Wellington visited relatives here Sunday.

**COAL FEED SALT CAKE MEAL**  
**W. C. CHENEY**

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

**H. B. HILL**  
Attorney-at-Law  
Shamrock, Texas  
Will practice in all courts

**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**

Our "Get Acquainted Sale" All Next Week  
Buy a Nyal product and get one or more absolutely free. See last week's News for list, or ask for circular.  
**Erwin Drug Co.**  
Nyal Agency  
Once a Trial—Always Nyal

**Here Are Some Bargains**  
for Friday and Saturday—  
You Should Take Advantage of—  
Chinese parasols, assorted colors.....\$2.39  
Ladies' blouses in white or pongee.....\$1.39  
Men's work shirts, regular \$1.00 value.....89c  
Just received a nice line of children's straws and cloth hats.  
New styles in ladies' neckwear.  
**Always Welcome Frank Wofford**  
McLean, Texas  
SPECIAL PRICES ON LADIES' HATS

**AN ORDINANCE PROVIDING FOR THE LEVY AND COLLECTION OF OCCUPATION TAX WITHIN THE CITY LIMITS OF THE CITY OF McLEAN, TEXAS, AND PROVIDING FOR A PENALTY FOR THE VIOLATION THEREOF. BE IT ORDAINED BY THE CITY COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF McLEAN.**

Article 1. There shall be levied on and collected from every person, firm, company or association of persons pursuing any of the occupations named in the following numbered divisions of this article, an annual occupation tax, which shall be paid annually in advance, except where herein otherwise provided, on every such occupation or separate establishment, as follows:

Section 1. **ITINERANT MERCHANTS.**—From every merchant who may remove from place to place and offer for sale "bankrupt stocks" or "water and fire damaged stocks" for sale, or any other kind of merchandise which may be offered for sale by any person who is not established in said city permanently, there shall be collected fifty dollars per month for the first month or less than a month, and for each additional month that such sales are continued in said city, said merchant shall pay an additional sum of ten dollars per month; and provided, further, that if they remain in said city for the period of twelve months, they shall be required to pay five dollars per month in addition to the fifty dollars for the first month, and the ten dollars per month for the first six months, five dollars per month for the last six months of said year.

Section 2. **TRAVELING VENDORS OF PATENT MEDICINES.**—From every traveling person selling patent or other medicines, there shall be charged fifty dollars annually.

Section 3. **AUCTIONEERS.**—From every auctioneer, an annual tax of five dollars.

Section 4. **PERSONS SELLING ON COMMISSION.**—From every person, firm or association of persons selling on commission, five dollars.

Section 5. **ITINERANT PHYSICIANS, ETC.**—From every itinerant physician, surgeon, oculist or medical or other specialist of any kind, traveling from place to place in the practice of his profession, every doctor practicing from place to place in the county of their residence, an annual tax of twenty-five dollars.

Section 6. **SHOOTING GALLERY.**—From every person or firm keeping a shooting gallery at which a fee is paid or demanded, an annual tax of fifteen dollars.

Section 7. **FOOT PEDDLERS.**—From every foot peddler, two dollars and half annually; from every peddler who uses burries, wagons or other vehicles for conveyance, five dollars annually.

Section 8. **CLOCK PEDDLERS.**—From every person or firm who peddles out clocks, agricultural implements, cooking stoves or ranges, wagons, burries or any other vehicle, washing machines, churns, vacuum cleaners or other electrical devices, one hundred dollars annually or ten dollars per day; provided that a merchant shall not be required to pay this special tax for selling the articles named in this ordinance when sold in his place of business.

Section 9. **THEATRES.**—From every theatre or dramatic presentation for which admission is demanded or received, five dollars for each day and night or a fraction thereof; provided, that the radical or dramatic representation given by a performance for the purpose of instructions only, or entirely for charitable purposes shall not be herein included; provided, however, that this tax shall not be collected where the performances are exhibited in regularly recognized opera houses or theatres.

