

"Second Period" In Star's \$5,000 Opportunity Club Auto Campaign Is On!

100,000 EXTRA CREDITS

Each and every \$20 worth of Subscriptions either New or Old turned in before 9 p.m. day October 1. Offer Closes promptly at 9 p.m. There is NO LIMIT to the number of Subscriptions You can earn this Bonus. It comes with every \$20 worth.

Offer opens 8 a. m. Sept. 26

Grand Capital Award

Offer Closes 9 p. m. Oct. 1

Remember!

This Is The Very

LAST BIG OFFER

The Finish Is Only A Short Distance Ahead.

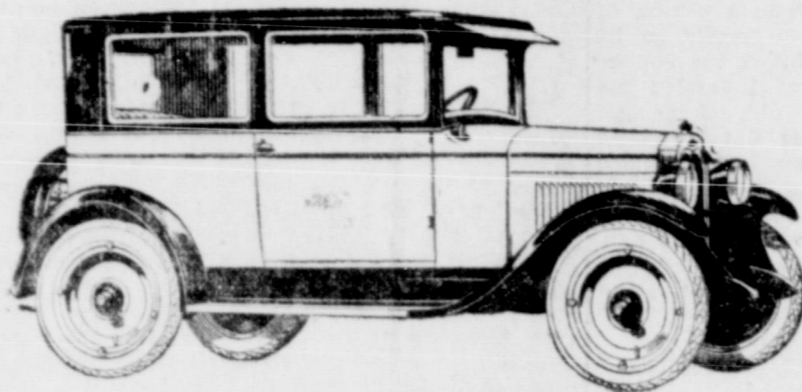
Let This Big Special Offer Place You In The Winning List.

How Awards will be made

The grand capital award, a 1928 Chevrolet Coach, will be awarded to the Opportunity Club member who totals the greatest number of credits for the entire campaign.

After the winner of the Chevrolet has been decided, a \$150.00 Diamond Ring will be awarded to the club member having the second highest total of credits.

A \$35.00 Wrist Watch will be awarded to the club member having the third highest total of credits.



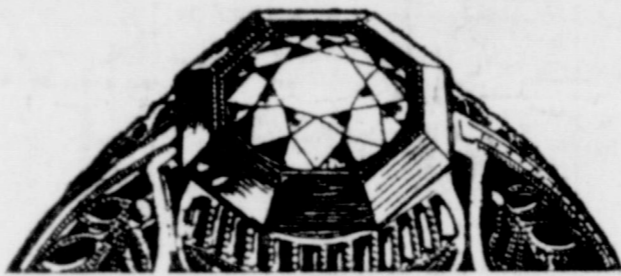
1928 CHEVROLET COACH, \$711.00

Purchased from

BLACKWELL HARDWARE COMPANY
Friona, Texas

Associate Dealers, Loyd-Sykes Motor Co., Farwell.

SECOND GRAND AWARD



\$150.00 DIAMOND RING

Purchased from and on display at

CITY DRUG STORE
Friona, Texas

THIRD GRAND AWARD



\$35.00 LADIES' WRIST WATCH

Purchased from and on display at

CITY DRUG STORE
Friona, Texas

Again You are Warned!

Subscriptions Count More NOW

Than They will Next Or The Last Week.

How Subscriptions Count In Credits In the Campaign.

The following scale shows the subscription rates, and the number of credits given according to the amount paid.

Positively no subscriptions for more than three (3) years in advance will be accepted.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS

In Deaf Smith, Randal, Castro, Bailey, Parmer, Lamb Counties, Texas, and Curry and Quay Counties, New Mexico.

One Year	\$1.50	5,000 Credits
Two Years	\$3.00	15,000 Credits
Three Years	\$4.50	35,000 Credits

\$2.00 per year to all other counties and states with the same schedule of credits as above.

From September 26 to October 1st a bonus of 100,000 extra credits will be issued for each \$20.00 turned in. From October 6th until October 8th a bonus of 75,000 extra credits will be issued for each \$20.00 turned in. From October 10th until October 13th a bonus of 50,000 extra credits will be issued for each \$20.00 turned in. During the last two days of the campaign, October 14th to 15th, a bonus of 25,000 extra credits will be given for each \$20.00 turned in.

TWENTY PER CENT CASH COMMISSION.

Every Club member who remains active in the campaign to the finish, turning in one or more new subscriptions, together with the cash, each week from the time they start to work, and who fails to win one of the regular awards, will receive 20 per cent in cash for the gross amount of their subscription sales.

Use this blank with your first subscription:

My First Subscription
Good for 10,000 Extra Credits

Accompanied by the nomination blank and your first subscription, this coupon will start you in the race for those magnificent prizes with a total of more than 12,000 credits. This coupon may be used only once, and is valid only when accompanied by a subscription remittance.

Name of Subscriber _____
Address _____
Member's Name _____

BONUS CREDITS

Cash must accompany this coupon. When sent in with the Nomination Blank it will start you off with 12,000 credits.

These Two Blanks

And 10 New Yearly Subscriptions Will Start You Off With 162,000

Opportunity Club Mgr.
The Friona Star

Use this blank to enter the Opportunity Club:

My Entry Blank
The Friona Star Opportunity Club

Date _____

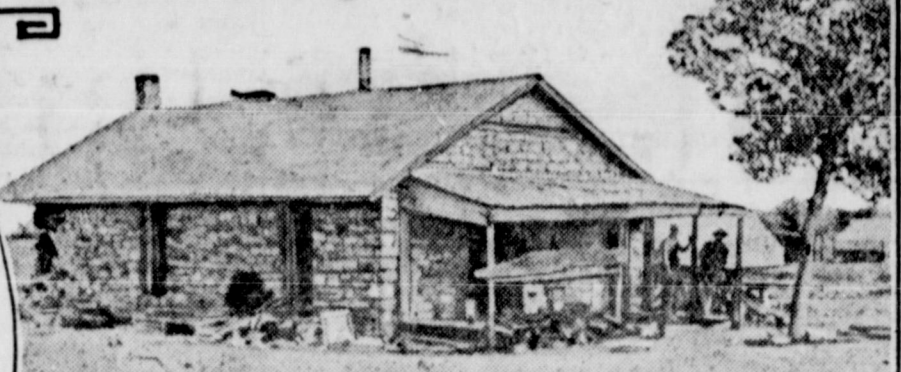
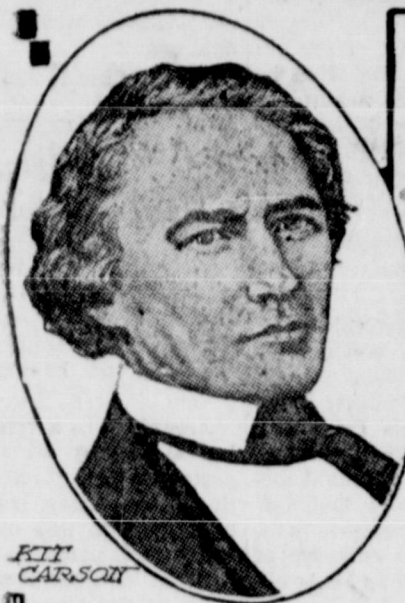
To Club Manager, The Star: Please enter as a member of "THE OPPORTUNITY CLUB"

Name _____
Address _____
Phone _____

This blank counts 2,000 Bonus Credits. Only one nomination will be credited to a member. If so requested, the nominator's name will not be divulged. You may nominate yourself or some friend, if you wish, by simply filling out the blank and sending same to the Club Manager.

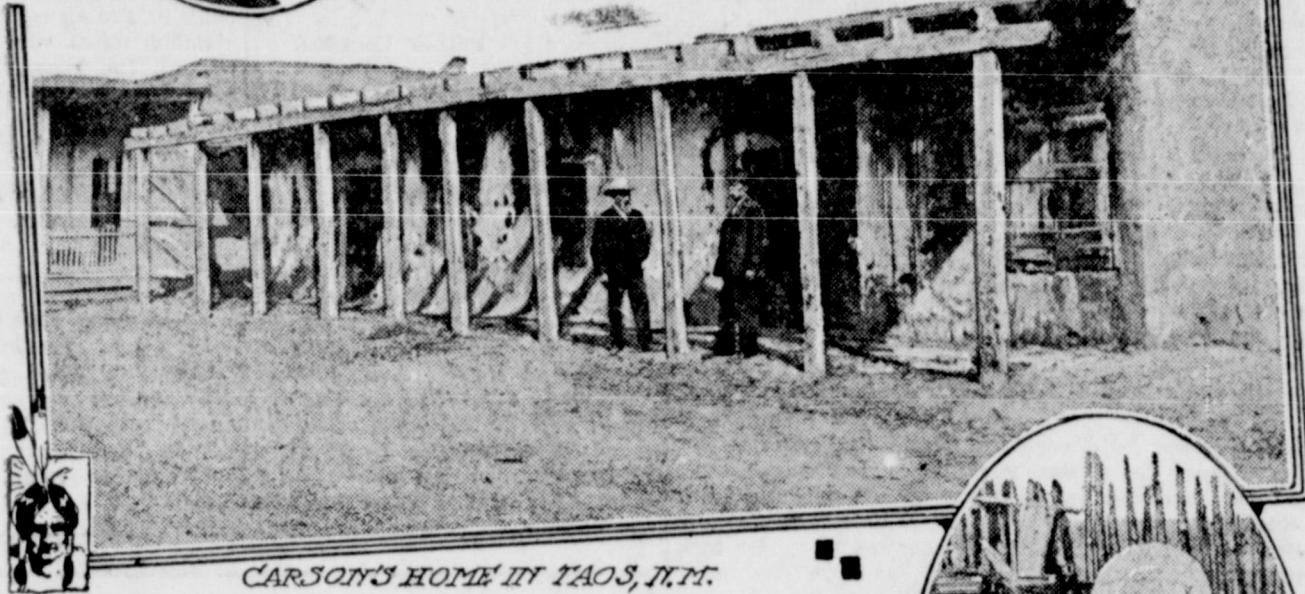
You Can't Afford to Lay Down Now!

Kit Carson Speaks for Himself



WHERE CARSON DIED, FORT LYON, COLO. Underwood & Underwood Photo

KIT CARSON



CARSON'S HOME IN TAOS, N.M.



CARSON'S GRAVE IN TAOS

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

NEXT to his grandfather, Daniel Boone, Kit Carson is perhaps the most widely known and best beloved of American pioneers. There has probably never been written a book of sketches of frontiersmen, pioneers or scouts which does not include Carson in the roll of these early American heroes, and many more volumes have been written about Carson alone. As has been the case with so many other figures prominent in taming the American wilderness, a great mass of legend has been added to the known facts about his life and the dime novelists have contributed their share to make the truth about Kit Carson obscure. Too often this quiet, modest little man has been included in the general category of Indian-killing, buckskin-clad swashbucklers and the sensational aspects of his career have been so played up as to cause most Americans to lose sight of his historic importance.

Kit Carson
I was nine when my father died,
Killed by a falling limb;
Daniel Boone was my father's friend—
Maybe you've heard of him.
He and his kind were my teachers,
Trapper, hunter and guide;
They taught me to shoot and to speak
The truth;
I taught myself to ride.
Woodman I was till I saw the plains
And I saddled and rode away
To the little old Indian town of Taos
And the city of Santa Fe.
Plainsman I was till I saw the hills
And the trails that westward ran
To the farther hills and the farthest
hills.
And I am a mountain man.
Mine were the days of the mountain
men,
The days that are now a dream;
As once we followed the buffalo track
We followed the beaver stream.
Trapping the beaver on lake and creek
In woods till then unknown
We ranged from the Platte to the San
Joaquin,
From the Salt to the Yellowstone.
Old Jim Bridger, Robidoux, Meek,
Young from the Rio Grande,
Cut-face Sublette, Pegleg Smith
And Fitz of the Broken Hand—
None knew the roads through the desert
dust,
The trails of cliff and glen,
None knew the paths to the Western
Sea
But we that were mountain men!
Young Fremont came over the pass
With a hard and weathered face,
Kearney jingled across the waste
With his troopers, two-and-two,
They won the California land,
For each may claim his share,
But the mountain men and the plains-
men knew
That Carson brought them there.
Well, I helped to hold these hills of ours
For the Union, cliff and crag,
When we fought our fight, both Red
and White,
Under the starry flag;
And that's why I'm General Carson, now,
In my grand adobe house,
With Indians there at the open door,
In the little old town of Taos.
The six-foot braves come striding in
With scalping knife and gun
To tell their troubles to Father Kit—
And I sit five foot one!
They call me friend, and their friend I
am,
Though I fought them hard and long,
For the Indian's right is the Indian's way,
And the white is mostly wrong.
But the Indian's got to learn our way,
So I'll help him while I can,
For the Indian's way is near his end,
Like the way of the mountain man.
Williams, Beckwirth, the tall Crow
Chief,
Gant with the Eastern hand,
Cut-face Sublette, Pegleg Smith
And Fitz of the Broken Hand,
Whether you're up and away once more
On the last uncharted trail,
Whether you're waiting here like me
With the rifle on the wall,
Light one flare to the mountain men
And the joy of our reckless years,
When we probed the heart of the wilder-
ness,
Ahead of the pioneers,
Reaching the heights with the Cimarron,
The -uffs with the grizzly bear,
Trapping the beaver for means to live,
Living as free as air,
Doing the work we were meant to do,
Though little we dreamed it then—
Finding the rifts in the mountain wall
For the march of a million men!
—ARTHUR GUTTERMAN.