Section 10. **CIRCUS.**—From every circus wherein the equestrian or acrobatic feats and performances are exhibited where pay for admission is demanded or received, for each performance or exhibition where an admission fee of one dollar is charged, twenty-five dollars; for each performance or exhibition where seventy-five cents is charged, twenty dollars; for each performance where fifty cents or less is charged, fifteen dollars; provided, that the amount of the fee charged for re-

served seats shall be considered a part of such admission fee; provided that where there is a combination of circus and menagerie, or circus and other exhibitions, the highest tax fixed by this law for any division or department of the combination shall be collected; provided, further, that every show or exhibition which advertises itself as a circus or menagerie, or a combination of circus and menagerie, shall be held and constructed to be the same as such or not.

Section 11. **MENAGERIE, ETC.**—From every menagerie, wax-works, side show or exhibition, whether connected with the circus or not, where a separate fee for admission is demanded or received, two dollars and fifty cents for every performance or exhibition in which fees for admission are received.

Section 12. **ACROBATIC PERFORMANCES.**—From every exhibition where acrobatic feats are performed and admission fees charged or received for a profit, not connected with the circus or theatre, two dollars and fifty cents for each performance.

Section 13. **SLEIGHT OF HAND PERFORMANCES.**—From every sleight of hand performance or exhibition oflegermain, not connected with the theatre or circus, five dollars.

Section 14. **SEWING MACHINE DEALERS.**—From every person, firm, agency or association of persons dealing in sewing machines, an annual tax of seven dollars and fifty cents, provided, no person shall be required to pay the special tax when such machines are sold in his place of business.

Section 15. **MEDICINE SHOWS, ETC.**—From each owner, manager or keeper of every show or company of persons giving exhibition of music, songs, recitations, sleight of hand, gymnastics, dancing or other kinds of performances in a tent, barn or elsewhere, which said exhibitions are used for profit by sale of medicines, electric belts or other articles of value, whether charges are made only for seats or not, an occupation tax of two dollars and fifty cents for each and every performance and exhibition.

Section 16. **TAX ON CANNON CRACKERS, ETC.**—There shall be levied upon every firm, person or corporation engaged in selling of cannon crackers, or toy pistols used for shooting or exploding cartridges within said city, an annual tax of ten dollars. By the term "Cannon cracker" is meant any fire cracker or combustible package two inches or more in length, commonly sold and exploded for the purpose of amusement.

Section 17. No part of this law shall apply to commercial travelers, drummers or salesmen making sales or soliciting trade for merchants engaged in the sale of drugs or medicines by the wholesale.

Section 18. If any person, firm or association of persons shall do or attempt to do any of the things herein mentioned without first having paid the amount of tax as herein provided for, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and be fined in any sum not exceeding \$25.

Section 19. If for any reasons any part of this ordinance shall be declared invalid, such declarations shall affect other portions hereof not declared invalid.

Section 20. That this ordinance shall take effect from and after passage, approval and publication.

T. A. LANDERS, Mayor.  
Attest: A. A. LEDBETTER, Secretary.

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

STAR FILLING STATION  
Service With a Smile  
The very best is none too good for our customers. Standard casings. Best grade of gas and oils.

Star Filling Station  
Headquarters for Service  
L. L. ROGER Prop.  
Phone 131

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

EUNICE FLOYD  
McLean, Texas  
Telephone 70

CUNNINGHAM FLOWER SHOP  
Plants, Cut Flowers, Designs, Flower and Garden Seeds  
Mail or Phone Orders Filled Promptly  
AMARILLO, TEXAS  
1009-11 Van Buren St. Phone 1081

Cotton Seed  
Pure McLean cotton seed, selected, high germination test, at \$1.75 per bushel.  
Good late in-run cotton seed at \$45 per ton.  
See these seed before you buy.

SMITH-COOKE GIN CO.  
McLEAN, TEXAS

**CARD OF THANKS**

We wish to thank the people of McLean and community for their kindness and help in our serious illness, especially the missionary boys and girls for their offering on Easter and for the basket of fruit and flowers later. Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Street and Juanda, Jr.

**WHAT IT MEANS TO SPEND MONEY FOOLISHLY**

There is one idea about money which is more impressive to me than any other that has ever come to my attention, and that is just this:

Every time you spend a dollar, you have not only spent that dollar, but all the interest on it for the rest of your life. Suppose that the interest rate where you are is 6%, then every time you spend \$1 now, you have not only spent 100 cents of 1924 money, but you have 6 cents of 1925 money, 6 cents of 1926 money—and so on for the rest of your life. Every time you spend \$100 now, you have not only paid out \$100 of 1924 money, but you have paid \$6 out of money coming to you in 1925, \$6 more coming to you in 1926, and so on for the rest of your life.

As a matter of fact, the real facts are even stronger, for you not only spend the interest for all future years when you make a foolish investment, but you spend the interest on that interest—the entire sum that you would have had by the help of compound interest.

The average family probably throws away \$300 a year—\$300 each year which by strict economy might have been saved. Now according to a table recently published in The Progressive Farmer, \$300 a year invested at 6% and compounded would very quickly give any sane man a competence, as illustrated by the following figures showing what this saving would give in five, ten, fifteen, twenty or twenty-five years:

\$300 for 5 years.....\$ 1,792.50  
\$300 for 10 years.....\$ 4,191.63  
\$300 for 15 years.....\$ 7,401.90  
\$300 for 20 years.....\$11,697.90  
\$300 for 25 years.....\$17,446.80

As will be seen from this table, \$300 a year invested at 6% will give one at the end of twenty-five years \$17,446.80, only \$7500 of which has been paid in cash; the other \$9,946.80 has been accumulated as interest.

Remember that when you spend a dollar needlessly now you are throwing away not only the dollar, but also throwing away the interest on that money every year as long as you live. Suppose you could invest your wasted dollar so it would bring in only 6% a year compounded. Very well, before you are an old man, your \$1 will be \$10. Before you are seventy years old, (assuming that you are yet in your teens), your \$1 will have become \$16. Or, in other words, if you, before you are twenty years old, waste \$100 that you might have saved, you have wasted what would have become \$1,600 by the time you are old age. Or \$1,000 saved now

would become \$5,000 in your forties, or \$15,000 before you are seventy. Whenever you are tempted to waste a dollar, therefore, remember that you are wasting not only \$1, but the five, ten or fifteen additional dollars which that one dollar would make if you only gave it a chance—if you let it breed.—Clarence Poe, in The Progressive Farmer.

**COMMUNITY LOYALTY**

Have you ever stopped to consider the fact that loyalty to community interests is the highest form of patriotism? Show us the man who is loyal and true to every interest of his own community and we will show you in that same individual a man in whom his country can report absolute confidence in any emergency that calls for his allegiance.

On the other hand, the man who is careless and unconcerned for the interests of his community is most apt to display the same spirit of indifference toward his government or his state, should any serious danger threaten either.

Try to imagine an entire state composed of innumerable communities welded and cemented into a symmetrical whole, each striving to excel the others, but each, from its own local loyalty, developing a broader and deeper loyalty that reaches out and embraces the whole.

This would be brought about if we could be brought to see that we owe allegiance to our own people, but that the prosperity and success of others is in no wise a detriment to us, but rather a help, that if each community would develop itself to the utmost—materially, mentally and morally—none would need be envious of others, neither would do ought to detract from another's interest.

Let us develop community loyalty to the full—the highest possible form of patriotism.

**SAVED PATIENT BUT—**

"And did you ever make a serious mistake in diagnosis, doctor?" asked the hostess of her guest, a noted physician.

"Yes, indeed, a serious one," the guest admitted. "I once treated a patient for indigestion and she could easily have afforded appendicitis."

**FARMER AND SUPERPOWER**

Wherever superpower has had a chance to operate, it works to the advantage of the little town and the little fellow. In California, where the whole state is tied together from end to end, the town of a thousand people gets current at exactly the same rate paid by the city of half a million; and the farmer out in the country gets the same rate, too. This often makes it possible for the little town to develop industries. And development of new industries in country neighborhoods is one of the most important angles to superpower.