Calif., as well as the permission from Clinton Peters himself to publish the story. This in turn passed to the writer.

And it is just for the reason that the book "reflects the real Carson" that it is both historically important and humanly interesting. No matter

would make no progress.—Capper's Weekly.

"Grew" This Armchair

John Krubsack of Embarrass, Wis., has "grown" an armchair. By grafting and bending the limbs of 32 box elder saplings, Krubsack trained the trees to grow in the form of an armchair. It took 11 years of patient effort, but the chair was sold for \$4,000.—Indianapolis News.

Prosperity engenders sloth.—Livy.

how thrilling the affair nor how hair-breadth the escape, which Carson describes, the simple, straightforward manner in which it is told shows plainly why Carson was beloved for his modesty, which was equaled only by his courage and his daring. One instance will suffice. Almost without exception those who have written of Carson have made much of his famous duel with the French bully, Captain Shunan (or Shunar) and the dime novel type of writer especially has told it with much sensational detail. Here is the way Carson tells of the affair:

There was in the party of Captain Drips a large Frenchman, one of those overbearing kind and very strong. He made a practice of whipping every man that he was displeased with—and that was nearly all. One day, after he had beaten two or three men, he said, that for the Frenchman he had no trouble to flog and, as for the Americans, he would take a switch and switch them. I did not like such talk from any man so I told him I was the worst American in camp. He said nothing but started for his rifle, mounted his horse, and made his appearance in front of the camp. As soon as I saw him I mounted my horse and took the first arms I could get hold of, which was a pistol, galloped up to him and demanded of him if I was the one he intended to shoot. Our horses (were) touching. He said no, but at the same time, drawing his gun so he could have a fair shot at me. I was prepared and allowed him to draw his gun. We both fired at the same time; all present saying but one report was heard. I shot him through the arm and his ball passed my head, cutting my hair and the powder burning my eye, the muzzle of his gun being near my head when he fired. During our stay in camp we had no more bother with this bully (of a) Frenchman.

Thus does Carson dismiss this incident, which many writers expand into pages of thrilling detail, nor does he say anything about the fact recorded by reliable historians that Shunar begged for his life after his first shot failed and that Carson stayed his hand when he had his enemy at his mercy.

Not the least of the interest of this book, as the one authoritative life of Kit Carson, lies not only in the careful editing by Miss Grant and the numerous footnotes which supplement the text, but also the reproductions of old photographs never before published and the contemporary account of his death on May 23, 1868, at Fort Lyon, Colo.

In Praise of Youth

Orville Wright, praising Charles A. Lindbergh at a dinner in Dayton, said:

"Only a young man could have achieved this feat. For youth is braver than age. It is more generous, too, more honorable. Yes, it's better all around."

The great aviator smiled rather sadly.

"The good don't really die young," he said. "They outgrow it."

BOOST FOR DR. JIMMIE'S HOSPITAL

(By D. J. Walsh.)

MRS. WAINWRIGHT MOSIER was having one of her spells, a fact telepathically communicated to all of her neighbors by the general air of gloom about the house and by the fact that her next-door neighbor, Mrs. Tom Parker, was hurrying her six children out to play in order that she might wait upon the invalid. Every one said it was a shame the way a wealthy woman like Mrs. Mosier imposed upon a poor creature like Mrs. Parker.

"This time it's serious, Carrie" moaned Mrs. Mosier on this special occasion from the depths of her lavender plush davenport. "Everything always comes to a climax with me. I've said it time and time again. Poor dear Wain understood and he warned me—" Mrs. Mosier sniffed audibly into a violet-scented handkerchief.

"Anything but a tumor, Carrie, anything but a tumor! It's what I've been dreading all these years and you know what one dreads is bound to come, Carrie."

"Don't you worry now, Miss Mosier."

"I wouldn't be half so frightened, Carrie, if I were in the city where I would get the proper medical care. If I should have to call a doctor in this little suburban town I know I'd just naturally pass away."

Her tragic tones had diminished to a whisper at the terrible thought. "If Wain were only here," rose in crescendo.

"Everybody says the new doctor, Jimmie Taylor, is a fine young fellow, Miss Mosier."

"Any doctor who would let people call him Jimmie can't be of much account. Whoever heard of such a thing! I'm feeling worse, Carrie."

"Do let me make you a nice cup of tea."

"Tea'll only make it worse. Put your hand there on my stomach and see if you don't feel a terrible big lump."

Mrs. Parker felt obediently, placing a large wrinkled hand tenderly on the spot indicated. Suddenly over her thin, placid face there passed a look of alarm.

"You feel it, Carrie?" Mrs. Mosier's chin quivered and she ran her hands wildly through her carefully marcelled hair.

"I do, Miss Mosier."

"Call that Jimmie doctor quick. I knew it would come, and here, of all places! To think I should have to be operated upon here by a know-nothing doctor! Oh, I don't dare to think!" frantically holding her side and her temples alternately. And then for the first time in her life, Mrs. Mosier fainted.

Dr. Jimmie Taylor arrived promptly in his built-over car in response to Mrs. Parker's tremulous call. With the assistance of Mrs. Parker, he got Mrs. Mosier safely into the car with him. When Mrs. Mosier whimpered that she would die if Mrs. Parker did not come, too, that kindly soul scrambled into the back seat. After a few wheezy coughs they were merrily on their way to the hospital—merrily so far as the doctor was concerned.

"Fix you up in no time!" said he, grinning.

Mrs. Mosier resented the grin, but since she must lean on some one, she felt a certain sense of security in a doctor's presence.

It was a well-known fact that Dr. Taylor's hospital was not run on a paying basis. The suburbanites preferred the city hospitals and specialists. Still Dr. Taylor was canny and full of hope. He knew that if he could persuade one of the social leaders in the little town to come as a patient to the hospital, the precedent would be all that would be necessary. But thus far his most enthusiastic cases had been charity cases. Today, as he sped toward the hospital with his wealthy charge, his heart was light. He would at least have a chance to prove his theory and his worth.

"Don't leave me for a minute, Carrie," Mrs. Mosier pleaded as they ascended her out of the car.

"But the children—" began Mrs. Parker.

"Don't you worry about them, my dear. You need a rest from your household as much as I need you near me. If I have to stay in the hospital, you're going to stay right here with me. Mrs. Sims would be only too glad to earn a little extra money taking care of them. I'll pay all the expenses and you'll get a well-deserved rest."

"I agree with Mrs. Mosier," the doctor interposed heartily. "You'll do good all around if you do as Mrs. Mosier says."

"Thank you, doctor," Mrs. Mosier said in a different tone from that she had used with him before, and for the first time she looked straight into his fine, sensitive eyes.

Mrs. Mosier went through her examination in a state of nervous excitement. All of her weak spots were relentlessly ferreted out and marked down impersonally on a chart. The doctor made no reply to her many questions. The cool, white-clad nurse was as enigmatic as a sphinx. However, after what seemed hours of torture and proddings to Mrs. Mosier, Dr. Jimmie Taylor helped her to a sitting posture, looked her straight in

the eyes and told her that the sooner she submitted to an operation the better. There was something about this serious, young doctor that robbed her of all command. Wain would have liked him, she thought, as she meekly entrusted her hope for an earthly future into his slim, young hands.

Close upon the heels of the decision, the family counselor puffed up the steps to attend to the good lady's last will and testament, and no less a personage than the archbishop himself, who happened to be visiting in the suburb at the time, administered the last sacrament.

"She is completely anaesthetized, doctor," the nurse at Mrs. Mosier's head announced crisply as she held the limp hand and counted the slow pulse beat.

"Lift the mask," the doctor commanded in a sharp tone as he passed his hand for the second time indignantly over Mrs. Mosier's torso.

"Doctor!" the young nurse questioned in spite of her training, "are you quite all right?"

"Yes," he answered tersely to the two nurses and the hospital assistant who drew nearer. Then, pointing to the prostrate Mrs. Mosier, he added, "And so is she, See," he continued, his voice rising in spite of his efforts to control it, "this woman here was suffering from a nerve congestion in her abdomen and all she needed was the complete relaxation afforded by the ether to relieve it. Don't smile."

He interposed sadly upon seeing their unsuppressed grins, "It is no smiling matter for this hospital. If it wasn't against my principles, I'd go ahead and operate anyway," and he chuckled his instruments into their cases. "Take her back to her room and don't say a word of this to any one, yet." He then flung himself out of the room, almost falling over the trembling and speechless Mrs. Parker who had been waiting prayerfully in the hallway.

"It's all right," he flung back at her as she half ran down the corridor and disappeared through one of the many white doorways.

When Mrs. Mosier came from under the influence of the ether she was hardly prepared for the amazing revelation that Dr. Taylor made to her. The wonderstruck Carrie was scarcely less impressed as she sat down on the clean white hospital cot surrounded by bouquets of gorgeous flowers. Mrs. Mosier listened dumbly while Carrie confirmed the news. Finally the patient grasped the situation by the forelock.

"Does any one know of this, doctor?"

"No one except those present in the operating room and they have promised silence until they know your wishes," he replied deferentially, a gleam of hope breaking through his well-concealed despair.

Mrs. Wainwright Mosier was silent a moment, studying Carrie with almost maternal compassion; then her gaze wandered over the flowers, and lastly to the notes of consolation and cheer on the table beside the bed.

"I've never broken my word yet doctor," she said impressively, the hint of a twinkle in her eyes, "and I'm too thankful in my good fortune to start in doing it now. There is no woman in this town who needs a rest as bad as Carrie, there," she raised her plump hand to silence a coming protest from Mrs. Parker. "Besides I wouldn't want this joke on me to get out, so Carrie and I will stay here a couple of weeks and enjoy our selves, if you don't mind. Nobody need ever know the difference. It will do your hospital good just to have people look at a patient like me. What do you say?"

"Amen," breathed Dr. Jimmie Taylor, and caught her outstretched hand warmly between his own.

Peaks That Dot Moon Gigantic in Height

Though the moon is only about one quarter the diameter of the earth, its surface features are on a scale so grand as to dwarf much of our earth scenery.

Near the lunar south pole, for example, Professor Pickering pointed out the Liebnitz range of mountains "By measuring the shadows cast by these peaks we find that some of them rise from 25,000 to 30,000 feet above the plain," he said.

The earth has Mount Everest as its highest peak, 29,141 feet altitude and the earth is several times larger than the moon. If our terrestrial mountains were proportioned to the same scale as the lunar heights we would have peaks rising from ten to fifteen miles above the sea.

On an even vaster scale are some of the volcanic craters which pit the moon.

"The crater Newton measures 14 miles in length by 69 miles in width," said Professor Pickering, "and is 24,000 feet deep. There are many lunar craters of more than 50 miles diameter. The largest crater known on the earth, the Volcano Bay, in northern Japan, measures only 32 miles in diameter, but it is very exceptional, for the next largest terrestrial crater is but 15 miles across."

Prof. W. M. Pickering, quoted by George W. Gray in the American Magazine.

Getting Rid of Ants

To drive away these pests use ground cloves. Take a scant tablespoonful of ground cloves and wrap it in a piece of paper. Make several pieces like that and put two on each shelf and you will have no ants to bother.



MARY GRAHAM BONNER

WRITING ON CLOUDS

There was great excitement among the cloud fairies.

"When did you hear that?" asked Cloudy Wings.

"When did you hear it? Do tell us," said Trailing Cloud.

"I'd like to know, too," said the Cloud With the Silver Lining. "Pray tell us," said Prince Purple Cloud.

"Tell us," urged Princess Pink Cloud.

"Do tell us," urged the little pink-edged clouds. "Well," said the Cloud Chief, who sat upon his fluffy throne of white, edged with pink and purple and blue and lavender trimmings that were very fine, "the Breeze Brothers brought me the news."

"They told me that a little girl named Maggie had to write a composition, and she said she thought she would write on the clouds."

"Merry me," said Cloudy Wings, "do you suppose she really meant she would come up here with her pen or her pencil and scribble all over us?"

"Do you suppose," said Trailing Cloud, "that she might bring a typewriter up here and set it upon one of us?"

"When I've been trawling around the Wind has brought me news of children who can typewrite."