It is quite likely that the farmer and electrical engineer, working out

this problem, will seek an industrial solution. Our first manufacturing industries grew up in New England, where every farmer who lived on a creek had some sort of a water wheel and made "Yankee notions." Farming in summer and manufacturing in winter, many of these Yankees became inventors and manufacturers, leaving the farms and going down into the cities. Superpower will, in effect, put every farmer on the creek and give him a water wheel. He usually has time in the winter when he could work at a factory job. What can he make? Rat traps and wooden nutmegs in a shop of his own? Or something larger in a neighborhood factory? The electrical engineer and the farmer must find out.—Jas. H. Collins, in The Nation's Business.

**GARDEN PHILOSOPHY**

Wise philosophers tell us we ought to cultivate gardens this summer. Take a little of that time you have spent in digging up the street dirt with your automobile tires, they counsel, and devote it to digging up some good plant producing soil in your back yard. They incite our indolence to action by the inducements of enlarged bank accounts and juicy fresh vegetables.

All right. Also they could say something about the reactions that gardening has on the gardener and on the community where he gardens.

The fellow who has overcome his apathy to the hoe has usually discovered through his experiences that one gains faster through depending on his own efforts rather than by

relying on political agitation. While the dreamers are shouting for Utopia around the soap-boxes, the gardeners are making little ones of their own with their spades.

Also the back yard gardener is usually a good citizen. The fellow who has learned to make his home place more productive and beautiful, is commonly a fellow who will do something to cultivate the business and civic possibilities of McLean.

**MISLEADING**

Hubby—"Isn't the dinner bell early?"

Wife—"That's not the dinner bell."

"What is it?"

"Only our daughter trying on her new earrings."

Headquarters for all kinds building material. Cicero Smith Lumber Company. Advertisement. 15-3c

Groceries are cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. Advertisement. 15c.

If you want to save your silk dresses and other fancy garments, send them to

**ALEXANDER**  
The Tailor  
for cleaning and pressing.  
Good work on silks.

**Alva Alexander**  
Phone 173

**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

**TEXHOMA**

PHONE 131

**Save and Lay a Foundation for Your Own Home**

The Better Homes Campaign is an incentive to own one. Most every man wants to own his own "castle"—and to acquire it you must get a start.

Remember the great oak tree got its start from a little acorn. You, too, can make a beginning with a small sum in this strong bank, and by systematic business methods and adding to your bank account a portion of your regular earnings, the home will eventually be yours.

A checking account with this bank offers you a receipt for every bill you pay. It is safe, sure and accurate. There can be no "come-back." Come to this bank today and start a checking account, and incidentally know the service of an institution that is interested in your welfare.

J. F. Jones  
History 302  
Jan. 4, 1924  
Prof. Smith  
60%

J. F. Jones  
History 302  
Jan. 4, 1924  
Prof. Smith  
90%

**A** TYPEWRITTEN exam, thesis, or theme has many advantages. It is easy to read, and makes a good impression; it is usually more fluent and more accurate, and it saves time. Use a Remington Portable for all your writing.

This sturdy, little machine is compact, convenient, and complete, with the regulation four-row keyboard like the big machines, and other "big machine" features. It can be operated on your lap, if you wish, for it carries its table on its back.