"Do you suppose," said Prince Purple Cloud, "she would use purple ink?"

"Are there such things as pink pencils?" asked Princess Pink Cloud.

"Let us hope so," said the little pink-edged clouds. "Well, maybe she wouldn't hurt our soft, bright looks at all," said the Cloud With the Silver Lining.

"She might give us some new ideas on how to make ourselves look even nicer."

"It doesn't sound likely," said Trailing Cloud.

"Not to me," said Cloudy Wings. "Nor to me," said Prince Purple Cloud. "Nor to me," said Princess Pink Cloud. "Nor to us," said the little pink-edged clouds.

"I wonder just how she would do it," said the Cloud With the Silver Lining.

"I'd rather like to know myself," said the Cloud Chief.

Just then the wind began to blow and the clouds started playing with him, so that they called themselves wind clouds, and the cloud fairies were having a fine time.

They forgot all about Maggie and her composition until the game was over, and the wind was slowing down a bit when suddenly they remembered.

"We heard today," Cloud Chief said, "of a little girl named Maggie who was going to write a composition on the clouds."

"We have been worrying about it, for we are afraid she'll spill ink over us and get us all smudged up with pencil marks and make us look very untidy."

"We hoped she might give us some good ideas," said the Cloud With the Silver Lining.

"Dear me, whew," laughed the wind. "She would never come up here to write her composition. She would not write ON the clouds but ABOUT the clouds."

"She would write a composition something like this: 'The clouds are in the sky. They are pretty today. Clouds are different at different times. Clouds are very nice. Sometimes they grow dark and it rains. Sometimes there are no clouds at all.'

"It would be something like that. But she would write it on paper."

"Oh," sighed all the clouds, feeling very much relieved, "that does make us feel better."

And you should have noticed how light and fluffy and gay and happy the clouds looked then.

The Dog Jeanne Wanted

Little Jeanne had been asking her daddy for some time to buy her a dog. He finally asked her what kind of a dog she would like to have.

Imagine his surprise when she answered, "I want a dog that will follow me around."

When Grandma Was a Girl

Little Girl (visiting great-grandmother)—Are you really seventy-nine? Great-Granny—Yes, dear.

Little Girl—Then I suppose you can remember when everybody went about in fancy dress.



The Little Pink-Edged Cloud.

The Friona Star

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OUR WEATHER.

Friday of last week was a lovely Panhandle day, but during the night a copious rain of perhaps an inch fell over the greater part of the Friona territory. This was followed by a beautiful day Saturday, though the roads were slippery during the greater part of the day.

Sunday again proved to be an almost faultless day but on Monday we were visited by another norther accompanied by cold and considerable rain. Tuesday was still cloudy and cold, but no frost has as yet been in evidence and the remainder of the week has been mostly clear and balmy, the cold wave having for the present passed away and farmers are hoping for a continuance of the fair warm weather for at least thirty days, during which time they expect to get all the wheat sowed and at least the major part of the row crops harvested.

The farmers whom we have interviewed are hopeful that if warm weather prevails for three weeks longer practically all the row crops will mature and be harvested.

The Star in giving the reports of the weather each week has based such reports on information gained from people living in different parts of the territory, but as we have often stated, while rains have visited the greater part of the territory, there still have been spots or strips not receiving sufficient rains for the proper development of the crops, and such seems still to be the case, although the rains of the past two weeks seem to have reached all parts of the Friona territory.

It also seems that some of our non-resident readers have failed to notice these statements and have accepted the opinion that these rains have been general.

While there is nothing that gives the Star more pleasure than saying good things about our wonderful country and its people, we are still anxious to quote conditions as they exist as nearly as we are able to learn them.

Lazbuddy News.

Most farmers around Lazbuddy are very busy cutting sudan. A few are nearly through while others are just beginning. The rainy weather which we have been having lately has prevented the cut-

ting to progress rapidly. We still assert that quite a number of farmers will have 1000 per acre this year. In fact, we have an all around good crop.

We hear that Rudolph Pyritz realized over \$10.00 in prize money at the Muleshoe fair on chickens and turkeys. We Lazbuddians should be proud of the Pyritz's and should strive with them for better stock each year.

Those who visited the Willie Steinbock home Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Ed Steinbock, Mrs. John Steinbock and children, Rheinhold, Johnnie, Alfred, Carl, Frances and Alma; Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Tredler and Raymond, Jr.; Charles, Cecil, Edgar and Theron Vaughn and Volley Hodges.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleo Phillips and small daughter were visitors at the J. E. Vaughn home Sunday afternoon.

Cleo Phillips and Ralph each bought seed wheat from Willie Steinbock.

A number of folks from this community attended the fair at Muleshoe but were nearly drowned by the heavy showers.

We have been having so much rainy weather that we are glad to see the sun shine again.

John Steinbock is building a new barn. The road graders have completed the mile east and west by the John Steinbock farm and the mile north and south which is a half mile west of this farm.

William Ireland Succumbs To Heart Trouble

William Ireland, father of Mayor E. S. Ireland and Mrs. C. F. Kerr, of Hereford, died suddenly of heart trouble yesterday morning at the home of his son, E. S. Ireland.

Mr. Ireland was born March 17, 1848, near Glasgow, Kentucky, and came to Texas at the age of six. In 1878 his family moved to Newport where he lived until he came to this part of the country about twenty years ago. He has lived with his son, E. S. Ireland, here for the past five or six years.

He is survived by three children, Mrs. C. F. Kerr, Edgar and Elmer; fourteen grandchildren and four great grandchildren.

Funeral services were held at the E. S. Ireland home Wednesday at 4:00 p. m. the Rev. Jas. T. Ross, in charge. Interment took place at the old home in Newport, Texas, Thursday, conducted by the Rev. J. W. Walker, pastor of the Presbyterian church there.

The body was accompanied to Newport by Mrs. Kerr, E. S. Ireland, Elmer Ireland and Reverend Ross.

—The Hereford Brand.

Poor, Poor Don.

Here lie the remains of Donald MacHost, He grabbed the check and gave up the Ghost.

BLACKSHEEP!

By Meredith Nicholson

Illustrated by Henry Jay Lee



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CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Howard Featherstone spent time thinking up things for her brother, Archibald Bennett, to do, and as Archie was the ideal bachelor brother, he accepted her commissions in the most amiable spirit and his services were unfailingly satisfactory.

"The agent who's been looking up the summer house for us says this is an unusual opportunity, as there are a few places to let at Bailey Harbor and this one is unexpectedly on the market. Howard's simply swamped with work—and we'd appreciate it if you could run up there for us."

The many preoccupations of his brother-in-law who held a seat in Congress and took his job seriously, were well known to Archie, and as Archie had nothing on earth to do, it was eminently fitting that he should assume some of Featherstone's domestic burdens. Archie had planned to leave for Canadian Rockies two days later, but he obligingly agreed to take a look at the Bailey Harbor house that had been placed so providentially within reach of his sister.

"The house belongs to that old New England Congdon family," Mrs. Featherstone explained, "they date from the beginning of time, and some of them are a trifle eccentric."

"If you're renting a house from that family it's just as well to look into it carefully. All right, May, I'll inspect the premises for you."

Archie was already mentally planning details of his trip with his customary exactness. He traveled constantly in the interest of his health and knew train schedules by heart.

Archie's condition was always a grateful topic of conversation and now Mrs. Featherstone, in her most sisterly tone, broached the subject of his health.

"I haven't much faith in this idea of your going to the Rockies; you know you tried the alps five years ago and the altitude nearly killed you."

Archie smiled wanly. "I seem doomed to sit on the sidelines and watch the game," he agreed gloomily.

To look at him no one would believe that he had a nerve in his tall frame. Once a friend carried him off to a farm where an autoeratic athletic trainer rejuvenated tired business men and Archie survived the heroic treatment and reappeared bronzed and hardened and feeling better than he ever had felt in his life. But after a winter spent in an office and leisure to think of himself as an invalid, he renewed his acquaintance with the waiting rooms of specialists.

"There will be a few people in for dinner tonight," remarked Mrs. Featherstone as he rose to go; "very simple, you know, and Howard just telephoned that he can't possibly come, so if you can arrange it, Archie—it will be a real help to me."

"All right, May; I was going to have dinner with Weld and Coburn, but if you really want me—"

"Oh, that's perfectly fine of you, Archie! And Isabel Perry will be here, you know she's the dearest girl, and I always thought you really did like her. Her father lost all his money before he died and she's had a position as gymnasium teacher in Miss Gordon's school. This summer she's to run a girls' camp up in Michigan and she can't help making a splendid success of it."

When he found himself sitting beside her later at Mrs. Featherstone's table she said to him:

"I passed you on the street the other day and made frantic efforts to attract your attention but you were in a trance and failed to see my signals."

"I was taking my walk," he stammered.

"My walk?" she repeated. "You speak as though you had a monopoly on that form of exercise. I

must say you didn't appear to be enjoying yourself. Your aspect was wholly funereal and your demeanor that of a man with a certain number of miles wished on him."

"Four a day," Archie confessed, with an air of resignation, "two in the mornings and two before dinner—by the doctor's orders," he added with the wistful smile that usually accompanied such statements.

"Oh, the doctor!" remarked the girl as though she had no great opinion of doctors in general or of Mr. Bennett's medical advisers in particular. He was used to a great deal of sympathy and he was convinced that Miss Perry was an utterly unsympathetic person.

"What would you call a good walk," he asked a little tartly.

"Oh, ten, twenty, thirty! I've done fifteen and gone to a dance at the end of the tramp."

"But you haven't my handicap," he protested defensively. "You can't be very good at walking when you're warned that excessive fatigue may have disastrous consequences!"

She was not wholly without feeling for her face grew grave for a moment and she met his eyes searchingly with something of her professional scrutiny to which he had long been accustomed.

"Eyes clear, color very good, voice a trifle weak and suggesting timidity and feeble initiative. Intropective, a little self-conscious, and unimportant nervous symptoms indicated by the rolling of broad crumbs."

"I've paid doctors large fees for telling me the same things," he said. "I wish you would write those items down for me. I'm in earnest about that."

"Your case interests me and I'll consider this matter of advising you."

"I shall expect the document tomorrow afternoon!"

"You're a tremendously formal person, Mr. Bennett. What you really need is a good hard jar. Every morning you know exactly what you're going to do every hour of the day. It's routine that kills. Suppose you were to hold up a bank messenger in Wall Street and skip with a satchelful of negotiable securities and then after the papers were through ragging the police for their inefficiency you would drive up to the bank in a taxi, walk in a return the money, saying you had found it in the old family pew at Trinity when you went in to say your prayers! Here would be an opportunity to break the force of habit and awaken your self-confidence."

"Am I to understand that you practice what you preach? I don't mean to be impudent, but really—"

"Oh, I'm perfectly capable of doing anything I've suggested. I mean to dig for buried treasure this summer realizing the dream of a lifetime. Talk about romance being dead! My grandfather was a planter in Mississippi before the Civil War. In about 1860 he saw trouble ahead and as he was opposed to secession he turned everything he had into gold, bought several tracts of land in Michigan and New York and secretly planted his money. My father inherited the land, and that's where I'm opening my camp."

"And the gold hasn't been found?" asked Archie deeply interested.

"Not a coin so far! You see grandfather made his will in war time and only divided the land, being afraid to mention the buried treasure in a document that would become a public record when he died."

"This is most exciting. It's only unfortunate that it's not pirate gold to give zest to your enterprise."

"Oh, the pirate in the story is a cousin of mine who inherited the land up near the St. Lawrence and has dug all over it without results. My father gave the Michigan scenery to me, but this cousin of mine has been digging on my land, most unwarrantably! He's rather a dashing young person."

When it came time for Isabel to say good night to her hostess, Bennett was hovering near to offer his services in calling her car.

"Nothing like that for me! But—" she hesitated and said with mock gravity, "if you're not afraid of the night air or the excessive fatigue you might take me home. That will add a mile to your prescription but you can ride back!"

She spoke of her plans for the summer with charming candor as they set off at a brisk pace. Isabel was enthusiastic about the summer camp; if it succeeded she meant to conduct an outdoor school for girls, moving it from

Michigan to Florida with the changing seasons.

There was no question of her making a success of it, he said, marveling at her vitality, her exuberance, the confidence with which she viewed the future.

"I wish you all good luck," he said when they reached the house of the friend she was visiting. "The camp will be a great success—I'm sure of that. This has been the happiest evening I've spent since—"

"Since you began taking everything so hard? Please quit looking on your life as a burden; try to get some fun out of it."

"Don't forget me in the rush of things! And particularly don't forget that note of instructions. I'm counting on that! If I don't get it I will be terribly disappointed."

She surveyed him gravely, then answered lightly. "Oh, very well! You shall have it, sir!"

CHAPTER II.

Archie didn't know that the note caused Isabel a great deal of trouble. She must write a note that would not require an answer; this she felt to be imperatively demanded by the circumstance. She thought Archibald Bennett a nice fellow and she was sorry for him, but no more and no less sorry than she would have been for any one else who failed to find the world a pleasant place to live in. Something a little cryptic, yet something that would discourage further confidences without wounding him, this would solve the problem. Finally she hit upon these lines and copied them in her best hand:

He either fears his fate too much, Or his deserts are small, That dares not put it to the touch To gain or lose it all.

After reading the lines aloud several times she decided that they would serve her purpose admirably and dispatched it to Mr. Bennett immediately.

The note reached Archie just as he was leaving his sister's house. He had hoped for a long letter in the vein of the girl's chaffing humor of the size of the missive was a distinct disappointment.

He opened it guardedly and his face fell as he pondered the verse. It was a neat, well-bred slap at him as a man without initiative or courage. At the dinner table she had expressed much the same thought that was condensed in the verse, but the quotation, unrelieved of her smile carried a sting. Perhaps this was the way Isabel Perry thought of him, as a loser in the game of life; but he experienced a pleasant tingle in the blood when he reflected that this may have been the wrong reading and very different from the sense she meant to convey. His spirits soared as he decided that the last line was intended to be read unbrokenly and that it constituted a challenge flung at him with a toss of her head, a flash of her brown eyes.

Archie was lulled to sleep by the encouraging thought that what she had done was to give him a commission to redeem himself by strange and moving adventures.

At two o'clock he reached Bailey Harbor. He stepped into the only taxi in sight and drove to the village druggist's for the key to the Congdon house.

"Just go in and take your time to it," said the man. "Lights and water haven't been turned off and if you take the house your folks can step right in. If you don't find it convenient to stop here again, just leave the key under the door mat."

"I guess you'll find the place all shipshape," said the driver as they set off. "Folks came up early but didn't stay long. Left in a hurry. Family troubles, I reckon. I don't know nothin' mind ye, but there's talk she had trouble with her husband."

The confidence of the chauffeur only mildly interested Archie. It was unseasonably warm and the air was lifeless and humid.

"Think it will rain?" he asked the driver.

"Yep," he answered with a glance at the sea. "There's going to be a lively kickup before mornin'."

They reached the house and Archie discharged the driver. In a moment he was standing in a big living room that exhaled an atmosphere of comfort and good taste.

Fully satisfied with his investigations, Archie picked up a book, became absorbed and read until he was roused by a clap of thunder that seemed to shake the world. Hurrying to the window he found that the storm had already broken and that it would be impossible for him to catch the five-o'clock.

He turned on the lights and sat down to think. The roof and walls

rang under the downpour and he decided that after all to spend the night in an abandoned house would be a lark.

The story showed no sign of abating and as nightfall deepened the gloom he set about making himself comfortable. Feeling twinges of hunger he explored the kitchen pantry. The Congdons had left a well stocked larder and finding bacon, eggs and bread he decided that the cooking of supper would be a jolly incident of the adventure. In arranging the table he found a telegram under a plate at what he assumed to be Mrs. Congdon's plate. His curiosity overcame his scruples and he read the message:

New York, June 10, 1917. Mrs. Alice B. Congdon, Bailey Harbor, Maine.

Your letter has your characteristic touch of cruelty. We may as well part now and be done with it. But the children you cannot have, the easy master of his fate. Remember that I relinquish none of my rights on this point. I demand that you surrender Edith at once and I will communicate with you later about the custody of Harold until such time as he is old enough to come to me.

Putney Congdon.

The cautious hint of the taxi driver that domestic difficulties were responsible for the breaking up of the Congdon household found here a painful corroboration.

After speculating on the affair for a few moments he went ahead with the preparation of his supper. He wished Isabel could see him and know that for once the routine of his life had been interrupted only to find himself resourceful and

He made a point of washing the dishes and putting them carefully away. These matters attended to, he roamed over the house which now had a new interest for him

since the Congdon family skeleton had come out of the closet and danced around the dinner table. In a drawer of the desk was an automatic pistol and a box of cartridges. This Archie thrust into his pocket thinking it not a bad idea to be prepared for invasion.

Then he switched off the lights in the lower rooms and established himself in the guest chamber. He was half asleep when he was roused by footsteps on the veranda below.

Continued Next Week

Rabbit Fur Disguised Under Variety of Names

Girls who are in the habit of parading new fur coats with fancy names before the eyes of envious friends are running from now on the risk of having their bluffs called.

According to a report of the Biological Survey of the U. S. department of agriculture made public last Monday, rabbit furs are being sold in this country under a variety of names which bids fair to rival in number and novelty the titles of Pullman cars.

Rabbit skins, variously dyed and treated, the report shows, appear on the market as arctic and bay seal, beaverette, chincilleto, cony, electric beaver, electric mole, erminette, French chinchilla, meskin beaver, meskin moline, minkony, sealine, squirreline, visionette and many others.

She's Like That.

"What kind of girl is Alice?"
 "Well, she can only be kissed on two occasions."
 "So? And what are they?"
 "When it rains or when it doesn't."

MY STARS!



Should be your STARS when you are in need of the most DEPENDABLE and ACCURATE WINDMILL SERVICE.

There's Nothing Beats a Star, and I have them.

See me for well drilling and well and windmill repair work.

HENRY STANLEY

Buy Your Mill Feeds

And Balanced Dairy and Poultry Rations at THE FRIONA FEED AND PRODUCE.

Bring us your Cream, Eggs and Poultry. We Buy 'Em.

FRIONA FEED & PRODUCE

H. P. Eberling, Proprietor

FOR SALE

Some good bargains in town property and extra good bargains in Panhandle Land.

TURNER-PARR TRADING COMPANY.

For YOUR Convenience

I have installed a 12,000 gallon storage tank, and can now serve my patrons at wholesale and retail.

I Have Also a Stock of High Grade TRACTOR OIL.

I Will Appreciate a Share of Your Patronage.

J. D. Porter

FISH

WE ARE ORDERING A STOCK OF FISH!

Watch our market and our advertisement. All kinds of fresh and salted meats at all times.

CITY MARKET

M. S. WEIR PROPRIETOR

TURNER-PARR'S AUTO REPAIR SHOP

All kinds of Repairs and Electrical Work.

Expert Mechanic All Work Guaranteed

SALT

ALL KINDS—INCLUDING WRIGHT'S MEAT—SMOKE AND SUGAR CURED SALT.

WORK CLOTHES. STAR BRAND SHOES BLUE AND GOLD COFFEE.

FRIONA TEXAS

F. L. SPRING

CLASSIFIED

FOR SALE—One two-year-old Jersey bull, bred at Baylor College, at Belton, Texas. He is the best of Jerseys. See J. B. McFARLAND, Friona, Texas. 7-1c

FOR SALE—Pure bred single comb Rhode Island Red chickens, Mahood strain. These fowls are all March hatched and direct from Mahood. Pullets of this flock began laying at five months of age. See them now and get your choice. S. F. WARREN, Friona, Texas. 5-t-o

FOR SALE—One good McCormick row binder; or will trade for thin hogs. See R. L. CHILES, Friona, Texas. No. 9t-o

FOR RENT—For two months, one four-room house in Friona, beginning October 1st. \$35.00 for the two months, cash in advance. Inquire at Star office. No. 9-2td

FOR SALE—One 2-year-old grade Jersey bull; good condition and good stock. See CHESTER VAUGHN, Friona, Texas.

Dalhart May Get Smelter of Big Metals Company

People of Dalhart are enthused over the prospects for a new large industry there. The American Metals Company is considering that city as a location when they move their present plant from Blackwell to a point in the Panhandle of Texas.

The chief promise for which the smelter people were holding out last week was the assurance of an adequate gas supply at a reasonable rate. It is understood that Dalhart, in co-operation with the Prairie Pipeline Company, is able to make the necessary rate. Railroad facilities which are said to be second to none in the Panhandle, are at present the chief inducement to the company to locate their new plant in Dalhart.

Calls are being made by society women of Paris and London by means of airplane.

The states of Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi and Virginia permit the marriage, with the consent of her parents, of a girl of twelve.

Flagg News.

Mrs. Fletcher Ramsey and little daughter, Velma Jean, are visiting relatives in Oklahoma this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin are entertaining a new girl, born September 21.

Rev. Coe of Plainview filled his appointment here Saturday and Sunday and preached at Cleo Sunday night.

Mrs. Cass Arms has been real sick for some time but is improving.

Several of this community are busy preparing for the big Castro county fair at Dimmitt Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Kimball of Dimmitt were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Summers Friday.

Chas. Walker was in Hereford Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cassidy attended the show at Dimmitt Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Summer attended the singing convention at Summerfield Sunday.

Mrs. Arms and Cryer have been canning vegetables and report having canned thirty quarts one afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Sid Sheffy visited relatives near Happy last week. Mr. and Mrs. Budie Blackwell were guests of Mrs. Sam Birdwell Saturday.

Messrs. Cryer, Fulmer and W. T. Summer attended the Baptist association at Tulia last Wednesday and Thursday.

Mrs. Erwin Fulmer entertained the Ladies Aid at her home last Thursday afternoon when only four members were present.

New Mexico Man Wins Champion Cowboy Title

Bob Crosby, of Kenna, New Mexico, world's champion cowboy in 1925, was awarded that honor again at the close of the annual Pendleton Roundup, held at Pendleton, Oregon. He was awarded the Roosevelt trophy.

Ed Bowman, of Safford, Texas, took the prize as champion calf roper and a Fort Worth man, Dick Shelton, won the steer bulldogging championship. Crosby also took first place in the steer roping division.

Josephine Wick, a Colorado Springs, Colorado, girl was acclaimed champion cowgirl.

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS

METHODIST.

There will be Sunday school at 10:00 a. m., A. S. Curry, superintendent. Classes for all grades. You are cordially welcome.

Preaching services immediately following the Sunday school at 11:00, also at 8:30 p. m., Rev. Gilliam, Pastor.

Epworth League at 7:30.

BAPTIST.

Sunday school at 10:00 a. m., Mr. Wimberly, superintendent. There will be a class to suit your desires.

B. Y. P. U. at 8:00 p. m., Elroy Wilson, leader.

No preaching service this week.

CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Church school at 11:00 a. m.

CONGREGATIONAL.

Sunday school will convene at 10:00 a. m. There are classes for all grades and teachers for all classes. If you have no other Sunday school preference in town you will find a royal welcome with us.

Rev. J. L. Beattie, our new pastor, is here and will preach at 11 a. m., immediately following Sunday school, also at night at 8:30, and the public generally is invited to attend all these services.

Following the morning services, there will be a get acquainted meeting during which there will be a noon day luncheon served in the basement of the church so that all may have an opportunity of getting acquainted with Brother Beattie. All who attend the service are cordially invited and welcome to enjoy this luncheon.

THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The W. M. S. met at the home of Mrs. Key Tuesday, September 27th, with eight members and one visitor present.

The devotional was the tenth chapter of Acts, led by Mrs. Osborn, followed by prayer by Mrs. Brookfield.

The minutes were read and approved. We had one new member join our society.

The business of the society was taken care of, then followed the benediction by Mrs. Osborn.

REPORTER.

B. Y. P. U. PROGRAM.

Sunday, October second: Subject, What shall I do with Jesus?

Leader, Elroy Wilson. President in charge. Seniors and Juniors will have devotional together.

Solo, Elva Dilger. Prayer. Song.

Introduction by President. Bible Quizz, Quizz Leader, Frank Baker.

The Question of Pilate, Irene Newman.

Not to accept Him is to reject Him, Harry Meade.

Vocal Trio, Misses Irene Newman, Vivian Jones and Alma Newman.

Content to admire Jesus, Irene McFarland.

Accept Him as Jesus and Lord, Harry Hamilton.

Heaven and hell, Alma Newman. Dismissal.

LUBBOCK—At the present time there have been enrolled in the camp of the Matadors 98 aspirants who would wear the scarlet jersey. Out of this array of youngsters the coaches have chosen approximately four complete teams with which they are spending most of their time in preparation for the five games in October which represent the hardest series of consecutive grid contests ever yet attempted by Freland and his cohorts at the State's youngest college.

Freeland's line this year will consist mostly of veteran material as Corley, a letterman as center, Captain Reed, DeWitt and Harris at guards, and Carpenter, Westfield and Fikes are all back in the Matador roster again, while McWilliams, Smythe, Tolson, Vermillion, Castleberry and Barber are other linemen that will probably get an opportunity to show their metal early in the season.

At ends Coach Payne has three lettermen in Jennings, Denison and Woodward, besides a rather promising group of new and reserve material, including Crabtree of Central High, Fort Worth, Ameral Payne and Lockhart. Coach Higginbotham in the backfield has some new men who look as if they will go. There are no veterans back for the all important general position but there is little Hardy from Marlin and Paul Marr, besides two speedy reserves of last fall, Hayhurst and Waller. Nicklaus, letterman, has returned at full, but Sears and Pickett, new men, and plenty of competition.