Price, complete with case, \$60. Easy payment terms if desired

**Remington Portable**

The McLean News Dealers



**The American National Bank**

**SCHOOL NOTES**

**Reported.**  
**THE GIRL WHO DIDN'T BELONG**  
 By LeRoy Landers in English II  
 "Must we take that girl along?" moaned Elsie Dennison as they discussed their plans for a trip to the mountains.  
 "Yes, her mother expects it of us, but she is rather out of place, isn't she?" These words came from the leader of the group, a girl with frank brown eyes and a beautiful perpetual smile, who really liked Anne Morse, but was sorry for the rest of the girls that she must go. Anne was a lovely girl, as the others expressed it, but she was not a mixer, and didn't seem to follow the girls in their sports and jests, always seeming to take offense at little things that would appear as only friendly thrusts to another girl.  
 "I can't see how she would get any pleasure out of a trip of this kind, she is too snobbish for me."  
 "Hush, Elsie," begged the leader. "Anne is just hard to get acquainted with. We may love her more than anyone else before we return, who knows?"  
 The following month Anne Morse, the only daughter of a wealthy stock broker, and a girl that was accredited for having the unenviable reputation of not being able to make friends with anyone, set out with a group of girls who made no effort to engage her friendship, to try to enjoy herself for a few weeks.  
 The first morning the girl who was cook for that meal burnt the bacon. Anne, in an attempt to become familiar, joked her a little because of this, but the girl took offense and would speak to no one for an hour. Then Anne accidentally dropped her cup of coffee and scalded another girl's foot through her canvas shoe.  
 Thus it was for two weeks. Everyone was so outspoken with their hatred of "that girl" that Anne could not help but notice it. Her only pleasure was in associating with the girl who had spoken so kindly of her at the beginning. This girl was the first to see through the new girl and look upon the real character underneath. She was the first to touch the chord of friendship in Anne's heart and she played upon that chord, making harmony where there had been desolate isolation and unexpressed thirst. Anne's association with her was an oasis in a desert of unresponsive days and years.  
 A thing happened one day that showed the girls what a noble character Anne really had despite her diplomatic speech and seeming aloofness from the rest of the world. She had stayed at home that day to tidy up the camp and put things in readiness for an early departure for home the next morning.  
 Just as she finished the work, she heard a series of frantic screams and saw the girls scramble upon an island in the river to watch two overturned canoes slowly float down stream. How easy it would have been to let those canoes go by and leave the wet and sadly bedraggled girls who had continually scoffed and sneered at her to spend a horrible night on the island amid flies and mosquitoes until help could be drawn from the farm house three miles down stream.  
 But no! Clothes and all, she jumped into the swift body of icy water coming from the snow capped mountains. While the girls gave yell after yell of encouragement, she fought against the stream until she had landed one of the canoes and saved her comrades from an attack of pneumonia at least.  
 How easy it was after that for Anne! The girls wedged into the opening made by this incident and saw for themselves what a jewel she was after the polish and veneer of formality had been swept aside.  
**THE GIRL WHO DIDN'T BELONG**  
 By Bobbie Hodges in English II  
 It was all caused by Aunt Mary. Otherwise things never would have happened. And of course I didn't feel the least bit unfriendly toward Aunt Mary. She couldn't force me that her spell of rheumatism would affect us like it did. (She probably would have put it off, if she had; quite stubborn is my Aunt Mary.) But at any rate, I had received word in April that Aunt Mary was quite ill, and since I couldn't possibly leave my business and go to her, I sent my little cousin, Joyce, whom Aunt Mary had never met, to take my place.  
 Joyce, as her name would imply, was a warm hearted bit of sunshine, and I felt that living in the house with the child would be like a tonic to Aunt Mary. Never once did I think of the outcome—if I had, you may be sure Joyce would