Bring in the milk bottles as soon as possible after delivery. Wash them, especially the mouth and cap. Place at once in the refrigerator, which should be 50 degrees F., or less, never more.

Old Timers' Convention at Floydada Celebration

What is considered to have been the greatest thing of its kind ever held in that section of the country was the big reunion of old timers of more than twelve counties at the dedication of a 22-acre park in honor of two Mt. Blanco pioneers at Floydada last Tuesday.

At least 500 people were present who had lived in Floyd or neighboring counties thirty years or more, and the total crowd was estimated at between 1,500 and 2,000 persons. Old settlers enjoyed the day so much they are hoping to make the affair an annual one, it was announced.

Hog Cholera Is Threatening This District

An epidemic of hog cholera at Panhandle which threatens to spread throughout the entire district was the occasion for a warning last week by E. W. Little, city veterinarian at Amarillo. Already three good herds of stock had been exterminated when the warning was issued.

Signs of infection have been discovered on several other herds near Panhandle and all hogs within a large radius were vaccinated to prevent the spread of the disease. According to the statement of Dr. Little, all precautions have been taken with the dead hogs to prevent the spread of cholera, but that does not insure that it can not spread to adjoining counties.

Vaccination, Little says, is the only sure preventive. While it can not be ascertained yet just how far the disease will spread, farmers in the entire Panhandle district are warned to take all possible precautions to prevent the spread of cholera.

If vaccination is neglected until the disease appears there is a good chance that the entire herd will be destroyed. Vaccination of a healthy herd is usually completely effective and is absolutely the only sure protection.

Plans Complete for Opening of Big Exposition

WICHITA FALLS, Sept. 27.—Plans for the opening of the Texas-Oklahoma Fair, October 1, have been completed, according to announcement by W. B. Hamilton, president and R. E. Shepherd, secretary-manager.

Indications these few days in advance of the opening point to the greatest fair since the institution was established six years ago. More than a dozen counties will send exhibits. More than 300 head of the finest hogs in the Southwest will be exhibited. An equal number of beef cattle and possibly as many head of dairy cattle will also be shown. In the poultry departments entries indicate more than 3000 chickens, pigeons and rabbits will be on parade. Never has there been such interest on the part of exhibitors.

The entertainment program is complete in all its details. The feature attraction will be the appearances of A. L. Thavin and his band of fifty-two pieces. This organization will appear in Grand Opera productions as well as popular music. Automobile and motorcycle races, with two football games are additional entertainment features. Midway attractions will be furnished by the Lackman Carson Carnival Company. This is the first time this company has toured the South.

The educational, woman and art departments will be bigger and better than ever. These buildings have been remodeled and everything is in tip top shape for making these departments more attractive.

SUMMERFIELD COMMUNITY CLUB.

Mrs. Ray L. Johnson was hostess to the club on September 20. After the business meeting Mrs. Harlan was an efficient leader of an interesting program on conserving the mothers.

Roll call, suggestions found helpful in child management.

Conserving the mothers, Mrs. Lee Curry.

When my child starts to school, Mrs. S. P. Edwards.

Have you forgotten? Mrs. Floyd Lookingbill.

After each talk a round table discussion was held. During a social hour the hostess served sandwiches and wafers to a large number of members and several guests. Everyone was so happy to greet an old friend, Mrs. Ness once more. The club extends its sympathy to one of our members, Mrs. Murdock, in her sorrow caused by the passing of her mother.

The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Harlan on Friday, September 30. Mrs. J. L. Lookingbill is leader of a program on household management.

FOR SALE—320 acres unimproved land located in the west part of Parmer County, within two miles of a country school house. Price, \$15.00 per acre, \$2,000.00 cash, balance good terms at six per cent interest.

M. A. CRUM

Real Estate

Friona, Texas

What's Doing In WEST TEXAS

Lampasas—Lampasas will be the 1928 host to the Heart of Hills district of the W. T. C. of C., it was decided at the San Saba convention held September 22. More than 250 farmers, business men and their families took part in the annual gathering. President R. W. Haynie's talk on a fair and equitable distribution of water of the streams originating and flowing in the west and through the west was one of the most widely approved speeches of the meeting. Development and exploitation of the untold mineral wealth of the region was another point stressed by the convention.

Alvord—One hundred and sixty-three cars of watermelons had been shipped out of Alvord by train up to September 15.

Henrietta—Contract has been let for a new high school building to cost the sum of \$43,000. The structure will be two stories high, with tile roof, and will have its heating plant in the basement. It is to be constructed within 120 working days.

Mason—Mason, the largest inland town in Texas, is to have another newspaper soon. Dan W. Huffor of Brady will be the owner and editor.

Benjamin—Population of this town was largely augmented within the past weeks by widespread attendance of the bank robbery trial of E. C. Bergman and Jas. Watson, who were given 50 and 45 year sentences respectively.

Jayton—Jayton schools have gotten under way with a record attendance. It is planned to put the institution on a firm basis of affiliation this year.

Carbon—Street lights are being installed in this town and numerous improvements in residential and business houses are now under way.

Junction—The chamber of commerce and citizenship of Junction are hard at work on plans for incorporation of the city. Vote to incorporate was made recently, 158 to 116.

Roswell, N. M.—In celebration of the annual Cotton Carnival, the Southwestern Dispatch recently came out with a special edition of seven sections. Those were devoted to written and pictorial matter on the towns of Roswell, Carlsbad, Artesian and the mountain section, Rodeo, Dexter, Flower and Hagerman, to a history section and a section on Masonry and the premium list.

Fort Worth—The eighteen story 300 room Worth Hotel was opened to the traveling public here Sep-

tember 24. The building is beautifully finished and has excellent appointments. It will accommodate many of the thousands of visitors to the 1928 convention of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce, which will be held here in June.

Snyder—Scurry county farmers are getting real service from their organization, the Scurry County Chamber of Commerce. The body is working in co-operation with the U. S. department of agriculture in providing for local farming interests.

Ablene—The Hilton Hotel, heralded as the largest and finest hotel between Fort Worth and Los Angeles, was formally opened to the public the week of September 19. The structure has 260 rooms with baths and is ten stories high, beautifully finished both inside and out.

All Over Now.

Here lie the bones of James Dalrymple. He was kissing the maid on her cute little dimple. When in came his wife And started the strife, The funeral was plain and simple.

El Dorado—Schleicher county farmers are making good profits from poultry here. One stock farmer kept books on 150 White Leghorn hens for six months and discovered that they fed themselves, bought feed for raising 500 other chickens and banked over \$23 a month besides. He exhibited the birds at the annual Schleicher county fair held for the fifth time recently.

Beavers Bros.

FOR DODGE BROTHERS CARS AND GRAHAM BROTHERS TRUCKS

Sales and Service

Phone 383

Hereford, Texas.

Highway Garage

First Class Garage Work. Battery and Electrical Work.

Fred White

Proprietor

We Are Still On The Job

With the old reliable row binder—no better machine on the market.

Always Ready With the Service When You Want It.

R U M E L Y

Tractors—Threshers—Combines

WELCH-CARTER IMP. CO.

DOES YOUR HOME LOOK JUST RIGHT?

See our 9x12 tapestry rugs—first quality—priced for one week for \$16.00

This is a much higher priced rug and will warrant your prompt investigation. Cover your floors with these rugs at little more than the cost of Congoleum.

REMEMBER—JUST NEXT WEEK!

Buy Your Chevrolet Today!

See our stock of heaters—Watch for next week's ad.

Blackwell Hdw. & Furn.

"We Satisfy"

Howdy, Folks!

HAVE YOU MET US YET?

We are here to give the people of Friona absolutely the very most for their money and to make it profitable for them to trade with us.

All of our prices are the "Specials" you wait until Saturdays for at other places.

We Pay the Highest Prices for Your Eggs.

G. B. WARREN

GROCERY

Successor to J. G. Weir

Friona, Texas

COME IN AND TRY

THE NEW BARBER SHOP

HAIR CUT 40c

EXPERT BARBERS

TURNER-PARR BARBER SHOP

BARNETT TAILOR SHOP

"Where Cleaning Is An Art"

During the week beginning October 3 and ending October 8th we will clean any

SILK DRESS FOR

—\$1.00—

We are doing this to introduce the quality of our work, and will be pleased to have you take advantage of this liberal offer.

All Fabrics Absolutely Insured!

The Recluse of Fifth Avenue

by WYNDHAM MARTYN

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WNU Service

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

Life had been very good to Paul Raxon. He had always won. Again and again his unfortunate entanglements with women had threatened to bring him newspaper notoriety, but he had evaded it—somehow. He wondered why, of late, he had been thinking of the girl who died so conveniently in a sculptor's studio, the sculptor who had endured the censure that should have been his. Raxon believed that it was because he had been born to a great destiny, and doubts of future success did not trouble him.

McKimber broached the subject that filled their minds one day as they walked back from golf. He had been shown by his campaign manager that Raxon's press notices far exceeded his own in frequency and interest.

"You certainly have a fine press agent," McKimber said, not without bitterness.

"The best," said Raxon. "So long as he remains the best he gets a very large salary. If he falls off, I shall get rid of him. He knows that. One might say," Raxon went on, "that that is my method always. I pay more than the union scale, because I want a result above the average."

"Maybe you're wasting your money," Raxon shrugged his shoulders.

"Maybe."

"The public buildings of this country are the best in the world," McKimber declared. He had been reading something of the enthusiasm Raxon had created among federations of women's clubs.

"You probably think so," Raxon agreed idly. "You could sit before the statehouse at, let us say, Harrisburg, and think it was the last thing in architectural art. I am going to stamp out monstrosities in stone and melodramas in marble. We have not yet evolved a national style, but we shall."

He paused a moment to greet Robin McKimber and Agatha Brown. He had noticed of late that the two were very friendly. They made a splendid pair. He commented on it. McKimber grunted. He had other plans for his son. He found himself filled with increasing bitterness.

"When can we have a talk?" McKimber said abruptly.

"What are we doing now?"

"You know what I mean. I'm going to let you into our confidence, and you ought to know that strangers shouldn't hear it."

"Whose confidence?"

"The party's confidence. It's a big thing, Raxon."

"Ought I to hear it? Am I important enough?" Raxon's manner had no hint of sarcasm in it, but McKimber knew that the other was laughing at him. "Tomorrow night the young people are having a dance. I keep late hours. What about midnight? You have never yet been in my tower study, have you? Snead shall bring you up there at twelve."

McKimber felt himself dismissed. He frowned as he glanced at the smaller man. The interview in the tower room would need careful handling. He wondered if he had underestimated Raxon.

When Robin joined him McKimber was still fuming. Unwisely he told his son of the coming interview, but not of its nature. Still more unwisely Robin, by this time head over ears in love with Agatha Brown, confided in her the news. She had always seemed ready to chat with his parents.

"I don't understand it at all," said Robin. "Father came here for some purpose of his own which I haven't caught on to, but it's political. Of course you haven't followed American politics of late or you'd know my father was some unkin up the state. He refused the nomination for governorship."

"Why such modesty?" she asked.

"Because he wants something big."

"The senate, I suppose?"

"Yes. I wondered why it was he came here when we have never had any social relations with the Raxons. I know now." He spoke confidentially. "Tomorrow night, up in his tower room, father is going to lay down the law to your Mr. Raxon. Just because Raxon made a lot of money doesn't say he is fit to represent New York at Washington. I think father pays entirely too much attention to Raxon's claims. He couldn't get in possibly. What do you think?"

"That politics is very dull."

"They won't bother us," he said tenderly. "We shan't know they exist. Agatha. I shall be looking in your eyes and forgetting time and space."

"That will make you a very agreeable dancing partner," she laughed. She sighed a little. "I'm sorry, Robin, but we shall not be dancing together tomorrow evening. It is my night off,

and I'm going to see some friends in New York."

"I'll come with you," he said eagerly. "Do let me drive you in."

"That would never do. I should be dismissed directly I returned. No, you must stay here and dance with the Raxon girls and their friends. 'Don't you realize how much you've neglected them?'"

"I didn't come here to dance with them," he retorted. "I came in the first instance because father has something to tell Raxon from the national committee. I stayed because I saw you. If I've neglected the Raxon girls it is absolutely your fault. They should blame you for it."

"They do," she answered. "Mrs. Raxon, who was my friend, is growing cold. I shall not be here long."

"Then marry me and get a lifelong job. You'll like it, sweetheart. I'm not half good enough for you, but day by day you'll learn to love me more and more."

"Is this a proposal?" She laughed. "It's the first I've made since lunch," he returned.

"And I shall give you my usual answer. I like you, Robin. You are one of the most attractive people I have met. I think it would not be hard to get absolutely crazy about you."

"How soon can you start?"

"I'm afraid I never can. Your father wouldn't permit it. I've watched him, Robin, when you've been dancing or talking to me. Do you suppose it was just idly that he told me last night that he had a great future planned for you?"

"He often says that," Robin answered. "That's why he wants to go to Washington. He's thinking of politics and diplomacy."

"He was thinking of the sort of woman he intends you to marry. I can't blame him. He feels he is fighting for you against an unknown woman."



"Maybe You're Wasting Your Money,"

an who may be a common adventure for all he knows. On the whole, I rather like your father."

"The old man's all right," Robin said calmly, "and I probably respect him more than anyone else; but I'm no Chinese ancestor worshiper. I shall choose my own wife. If he objects, the loss is his."

"You'd starve, my bold and brave Robin."

"Not on your life, Amethysta. I'm no idle society boy, although I play society games. I've an interest in the works which I earned. He'd have to buy me out, and it would be cheaper to have me remain. Also, I control some basic patents that he uses. I invented them, if you can believe it."

"How clever of you," she cried. "Do you know I had no idea you had ever worked. You play so well, you see."

"Amethysta," he said earnestly, "there isn't such an awful lot of happiness in this world. Why do you want to rob me of my chance of it?"

"If there was anything I could do to make you happy, I would do it if I had myself only to think about. Don't follow me. I've got to get back to the house and arrange an elaborate menu."

She left him with a smile. It was not easy to respond to it. So far in his life young McKimber had obtained what he wanted. He realized that he had never wanted anything very strongly until now, when his first serious defeat had been met.

Inside the house Agatha Brown met "Enry."

"You allow that McKimber boy to monopolize too much of your time," he grumbled; "the McKimbers are absolutely without social weight."

"In so many words that is what Mr. McKimber told Robin about social retarities. Don't talk about him now."

"The senate, I suppose?"

"Yes. I wondered why it was he came here when we have never had any social relations with the Raxons. I know now." He spoke confidentially. "Tomorrow night, up in his tower room, father is going to lay down the law to your Mr. Raxon. Just because Raxon made a lot of money doesn't say he is fit to represent New York at Washington. I think father pays entirely too much attention to Raxon's claims. He couldn't get in possibly. What do you think?"

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"That will make you a very agreeable dancing partner," she laughed. She sighed a little. "I'm sorry, Robin, but we shall not be dancing together tomorrow evening. It is my night off,

I've got to go into New York and see Uncle Peter."

"Anything developed?" he demanded eagerly.

"Yes. At midnight tomorrow—there's a big dance here, you remember. Mr. McKimber is going to see Mr. Raxon and tell him he has no chance politically."

"How do you know that? So you are pumping him. Clever girl. That's why you are letting him waste his time."

"It's not being clever," she returned, flushing; "it's being dishonorable. I'm not pumping him. I'm letting him talk, and that's almost as bad."

The man who was "Enry" seemed little interested in Robin McKimber. He was excited at the idea of the interview on the morrow.

"I believe that's the big thing," he said. "I wish I knew what old Peter has up his sleeve."

"Has Mr. Bradley finished his work up there?" she asked.

"This very morning. That's the real reason I waited for you. That damned Raxon has no fixed habits. He crops up in most unexpected places. Snead reported after breakfast that he and old McKimber were on the golf links. Bradley got busy at once with his job and I attended to the cleaning of the room. I didn't hear Raxon come in. You know how silently he walks. Suddenly I looked around and saw him. He made a motion for me not to say anything. He was listening." "Enry" laughed. "I didn't laugh then, Nita. What do you think it was? He thought old Bradley sawing a board out of sight was a rat. Fortunately Bradley had just finished and was listening to what we were saying. Raxon's afraid of no man, but he hates rats. He made me look down behind the books. I could see Bradley's face distinctly, because he hadn't quite finished. I was flustered. I said I saw a big sewer rat."

"Poor Uncle Fleming," Nita cried. "Oh, daddy, what a situation!"

"Raxon suggested sending for a fox terrier that the head chauffeur owns. Any decent dog would have worried Bradley's face to ribbons. I couldn't have that. I suggested traps and said the 'Inglines' had a bait that old Henry the Eighth used. He said the rat would take it and die in such a way that the air would be poisoned. He went to a drawer and took out an automatic. I thought then and there everything was up. I couldn't let him take a pot-shot at Bradley. Remember, Bradley was listening to all this and not able to make a move."

"Oh, daddy," the girl cried, "what happened?"

"The 'Inglines' rat-bait won. I said to shoot under a heavy wooden bookcase might set the house on fire. It wasn't till I saw him outside with Malet that I pulled Bradley out head foremost. Of course he blamed me for not keeping a better lookout. It all came because I was actually doing the work for which I am being paid. Let me know what Mr. Milman says."

Neeland Barnes walked toward the pantry, where Bradley was cleaning some silver.

"Hello, old sewer rat," said "Enry" genially. He took a seat and lighted a cigarette. Then he complained about young McKimber's attentions to his daughter. Bradley did not take his side.

"I've watched them," said Bradley, "and I think they are the handsomest pair I've ever seen. You must admit that, physically, he is superb. You are wrong in thinking he is forcing unwelcome attentions on Nita. He is humble and adoring. I'm not much of a judge of these affairs, but I think she likes him." Bradley sighed. "I should like to be looked at as I've caught her looking at him."

"And I rather like old McKimber," Bradley said. "It is true he has drunk the wine of Babbity largely, but that is what every successful man quaffs. If he is autocratic and wants his way, you must remember he is the head of a tremendous business and accustomed to men taking orders from him. His wife is quite genial and unaffected."

Barnes could not dismiss his grievance against the family lightly.

"I hope he won't try to be autocratic with me because I'm annoyed with his son and heir." "Enry" put a silver carafe on a tray. "This waiting business palls after a time. There's Malet eating, drinking and smoking with the best, while we have to work for a living. Actually he had the nerve to call me down the other night in French because I upset something over his while I was trying to hear what Raxon was saying to McKimber."

"Don't get quarrelsome here," Bradley cautioned him. "Wait till it is finished. A great deal depends on you."

"All right," said Barnes, picking up his tray. "The parasite departs. I'll watch my step."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Testimony to Value of Home Environment

Tests recently concluded to determine the moral and religious effects of various agencies on children have shown that home environment goes further in shaping character than any other single influence. Within the home circle, the influence of the mother is the strongest element.

This is true because it is a fact of child psychology that one's course in life is pretty well mapped out and charted during the first seven years. Study a child at seven and you will have a miniature picture of the future man or woman. Most of these first seven years, of course, represent that period of childhood when almost all influences are negligible excepting those of the home.

A famous welfare worker on the New York bovery has found that almost without exception the human derelicts who have been rescued and regenerated through his efforts came originally from homes in which there was a wholesome moral atmosphere. No matter how low they may have sunk the seed of goodness implanted within them in their childhood homes never died.—Thrift Magazine.

Level Balance

Things even up. If youth is more sophisticated than it used to be, old age is more juvenile.

Wise head keeps close mouth.

COLOR CONTRASTS FOR AUTUMN; SIMPLICITY IN FALL FOOTWEAR

FABRIC combination and color contrast continue to be vital themes of the autumn mode. The skirt-and-bouise costume which is two-piece in effect but one-piece in construction presents infinite possibilities for an alliance of different materials which at the same time exploit color contrast.

The new supple velvets and satins are being played up handsomely for the skirt portion of these stylish

satins blouse as a part of the black velvet ensemble is outstanding this season. To informal suits this white blouse adds its satiny sheen in a tailored way, but with dressy costumes the white satin blouse has become a glorified theme of handsome fabric enriched with gold and silver embroidery and other skillful handcraft.

Fashion also emphasizes black and white by furring black coats, be they of cloth, velvet, or themselves of fur,



Color Contrast Effectively Employed.

frocks, after the manner of the model in the picture. In this instance, the skirt portion of lustrous black satin is bloused with white satin. The circular hemline and the fullness brought-to-the-front effect assert the extreme modishness of this costume.

An outstanding style point is the fact of the blouse being stitched in silver. Metal stitching abounds this season.

It would seem as if black with white persists in staying in the foreground. The vogue for the white

with white fox and white ermine. Seal coats with white fur shawl collars are promised for winter.

Again the black and white note asserts itself in the new printed velvets, a most popular type being black velvet with white dots. Very stylish indeed are daytime frocks made of this dotted velvet.

Millinery tunes in perfectly with the black and white scheme, either in the way of black velvet hats with pearl or rhinestone ornaments, or the chic combination of white felt with black velvet.



LEADING authorities on bootery tell us that definite reaction is setting in this fall against fancy footwear, that dignity of line and simplicity of trimming are taking the place of garish display for street shoes.

In style the pump or oxford types will take precedence for street wear, while sandals and opera pumps will continue good for afternoons and evening.

Suede, patent leather and kidkin declare smartness for fall. The vogue for reptile skins also continues. Black and tan lizard, amber alligator, boa snake, and snakeskin all appear in the new street styles.

Some fashion experts predict that it will be a fifty-fifty proposition between black and brown tones for street wear.

The walking shoe that will prevail with the tailored and semi-sports costume will have a Cuban heel. Medium French heels appear, too, for daytime wear. Heels on dress shoes will continue high.

The shoe in the sketch at the top of the left is an exponent of the very newest in fall footwear. It is of black kid in pump effect with ornamental kid tongue and metal buckle in black edged with silver. A very popular shoe in the new shades of brown is pictured to the right. It is designed

Elegantly Simple Footwear.

in light tones or in tan with mahogany brown saddle and heel. Typical of the new reptile skin modes is the shoe shown below to the right.

In the midst of this simplicity movement for footwear, the usual "exception to the rule" presents itself, which in this instance happens to be resplendent buckles. Sparkling cut steel buckles, either square or oval, are featured in pumps of suede, kid, patent leather, satin and that which is very new and chic, velvet. With her striking costume of metal cloth and satin, BIRIE Dove of film fortune and fame is pictured herewith wearing satin pumps with glittering buckles.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.
(© 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

MRS. BASSETT ALWAYS TIRED

Now in Good Health by Using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Lansing, Michigan.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound whenever I needed it. When I first used it I was so bad I could hardly walk across the room without crying. I was tired all the time. I think my trouble was coming on me for six months before I realized it. I read of your wonderful medicine in the paper, and my husband bought me a bottle, and after the first few doses I felt better, so kept on taking it until I was well and strong. I take it at times when I feel tired and it helps me. I will always have a good word for your medicine and tell anyone what good it has done me. I recommended it to my neighbor for her girl, who is sixteen years old, and it was just what she needed. She is feeling fine now, and goes to school every day."—Mrs. E. F. BASSETT, 215 South Hayford Avenue, Lansing, Michigan.

Healthy, Happy Babies

The best way to keep baby in crowing, contented health is Mrs. Winslow's Syrup. This safe, pleasant, effective remedy regulates the bowels and quickly overcomes diarrhoea, colic, flatulency, constipation, and teething troubles.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

The Infants' and Children's Regulator is best for baby. Guaranteed free from narcotics, opiates, alcohol and all harmful ingredients. Open formula on every label.

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Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic

Is an Excellent Tonic for Women and Children. 60c

Handkerchief Bill \$450

"Casually strolling into a shop in Havana recently, an American woman tourist asked to see certain designs of handkerchiefs. Then she picked out 300, counted out \$450 in bills and ordered the handkerchiefs sent to her hotel. She said she intended to give many of them to friends in New York.

For true blue, use Red Cross Ball Blue. Snowy-white clothes will be sure to result. Try it and you will always use it. All good grocers have it.—Adv.

Too many cynical plays pall on theater-goers, exactly as too many sentimental melodramas did.

When a man acts like a mule the latter would be justified in kicking him.



Feel Stiff and Achy?