have never visited San Tuan.  
 That's an odd town, San Tuan. You can never tell how the people are going to take you, or a thing you do, for that matter, and it seemed that Joy, as her friends called her, landed in San Tuan at exactly the wrong time. There were a number of reasons for this, but the most evident one was that Bob Fields had just graduated and come home. Now, the Fields, you know, date their ancestry back to the time when Jonah had his little episode with the whale, and of course, they had worlds of money. And when he came into the town, every single soul was there to meet him. The band played "Weep no More My Lady," and the Mayor bought a cigar especially for the occasion.  
 And so Bob Fields arrived home. Perhaps things were a little dull for him, but for the life of me, I can't see why he wouldn't enjoy seeing everyone turn to look at him as he passed. I'm sure I would have. But, as I have said, things were dull—that is, dull until Joyce arrived on the scene. Things must have been unusually quiet that day, and young Bob, thinking that a traveling man might stop off went to the train. Of course, the entire community followed him. They got a jolt, too, that community, for when the train stopped Joyce stepped off. And from that time on, things happened. Bob Fields looked once—twice at the blue eyes, the fluffy golden hair and the trim figure of my little eighteen-year-old cousin and then resigned himself to fate.  
 How he ever found out that she was visiting Aunt Mary, I don't know. But he soon found some occasion to call. At first he wasn't successful. Jane, the maid, took him to Aunt Mary's armchair and Bob stammered out that he had come to see her "goldfish—I mean gold flower—the one you can see from the road." The second and third time he was as unsuccessful, but the fourth time the persevering youth called he met Joyce on the steps. "Oh, I say," he called boyishly, "can't you, er—aw, come for a ride?" and he pointed to his low roadster. Joyce could and did, even though they had never had an introduction.  
 That was only a beginning to the stolen picnics, rides, theatre parties and such that followed, although Aunt Mary never once knew where her young guest was spending her time. San Tuan looked on with amazement—and indifference. That Bob Fields could waste his time with a perfect stranger was more than they could see, especially when the city's most promising young ladies were just waiting for him to speak and they would follow.  
 Things were progressing rapidly by then. All San Tuan had deemed it necessary to gaze with disapproving eyes on Joy's and Bob's romance. To be sure, Bob was excused, but not once did San Tuan smile at pretty little Joy Glenn.  
 Business was dull at that time and I decided to run down to San Tuan for a holiday. When I arrived there I was startled. Not one person spoke to me, though they had known me all of my life. I phoned Aunt Mary and asked her to send James down with the car, and soon I was climbing the great stone steps. But no laughing Joyce or smiling Aunt Mary ran to meet me. The maid showed me to the library. I opened the door and went in. And there I found a havoc scene. Aunt Mary's face was black with anger and Joyce was sitting limply in a chair, twisting her handkerchief into a wet little ball. "Oh," she cried, when she saw me, "Oh, Cousin Bess, why did you send me down here?" And she ran crying from the room.  
 It did not take me long to discover the cause, or perhaps I should say it did not take Aunt Mary long to inform me in the bitterness of tones that the very name "Joyce Glenn" meant scandal. Joyce, it seemed, and Bob had simply fallen in love. And San Tuan and Aunt Mary, because Joyce was a stranger and had never had an introduction to the boy before she went riding with him, though they only rode to the postoffice, and because they had slipped off to themselves for their meetings, Aunt Mary and San Tuan felt disgraced for me. Now, in my opinion, Bob was as much to be censured as Joy, but not so to them. He was "Bob Fields, of San Tuan." Then Aunt Mary gave her verdict. "Bess," she said, "it's your fault. You will take the child home. She shall not marry Bob Fields."  
 "But why?" I demanded. "She's of age and she has a right to the man she loves."  
 "We won't discuss it, please," and with the coldness of smiles, Aunt Mary turned away.  
 Joyce and I left that afternoon

for the city.  
 It would have been all right, Joyce told me, if some of those long-tongued women hadn't gone to Aunt Mary.  
 "You'll have to forget and forgive," I told her. And to do her justice, Joyce did her best to forget. I took her to the office and she did her best to please me in the work. But after a while she took to staying at home in the afternoons and I thought that perhaps she wanted to read.  
 But one evening I arrived home late and no Joyce was there. I looked for her and worried and watched all thru the night. The next morning I rushed to the office and there found a letter waiting for me. It was a pitiful little note and the tears came to my eyes as I read: "Dear Cousin Bess; I've tried so hard to please you but I can't stay. I wasn't intended for office work. I'm restless and anxious to get back into the air. I guess I didn't belong, any more than I belonged at San Tuan, any more than I belonged in Bob's home. And Aunt Mary said that I couldn't possibly belong there, so I've gone off to rest and to forget—if I can, Joyce." There was only one thing to do, and I did it. I enclosed the note, together with Joyce's address, in an envelope and sent it to Bob Fields.  
 And two days later Joyce returned home to me. There followed days of shopping and preparation, days full of excitement and of packing of trunks; then Joyce and I took the train for San Tuan. Bob met us at the train and we quietly drove to the little church around the corner.  
 I couldn't keep from crying during the ceremony. I couldn't keep from thinking of the time when I, too, should have stood there at the altar. Aunt Mary kept me from living the life I had wanted to live—she should not keep Joyce and Bob from each other.  
 "Bob," I whispered, as they started to drive away, "I'm not a rich woman, but I've given you the greatest of all gifts—the little girl who didn't belong—anywhere else but with you."  
 And I squared my shoulders and marched up the hill. I had promised to inform Aunt Mary. And I smiled to myself when I thought how little Aunt Mary realized the outcome of her rheumatism spell. And still, I believe it was all Aunt Mary's fault, don't you?  
**CARD OF THANKS**  
 We extend our thanks and best wishes to all who aided us during the sickness and death of our precious baby, Curtis Vannoy.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Henry Harrison, 1c  
 YOU NEED A typewriter. The Remington portable has all the advantages of any machine made. The cost is small. See the sample machines at the News office.  
 Groceries are cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. Advertisement. 1c.