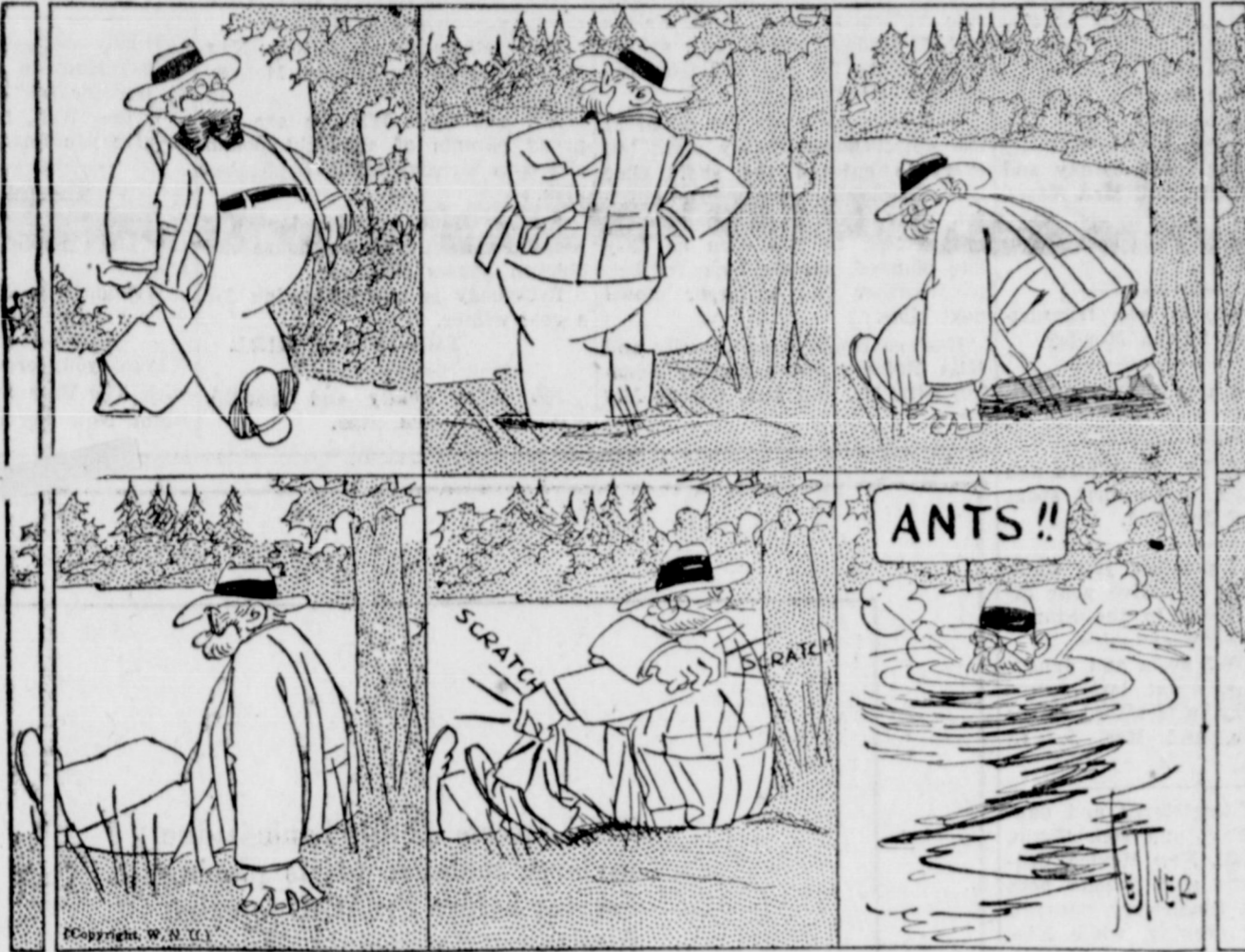
To feel constantly lame and achy is too often a sign of sluggish kidneys. Sluggish action permits waste poisons to remain in the blood and is apt to make one languid, tired and achy, with dull headaches, dizziness and often a nagging backache. A common warning that the kidneys are not acting right is scanty or burning secretions.

Assist the kidneys at such times with Doan's Pills. Since 1885 Doan's have been winning friends the country over. Ask your neighbor!



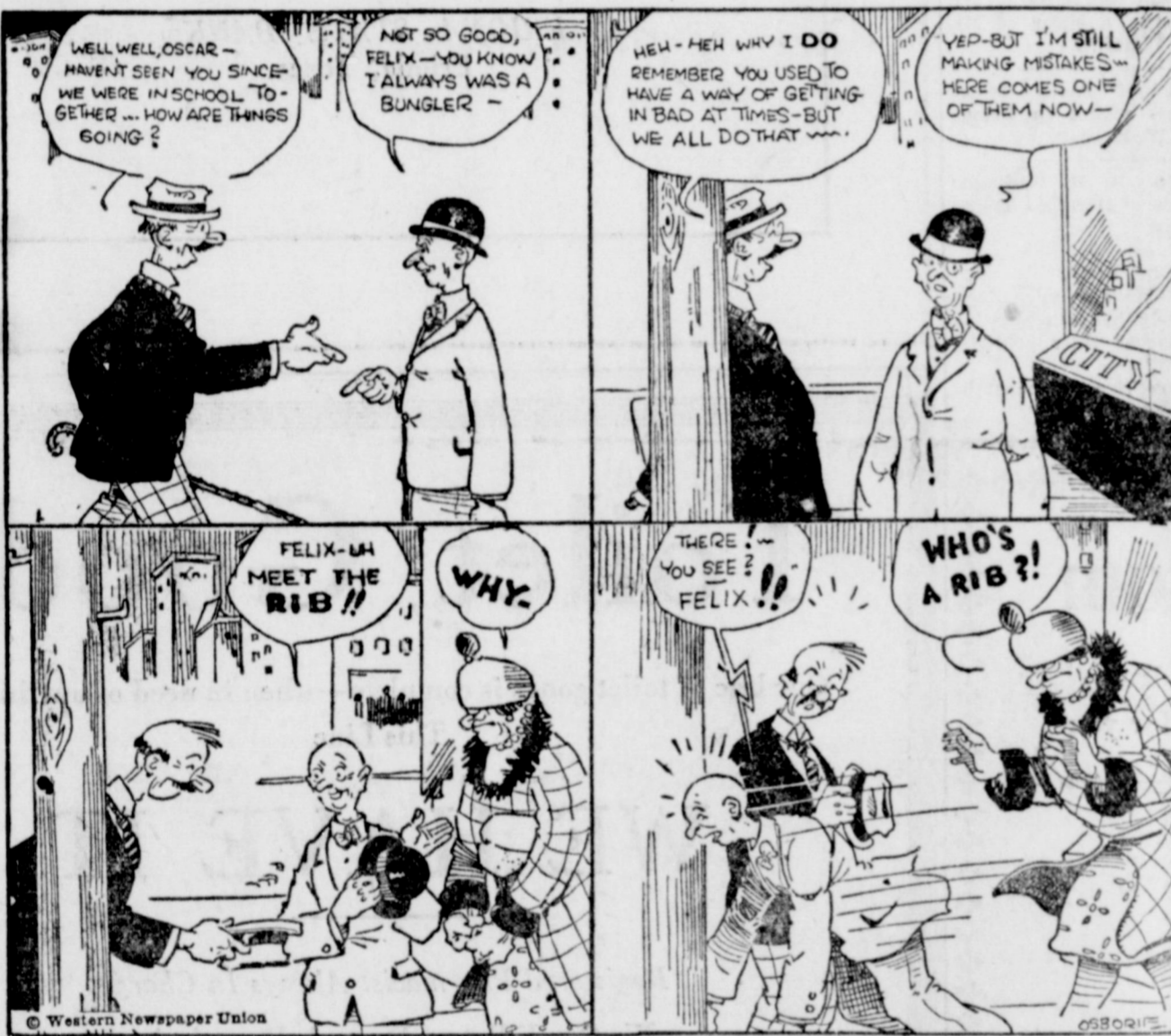
OUR COMIC SECTION

Our Pet Peeve



THE FEATHERHEADS

Oscar Proves His Point!



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

Sundial and Clock—Two-time Mama



LIVE STOCK NEWS

WAY TO PREVENT SWINE PARALYSIS

There is at present considerable interest in the feeding of mineral matter to swine to prevent paralysis in brood sows and fattening hogs. A number of complaints are coming from breeders regarding sows breaking down in the back after suckling litters. The following quotation from the forty-first annual report of the Ohio experiment station will be of interest to hog men who have had this trouble:

"Lameness, rickets, or partial paralysis is a common trouble with hogs in winter and early spring. This trouble can be prevented by feeding bright, leafy alfalfa or other legume hay. Brood sows ordinarily consume enough of such hay when it is kept before them in suitable racks. For fattening hogs it may be preferable to include 3 to 5 per cent of ground or chopped alfalfa or other legume hay in their feed mixture. The addition of a mineral mixture containing steamed bone meal, ground limestone, acid phosphate and common salt is likewise conducive to health and thrift. From 2 to 3 per cent of a similar mixture in even a poor ration, has prevented paralysis in our swine under experiment."—Charles I. Bray, Associate Professor, Animal Husbandry, Colorado Agricultural College.

Horns on Cattle Cost Too Much to Breeders

In the fighting days when bulls and cows fought to survive and be fit physically and fight, horns may have been of some use. This was extremely far-fetched when bulls for barbarous bull fights were in demand by men and women who loved bloody thrills. Any careful observer may look at the horned cattle as they come out of stock cars at the stockyards and see 50 to 90 per cent of the cattle injured by horns. All the beef cattle horn marks injure the hides and the meat. Then, horned cattle require more space for shipping. Again, horns injure and often kill cattle, horses, mules and men. The horns when polished and curved and balanced may appear ornamental. The polled head is safe and just as ornamental.

In some places the horned animal is surgically dehorned. The operation causes loss of blood and in fly time the wound or opening in the head may become infested with fly larvae and infected with germs. It costs something to surgically dehorn cattle. Horns on cattle cost too much. They are not worth the price paid for them. They are not required to make beef or milk. The best thing for all breeders and for all breeds of cattle is to breed off the horns. May the time speedily come when there are no more horned cattle.

Lice Easily Controlled by Proper Sanitation

The two most expensive parasites for hogmen to raise are lice and worms. Both can be controlled by proper sanitary methods and simple treatments. Now is the time to control hog lice.

Winter sleeping quarters are the very best places for the propagation and spread of lice. If lousy hogs go into winter quarters and nothing is done to control the parasites, one may be assured that the lice will have a lively time all winter.

The right thing to do is to rid the hogs of lice before real cold weather comes. The sleeping quarters, likewise, should be cleaned thoroughly and new bedding supplied.

Crude oil is one of the best treatments for hog lice. Spent crank case oil is also good. If one has only a few hogs to treat, they may be closely confined and sprayed. If the herd is large, dipping is advised, using a standard creosote dip. Dipping should be done only when the day is warm.

Certain Minerals Help Hog Rations of Grain

Swine rations composed of grains and high protein supplements from plant sources are made more efficient by adding certain minerals. Corn and soy-bean oil meal or soy beans is such a ration.

The Ohio station found that the addition of salt and ground limestone brought about some improvement. A mixture of salt, limestone and 10 per cent acid phosphate brought about greater improvement but not as much as one of salt, limestone and bone meal. A mixture of salt 1 part, ground limestone 2 parts and bone meal 2 parts gave excellent results.

Ground rock phosphate, frequently recommended and used in mineral mixtures for hogs, proved detrimental rather than helpful.

Dog Parasite Control

With dogs the problem of parasite control is a serious one with certain complications which have only recently been ascertained. For one thing it is now known that prenatal infection with ascarids may occur and it seems reasonably likely at present that such infection may prove to be of rather common occurrence. To prevent this will involve the treatment of the mother before breeding and the provision of sanitary surroundings in the yards and kennels.

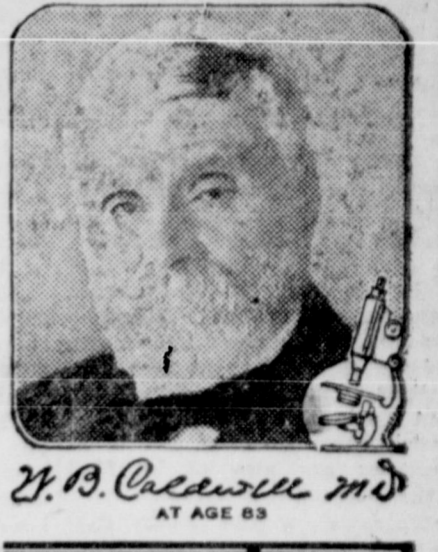
Old Folks Say Doctor Caldwell was Right

The basis of treating sickness has not changed since Dr. Caldwell left Medical College in 1875, nor since he placed on the market the laxative prescription he had used in his practice, known to druggists and the public since 1892, as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin.

Then, the treatment of constipation, biliousness, headaches, mental depression, indigestion, sour stomach and other indispositions that result from constipation was entirely by means of simple vegetable laxatives, herbs and roots. These are still the basis of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which is a combination of senna and other mild laxative herbs, with pepsin.

The simpler the remedy for constipation, the safer for the child and for you, and the better for the general health of all. And as you can get results in a mild and safe way by using Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, why take chances with strong drugs?

A bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin will last a family several months, and all can use it. It is good for the baby because pleasant to the taste, gentle in action, and free from narcotics. In the proper dose, given in the directions, it is equally effective at



all ages. Elderly people will find it especially ideal. All drug stores have the generous bottles.

We would be glad to have you prove at our expense how much Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin can mean to you and yours. Just write "Syrup Pepsin," Monticello, Illinois, and we will send you prepaid a FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE.