**News From Enterprise**  
 By Special Correspondent.  
 Otto Caraway was a McLean visitor last Thursday.  
 Eurie Bust of Wellington was a visitor in the Mathis home last week.  
 J. F. Watkins of McLean visited in the Evan Sitter home Saturday night.  
 Several of the Enterprise people went to Abra Sunday.  
 Lee Wilson of McLean came down after a cow last Thursday.  
 Prescott Mathis, Otto Caraway, Buster Nicholson and Johnnie McIntosh attended the musical in the Ring community Friday night.  
 Mrs. Luttrell and children of Hedley visited in the McIntosh home Saturday and Sunday.  
 Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Brisco visited in the Ring community Sunday.  
**EPWORTH LEAGUE**  
 Leader—Norman Johnston.  
 Subject—In His Steps.  
 Hymn.  
 Lord's Prayer.  
 Thoughts Starts—Lula Peters.  
 Temptation Is Inseparable from the Experience of a Moral Being—Marie Copeland.  
 The Character of Temptation Varies with Our Personal History—Louise Orr.  
 Overcoming Temptation—Laura Bompus.  
 Some Things to Do When Tempted—Marvin Davis.  
 Roll call and responses from members.  
 Hymn.  
 Benediction.  
 Elmo Phillips of Heald attended the baseball game here Saturday.  
 T. N. Holloway made a trip to Shamrock Tuesday.  
 Groceries are cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. Advertisement. 1c.  
**WARM WEATHER**  
 Calls for lighter clothes. Where is that last summer suit that you put away last fall? Bring it to us and let us make it look like new. We want to do your cleaning and pressing.  
**City Tailor Shop**  
 LEE CASON, Proprietor  
**Dr. Claude Wolcott**  
 Amarillo Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Dispensary  
 1104 Polk St., Corner 11th  
 Phone 1982  
 Diseases of the eye, tonsils, adenoids, Ear, nose and catarrh  
 Glasses Fitted CORRECTLY  
 Correspondence Solicited  
 Groceries are cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. Advertisement. 1c.

**HOME TOWN PAPER BEST**  
 Chas. E. Blackwell, the most successful merchant in the entire state of Washington, has no faith in calendar advertising. He says: "There are many lines of publicity that the country store can use to advantage, but the one he can use to the best advantage is his home-town paper. I venture to say that if the money spent each year for fancy calendars and other knock-knock give-aways were invested—I say invested, not spent or donated—in carefully planned newspaper advertising, the actual net returns to the advertiser would be ten times as great as say nothing of the advantage the small-town paper would derive from the additional and much-needed revenue. And we know that as a business builder it is without an equal in any town."  
**VERY SUSPICIOUS**  
 Not long since a group of friends were together, when one fellow, a joker, stepped up to one of them, and holding a long hair before his eyes, said, "See here, old fellow, this looks suspicious. Where did

this long hair come from?"  
 "Why, that's from my wife's head."  
 "Are you sure of it?"  
 "Sure of it? Of course I am. You don't suppose you would find any other woman's hair about me, did you?"  
 "No, probably not; but I am so sorry you are so sure it is your wife's hair, for I just picked it off the coat of this gentleman," pointing to a friend near by.  
 County Agent R. O. Dunkle bought a typewriter of The News, Wednesday.  
**DR. J. A. HALL**  
 Dentist  
 Of Shamrock, Tex.  
 Will be in McLean on Thursday, Friday and Saturday after the first Monday in each month.  
**A Total Loss**  
 Would that be your condition if hail should destroy your crop today? For a small amount of money we will write you an insurance policy that will absolutely protect you against loss from hail.  
**RIPPY & BEALL**  
 Hail Insurance on Growing Crops  
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