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

A Fine Tonic. Builds You Up Prevents and Relieves Malaria-Chills and Fever-Dengue

Painful News
Cecil B. De Mille recently took a party of Middle West clergymen out in his yacht. It so happened that the wife of one of the parsons was seeing the ocean for the first time, and also feeling the first qualms of approaching seasickness. Finally, she timidly approached Mr. De Mille and asked:
"Please, please tell me why this boat jumps so?"
"Well, ma'am," replied De Mille with a smile, "it's on a starboard tack."

Diminutive Babies
English parents are vying with one another for the honor of having the lightest weight baby. One entry from Paddington was a little girl who for three weeks was fed with milk from an eye-dropper. She has now graduated to spoon feeding. The child is the tenth in the family. From Christchurch, New Zealand, came a mother's claim that her fifteen-year-old daughter weighed 14½ ounces at birth and was also fed with an eye-dropper.

Simple Matter
Teacher—How can you tell the approach of winter?
Pupil—It begins to get later earlier.

Just say to your grocer Red Cross Ball Blue when buying bluing. You will be more than repaid by the results. Once tried always used.—Adv.

What a monotonous old world this would be were it not for the delusions therein.

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There's quick positive relief in CARBOIL
GENEROUS 50¢ BOX
At All Druggists — Money Back Guarantee

To Cool a Burn Use HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh
All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

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Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling—Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
50¢ and \$1.00 at Druggists
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FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Illinois Chemical Works, Pathecoque, N. Y.

For PILES
PAZO
Guaranteed
Any druggist will refund your money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure Itching, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. In tubes with pile pipe, 75¢; or in tin box, 60¢.

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Get Shurhit Coil Points from your garage or auto shop. New points, new power. Replace old coils with Shurhit Coils. Ask your dealer, or write SHURHIT PRODUCTS, Inc., 224 W. Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 39-1927.

Back From the Beach
"Why, Dottie, you're all blistered."
"Oh, Tottie, how unromantic you are! I'm sunkissed."

When a man with all the facts arrives, arguments are likely to cease.

Write for free descriptive literature: how to lay, nail, and finish

OAK floors
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Never need replacement, yet cost no more than temporary floor coverings. Add permanent value for rental or resale.

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correct internal troubles, stimulate vital organs. Three sizes. All druggists. Insist on the original genuine GOLD MEDAL.

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A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION for only \$1.00. Ask your dealer for KERMOL or write Dr. C. H. Berry Co., Dept. W, Chicago.

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Reduces Fever 25¢ Produces Rest

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

ELIJAH ON MOUNT CARMEL. We begin with this lesson the last day of the year's studies. We shall continue throughout the quarter the study of the early kings and prophets of Israel from Samuel to Isaiah. The period of Samuel was a period of transition from the Judges to the age of prophets. Samuel was both prophet and judge. Judge previous to the kingdom and prophet afterward. We can thus see the relation of prophet to king in the changed status of nationalism. The prophet is something more than a mere minister of religion; he is also a statesman and advisor to the king. (Read I Kings, chapter 18 and emphasize verses 30 to 39. The usual references are also to be found at the close of this article.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," said Paul. That statement is abundantly evidenced in the studies of this period. Solomon in vice-Rehoboam and Jeroboam reaping that vice with all Israel—Ahab and the people apostatized to Baalism—these are the vicious members of the series. Their vice, moreover, is encouraged by the religionizing of sin under the leadership of 450 Baal prophets under Ahab's reign. Elijah constituted the righteous minority among the prophets. A solitary figure standing over against the tragic background of religion gone wrong in baalism.

It sometimes happens that what a cause lacks in numbers it is compensated for in the quality of spirit. So it is with that fine embodiment of the true religion in Elijah. Baalism was coming to its crisis in the famine now widespread over the land. Water was failing from the brooks and grass from the hillsides. Lord Baal was poorly tending the interests of his fanatical devotees. His religion was standing up poorly under the strains of adversity. All the in-



HEREFORD, TEXAS
FRIDAY AND SATURDAY
SEPTEMBER 30, OCTOBER 1
"Tin Hats"
with
Conrad Nagel, Claire Windsor,
Tom O'Brien and Bert Roach

MONDAY AND TUESDAY
OCTOBER 3-4
CORINNE GRIFFITH
in
"Three Hours"

WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY
OCTOBER 5-6
"Resurrection"
with
ROD LAROCQUE and DOLORES DEL RIO.

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY
OCTOBER 7-8
"Convoy"
The navy war drama, with Dorothy Mackaill, Lawrence Gray, William Collier, Jr., and Ian Keith.

COMING!
WATCH FOR:
Richard Barthelmess in
"The Drop Kick"
Lillian Gish in
"The Scarlet Letter"
"The Big Parade"

centations and maneuvers of his prophets could put no grass in the pastures and no water in the brooks. The impotency of Baalism was soon to be disclosed.

On the scene came the fugitive-prophet Elijah. He had been hunted for everywhere by the indignant Ahab, but with no avail. Now he comes to the front. His presence is a great embarrassment to the false prophets just as it is a blessing to the famine-stricken people of Israel. It is to his chance. A true religion has its come backs in the adversities of life; a false one faces its downfalls at that kind of time. Just what religion can do for a people in their times of need is the great test of its worth.

Ahab accuses Elijah of making trouble. Elijah accuses Ahab of making trouble by his leading the people into Baalism. A test will reveal the source of the trouble. Elijah commands Ahab to assemble the people of Israel with the 450 prophets of Baal. Then comes the hour for the test. Elijah challenges the Baal prophets. Let them prepare two bullocks upon altars. One of them shall constitute Baal's offering; the other, Jehovah's. Let the prophets of Baal implore their god to send down fire to consume their offering; he will also implore his God and let the people observe the results.

Altars in place and offerings laid upon them, the Baal prophets prayed all day, at the same time torturing their bodies. When evening came no fire had descended upon the altar. Elijah, tauntingly encouraged them to cry loud enough to make their god hear. But all of the desperation of the prayers of Baal's prophets could bring no answer when there was no one to answer. Elijah then had his altar soaked in water until the trenches were filled, then calling upon Jehovah, the fire fell and consumed altar, offering and water. There was some one to hear.

It is little wonder that indignation filled the bosoms of the people who had been fakired by the false prophets until famine was consuming their land. With one voice they cried out: "The Lord, He is the god; the Lord, he is the god!" In order to remove their affliction from them, Elijah slew all the prophets of Baal and committed the people again to the worship of the true god.

Then God's prophet announced that he heard the sound of abundance of rain. There was not a cloud in the sky. That prophet who had the insight of a true servant of God also had an ear acute enough to discern the presence of God's blessings in the atmosphere of that erstwhile pollut-

ed and famine-stricken, but now cleansed and God-forgiven land. Instantly the sky was filled with the blackness of clouds and the stirring of the rain winds and the king was counselled to return to his palace before the rain should overtake him.

What lessons for today. The God of Israel is the omnipotent, eternal, sin-forgiving, blessing-bestowing God today as then. Sin is just as impoverishing in its nature today as then. Things that are eternal are unshaken by the lapse of time. The blight of sin lives on through ages; the blessings of God upon a cleansed land are as eternal as God himself. Spurn then the pleadings of the false messengers of evil; their God is as impotent now as in the days of Baalism. But the mercy of the Lord "is everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him."

Readings.

- Elijah on Mount Carmel—I Kings 18:36-46.
- Gideon's Victory, Judges 7:19-25.
- Samuel's Victory, Judges 13:14-20.
- Standing for God and the Right, Daniel 8:8-18.
- Ruth's Wise Choice, Ruth 1:8-18.
- Avoiding Evil, I Thessalonians 5:15-28.
- God Our Helper, Psalms 115:1-18.

A Star Want Ad always brings home the bacon.

REPRESENT COUNTY

Dunkle and Moss Take Deaf Smith Agriculture Exhibit To Texas-Oklahoma Fair at Wichita Falls; May Go to Dallas. T. D. Moss, secretary of the Hereford Chamber of Commerce, and R. O. Dunkle, county agent, left yesterday afternoon for Wichita Falls where they will enter the Deaf Smith county agricultural exhibit in the Texas-Oklahoma fair to be held there October 1 to 6.

They had intended to drive down. Mr. Moss said, but reports of rain and muddy roads made it expedient for them to go by train and express the exhibit.

In the event that the booth makes a good showing at Wichita Falls, the two may be delegated to take it to the State Fair at Dallas later in the month.

—The Hereford Brand.

When 25 cents will sell or rent your property, you shouldn't kick.

Interest in the Star Opportunity Club continues to increase as time moves along.

Local Happenings

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Weir of Hereford spent Wednesday with friends here.

R. W. Thompson and Nat Jones were seen in Farwell Monday.

Rev. J. S. Beattie and Jay Sympton were business visitors in Clovis Thursday.

Grant Musick was in Amarillo on business Wednesday.

Dorris Harris spent Friday and Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Sears.

C. L. Cooper of Tulsa spent Monday in Friona.

R. W. Thompson was transacting business in Friona Monday.

M. A. Crum was a Clovis visitor Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. White and Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Howorth spent last Friday in Hereford.

The kind of printing you want, when you want it. Give your orders for job work to the Star.

Mrs. J. C. Wilkinson and daughter, Jacqueline, spent last Saturday and Sunday in Hereford as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Weir.

Mrs. J. T. Singleterry and daughter, Miss Fay, and son, Glenn, of Pleasant Hill, New Mexico, called on relatives and friends here Sunday. Mrs. Singleterry returned home Sunday evening, while Miss Fay will remain in Friona indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Buchanan spent Sunday in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ramey, a sister of Mr. Buchanan, at Dimmitt.

Mr. Bryant of Paris, Texas, was a business visitor in Friona Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Buchanan visited relatives in Hereford Thursday and Friday.

Wrong Field.

"That girl, Mary, you've been taking out lately has a reputation for being a clever little gold-digger."

"If that's true then she must be a darn good geologist."

Frio News.

The weather has been so backward that very few have been able to work in the fields the past ten days. But the sun came out and we enjoyed another clear day Tuesday, so we are in hopes it will be nice again now as crops are needing to be cut and farmers are anxious to finish their wheat sowing.

Taft Turner and Eustace Houlette returned home from Friona last Thursday, where they set up five binders for the Wilkinson Implement Company.

The rain broke up the social at the school house Friday night but everyone enjoyed the short time there in playing games. The children were greatly disappointed in not getting to pop corn as they had planned, but we hope for better weather and a larger crowd next time.

Eustace Houlette and family and Miss Bainum spent Sunday evening with Mr. and Mrs. George McLean.

Ernest Houlette has been busy building some sheds for his stock before cold weather arrives.

Frank Alcorn and E. P. Houlette were in Clovis on business Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Brooks are going to Portales after tomatoes. Several families have gone and report a good crop there.

Mrs. E. P. Houlette is entering a pen of her Barred Rocks at the fair this week.

I. K. Brown was a Clovis visitor Tuesday.

Miss Annette Bainum spent Tuesday night with Mrs. McLean.

O. G. Simmons of Melrose, New Mexico, called on George McLean Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler are the proud parents of an eight pound girl born Tuesday night, September 27th.

Eustace Houlette finished putting some new roofing on his house and chicken houses Monday.

Everybody is now preparing for a cold winter.

THE INDIAN GIRL.

Job Work neatly and speedily executed by The Star.

Oats make a splendid feed for the dairy cows if they are ground and properly mixed with other concentrates. They are about as high in digestible crude protein as wheat bran. They should be mixed with other feeds, such as corn, wheat bran and cotton seed meal.

There are sixty species of oak in the United States. Only about fourteen of these are of commercial importance as furniture woods.

Classified ads in The Star get the business.

Hubby—"What, another new dress? How on earth am I going to pay for it?"

Wife—"Well, I didn't marry you to give you financial advice."

Careful Chester.

Jeweler—"Of course you want the girl's name engraved on the ring?"

William—"Surely, — but — ah — not too deep!"

Place your orders for Job Work with The Star for best work and Right Now Service.

THE success of this bank is due in large measure to its placing Service before Profit. Upon that fundamental principle all enduring success is founded.

FRIONA STATE BANK
Friona, Texas

Toilet Goods

Our line of toilet goods is complete—when in need of anything in This Line

WE HAVE IT

Registered Pharmacist Always In Charge.

We Can Fill Any Doctor's Prescription.

CITY DRUG STORE

PHONE 12

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What Have You To Build?

WE CAN BUILD IT IF IT IS BUILT OF LUMBER!

We handle all kinds of building material of the best grade—Our terms and prices must please you—our plans and advice are always at your service—we offer you

Stock - Quality - Service - Price

Rockwell Bros. & Co.

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LUMBER

Manager

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If Eddie ever caused you distress, We'd feel 'twas our fault more or less; We're filled with emotion At Eddie's devotion, We're fond of the kid, goodness, yes!

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Try the New Flour

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